

## **That passing glance — sounding paths between memory and familiarity**

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We move and, in every perceiving moment, transform information into knowledge. In doing so, we make and form familiar places through constant comparisons between past and present experience, and remember these comparisons. Each repeat visit, each remembering of a memory, deepens the attachment.

... the world of our experience is a world suspended in movement, that is continually coming into being as we — through our own movement — contribute to its formation. (Ingold 2000: 242)

Ingold, like others who have spent sustained periods thinking about experiential aspects of “place making” — for instance, Casey (1998), from a philosophical stance; Massey (1994), from human geography; not to mention psychogeography’s rebirth as a scholarly field — considers how human mappings intertwine within the larger dynamics of social, philosophical, and geographical place, and how familiarity grows through making, and re-making, routes. Similarly, within the memory theater of cognitive mapping, historians and biologists alike discover that mental maps, those internalized journeys down remembered paths, are fundamental to retaining knowledge of an environment. This is certainly not solely the province of human activity; as just one example, see Fourtassi et al (2013) on bees and navigation. Both the internal and external landscapes of familiar experience are regularly described through path-making movement, to such a degree that a “path” is a quite ordinary metaphor for memory itself, for traveling again. Familiarity is remembering, and to be in a familiar place is to remember its familiarity, through revisiting its paths. We can read the signs.

In this chapter I want to think about memory and remembering in aesthetic response. There is an amount of impressive, and increasingly interdisciplinary,

scholarship concerning memory and response to art: for instance, Freedberg's (2011) work from the combined perspectives of art, neuroscience, and anthropology, or more focused neuroscientific explorations such as Massaro et al (2012). As both a writer and maker I find this kind of thinking inspiring, but less common in writing about response to "sound art" and "sounding art," which, in my view, has often been dominated by theories of listening that draw too loosely on philosophical hinterlands, on analytical approaches that attempt a "bad fit" to musical analysis models, or on personal responses that, unless careful to preserve a balance, can become solipsistic. (I am guilty of all three.)

I would like to vote for more writing on feeling, affect, response, and perception as ways of "analyzing" our quotidian relationship to sound and how it can be meaningful, and material, to both making and responding to art. Despite writing a book entitled *Sounding Art*, with other ends in mind (Norman 2004), I am not wedded to the idea of "sounding art" (or "sound art") as a form or field, but I am seduced by *listening* — and especially by listening's variety, even in quotidian experience. Central to my exploration in this chapter are some works where meaningful listening may be available but is not the sole or primary concern, and is not especially refined or abstracted from other sensory interpretations. For me, as both writer and artist, that's precisely the attraction: listening as an embedded part of our ordinary, multi-modal perception of an environment (Eric Clarke's "ecological listening": Clarke 2005), and what we might make of it.

### **An involuntary relationship**

The "affect" of ordinary experience in a familiar environment generally passes by without comment; it's especially difficult to articulate the many intuitive, ephemeral journeys between memory and current perception that take place in the course of coming to know a place. For this reason, I have brought along a more articulate friend — Rilke, ruminating out loud on a particular, personal experience of memory and familiarity.

In the course of some amateur studies in anatomy the human skull had become such an object of fascination for Rilke that he procured one for examination at leisure.

At this point, he has had it for a while, and spent “many hours of the night with it” in close examination. It has also just been there for so long that it has become part of his familiar environment, and

... as always happens with me and things, it was not only the moments of deliberate attention which made this ambiguous object really mine: I owe my familiarity with it, beyond doubt, in part to that passing glance with which we involuntarily examine and perceive our daily environment, when there exists any relationship at all between it and us.

(Rilke 1919a)

Rilke, preparing to tell his reader about a moment of personal revelation, draws attention to the dynamic, involuntary nature of sensory perception within a *familiar* environment, characterizing it as moving through, and rebounding off (a “glance”) a world to which the perceiver already relates: perception in this context is a movement that confirms remembered experience. How might it be possible to become aware of that perceiving relationship to a familiar environment without changing its nature into something special? How might that shift of perception become entrancing — in the definitive sense of “holding one’s complete attention” — without removing the perceiver from their day-to-day perceptions in a familiar place?

