

References

(or Widening the Web):

- * 1. Iris Dressler, 2015.
 * 2. Sasha Englemann, 2014.
 * 3. Siri Hurstvedt, 2021.
 * 5. Josephine Mead, 2021.
 * 4. Franco "Bifo" Berardi, 2018.
 * 6. Josephine Mead, 2021.
 * 7. Josephine Mead, 2022.
 * 8. Josephine Mead, 2021.
 * 9. Josephine Mead, 2022.
 * 10. Deanne Butterworth, 2022.
 * 11. Josephine Mead, 2021.
 * 12. James Nestor, 2020.
 * 13. François J. Bonnet, 2016.
 * 14. François J. Bonnet, 2016.
 * 15. François J. Bonnet, 2016.
 * 16. Justin Malvaso, 2022.
 * 17. Josephine Mead, 2021.

*Depending on the vicissitudes of such a listening, the ear is disquieted, is reassured, weaves intimate relations with the unknown, or forges knowledge through language. The ear is a delicate thing. It is under the influence. **¹³

*the limits of language, which is to say beyond the limits of the
phenomenology of poetical events can give us a map of poetical
possibilities *4*

will be
scarred with uniform letters that don't measure or form real
sentences. Bloodied hieroglyphics will be carved
into our skin and they will be unreadable.

A Reminder to Listen. *6

we will be caught in cycles of half formed commas and jagged edged ampersands. Every syllable will cut us. Our arms and sides will be

*so it does not need to be a resolved response... I simply ask for a performative offering... * 17*

Cast me in punctuation and laden me with your letters. Use grammar in a different form. Utilize punctuation to separate and satiate and silence me. Then ask me to speak fast, without reservation. Demand that I fill the room with my thoughts in magnitude. We will keep coming up against each other. Different minds allow for pages of miscommunication. Let's find brilliance within the misfortune. Let's redefine disagreement through fashioning new phrases. Let's keep your eyes full of laughter. We need to still each others speech and then cascade each other in sound. *11

*at 7 minutes
the sound begins. *10*

Air's poetics denotes familiarity
 with permeability, porosity and
 'melting' ...
 What a collective sensing of
 atmosphere might look and feel
 like ... bodies become [...] gusts of
 wind ...
 That breath contains the
 possibility of breathing bodies ...

I am a tuning fork of emotion.^{*3} A tuning fork, vibrating on the thoughts and inferences of those around me—the places, people, spaces, changes, shifts and the very thoughts of you. Your voice is loud and your body is warm and I feel overwhelmed when there is no silence and stillness, but miss you quickly when we are apart and worry if you are okay. I am a tuning fork, forming to your sounds.*7

Voice is the first way in which a bond of

intimacy is woven between sound and the one who experiences it ...^{*14}

This event was possible thanks to generous support from Yarra City Arts. Thank you to everyone at Liquid Architecture for making tonight possible & to Martina, Merinda, Justin, Deanne, Harrison & Lisa, for their trust.

Actually, poetry is the act of language that cannot be defined,

To reconfigure looking as a form of listening; To examine the sonic properties of an image; To meet the ear with sound; To unravel acts of voicing; To bend to the ear of the listener; To listen to the ground; To mark out multiple modes of voicing; To become un-sound.*9

as "to define" means to limit, and poetry is precisely the excess that goes beyond world itself. Only a

We are the very origins of language, We are words rubbing against coalescing. We are the texture of the sentence. Never heard words coat the roof of our mouths, ready to be spoken. *8

Respiration is, at its

*core, reciprocation. *12*

*My only question is do you have a desired length for my response to your work? **16

Without listening, I will dissolve into a sea of hate.

