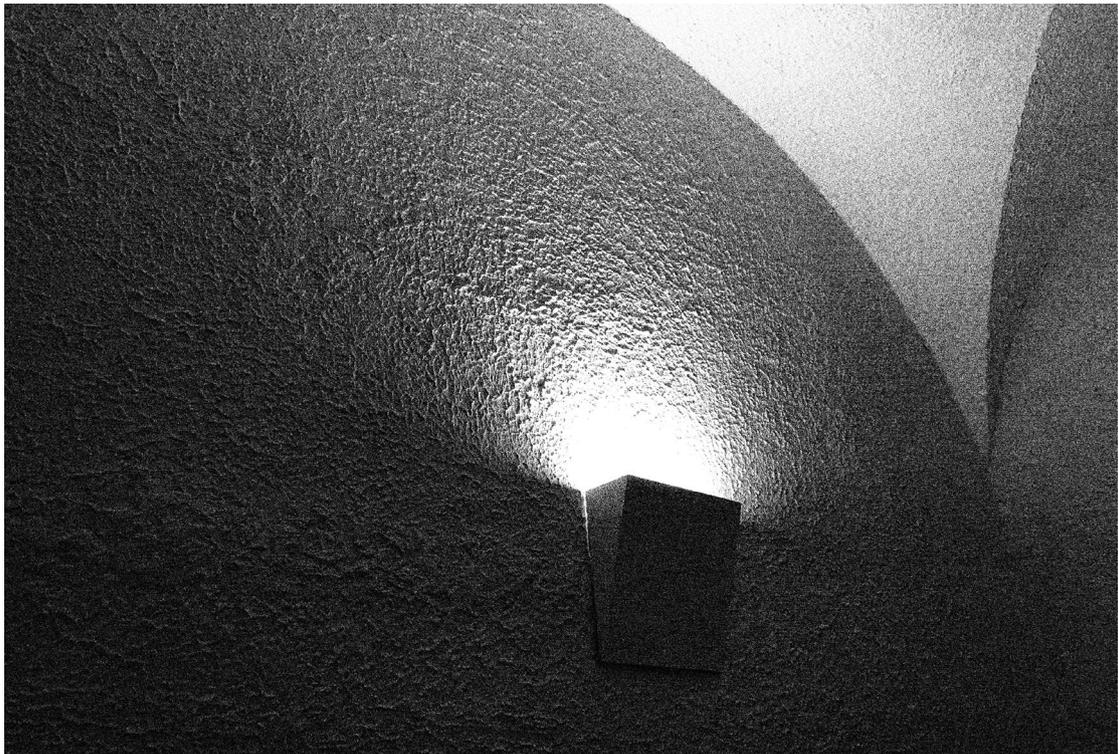


FREQUENCY SWEEPS

Samuel Brzeski



SWEEP ONE

at the entrance
we make a choice

fourteen
ten ten

in resonance we hear
in repercussion we speak

fourteen
ten ten

the poetic image sets in motion
the entire linguistic mechanism
the poetic image places us
at the origin of the speaking being

fourteen
ten ten

after the original reverbation
we experience resonances
sentimental repercussions
images of felicitous space

fourteen
ten ten

through the spatial memory of a poem
we can touch the ultimate poetic depth of the house

fourteen
ten ten

at the entrance
we make a choice

SWEEP TWO

the chief benefits of the house:

- the house shelters daydreaming
- the house protects the dreamer
- the house allows one to dream in peace

the house of sonic memory
is held together by conjunctive temporal tissue
string-like sonorous strands
time bound in synchronicity

in this country everything is called a house
the sanctity of the domestic is inferred to all buildings
climb the steps of the house
the house that has the steps
(14 then 10 or 10)
to art centres and apartment blocks
to schools and to municipal buildings

suppose I were to shout into the hallway of your house
then every room would resound
the harder ones calling back
with tin-like tones
and some of them
are so hard

SWEEP THREE

what sound
do buildings make
when they sleep?

SWEEP FOUR

if I place my ear in between these two steps
cup my hands against the stone
then I can pick up a scrap of your voice
which may or may not sound just a bit like the sea
both hands moving to catch the vapour trail
your voice saying something about ice cream
and the importance of culture in times of pandemic
you told me you were afraid to sleep with your ears exposed
a childhood fear that returns in times of fragility
so I covered them for you when you were sick
more like a scream
you say to me
out of the corner of a full mouth
but when you speak with your mouth so full
you don't can't quite fit the sentence out

SWEEP FIVE

in the sonic structure of an air raid bunker
I see backs of heads and smoke machine
elastic ceilings in the great glass elevator
a drone from above
(death in the sky)
slithers in the corner

a large figure scrunched over a macbook on the table
playing tones for the end of the world
the space around him still containing
the same ruminations of a room
that has had its top popped off
and screwed on tightly at the same time

SWEEP SIX

possible uses for a marble staircase:

calf raises
minutes to self
cooling down the buttocks
lunges
competitions
cracked screen
parkour pirouettes
trips
falls
breaks
snakes
group photos
dramatic entrances
loud exits
stiletto concerts
break up chats
laugh reverb
feelings of grandeur
secret crying
tall / short kiss pairings
deep breaths
decisions
tapdance practice

SWEEP SEVEN

and when the light changes in this room we skip a decade
and when the light changes in this room it feels like we skip a decade
and when the light changes we skip a decade

and when the light came streaming through these windows
it was two years ago
now I'm haunted by the heavy breathing
an image of my own performance in the same space
relentless repetitions of what I called a masculine mantra
but what was really a not-so-thinly-veiled *sadboy poem*

it was a sweaty day
I had bought a new black shirt from weekday for the occasion
it was almost identical to my existing black shirts
but I had sweated through the one I was wearing that day
the one that I had brought from the place I was living

I lived too far away to get another shirt and be back in time
I lived too far away and there was an uncomfortably loud road on the route
I lived too far away and it would be sweaty
I lived too far away in a home I didn't want to be in

I skimmed the shirt rails
before landing upon my inevitable choice
feeling awkward in my body
I went for an XL size

the shirt was distressed
I was distressed
the audience was distressed

I can fix this
I can fix this

every time an electric car goes past
it is a drone concert of melodica mouth organs
powered by the last breath of a tired musician

Written as a response to the sound work *a financial story* by Arthur Hureau. As part of Lydgalleriet's PARABOL series in collaboration with Kunsthall 3,14, the work was installed in the atrium of Kunsthall 3,14 on a parabolic loudspeaker. The piece materialised in a series of seven short audio pieces which played sporadically throughout the exhibition period, in amongst long periods of silence. A mix of field recordings from the site itself and mathematical functions, the sounds explored the symbolism of the venue as former bank, and the concrete aspects of in-situ noise-prints through the methodology of frequency sweeps.

The sound work was installed at Kunsthall 3,14 between 6th March and 9th August 2020

Some lines have also been reworked from *The Poetics of Space* by Gaston Bachelard.

Samuel Brzeski is the Lydgalleriet Writer in Residence for 2020.