***James Turrell Skyspace, Seldom Seen:*** Access to the Turrell *Skyspace (Seldom Seen)* (Turrell 2004), in the grounds of Houghton Hall, Norfolk is gained by means of an extended approach up a gradually ascending ramp wrapped around the cuboid, wood-sided building, which is perched on stilts among trees. It is necessary to open a door to proceed into the small antechamber that provides a transition from light to dark, and from outside to inside — a pause — before pushing against another door to enter a large white-walled chamber, with long benches set around the perimeter that are angled to direct one’s gaze comfortably upwards. The ceiling has a large rectangle cut out of it, open to the sky. Seated either alone or together with friends or strangers you cannot help but stare. On a blustery day the clouds above move in and out of view, perhaps an occasional patch of blue with a slow return to white and grey. Life continues.

**Fig. 1 James Turrell *Skyspace* at Houghton Hall**

**1A: Exterior**

Photo credit: copyright, Angus Willson. Used by permission.

**1B: Interior**

Photo credit: copyright, Sarah Cocke. Used by permission.

**images not in this pre production draft – see <http://bit.ly/2b2PWoo>**

It might seem perverse to focus initially on a work that is so deeply invested in sight. But while Turrell's many *Skyspaces* are motivated by a particularly visual compulsion, they are neither concerned with silence (an absence of sound) nor with any conscious attention to aurality (prioritizing sound). The opportunity to listen is there, as usual. Just as in familiar experience, listening perception roams un-self-aware and unconstrained, brought to the fore only when an unusual or pertinent sonic event catches attention. This is a normal and everyday relationship to the sonic environment, especially when it is a familiar one. Compare this to being in a darkened room, where sound becomes the primary medium for identifying things and actions heard. In the latter, for most people an extraordinary environment, listening provides cover for vision's absence. Sonic experience takes on a ghost train ride anticipation, in which we "listen out" for what might happen and, in envisaging what could be waiting in the dark, become, perversely, even more biased towards sight. But sitting within Turrell's *Skyspace*, listening is everywhere —and in broad daylight too. Participants are already transfixed by a view of nothing but sky; there is no urge to work at listening or to imagine a visual source for sounds.

The world extends outwards, and inwards, from the immediate familiar environment, in which everything is known from previous, similar experience. You know these sounds from memory: the intermittent creak of a door opening, people settling — audible emanations of slight awkwardness, hushed voices, the sense of falling into a more comfortable contemplation. And from outside, that is also inside, the sound of the wind in unseen trees, birds untroubled by human presence. Back here, impatient children scuffing their shoes against the bench, your own breath, a

stomach gurgling. The voices, the internal chatter ... the memories in mind, as inner and outer listening fuse, and perception of the familiar becomes gradually self-aware and “intensified,” but not lost. And everyone can remember, or imagine remembering, what it’s like to sit outdoors and look up at the sky. And I remember recognizing, from previous experience, the faint smell of pine trees and a hint of coming rain.

There is no requirement to become still in a Turrell *Skyspace* (there are many — see Norman (2013) for an informal visit to *Tewlwohow Kernow*, in Tremenheere, Cornwall), although this seems to be the usual behavior for arriving visitors, or at least for the adults. There is what seems a natural direction in the careful arrangement of circumstances — at Houghton via the winding ascent, the effort to enter, the moment of darkness, and then the bright space, the angled seating, and the rectangular aperture above; at Tremenheere via a brief and dark subterranean passage through a stone temple-like portico into a white-walled partially underground dome with an ellipse-shaped aperture. Without thinking about why, we *choose* to sit down in a pleasantly familiar, but transfigured, environment and to let our thoughts wander; in allowing this shift, our involuntary perception is subtly re-framed.

### **To be exact and attentive**

It was a passing glance of this kind which I suddenly checked in its course,  
making it exact and attentive ...

(Rilke 1919a)

Likewise, when Rilke observes the passing glance he feels that he *chooses* to slow perception’s normal course, causing it to halt temporarily in its onward flow and in doing so become more analytical, and itself observable.

Memory is implicit in comprehension, and in the images and metaphors we pull from memory in trying to make sense of our present perceptions. Rilke feels that *he* slows perception’s movement and creates the conditions for exact attention. But who is to know for sure which comes first? Engrossed in actively “figuring out” a noisy, impenetrable process we can become involved to such an extent that the flow of time appears to drift (from our normal comprehension of it), checked in its course

by the effort of intense concentration. It is as if perception, while not materially different in manner from usual, is temporarily operating on a keener, microscopic scale.

