

The image is a composite. The left side shows a courtyard with a stone fountain in the foreground, a large tree, and a Gothic-style building with arched windows in the background. The right side is a solid green overlay with the title text. The title is 'The Chicago Sound Show' in a white, sans-serif font, arranged in four lines.

The Chicago Sound Show

The Chicago Sound Show

SEPTEMBER 27–DECEMBER 29, 2019

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Sound is our way of throwing ourselves out into the world.

We compress our ideas, dreams, joys, and sorrows into sonic utterances and propel pressure waves outwards, sending inquiries into space, hoping these pulses of energy will collect meaning on journeys of refraction, and return to us transformed into knowledge.

With the simple assignment of placing speakers in space, the artists of *The Chicago Sound Show* transformed nine locations on the UChicago campus into portals of knowledge. Filtered through the minds of brilliant practitioners, these spaces revealed secrets and uncovered truths to students, faculty, and listeners from around the world.

Of the many powers of sound, I would like to highlight one of the most potent on audition at the *The Chicago Sound Show*, and that is sound's amazing ability to warp space and time, transporting us to real and imagined environments miles, states, and even epochs away. Olivia Bloch's work, *Indiana Karst*, takes the listeners out of the University campus and places them in a limestone cave in Indiana, the very cave from which many of the buildings on the University

campus were constructed. Andy Slater's, *Unseen Re-heard*, brings the listener on a journey around the UChicago campus, as heard through the focused ears of a visually-impaired leader, guiding the listener to sounds they may otherwise not have perceived. David Wallace Haskins' thunderous *Breath* sets a number of scenes from different locations on campus at different times of day against the gorgeous drones of the Rockefeller Chapel's Skinner Organ, presenting a spatial counterpoint available to us in sound, but impossible with the other senses.

Walter Kitundu's *Maximum of the Eyes* pushes sonic counterpoint even further, simultaneously projecting into the birch grove near Campus North up to six different environments situated outward from the installation's epicenter. The work localizes the listener in Hyde Park, allowing the pulsing neurons of the surrounding city to critique themselves with sonic insights and experiences. Nomi Epstein's *Quiet Qloister* takes the already contemplative Swift Cloister Garden and gives the listener something new

to think about, adding subtle processed water sounds that blend seamlessly with the Cloister's fountain, creating an aural illusion and forcing the observer to listen deeply to the electro-acoustic mix.

As sound can add to and recontextualize a space, enhancing its many meanings, auditory intelligence can also transform a space completely, giving it a different identity. Stephan Moore's *Six Accompaniments for Solo Voice*, takes the "ceaseless vocalization of the nearby Searle Chemistry Laboratory's ventilation system" and, by adding a simple accompaniment, transforms this leviathan into a belting diva, creating an inviting space open for exploration.

A number of works in the show reveal different intermedia relationships that sound art establishes between music and other media, often times even creating a connection between multiple media at the same time. The connection with sound and sculpture is clear. Listeners are encouraged to walk around the space, hearing the work from many perspectives, gaining insight from many angles. In my

own work, *Parallel/Series*, I attempt an intermedia relationship between sound and architecture, placing the listener inside a lattice of sound and prompting them to discover the piece by exploring space itself.

By using text, Lou Mallozzi and Katherine Young connect music with theatre, poetry, and history. Lou Mallozzi's *Close Quarters* envisions a futurist spatial poetry, spreading words and the voices that speak them throughout Smart Museum of Art courtyard, going so far as to break each voice into its low, middle, and high components. The listener can simply hear the components for what they are or move about until the full spectrum of a voice is audible.

Katherine Young's work, *Resonance, and the Inhibition of*, brings to the fore the theater of time and history. Young's installation places the listener inside a tapestry of sounds connected to women scientists from the early and mid-twentieth century. Highlighting the accomplishments of these pioneers, this work encourages us to reach backwards

into history to reflect on the realities lived, with the hopes that we can build a better future.

Time, a critical element of any sonic art is at play in all of these works. Some of these works explore durations under an hour. Some explore durations of several hours. Some, under the right conditions, could be infinite. Our time on the University of Chicago campus was not infinite, but for three months *The Chicago Sound Show* graced the campus of the University of Chicago. It's success is the result the generosity and hard work of a number of individuals to whom I owe infinite thanks: curator Laura Steward and the amazing staff of the Smart Museum, Barry O'Quinn and the incredible facilities crew, David Vosburg for helping keep things running through the fall, and all of the individuals who helped each artist create and install their works.

Sam Pluta, Assistant Professor in the Department of Music at the University of Chicago

The Chicago Sound Show

Walkway between Pick Hall and Walker Museum

Olivia Block

Indiana Karst, 2019

Multi-channel sound installation with architectural fragments

A multi-speaker installation that plays field recordings of cave water sounds. The recording references the Indiana limestone that is used as a building material in much of the architecture on campus.







Indiana Karst reflects my fascination with constituent materials of buildings and their acoustic and historical properties.

I was drawn to the sidewalk between Pick Hall and the Walker Museum due to its sunken, narrow, cave-like quality and the flowing movement of people through the passageway. Additionally, I was struck by the unique acoustic properties from the sonic reflections bouncing off hard surfaces, and the contrasting visual silhouettes of Brutalist and Gothic styles of architecture against the narrow swath of sky.



Upon researching the architectural history of the campus, I discovered that most of the buildings were constructed from Indiana limestone. Further research led my attention to limestone caves in Indiana near the quarries where the University of Chicago limestone was sourced.

In January 2019, I drove to the Indiana Caverns near Corydon to record water in the caves. I was struck by the strangeness of water trickling sounds without wind, insects, people, cars, or other ambient noises that usually accompany the sounds of rivers and streams.

