

Re: Vaast Bin Sound-Imaging Installations

Inside/Outside Æffective Ecologies: Notes Toward Composition/Performance

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for Kristin Prevallet, who allowed these ideas TBD, to congeal, connect, and transpire

Freed from tedious calculations the composer is able to devote himself to the general problems that the new musical form poses and to explore the nooks and crannies of this form while modifying the values of the input data ... [w]ith the aid of electronic computers the composer becomes a sort of a pilot: [one] presses the buttons, introduces coordinates, and supervises the controls of a cosmic vessel sailing in the space of sound, across sonic constellations and galaxies that [one] could formerly glimpse only as a distant dream. Now [one] can explore them all at [one's] ease, seated in an armchair.

—Iannis Xenakis from Chadabe's *Electric Sound*



ot unlike the “new musical form” that Xenakis speaks of above, *Vaast Bin* is a poem-book, and a “score,” published by Calamari Press in the Fall of 2007. And much like the thinking of Xenakis, I’ve always thought of the *Vaast Bin* book as something akin to a spaceship—something that could be crawled into, ridden in or ridden on, so to speak. And in this sense, the book is both a navigating device and something that can be “piloted.” One can always find such affirmations—such as the wonderful epigraph above—after the fact, after the initial construction. What I mean to suggest here is that this continued sort of awareness of what you’ve done after you’ve done it, seeing it again (and all that comes with a backward glance or use of older material) provides a new sense, a new method of cultivation to emerge, and it’s this hierophantic awareness of making that is the main push of this essay. Of course, one can and should continue to edit themselves, but this awareness (“after the fact”) can also move toward the societal realm. It’s simply editing, but in the case of The Vaast Bin Project, the editing process is materially wide. I have already modified earlier vaast bin forms for various on-line sites (sound-imaging in a combination of still-images, kinetic-imaging, and animated soundscapes—see “Mooring the Vaast Bin” in *Hyperrhiz 04*, for example), and with these modifications, the suggestiveness of form that the 2007 *Vaast Bin* book innately possesses suddenly becomes even wider in its potential breadth.

In October of 2009, I was allowed the opportunity to create a Vaast Bin Sound-Imaging Installation at the &Now Festival/Conference of Innovative Writing at the &Now Festival held that year in Buffalo, New York. There, in the subterranean foyer of the Hallwalls Cinema in the basement of the famous Buffalo cultural fixture—the Hallwalls Contemporary Arts Center—I was allowed the extended means of further exploration of the 2007 book’s suggestive form. The 2009 installation was based upon the 2007 book. For three days, the installation did its thing. Just before taking it down, I filmed it, purely as a document—purely as some kind of proof that it actually happened. And in 2012, given yet another opportunity in the venue of *Drunken Boat*, thanks to Kristin Prevallet, the newest and latest material from

the *Vaast Bin* is the very film accompanying this essay.

The film accompanying this essay was completed in the Winter of 2012 and its material sources stem and stream mainly from these two initial sources: Both the 2007 book and the 2009 installation (based on the 2007 book). As the Xenakis epigraph suggests, the means of “piloting” is or could also be called “editing”—that backward move into the past and into an expanding materialism that has become so richly complicated and fecund for me, by that growing sense of form that a *Vaast Bin* Sound-Imaging Installation can accelerate despite the seeming gaps of time (*i.e.*, 2007, 2009, 2012). How do we use the past to find a way back in? How does one make the past usable—or, as a means to gain momentum? The growing sense of form is what comes with the proliferation of possible forms available to any one using sound-imaging tactics accessing the past for the future, and that’s sound environment programming. Forms leading to other forms = larger formal possibilities.¹ This essay aims to help others think about new approaches, as much as it is the means to think of that suggestive form and the expanded sense of materialism of the *vaast bin* through a notion of performance that goes beyond the traditional idea of simply reading the poem as score and “piloting” the book-poem. This essay is also a documentation of that growing sense of form, material, and performance that might allow another sense of “piloting” to emerge: It is a sense that possesses hypnotic applications of sound and image in the creation of autocatalytic indices for forthcoming moments—something like the mechanics of sound environment programming. This essay asks more than it answers. And though I don’t have nearly enough answers, the schematics, if you can handle the vocabulary I propose, are as indicative of programmatic possibility as the 2007 *Vaast Bin*—despite its age—still is.