**Max Eastley, *A Procession of Ghosts*:** If a Turrell *Skyspace* invites a freeze frame opportunity to reframe perception, Max Eastley's *Kinetic Drawings*, of which *A Procession of Ghosts* is one, zoom in on movement, and invite attention to small activities that might be barely perceived (though they are perceivable) in normal circumstances. His sculptures make perception observable in a different way — through the participant becoming self-conscious of the effort entailed in doing it. Of this Eastley is quite aware, and offers reasons:

... if we perceive, we are alive, however minute the event. Perhaps this is why I strive to find meaning especially through sound and movement that operate on the threshold of perception, an elusive dreamlike world which for me is the most vital and closest to the state of life itself.

[(ZKM, no date)]

Eastley's *A Procession of Ghosts* (2000) infiltrates perception with a clamor of personal and learned allusions to remembered, familiar processes — these include memories of familiar human movements (themselves procedural, embedded memories of a kind). Here, listening is very much an intended part of the experience, although sound is barely evident.

**Fig. 2. *A Procession of Ghosts***

***No image in pre-production draft***

**Video example 1. [A Procession of Ghosts, extract from *Max Eastley, Kinetic Drawings*, Petts 2008]**

**No video example in pre-production draft – see at 9:02 in**

**<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=E6WHdZPzfW8>**

In the version that I experienced, at the group exhibition *Sonic Boom: the Art of Sound* (Hayward Gallery, London, 2000), rectangular sheets of white paper, of a large sketch-book size, were laid out in a row on the floor. Hanging above each sheet was a pair of steel wires. The wires are all similar in length and the pairs are suspended, along a single line, so that the bottoms of the wires just touched against the paper.

Other versions of the work are different in several ways, regarding the spacing and the surfaces used, but the premise and the core process are the same. The suspended line of paired wires is motorized in a manner that results in a collective movement, but each pair moves in a slightly different manner due to the pliable nature of the wires and the motor's effect on the line. On occasion the motor stops, and the wires tremble and bend, and very slowly subside to stillness, before it starts again with an audible "clank" and they recommence. The physical construction of *A Procession of Ghosts* is itself quite easy to understand; this only makes things worse. Understanding the perceived "result" of this transparent process is confusing, and memory has free rein to rush forward with noisy explanations drawn from individual, collective, or imagined experience.

For a start, the paired steel wires suggest an unmistakable visual allusion to legs, and their manner of movement a kind of "walk" across the paper. The pairs appear not only to be somehow animate but to function with collective intent (more explicit in the title of an earlier version, *Ten Men: ZKM 2000*). There is a sense of community in the random interactions between the pairs of wires, and their occasional "decision" to stop or move back on, at the motor's behest. They are eerily reminiscent of a modern *corps de ballet*, each performing the same steps with a modicum of individual interpretation.

The human mind, fixated as a biological imperative on observing and assessing the behavior of other living beings, falls naturally into animate metaphors. And yet, at the same time, the stopping and starting of an audible motor in *A Procession of Ghosts* is a clear reminder of what we already know, and what is never hidden: that this is an inanimate, unthinking mechanism. The simultaneous recognition of both the mechanical movement and its animate allusions is the satisfyingly uncanny stuff of robotic dystopian worlds. This familiar discord is surely exacerbated by the thin wires that are so reminiscent of insect limbs, and especially of

the dangling legs of the crane fly or “daddy long-legs” as it flies aimlessly around a darkened room at night, alive yet irrational — a monster at the edge of perception, liable to brush against us as we sleep.

Yet these legs are also etiolated fingers, because their movement against the paper, and its *sound*, brings memories of writing or drawing to mind. There was no functional need for separate sheets of paper. Eastley could have laid down a continuous roll, or suspended the mechanism above an entirely different material that made no noise at all and assisted, or halted, the movement; the results would be similar, on the surface. But those separate sheets of paper, their size, and the drawing/writing action all allude to human intelligence — a heterophony of scribes, each absorbed in their own task. Is it writing or drawing? Eyes closed, the stop–start of the motor and the steel wires moving against the paper in fitful bursts could transmit a desire to communicate thought: writing a few words, stopping to gather and order ideas further, putting pen to paper and resuming. But they leave no visible mark.

