what remains performing traces in the works of lo wie and audra wolowiec

What is being, has been, could be, communicated when an initial concept is removed and only a trace is left behind?

Is there any meaning to be found in the residue?

When actualizing the works, "between the sea and the sea," and "less than words can say" by Audra Wolowiec, and "Cloud Scissors" by lo wie, both of which are found in reductive journal FOUR¹, I am confronted with these questions. Both works contain traces of something that once were, but are no longer there. Yet, the initial concept hasn't completely been erased. Despite the disappearance of its original form and content, a vestige lingers.

I will never know what it was completely. I am left only with the longing to know in the wake of the unknown. I can only **not** know.

What is there to communicate in the residue of meaning?

Miscommunication. Loss of communication. Fragments of understanding.

I am fully present in the quiet spaces on the pages of their works. I feel my internal forces gather when confronted with the loneliness of the disappeared, with the frustration of the misunderstood. The line is blurred between their works and my own energy. Not unlike the internal voice of a reader fusing with the author of a written text, my sonic voice becomes part of their words. I want to be there. I want to co-create with them in a coalescence of energy. I want their message to be communicated. I become part of the answers to the questions that arise in the space of missing sense. Our amalgamated forces create abstruse clarity in the no-longer said.

¹ reductive journal is an online journal that I co-edit with Ryoko Akama. FOUR is the first physical edition of the magazine, co-edited by Ryoko Akama, Heather Frasch, Daniel del Rio, designed by Vasco Alves, and published by mumei publishing <u>www.mumeipublishing.com</u>.

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Audra Wolowiec "less than words can say"² Excerpts: Images 1, 2

The knowing that something has vanished, or that it has been misunderstood, can leave a sense of frustration, irritation, a feeling of isolation, of being alone. How is one to learn if ideas haven't been shared because they haven't been properly communicated? How are we to grow without learning from the past experiences of others? How are we to connect if we are not understood, and cannot understand?

I keep old letters, old photographs, of people who are no longer part of my life.

I have objects from people who I no longer see.

I remember them,....

sometimes.

Sometimes I hold their memory in my hand.

² Woloweic, Audra, "less than words can say", reductive journal FOUR, mumei publishing, UK, 2015

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Some parts I can almost see. I can almost understand.....

> But I don't. I can't....

The sense is gone.

I am quietly frustrated in the silence and absence of meaning that confronts me. Yet is precisely that frustration which is communicate-able. The knowing that so much as been lost between the cracks, that many things have and will disappear, that histories tell only bits of many lost stories, is communicable. The erased carries its own meaning. It carries its own force.

That is what I can communicate. I can communicate not-knowing. I can communicate the desire to know what has been lost.



Cloud Scissors by lo wie Excerpts: Images 3, 4, 5³

The origins of the words that are found on the page are unknown. How they arrived there and got mixed together is unclear. Their fragments unite, creating a new meaning through their proximation on the page. Married, amidst the bits and cuts of broken lines, they trigger a sensate reaction.

³ lo wie, "cloud scissors", reductive journal FOUR, mumei publishing, UK, 2015

you know	
you know	
T1	
I know	

I read the text using my own rhythms, which is different every time.

The meaning changes depending on where I place the word stress. It changes depending on my emotional state, on my reaction to the emotional state of the room at the moment that I read it. I can move through and around a variety of readings.

The meaning emerges in a sonic space that combines stillness with movement.

Each reading, each rhythm, each performance, each moment, creates a singular meaning, constantly transforming words that haven't moved.



The words are placed both erratically and preciously on the page, like discarded scraps of thoughts that fell haphazardly on their way to the trash bin. Yet, they seem content with their new home. The page is simultaneously still and energized.

I am engulfed by non-activity. It becomes an equal power to the sonic. Quietly and intensely, like an old oak tree, I transmit that energy. There is movement in the moment of 'waiting for something to happen.'⁴

⁴ Salomé Voegelin writes about the notion of 'sonic waiting' as a place of anticipation, creating a very focused listening. This listening includes listening to oneself. She claims that "Being a critical listener is listening to silence and being able to bare to hear yourself. If I cannot listen to silence, I cannot really listen to anything but only hear stuff." Salomé Voegelin, *Listening to Noise and Silence. Towards a Philosophy of Sound Art,* The Continuum International Publishing Group Inc. 2010, pg. 98. She furthers her point, when she writes: "The understanding of oneself in silence is a pre-requisite for composition and its criticism alike. The ability to listen to yourself and to hear yourself fleshly within this audition is an aesthetic position that produces the work as aesthetic moment." pg. 99.

"On its way to language experience meets the symbolic in the thick materiality of silence and searches for words in its sensorial depth." ⁵

Documentation can tell a partial story of what really happened, and in the process, create an entirely new story. It is full of macro- and micro-sized holes.

Thoughts disappear.... New ones (re-)emerge....

Remains create new meanings of partially told stories. Miscommunication creates new discourses that weren't meant to be said.

This is what I know when I sit down to perform the works of Io wie and Audra Wolowiec. I am hearing myself in the space that opens up when the words have disappeared. I have my own sense. I have my own non-sense. I might not understand what is being said, but I do understand what I am hearing. I understand myself. I create a new meaning.

As one reads, their internal voices speak alongside the authors' whether it is heard or not, whether they are alone or not.

What meaning does the sensate experience contain in correlation with the conceptual?

In the spaces on the page surrounding the faded words,

Amidst the barely-there whispers and the erased,

I, the reader,

the listener,

the performer,

feel the power of absence.

I hear my internal echoes.

I find a meaning in the missing words.

I give answers in my sonic resonances.

⁵ Ibid., pg 103. Furthering her concept of silence and meaning in listening, Voegelin writes about the process of transforming sensate meaning into language. There is a moment when it is internalized, felt before being transformed back into language. From my perspective in this case, as an actualizer, it is this moment where my energy meets that of the others' work, and that when felt and listened to closely, is as real as the sounds that emerge after.

Works Cited

1. Voegelin, Salomé. Listening to Noise and Silence: Towards a Philosophy of Sound Art, The Continuum International Publishing Group Inc., 80 Maiden Lane, New York, NY 10038, 2010.

List of Works

- 2. lo wie. "cloud scissors", reductive journal FOUR, mumei publishing, UK, 2015
- 3. Wolowiec, Audra. "less than words can say", *reductive journal FOUR*, mumei publishing, www.mumeipublishing.com, 2015