On site at the University, I embedded speakers in carved out pieces of castoff limestone. The sounds were subtly filtered by the stone encasements, resulting in a faint tonal addition to the flowing and dripping. Additionally, speakers were positioned facing the walls of Pick Hall and the Walker Museum for further acoustic alterations from reflected sounds.

In my imagination, through the addition of cavern sounds on site, the formation of limestone became an adjacent architectural history of the buildings. The compressed temporal scale shaping the lives of students walking through the passageways—the minutes, seconds and deadlines guiding their movements —was now accompanied by the dripping sounds that formed limestone over epochs and eons.





Nomi Epstein

Quiet Qloister, 2019

Four-channel sound installation with hydrophone, live-processed and prerecorded sounds

In Swift Cloister Garden's uniquely protected sonic space, this work subtly pursues a further sense of seclusion and escape by echoing, enhancing, and processing the sound of the cloister's fountains.





I was immediately drawn to the Swift Cloister Garden when curator Laura Steward led me on a walkthrough of the University of Chicago campus in early October 2018. I was first struck by the space's obvious visual beauty—the cloisters which border one wall, the rectangular garden that is built within the four fenced areas lined with bushes, and the two square fountains which ground the garden connected by a long thin water basin. But, as I sat on the benches in front of the fountains, what drew me in further, as someone who particularly enjoys quietude, solitude, and private spaces, was its ability to provide a near complete feeling of isolation from the remainder of the campus. It felt successfully secluded from what is a very public and large quad. An unusual cloister, instead of being fully enclosed, it remains open to the larger University quadrangle. Still, it captures the sentiment of a cloister with its ability to calm and quiet the visitor.

I took photographs and videos, returned several times to the location over the next few weeks, conducted research on the garden's history, and found out it had only been built four years earlier. The design team, Culliton Quinn Landscape Architecture, had

won an award from the Illinois Chapter of the American Society of Landscape Architects for this particular project in 2017. As I was initially unfamiliar with the layout of the buildings on campus, I soon realized that Swift Hall, which abuts the garden on two sides, and provides its third side, a walkway of cloisters, was the University's Divinity School and that this walkway borders Bond Chapel. Clearly these two structures, their function, the types of events they hold—classes, prayers, philosophies, ideas, sounds—and moments that occur inside of them, greatly influenced the landscape architects in their design concept visually, aesthetically, spiritually, and sonically.

The fountains involve two large, square shaped limestone boxes, which each have four spouts of water. Each fountain has a carved out lip where the water pours over to a low tunneled byway connecting the two boxes. In the center of the tunneled byway is a covered circular stone formation where the water collects again. The fountains produce a sound-wall that is inviting, all-consuming, and contemplative, but also quiet enough for conversations to easily be heard over the sound of moving water.





I often visited the space at night during installation. It is also important to note, each of the four spouts has, contained within, a lit bulb, and this illumination was something visitors, sitting on the bench at night, came to use for reading a book, when everything else around was quite dark, leaning into the fountain for light. The bulbs sit inside the fountain spouts and out pours the water splashing and moving, and so, shadows emerge and shift high up on the walls of Swift Hall. One can become completely transfixed observing this.

Since the fountains, or rather, the sonic agency of the fountains, have cultivated this particular mode of solitude and contemplative character in the garden, I wanted to acquire all of the sounds for my installation from the fountains themselves. Some sounds would be a live feed of the fountain heard through speakers, others would be pre-recorded. I began gathering material with a hydrophone (a microphone which detects soundwaves under water). I recorded at multiple points within both fountains, at different depths, distances from spouts, within the long byway, within

the 'waterfall' areas, and experimented with moving the hydrophone at different speeds and from different points.

I collected the recordings and processed them in various ways. I used these recordings to create a fixed media piece, though none of the sounds, even when processed, veered too far from their initial source.

The installation, then, incorporates multiple self-reflexive and interrelated sonic entities—the fixed media component, the live fountain sound spatialized through four speakers, and the live fountain. Depending on one's distance, if seated or standing, if inside the garden or outside, if stationary or moving, if next to a speaker which has more or less sonic activity at any given moment, one will experience the interaction of these various 'layers' in completely different proportions and outcomes. The experience of the installation, though quite backgrounded, is a very subtle, gentle aural perceptive interplay, which one can chose to foreground at any point.



David Wallace Haskins

Breath, 2019

Two-channel stereo sound installation, full-range speakers and infrasonic subwoofers

Breath is an architectural sound work for both hearing and deaf visitors that is channeled through Cobb Gate, the entrance to the University of Chicago's main quad. The work reveals the hidden layers of sound moving through the campus each day woven inside a musical composition played by the deep-breathing 32 foot pipes of E.M. Skinner's Landmark Organ at Rockefeller Chapel. Four full-range speakers and twelve 18-inch infrasonic subwoofers line the stone walls of the gateway, tuned to the architecture, allowing each person passing through to have an embodied encounter with the physicality of sound.





The extended low-frequency sound waves produced by *Breath* are more than 60 feet long, twice the length of the gate. By sustaining them for minutes on end it offers us an opportunity to physically explore and feel the architectural shape of the sound. This shift from the conceptual to the physical invites a slower pace and enables a more integrated and relational interaction with sound, moving us out of our heads and into our bodies.

The musical foundation of this soundscape is an organ work composed of various notes sustained over time, forming a single towering multi-layered chord. The inspiration for this piece was a similar work I had written for guitar in 1998. Returning to this theme I began working with my dear friend and organist Benjamin Williams between Chicago and his home in Germany from 2017–18, eventually completing the composition heard in *Breath*.