The sound they make is also hard to hear. The susurrations of the spindly wires moving against the paper is audible, but only just. There is perceptual effort involved, and it is necessary to get physically close — to lean forward, listening and to *hope* for sound. Yet, unlike Turrell’s *Skyspaces*, where listening is inherent but co-incidental, *A Procession of Ghosts* has listening at its heart. There is no need to be loud for listening to be central to an experience. Eastley’s whispering is open to aural speculation: it implies various presences and activities, according to each participant’s memories of personal, learned, or shared associations. When the motor stops and the suspended wires tremble into tentative stillness, the absence of sound is deafening.

### **A pause ...**

This is a good point at which to relate the Japanese folk tale that provides the title for Eastley’s work. A priest spends the night in a supposedly haunted ruined temple where he is awoken by a huge din. Investigating its source, he comes across a large company of ghosts, carousing and fighting; terrified, he hides until morning. Later, a celebrated artist, hearing the tale of the priest’s experience, goes to the temple at dusk in the hope of painting the ghosts. He hears nothing, however. In the morning, seeing



his surroundings in daylight for the first time, he observes the walls to be covered with strange configurations formed naturally from mosses and lichens. He makes a painting in which he creatively interprets these fantastic shapes as a huge company of ghosts, and is grateful to the imaginative priest for leading him to the temple, and for seeding the “idea” of the ghosts in his mind — for a longer version of the story, see Gordon Smith (1918: 62).

The folk tale is one story of misheard or imaginative listening, shared to creative effect, but Eastley has his own:

The steel figures in the installation were set up in my studio one night and I went to sleep in the next room and left them to run ... later I gradually woke from a dream of a spirit medium at a Séance using a Planchette, a small device with wheels and a pencil moved by the medium’s hand over paper to write messages from spirits. The movements of the medium’s hand and the silent pencil moving over the paper was slowly replaced by the sound of the steel moving over the paper in the next room. [(ZKM n.d.)]

Eastley is careful to relate a transition between dreamed meaning and physical actuality without disowning the “truth” of either experience. It is the sound of steel moving over the paper and it is also memory, imaginatively casting around for shadowy images that might bring some kind of sense.

### **Strikingly audible**

A final visit to Rilke, spending an evening alone in his room in Paris, his passing glance alighting on the skull.

By candlelight — which is often so peculiarly alive and challenging — the coronal suture had become strikingly visible, and I knew at once what it reminded me of: one of those unforgotten grooves, which had been scratched in a little wax cylinder by the point of a bristle!

(Rilke 1919a)

Illumination arrives in a bad light for seeing. The visual equivalent, perhaps, of straining towards Eastley's breathy whisper of steel against paper in *A Procession of Ghosts*, and finding memories of distant, but strangely comparable, experience. Rilke, too, finds similarities between disparate, distant things; in his case between the wavy line of the coronal suture and the wiggling trace made by an early phonograph's bristle stylus. He goes on to backward engineer this surreal connection, exploring the conceit of regarding other lines as a recorded trace capable of being "played" to (re)produce sound — a premise on which that inspired media theorist, Friedrich Kittler (1999, first published 1986) expounds further in his reflection on the same Rilke essay.

Rilke maps various paths as he circles around the genesis of this intuitive "aha moment," all of which call on memory. There is the path within his personal history: between his childhood self, making a model phonograph, and his adult self, now remembering that experience. In travelling back and forth between these two he brings a remembered experience back to mind in a way that connects it to what, from now on, will also become a memory. There is another, related path, between present and remembered *affect*: the "feeling" of Rilke's childhood experience (which he remembers as one of shared curiosity, enjoyment, and excitement) and his present enthusiasm. Through invoking, and then interpreting, memories of feelings he maps them onto his current experience and so validates his "now." Rilke spends some time luxuriating in feeling, and in recreating and imagining, and communicating to his reader, those feelings that he now remembers in his child self and in his classmates, as they worked collectively towards a moment of "discovery." This memory of shared affect, and his creative remembering of it, is evidently most important to his understanding of what is familiar in his present response. Beyond the initial perceptual recognition of a wiggling line, there are stronger connections within affective memory (the "sense memory," as famously exploited in Method acting) of experiencing an almost magical delight. Rilke both recalls a past affect and "revives" it in the present.