I mused, *That we are all so very fragile. Even the very strongest of us. Fragile like wounds in the sky. Colliding & circling and sometimes exploding on top of each other or against each other, on account of the fragility.**5

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MONO POLY for Liquid Architecture
Index: A Fragmentary Offering

Thursday February 3rd
2022, 7-9pm
Outdoor Amphitheatre
Collingwood
Yards

Fragmentary is defined as consisting of or reduced to fragments; sometimes as broken; but also as something that can grow, something that can be stitched together, something that can heal—as a point at which community and connection can be forged, in an effort to sustain and to maintain. We meet tonight on Country that should not be classified as *fragmentary*. This Country is strong and resilient and bound by a history that stretches back deeply into the past and continues forward far into the future—creating and sustaining a continuum of time, story and culture, in the face of *fragmentary* colonial actions, in the face of systems that are broken: tonight we meet on Wurundjeri woi-Wurrung Country. It is both a privilege and a pleasure to create and present work here.

Index: A Fragmentary Offering was devised as a way to engage with artist-led curation. Prompts – artworks I created – were sent to six artists and they were invited to create responsive performative works. This system of exchange creates the beginning of an *index*. The event has been fragmented, delayed, echoed and multiplied with ongoing pandemic related postponements. The *index* has had room to grow, to unravel, and be further complicated.

Index can be defined as: *a sequential arrangement of material or an indication or a term whose reference depends on the context of utterance ...*

If the reader looks with care they will realise that *indexes* are usually *fragmentary*. There

are always things missing and there is always room for possibility, often found through language, through collectivity, through making. There is always room to learn.

Offering — *the act of one who offers*. *Offerings* usually come after first impressions. Before sending my offerings to the artists, I met their practices and selves, one by one. They made initial impressions upon me:

Curated by Josephine Mead www.josephine.mead.com

I grew up with Justin and have watched him navigating and mastering multiple *indexes* of musical possibility.

I remember my first experience of Martina’s practice in situ—operatic sounds on the tapestry workshop floor.

I watched Deanne move in repetition and my thoughts were carried to pendulums, timings and return.

Harrison’s work comes from the body, but was first greeted through the performativity of words—a friend describing a work of familial intimacy.

Lisa’s stitched landscapes melted me into sonic score.

The first time touching Merinda’s voice; an open palm for the ear of the listener.

We are stronger when working in collaboration and through conversation. I will continue reading others, writing their lines within my poems:

We begin with Deanne, who was sent a score of breath. An orchestral cacophony of breathing to dance to. To fill the lungs with an operatic score. It can be safe to begin in silence. *To think air as conceptual, effective and aesthetic* (Englemann 2014). Often, we need to remember to take a breath.

To Merinda I imparted digital ears for listening – drawings made from photographs, turning images to sound. I thought about how to voice an image, testing out it’s sonic possibilities. To build dialogues in between our individual voices. To meet the voice with the ear. To recognize that the voice is at once in and outside of the body.

Photographs of grammatical intimacy were entrusted to Justin. I had laid punctuation marks on her and shared the images with him. A lesson in stilling speech & welcoming

love in. A lesson in remembering to listen. To build a photograph into sonic textures. A gesture of reverence to the body of the listener.

Marks of grammar carved into wooden sculptures were sent to Martina. To embody grammar. To feel the edges of a pause. She wanted to write choral. *To be sung by, adapted for, or containing a chorus or choir*. To speak together. A work that summarises the intention of tonight, a work the speaks of an index of voice; *a collective*.

A poem of love and language and re-workings was sent to Harrison. In it, I mused: *That we are all so very fragile. Even the very strongest of us. Fragile like wounds in the sky. Colliding and circling and sometimes*

exploding on top of each other or against each other, on account of the fragility. Harrison came back to me, searching for horizon line. Drawing jonquils with lipstick over the body and seeing the drama of stars exploding in the sky, then de-centralising, returning to respond. The poem was always a dream for our future.

I sent photographs of ocular like looking devices, sculptural rings, to Lisa. She visited my studio and brushed them with tenderness, violin bow in hand. I made spheres and circles for seeing and she turned them into sonic device. There are ongoing resonances between us all, many that can not be heard by the human ear. *Sounds that dive into the subharmonic and material nature of three metals*. (Lerkenfeldt, 2022). Sounds to bring the sculptures back to the body.

Index: A Fragmentary Offering.

— Josephine Mead, 2022.

*Deanne Butterworth
*Merinda Dias-Jayasinha
*Justin Malvaso
*Martina Copley
*Harrison Jones-Ritchie
*Lisa Lerkenfeldt