It was always our hope to perform this work using E.M. Skinner's Landmark Organ at the University of Chicago's Rockefeller Chapel. So, it was quite a serendipitous surprise when

after finishing the composition, the University's curator of public art, Laura Steward, invited me to participate in *The Chicago Sound Show* and create an outdoor sound work in response to the campus architecture.

A week later I found myself walking into the university's main quad through the liminal interior/exterior space of Cobb Gate on 57th street. I couldn't help but want to slow down inside its 30 x 30 x 30 foot archway, and yet hundreds of people were traversing it, like a passageway through which the life of the University flowed. I saw it as the mouth of the UChicago campus and imagined all the sounds of the University breathing through it, held together by the deep hum of the Rockefeller organ.

With this vision in mind I set out with my producer Bob Davidson to record every sound we could across the campus from morning to evening, indoors and outdoors: sounds of the architecture, doors squeaking, HVAC humming, cars and trucks, student's heartbeats, handwriting, typing, laughing, walking, as well as the environmental sounds of nature. Then we worked with University Organist Thomas Weisflog using special





low-frequency microphones to record every 32 foot pipe of the Rockefeller organ needed to sustain the deep notes of the slow-building organ composition.

Since the organ produces frequencies down to 16 hertz, (four hertz lower than what we can humanly hear) we needed special speakers to accurately reproduce the power of the Skinner organ transposed inside the gate. Thankfully Bag End Loudspeakers, one of the few speaker companies in the world able to reproduce infrasonic frequencies, was excited to help us make this happen.

After testing and configuring everything at Bag End, we installed all 16 speakers into Cobb Gate allowing them to double as benches for visitors to enjoy. Then Davidson and I mastered the final piece in real-time using the gate's architecture as an instrument, allowing different variations of the organ's lowest pipes to play every five minutes, each tuned to the space and reacting to it differently. Some were more substantially felt at the entrance, some sitting on the speakers, whereas others were more powerful in the middle of the gate.

We finished with a 12-hour composition revealing a myriad of sounds from across the campus, quietly shifting at 5pm to a softer soundscape with crickets and hushed voices in the evening. But from 9am to 9pm the organ maintains the foundation of the work, acting as a clock, slowly building in intensity every hour, reaching its crescendo and concluding exactly at the top of the hour, allowing for a minute of lightness filling the air with only birdsong and carillon chiming in the distance, until the low rumble of the organ returns and a new hour-long composition begins.





Birch grove near Campus North
Residential Commons

Walter Kitundu

Maximum of the Eyes, 2019

A multi-channel installation that fills a small grove of birch trees with sounds collected from Chicago and Lake Michigan, painting an ever-changing sonic picture of the city's environments.





Before:

The work will consist of a speaker mounted to each of the six lighting fixtures at the periphery of the tree circle.

The circle reminds me of a watch face or a compass. I imagine tools for orienteering. I'll use the locations of those six speakers as radial markers. I've extended lines out into Chicago and will record material along those radials.

One line extends 19 miles to intersect a runway at O'hare. Another cuts through a science building at Chicago State University. One cuts through a corner of the DuSable Museum, another just touches the edge of a point that juts into Lake Michigan behind a Children's Hospital, yet another hovers over a point in the lake where the water quickly becomes deep.

Distance will be communicated via musical notes (I hope to record these notes using the organ in Bond Chapel). The pitches will rise a half step per half mile, ascending three octaves by the time it reaches the northern and western limits of the city. When recordings play from different areas, the multiple distances will produce an evolving series of notes providing a sonic foundation for the work.

The working title is "Maximum of the Eyes" which is a translation of the word "horizon" into *Kiswahili* (the first language of the Swahili people), then back into English, revealing a direct and poetic interpretation of the notion of visual limits. This piece uses sound to look beyond the visible horizon formed by the trees and surrounding structures.

A visitor would have to float 330 feet above the site on the clearest of days to be able to see as far as this sound installation will allow them to hear.

Just before:

Maximum of the Eyes is a multi-channel sound installation that metaphorically extends your hearing from a small grove of birch trees out into the city of Chicago and Lake Michigan. Each speaker represents a section of the city and lake, and its sounds are accompanied by tones that signal how far away each recording was made, allowing you to decode a slowly unfolding auditory map of the city. The sounds range from commonplace to mystifying, from subtle to alarming, and they are informed by Chicago's history, natural environment, and the rhythms of its inhabitants.



After:

My favorite moments are the ones when you can't tell if the sound is recorded or if it's really happening. Children, birds, distant sprinklers, cicadas, construction. Parts of the work are very opaque and can only emerge from the speakers while others are so transparent that the ambient sound soaks through and generates a lovely confusion. If you revel in the overlap and take your time, once you leave some of the piece goes with you because life goes with you (it followed you in there to begin with). The truth of the work only emerged once it was installed and the sounds of the campus and the sky above began to complicate things. I learned a lot about the city and how vast and layered it is while recording. It makes sense that the city is still shaping the work.



Vera and A. D. Elden Sculpture Garden,
Smart Museum of Art

Lou Mallozzi

Close Quarters, 2019

Twelve-channel sound installation.





In each of the four corners of the Elden Sculpture Garden at the Smart Museum of Art, a different voice speaks of bodies that nearly, but never quite, touch in an erotics of the imminent or the afterglow. These furtive voices are also radically filtered to present their highest and lowest frequencies on other widely separated loudspeakers in the open courtyard, casting audible shadows of the mouths of the speakers. Walking through the space, the upright listener's body encounters these voices and their verbal shadows coming from the ground up: supine, imbedded, and earth-bound.