What has this to do with meaningful sound within art, and with listening that acknowledges memory's role in the perception of familiar, known environments? I think it has to do with the nature of surprise, and where it leads. At Rilke's intuitive

moment, where memory (of events, and of feeling) and current perception fuse into a greater whole, something that was previously unimportant in his familiar environment becomes “strikingly visible” (“auffallend sichtbar geworden,” Rilke 1919b), and in a particular way. In this case, “visibility” is both actual and metaphor, but the companion metaphor — “strikingly” — leans towards sound. Surprise is a response to being momentarily ambushed, and shock is frequently expressed in percussive metaphors relating to physical movement that comes *towards*, not from, the perceiver. We are struck, floored, shaken, or jolted in situations where perception’s unobtrusive “passing glance” is arrested with a sudden bang, as something “hits you right between the eyes,” or ears. But that shock need not be delivered through a loud report; as Rilke shows — and Eastley, too — it can take place through a small, disorientating shift. The dynamics of being in a familiar place, of which we have certain expectations, can be transgressed, whether that place is social, psychological or geographical, or all of these. Suddenly, something is wrong (so we must have known what’s right, from memory) and the world of our experience shifts its bounds. It is as if, walking around the art gallery in a leisurely fashion the portraits suddenly start to speak. The familiar world is now awry.

***Tim Wainwright and John Wynne, Transplant:*** In *Transplant* (Wainwright and Wynne 2008), an exhibition–installation by sound artist, Wynne and photographer, Wainwright, this is exactly what happens. The two spent a year as artists-in-residence at Harefield Hospital, a specialist heart and lung hospital where many patients are either awaiting or recovering from transplantation. Their work addresses the ordinary terror of facing mortality, heightened further, in this case, by extraordinary circumstances.

Generally, sound and image must play by the rules. If someone on film speaks, that’s fine. We’re with them. Film is an audio-visual medium that we have learned to enter, buying into an integrated temporality for the visual and aural materials. Film is most often, visually and aurally, an acceptable approximation of real life — and we’re unhappy if things get out of sync or stop moving. In the picture gallery, where only the visitor is supposed to move, the audio guide’s optional presence is also understood, accompanying the viewer’s internal discourse with a directive, some

might say invasive, commentary (enabling its subversion on various gleeful occasions: for instance, the *Tate à Tate Audio Tour*, Biswas et al 2012). In a conventional “installation” an array of visible, or even concealed, loudspeakers can create a diffused aural “ambience” or a sonic focus, and either way we’re convinced by the temporary transfiguration of the environment. But in *Transplant* there are no films, and no headphones, and no immersive pool of sound. Here it is the portraits themselves — the static representations — that reach *out* into the gallery, to strike your ears. The accepted rules of engagement have been transgressed and the role of the viewer — who is now, unexpectedly, an active listener, too — is similarly transformed. Granted, it’s a small transformation that’s easily comprehensible, but it is nonetheless confrontational. It’s a bit of a shock – and that’s all you need to change someone’s route, as they turn on their heel and move in the direction of a calling voice.

Some transformations retain more of their initial mystery than others, even after convincing explanations. The phonograph’s encoding and decoding of sound to visual trace, and back again, is a translation — and then a back-translation — from one medium, and from one sensory perception, to another. Technological sophisticates, we understand the process and perhaps could even, like the child Rilke, make a model to reproduce it. But as Rilke reflects, the visible “... makes itself felt, thus transformed, in another field of sense.” The mystery is not so much in the technological process’s translation from sight to sound as in seeing becoming hearing, and vice versa, and the perceiver’s astonishment (at last, a word for surprise with sonic roots) in becoming *aware* of that disorienting sensory translation.

*Transplant* is laid out conventionally in an exhibition space as a series of large photographic portraits. The photographs are mostly enlarged close-up portraits of hospital patients, of a single individual, positioned in, on, or near their bed. Most are portraits of faces, but not all. Some are of the body, and the machinery attached.

Things immediately start to go wrong. Serious illness and the leveling fear it brings have been transplanted to the gallery. The exhibition of illness, normally a private experience from which visitors turn their face in embarrassed fear (while secretly wanting to know more), is turned into public display. The environment is familiar to any art-lover (and, after all, who hates art?), but the viewer is,

simultaneously, a normal gallery visitor and a participant, who walks from bed to bed in a surreal ward round, initially with a voyeur's authority.

... the consulting surgeon, with his train of students, paused. The white bed then became a place of anxiety and pain, or the memory of pain, or the expectation of it.

