

# **alpha modelled pulse model gamma modelled reverse convolution**

## **by Shaun Lewin**

Day 0. I am invited to join the project. Unexpected promises of payment, unspoken guarantees of exposure. A fascinating document hinting at the life and undiscovered legacy of Joan Lyneham, a composer of something - what? Futurist music, some sort of proto musique concrete - her work was largely created in the Plymouth, Devonport region. I get the impression that there is an acousmatic direction to her work, the text describes the importance of cinema, spaces and resonances.

Day 1. I can't remember when. I receive the files for my assignment - a 'diagram' and 3 words taken from a notebook. Pulse. Dissipate. Disrupt. The diagram isn't like any diagram I imagined - more like a Rorschach blot test than any description of the relationship between sound and time. As usual I see some sort of bilaterally symmetrical face. It is not human. There's an intimation of an electromagnetic trace across the middle, but this feels more like a human mark than a mechanistic transduction from sound into pigment. There's no colour and the imagery has a primitivist quality. Hypnagogic - neural artefacts.

Pulse. Dissipate. Disrupt. 3 approaches? Three movements? An evolving sequence of energy travelling through space. What is the line between a pulse and a dissipation - I can't fit disruption into the conceptually tidy, little story I've told myself. Nothing about the diagram suggests evolution over time

Day 2. I need to actually make something. Nothing about the project is straightforward - images that could have been made at any point in the last hundred years, a composer that no one has heard and excerpts from a notebook that are more like imperatives than procedures. An alien face stares out of a diagram that I cannot affix axes upon. I decide that the important thing is to keep myself out of the process. Insulate myself from the suggestions within the evidence and prevent the diagram and words simply become another tired vehicle for postmodern self-expression.

The image is data, a grid of brightnesses that I will interpret either as volume or pitch, a player piano made of light. I power up my laptop and load the image into a software program. After an engaging evening reading documentation and hacking other people's ideas I make a machine that reads the image cell by cell, starting at the top left and then working down towards the bottom right. The results are encouraging, a regular pulse, like a signal from a transmitter. It's good to hear the image communicating. There is something about the involuted, recursive nature of both the diagram and the words that suggests this isn't enough. I fold the machine in on itself, modulating the rate of playback by the brightness of each cell. Immediately the output is transformed, the regular pulse becomes more fluid, there are points where I hear something like speech rhythms. demonic. I come up with a tangible programme of investigations. This is Pulse. There will be two more investigations into the diagram. Dissipate and Disrupt.

Day 3. I pick up the softmachinery of Pulse and begin to reconfigure it into a new mechanism that reads an entire slice of the diagram, scrolling through the image and converting it into an array of 1472 sine wave oscillators, with the pitch being controlled by brightness, and volume controlled by position. It works, the sound is exciting, it feels a little arbitrary due to the midi scaling I have applied - but perhaps that's OK. All diagrams are a representation of abstract forces, the 12tet system is just another means of diagramming it all out. I start thinking about how perhaps everything is a web of diagrammed relations. My initial plan was to designate this investigation as dissipate, but there is nothing dissipative about it. Perhaps this one is pulse. I'm beginning to lose confidence in my original path through this project - but perhaps that's OK.

I begin work on a new machine that will read the whole image as a waveform, I think that this could be the expression of Dissipate - I succeed in making the sound of a common grasshopper chirrup. I contact the foundation to discuss this finding and receive the message that perhaps Joan is toying with me. Is this a Joke?

I start thinking about buildings. Perhaps dissipate refers to the effect of built structures, reflections and reverberations - convolution reverbs? Perhaps pulse, dissipate and disrupt could be interpreted as methods/effects of playback. I feel it is important not to settle for my initial impressions. There's plenty of time. Let it branch... dissipate. Disrupt is still confusing me. What constitutes a disruption? How can it relate to the diagram?

Day 4. messages from inside dreams . "Make space for..."(THIS IS LOST) 3 dream cycles away from waking. "The soil is dry". A recurring psychic event, not yet an insight - pulse, dissipate, disrupt relates to the impact of the diagram upon the viewer. I get further into the idea, then lose my focus, like a form glimpsed in fog.

I don't feel disrupted.

Day x. Time had slipped through my mind. The world was alive with conflict. Threats of martial law and the foreshadowings of a resurgent fascism. My entire body was tense with electricity and even my routine Qi Gung practice could not unlock the knots in my mind and body. Everything was moving fast, nothing had been achieved. I made small amounts of progress in some work on a map and neglected this project. Dissipate. Disrupt. The image was moving through me and into the world. Pulse. The world was the diagram unfolding. Field recordings. Documentation. A far right rally defending something, a national land mark. Was that a pulse, a dissipation or a disruption? A new idea was emerging. The restoration had to include the sounds of Plymouth as it is, not as it was. The diagram as a means for graphing normals from spacetime, the three words should be understood more as icon than a description, the encrypted content riding the diagram out from the moment of creation deep into the past, deep into the future. Nothing should be simulated, nothing should be evoked. Trust the process. Follow the path.

day x plus n. the days drift by. Dissipate. Rainfall. A threat of electric storms that never arrive. My wife and I visit the Hoe, partially to break the monotony of the government mandated lockdown and partially to collect field recordings of the patriots guarding the war memorial. I take photographs of the Drake memorial with the intention of creating a 3D model. the light isn't good, overcast and drake appears largely like a silhouette perched atop a plinth. I wonder if I'll bother to make the model. Covertly, I record the space on my zoom and binaural microphones... cable threaded through my jacket. Small knots of men distributed across the Hoe watch all activity around the statues. A skinhead in a kilt talks to a man wearing a beret. The next day the cloud cover breaks and I spend much of the afternoon disintegrating into a flow of alcohol and sunlight. I neglect to do any more with the field recordings.  
june 22. a dream of glass towers. wood and glass cubes. each tower has 4 cubes, but the placement of wood is a challenge

June 29. I was running out of time. I had heard voices in the recording called pulse - I pushed them through voice recognition software and transcribed the results. I recorded the output of the soft machine called dissipate, I had mistyped despair just then, dissipate, pulse, dissipate, disrupt... I recorded it twice, once at the speed of the brain's alpha waves and once at the speed of the deep unconsciousness mediated through gamma waves. I will never know at what frequency Joan's sonic enneagram was transmitting at, liminal or subliminal. Just need to braid together these materials and present my findings. An incomplete work, but necessarily so, the pulse had moved through my time and out into the future - past. What's left is the traces, shapes dragged in the sand.

the

17.04 - 22.14

~~~~~

22.14 - 29.04

oh

29.04 - 37.21

it

37.21 - 40.21

we were doing

40.21 - 45.33

you

45.33 - 50.14

~~~~~ ~~~~~

50.14 - 57.03

~~~~~ ~~~~~

57.03 - 64.73

[SMACK]

64.73 - 68.82

[UM] ~~~~~

68.82 - 79.93

the ~~~~~ ~~~~~

79.93 - 87.55

the

87.55 - 90.52

the

90.52 - 94.07

i

94.07 - 98.59

~~~~~ ~~~~~ [SMACK]

98.59 - 107.38

why

107.38 - 116.46

you

116.46 - 119.83

~~~~~ ~~~~~ [SMACK]

119.83 - 126.81

[UH]

126.81 - 129.52

~~~~~

129.52 - 139.83

~~~~~ [UH]

139.83 - 142.35

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