Voices: Cheryl Lynn Bruce, Jill Daly, Bruce Jenkins, and Kerry James Marshall

Recording engineer: Ralph Loza at Experimental Sound Studio

Digital playback programming: Eduardo Rosario



NORTHEAST

*Dusk.
You smell the scent of my hair.
You feel the heat of my skin.
Wait.
You see the pulsing vein in my throat.
Pose, position, possession, horizon.
Turn to the northeast.
Fingers close to my fingers.
Separated by a thin gap of humidity.
Leg close to my leg.
Genitals close to my genitals.
Glass, tears.
Dawn.
Knee close to my knee.
Throat close to my throat.
Nose close to my nose.
This blade of grass could barely be
slipped between us.
Wait.
My asymmetry in this frame.
Orbit.
Naked.
Our atmosphere.
Our darkness.
You hear my breathing.
Close, closed.
Mouth close to my mouth.
Membrane, border, field.*

NORTHWEST

*Dusk.
I smell the scent of your hair.
I feel the heat of your skin.
Wait.
I see the pulsing vein in your throat.
Pose, position, possession, horizon.
Turn to the northwest.
Fingers close to your fingers.
Separated by a thin gap of humidity.
Leg close to your leg.
Genitals close to your genitals.
Steel, blood.
Dawn.
Knee close to your knee.
Throat close to your throat.
Nose close to your nose.
This blade of grass could barely be
slipped between us.
Wait.
Your asymmetry in this frame.
Orbit.
Naked.
Our atmosphere.
Our darkness.
I hear your breathing.
Close, closed.
Mouth close to your mouth.
Membrane, border, field.*

SOUTHEAST

Dusk.
You smell the scent of my hair.
You feel the heat of my skin.
Wait.
You see the pulsing vein in my throat.
Pose, position, possession, horizon.
Turn to the southeast.
Fingers close to my fingers.
Separated by a thin gap of humidity.
Leg close to my leg.
Genitals close to my genitals.
Gravel, semen.
Dawn.
Knee close to my knee.
Throat close to my throat.
Nose close to my nose.
This blade of grass could barely be
slipped between us.
Wait.
My asymmetry in this frame.
Orbit.
Naked.
Our atmosphere.
Our darkness.
You hear my breathing.
Close, closed.
Mouth close to my mouth.
Membrane, border, field.

SOUTHWEST

Dusk.
I smell the scent of your hair.
I feel the heat of your skin.
Wait.
I see the pulsing vein in your throat.
Pose, position, possession, horizon.
Turn to the southwest.
Fingers close to your fingers.
Separated by a thin gap of humidity.
Leg close to your leg.
Genitals close to your genitals.
Concrete, sweat.
Dawn.
Knee close to your knee.
Throat close to your throat.
Nose close to your nose.
This blade of grass could barely be
slipped between us.
Wait.
Your asymmetry in this frame.
Orbit.
Naked.
Our atmosphere.
Our darkness.
I hear your breathing.
Close, closed.
Mouth close to your mouth.
Membrane, border, field.

19 NOV 2018

9. ~~ANTH~~ and ~~ANTH~~ COMPOSED OF
JUDGES EXCLUSIVELY. "RAP"



19 NOV 2018

MTG w/ LAURA STEWART

1. SELECT SPACE NOW
2. FALL-WINTER - DRAFT OF CONCEPT
3. JAN. - MTG w/ ALL ARTISTS - 137 K
OF FUNDS PAID \$4K
4. JAN - JUNE/JULY FABRICATE
5. JULY - PRESENT WORK IN PROGRESS
TO LAURA + INSTAL
6. SEPT - INSTAL
7. OCT - OPENING