Penelope Fitzgerald, *The Gate of Angels* (Fitzgerald 2014, first published 1990: 100)

Visual space is constrained: the ward, the bed, the body — the person. The portraits are larger, much larger, than life, as if life — the effort entailed in being alive — is intensified. The scale demands attention, to both the people and the paraphernalia. In addition to the portraits there are photographs of blood on shoes, of institutional chairs. The people demand attention, too. For the most part, the patients look to camera — to you.

Like a uniform hospital gown, illness can strip away identity, as individuality takes a back seat to the animal urge to recover. Institutionalization, similarly, can feed resigned acceptance. But these images aggressively attempt to refute both illness and institutionalization, re-asserting the individual *in extremis*: brave, stoic, frightened, lost, defiant or submissive, each one fixated on their situation. And we are free to stare. But this is much more than a reality show; the subjects stare back. It is you, not they, who will flinch and then try to glance away from a familiar place.

Remember death? Constantly on our minds and collectively memorialized in our rites, rehearsed in every fairytale, myth, thriller, maudlin soap opera, and in every childhood admonishment to look out before you cross the road. But sickness, suffering, and pain are more difficult images from a familiar but uncomfortable place that is less welcome in collective memory.

Everyone who is born holds dual citizenship, in the kingdom of the well and in the kingdom of the sick. Although we all prefer to use only the good passport, sooner or later each of us is obliged, at least for a spell, to identify ourselves as citizens of that other place.

(Sontag 1978: 3)

Move on through the gallery, but already it's too late. Voices call across the space, emanating from the photographic canvas — in fact from transducers fixed to the boards on which the images are mounted, so the images are indeed “playing sound.” We may learn to understand the technology but the feeling is still a surprise, and the mysterious translation of one communication to another will not be quiet.

Neither will these patients wait in passive silence for our approach: they talk, whether to themselves, the unseen and unheard interviewer, or with the appearance of anticipating the viewer's — now participating confidante's — arrival. They describe life pre and post transplantation, and provide quotidian descriptions of how it feels to be inhabited by another's organs. Sometimes they struggle to describe their innermost fears, or quite often offer more mundane observations that seem ridiculous in the circumstances. They apologize for coughing, trying to maintain the social niceties while they shift uncomfortably, fighting to breathe. Sound betrays their depth of feeling.

**Video example 2. Extract [from *Transplant*, DVD film by John Wynne and Tim Wainwright] No video available in pre-production draft. For info: <http://www.sensitivebrigade.com/Transplant.htm>**

They look both you and death in the eye, and have the temerity to confront each viewing and listening participant with the possibility of life changed irrevocably, or worse. And all the time, the ambiguous battery of hospital machinery whines, pings, sucks, and drains around them and you, and in doing so signals, alerts, frightens, and intrudes with its variously successful attempts to keep life going and pain at bay. The body's failed mechanics are betrayed, audibly, in another audacious transgression. Uncanny machine metaphors now become routine — and *literally* internalized since, as Tom Rice (Rice 2008: 42–43) points out in an accompanying essay, many of the mechanical sounds emanate from inside the person who is implanted with machinery. You listen, not yet knowing who survived, who died, who was left behind to mourn. They may be strangers, but they are human, and they affect

you with memories of something like this, some sound like this, some sense of knowing this.

To be alive and sentient is to be both then and now, and to know the paths between memory and familiarity: Turrell's invitation to settle, in a renewed relationship to a familiar environment, where looking is diverted to become consciously central, and yet ... listening goes on; Eastley's edgeland activities, his processes drawing allusion and mystery from mundane efforts to make sense; and Wainwright and Wynne's transgression of picture gallery "norms" but also, more profoundly, of the exhibition of illness — of who stares, who is allowed to speak, and who needs to listen. I am inclined to believe it is more fruitful to talk about almost anything other than sound when thinking about listening and aesthetic response, but that considering what listening in familiar experience — how it supports, and might disrupt, expectations — is quite another matter.

At home in my room, the light dimmed, I'm browsing the DVD from the book published alongside the *Transplant* exhibition, which contains eloquent words from others and a movie of the images and sounds. While the portraits and voices are now scaled down to a screen-sized experience, the memory of being among them remains, and now returns. I move — on a path back towards them, replaying a wavy line.

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