NOT A ZBY

NOT A SOUNDTRACK



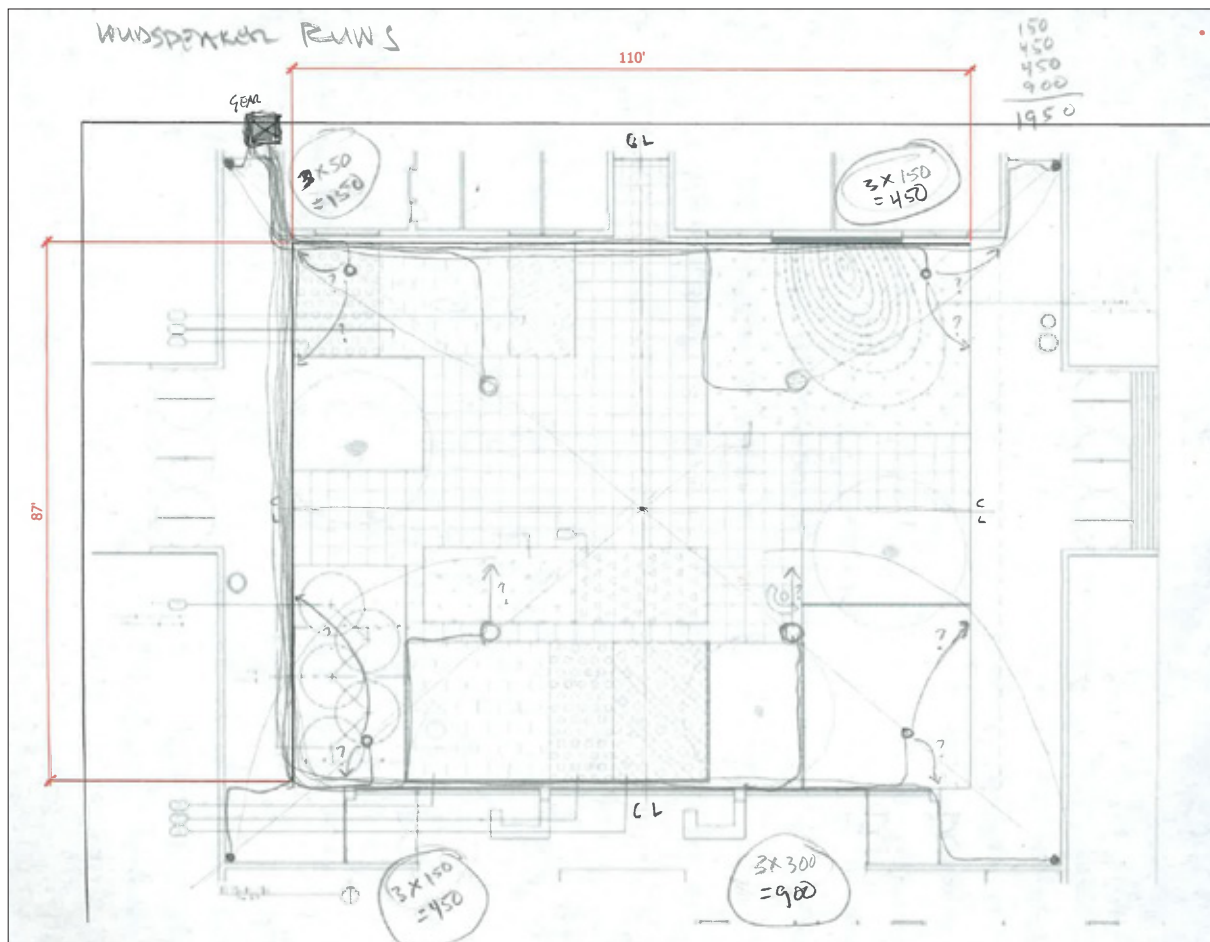
PRINCE
(in track)
HIDE AWAY
CLUSTER
SECRETIVE

LIVE EXPRESSION
OF REMINDING FROM
AS A BASE,



① + ②: 2" DIALOGUES

w/ OTHER
EXTREMELY
CLOSE
INTIMATE
SOUNDS



Stephan Moore

*Six Accompaniments for
Solo Voice, 2019*

Six benches are outfitted with speakers,
each providing a different accompaniment for
the ceaseless vocalization of the nearby Searle
Chemistry Laboratory's ventilation system.





In early 2017, I visited Melbourne and Sydney, Australia to work on a research project focused on transforming the sounds of traffic that drifted over sound walls and into urban neighborhoods. The sounds of tires, engines, and compression brakes constitute a sonic blight on the areas adjacent to the newly-constructed radial highways in these cities. The idea was simple: instead of blocking these sounds out with even more imposing physical barriers, perhaps there is a way to introduce new sounds that would accompany the traffic sounds, such that the combined listening experience would be elevated to the level of a dynamic musical score, composed on-the-fly in response to the traffic's shifting nuances. Through weeks of field testing, I discovered that introducing some quiet musical sounds, generated through listening carefully to the sounds of the traffic, could transform the aural experience of these areas into a lush, evolving backdrop, partway between a composition and a soundscape. The new sounds merged so successfully with the traffic noise that I began to hear them even after I had turned off the speakers for the night.

That experience was in my mind as I toured the University of Chicago campus to choose a site for a future installation in 2018. The Snell-Hitchcock Quadrangle is dominated by a sonic blight similar in some ways to that of the highway-side parks I worked in. The din of the endless exhalation coming from the air handling systems on top of the Chemistry Building is such that it is difficult to spend time in the quad without headphones or some other means of sonic distraction. The difference is that this air handling sound, while rich and composed of numerous layered pulses and drones, is constant and persistent, whereas the traffic sounds are quite variable. I was encouraged to attempt a similar approach to composing accompaniments to this sound when I noticed a quarter-circle walkway in the quad, along which six park benches had been stationed. These benches all faced the Chemistry Building, as though waiting for an audience that would come to hear the building sing. They presented an opportunity to attempt six different approaches to quietly accompanying the voice of the building.





Recordings were made of the ventilation noise up close (on the roof, amid the machines) and from the ground below, but I was unable to create the accompaniments at home in my studio — the experience of being on-site, hearing the complex drone in context, was always completely different from anything that could be represented in a recording. I needed to compose with my laptop while sitting on each bench, hearing the way the quad's acoustics emphasized different parts of the massive, composite noise depending on my location. As I listened, the sound began to share its secrets. Multiple chords, each with their own tuning system, became apparent. Some of these sounds cycled through louder and softer states on a slow rotation, while others followed intricate rhythms that could only be heard from certain angles. I saw my task as designing new sounds that would draw these stunning details through the noise's dull exterior, bringing them to a listener's attention.

Having composed these six accompaniments, my attitude towards the noise has become one of energized, engaged ambivalence. The noise is definitely pollution, unhealthy and the product of indifferent design and our peculiar, pervasive cultural deafness that allows for the creation of such monstrosities. But at the same time, it is a vital complex of fascinating musical structures. Its baroque anatomy reflects the workings of the multiple systems that cooperate to produce it. Its presence is evidence of the difficulty, effort and care that have been undertaken to ensure the safety of the people working in the building, and the success of their activities. I do not know whether the sound is truly necessary, but I'm sure it will continue long after the conclusion of this exhibition, and most likely beyond the presence of any students currently working there. Therefore, as a kind of lasting yet immaterial monument, this sound deserves consideration. We should ask ourselves, and continue to ask, the questions too seldom posed about how we value our communal spaces, and how we choose the phenomena we invite into our daily life.



Passageways flanking Cobb Gate

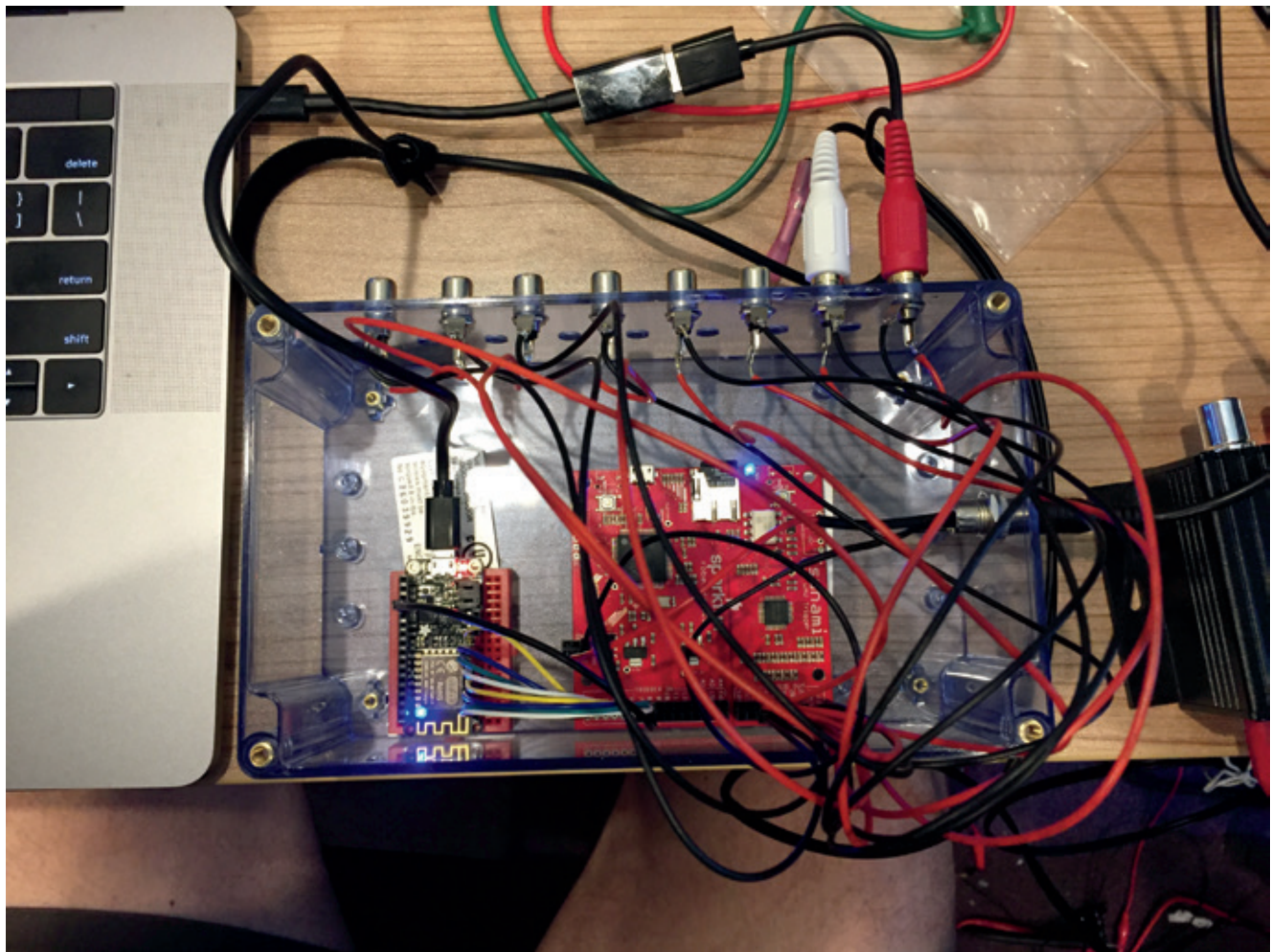
Sam Pluta

Parallel/Series, 2019

Multi-channel sound installation
of sine waves through speakers

A single harmonic series, arranged in order from low to high, emanates from speakers along a wall in a long hallway, revealing its secrets to listeners as they move through space.





When I lived in New York City, my wife and I rented an apartment in Morningside Heights that we were only able to afford due to heavy subsidies on graduate housing from Columbia University. It was an absurdly tiny one-bedroom with a combination living room/kitchen that also ran triple-duty as my wife's office (mine was in the bedroom). The apartment was less than 400 square feet. When Columbia had taken over the building, they had taken larger three-or-more-bedroom apartments and divided them into two separate apartments. Thus, when you entered our apartment you would walk down a long, narrow hallway that ran adjacent to our neighbor's apartment and connected the building's foyer to our bedroom and living room. At about 20-feet long and three-feet wide, this space was relatively useless (except as a storage space) and was usually lined with piles of luggage, shoes, electronic equipment, microphone stands, and cables.

With the hope of making this space fun and joyful, instead of annoying and useless, I dreamed up an installation that I wanted to place in the space, but never got around to implementing. This installation would take advantage of the

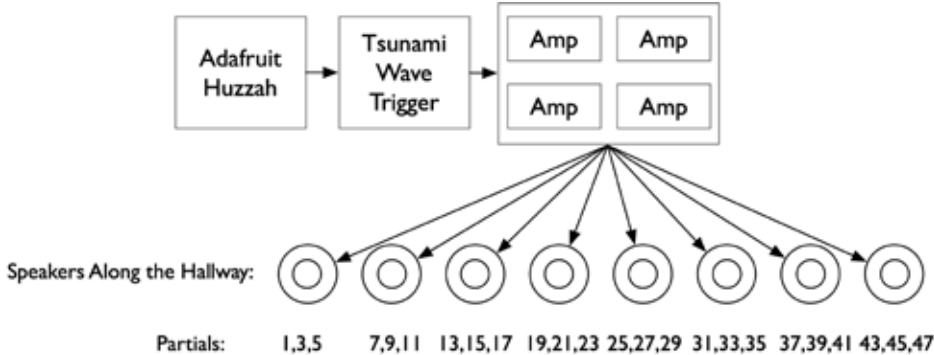
length of the hallway, with a multitude of speakers placed along the wall, facing the listener as they walked from one end to the other. A single harmonic series, from the fundamental and up, would be placed in physical series along the wall. Thus, when the listener was at one end of the hallway they would be closest to the fundamental and low partials, and when at the other end closest to the high partials. When the listener was stationary, the installation would sound like a single tone, but as they walked up and down the space they would experience a kind of filter sweep as the tone went from dull to bright or vice versa. The listener would "perform" the piece by moving through space, thus discovering the physical layout of the harmonic series through focused listening and play. I never was able to create this installation while in New York, but when I saw the two long, narrow passageways of the flanking Cobb Gate, I knew I had the perfect location.

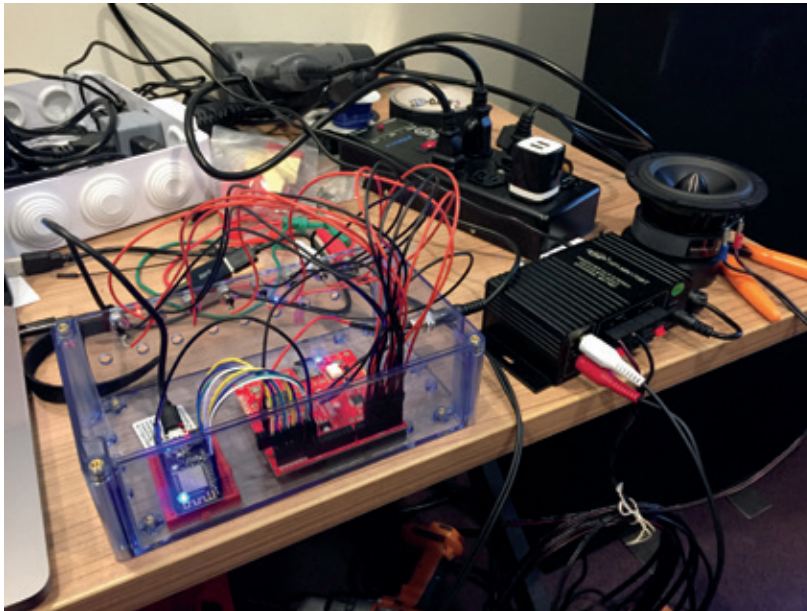
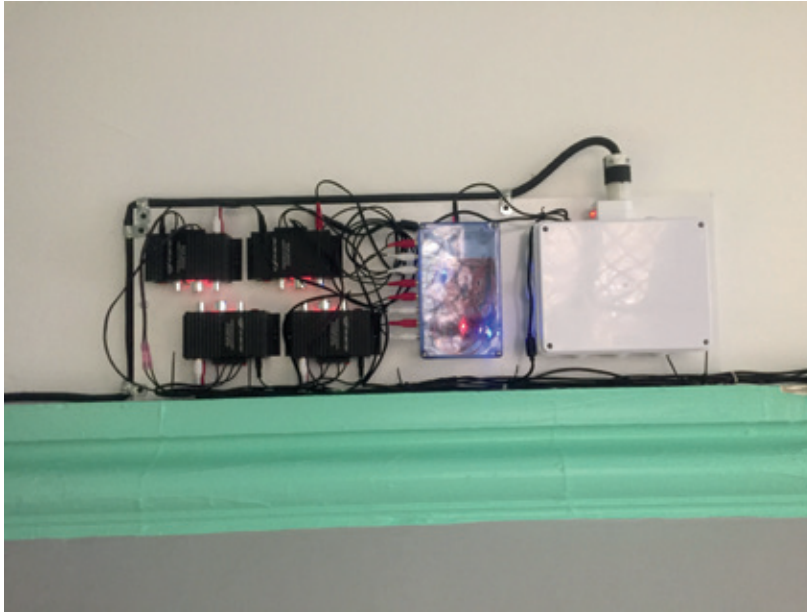
Interaction and audio-visual fusion are two important aspects of my work. As described above, in order to perceive my work I create physical spaces in which listeners may perform and interact. Thus, the listener is simultaneously the

performer of the piece, altering their perception of its sound by physically interacting with space—and its sole audience member. The sound of the work is completely different to each audience member, as their physical location in the hallway is the most important determinant of their sonic experience. Thus the work is a uniquely personal concert for each person walking down the hallway.

There is a second interactive journey for the perceiver of this work, and that is the software/hardware puzzle it creates for the listener to solve. In our increasingly digital world, the seams left over from the creation of systems are gradually disappearing from view. From our computers to our phones to our cars and televisions, the guts of our devices, once a beautiful mess of wires and transistors, hide behind shiny graphical interfaces, leaving impenetrable black boxes of

function, and snuffing out the potential kindling for fires of curiosity as to how things work. With *Parallel/Series* and works like it, I aim to leave the seams out in the open. Audience members can view all of the elements of the circuit, see the wires connecting its disparate parts, and imagine how the circuits function to create the sound: the Adafruit Huzzah microcontroller sends triggers to the Tsunami Wav Trigger. The Wav Trigger plays sound files and converts them from digital to analog form. The analog signal is sent out through eight separate channels to four stereo amplifiers. The amplifiers amplify the eight individual signals, sending them down wires to the eight speakers lined along the hallway. My hope is that this work, and works like it, spark a curiosity about hardware and software-based artistic systems, encouraging inquiring minds to build their own worlds out of bits of code, wire, wood, and current.





Passageway between
Classics and Wieboldt Hall

Andy Slater

Unseen Re-heard, 2019

Two-channel sound installation

A durational piece composed of reimagined, repurposed, and displaced sounds collected on the University of Chicago campus.

Cane drags along surfaces in every cardinal direction. The tactile data shows the shape and make of the cement. Below it lies dirt and above it lies stairs. Crunch beats out finesse.

Something watches the starlings and concludes they are in fact metallic. Feet rush out the door into the passageway. Startled by the bang and exceeds up the limestone to observe the cracks.

Fighting crabs
dispense echoes
throughout the
courtyard the
wind guiding their
migration.

Regurgitated
water clogged
with static
electrons. The
shadows of voices
bubble beneath

300 steps up the winding stairs to hear the campus from the bells' point of view. With head inside the instrument the clicks and clacks, springing hammers, and wooden bonk is more appealing than the way the bells rattle your head. They ring

out throughout unseen to all but three.

Between the walls and wood of the grounds and inside the eyes and shadows 120 years sound otherworldly.
"They."
"Its coming... over here..."

Brown gravel
amplified into the
air and a sudden
outburst of
something beyond
this dimension
perhaps near the
splitter asks for
permission to
eavesdrop.

Through a sepia
filter, golden dusk
sirens intrude as

an exhaust-heavy
vessel rolls in front
blocking the path.

A 10 speed scrolls
to view and
conversations
follow. "Oh it's a
matter of waking
up" ignoring the
bang of the cane
and its 808 traits.
The party goes
unnoticed.

Attracted to the
air like moths to
light the sound
swallows. The
cane becomes
invisible. The body
disappears....

Katherine Young

Resonance, and the Inhibition of, 2019

Eight-channel sound installation using original text, fragments of PhD dissertations and an oral history interview, and sounds performed by vocalists.

In *Resonance, and the Inhibition of*, an eight-channel sound installation, hums, whirs, warbles, chirps, trills, and bits of text modulate and amplify the landscape of the University of Chicago's Botany Pond. Apart from a few sine tones, the piece uses only vocal sounds and features performances by Angel Bat Dawid, Carol Genetti, and Jenna Lyle. The piece is inspired by the history of the pond, the campus soundscape, as well as the work and careers of two female-identifying scientists.





Researching the history of the Botany Pond, I was struck by a 1917 photograph of the Botany Department, which featured a single female faculty member: botanist and microchemist Sophia Hennion Eckerson (1880–1954). Eckerson completed her doctorate in 1911 at the University of Chicago. She continued to work at the University as an assistant plant physiologist and instructor, but she was never promoted to a full-time faculty position. Eventually, Eckerson left academia and pursued a fruitful career in both private and governmental sectors.

Having just finished my PhD in a historically male-dominated field, Eckerson's story resonated with me. I tracked down her PhD dissertation on plant physiology and found her scientific prose to be rich with sonic poeticism. I wanted a second text to work in counterpoint with Eckerson's, and I eventually learned about chemist Gloria L. Anderson. Anderson was born in 1938 in Arkansas, where, as an African-American, she attended segregated schools. At 30 she completed her PhD from the University of Chicago. In her own words:

"I felt coming from where I came from that it was almost impossible for me to get the kind of training that I had gotten. ...I used to tell them that I squeezed through the wire mesh fence."

Graduating in 1968, the year Martin Luther King, Jr. was assassinated, Anderson decided to contribute to the Civil Rights Movement by working to educate other black scientists, and she went on to be the Fuller E. Callaway Professor of Chemistry at Morris Brown College and Vice President for Academic Affairs.

In *Resonance, and the Inhibition of*, I weave and layer together fragments of Eckerson's and Anderson's dissertations, along with the preceding quote which was taken from an oral history interview collected by the Science History Institute. I also add some of my own prose. ("I was the first." "I am the only.") With this composite text, I create an often-dense eight minutes of audio that repeats every twenty minutes. Before, during, and after these eight-minutes, I use abstract vocal noises and phoneme fragments improvised by Dawid, Genetti, and Lyle, to create four different 20-minute sections. With each iteration, the text loop gets recontextualized—by these different artificial soundscapes, as well as by the sounds of the campus's animals, plants, architecture, and people.

In its original installation, the piece repeats for 14 hours each day, allowing for silence overnight. The textual material emanates from two primary speakers, visibly positioned on either side of a bench, where visitors to the Botany Pond can sit and watch the water, ducks, turtles, and humans—and listen. The other vocal sounds, which range frog-like croaks to sung tones to phoneme stutters, migrate through the six other speakers. I placed these smaller speakers on the ground in the surrounding plants. During the text-driven eight-minute loop, electronic tones (harmonic with the hum of the neighboring Botany building's air ventilation system) propel the piece to the sonic foreground. At its most sparse, the piece blends in with the sounds of the campus and pond to create a speculative soundscape. At these moments, I imagine the quiet sounds coming from the small speakers to be little secrets: whisperings from Eckerson, Anderson, and other women who sat on that bench before us, perhaps contemplating chemical compounds, plant physiology, or the way their voices resonate off the pond's surface.



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