So let us think of this project again with re-imagined currents: When regarding the initial composition, performance takes on new dimensions in the composition using the previous composition. From documentations of the old installation, comes the new. This is why I conceive of this *Vaast Bin* Project as an “LP”—a kind of “long-player” of sorts. Here, nothing and no one have been really “freed” because composition could become, if the suggestiveness of the form is fully explored, something that is shared. New forms are needed as much as new piloting capabilities. And when work is

¹ For sometime now, I have been attempting to figure out what it is that I’ve done after I’ve done it. My initial, intuitive approaches with the *Vaast Bin* book dwarf recent discoveries that have occurred “after the fact.” I have described the *Vaast Bin* book in the past as “a navigation system scored for those who wish to move—in to it and beyond.” In a brief three paragraph introduction to a *vaast bin* kinetic soundscape titled “Vaaaaaaaast Explanatory; A Sequel,” I attempted to explain the structure of the book; its aim as well as the relation of the book to the film. [<http://www.hyperrhiz.net/issue04/peters/index.html>] This effort of looking back and re-assessing what I’ve done and the means by which it connects to what I am currently doing seems to have intensified. Recently, as I was fulfilling research obligations, I stumbled on something I’d seen before, but was seeing again as if in a new light: The Cage-Boulez correspondence. This deserves, perhaps, more verbiage than I’ll give it now, but it struck me as an obvious means of quickly making the structure and primal form of the *Vaast Bin* book and its extended forms (movies and installations, et cetera)—and thus too, the bigger topological sense of form—make sense. Simply think *serialism*, which is what I stumbled on without once thinking of Boulez when I made the book into an “æolian series.” But then, think of each bin, structurally, like Cage does with his piece “Empty Words.” Each bin is “empty” so to speak, although there is a something about nothing in it, which allows access to the possibility of something—life. Commands to come to the threshold of life, if not to enter it. Theodore Enslin, for example, more or less played with similar structural possibilities. Once this structure is realized, you can understand it as a means to alter form itself. It’s an alchemical understanding of form and morphology, which is, in short, why I call the *Vaast Bin* book, in addition to a “score” or “poetry,” as “programming” sound environments.

considered in this longer sense of form and material, editing takes on its powerful piloting dimensions—its ethical dimensions. Potentials triggered by the work are something that can be cultivated. Piloting could mean not only editing as much as it could be programming. From a subterranean basement chamber, something new can germinate from the outgrowths of the old; something new can take root; some one or any one can get back in, and grow. The Vaast Bin Project is an exploratory embracing device—an opening, self-regulating sensual device. It is a project that is still “underway.” It is a long drawn-out place, topologically speaking, where the current of special features in any one of the momentary experiences of its nested bins might lead one to more special futures that have yet to be imagined. Seen in this singular wide angle, The Vaast Bin Project—in its various proliferating forms—is poeia, is geography, and is an ecology of yet-to-be-imagined futures. How does one induce *any* one of *any* number of desired futures to be drawn-out so as to coax any one back *in* to a heightened experiential sense of *having bin*?

I will attempt to give a more detailed accounting of this below.

Establishing the inside/outside "material" & its currents

An important, primal element to establish here is that you get both the past and the present moment in the homonymic *having bin* as it can also be heard as “having been.” And in its present tensor sense, you get both. That is crucial; I mean, both are necessary—it creates currents. This is what climatologists (studying the past and the greater sense of weather historically) and meteorologists (studying the current trends) are still trying to figure out, *circa* 2012: How is the past connected to the present? How did we end up with the current situation? Duh, for karst’s sake. The past and present have been so problematically severed for most of us—for example, simply contemplate the tragic short-term memory of our own cultural habits and practices. How do we coax ourselves into a new more reliable sense of in-habiting ourselves—to not only study ourselves but to act upon that ecology in the homonymic dream-stuff’d sense of *having bin*?

This entails a revisitation of structuring æffects² on and within forms. It’s always been a matter of maintenance and regulation—and as it’s written equationally in the first bin of the *Vaast Bin*, which is bin number two, by the way (the first bin equation reads: “Vaast Bin minus one becoming two”). It is also always a matter of “adjustment instructions” or “a re-entry failure” might occur—where one is doomed to repeat the past by the same old active habits. Therefore, we want any one to tolerate this *having bin* dimension in a more emergent, long playing sense of the programmable currents: The aim of which is to be longer. What do we activate and deactivate; and what do we leave be? Separating “being” and “becoming” in philosophical terms

² With æffects, the æ—the “ash” of the Old English alphabet—is used here to suggest an intermediate sound and yet spacious depth to the constant distinction of affects (mythic cuts/openings) as distinct from an effect (resultant sensation, detail, fact, fragment, thing—surface) of the verb. As a nounish-verb, æffect simply notes the potential of awareness in morphology, something that when it is process oriented, is not about singular cause and effect. What effect doesn’t, in turn, if attention is paid it, become an affect—particularly in analysis. Æffect, a moving thing, with its diphthonged vowel [literally, a double sound heard as one], should also *imply* a sort of contiguous simultaneity of form and movement, wave-like, that spreads out in all directions across that spacious depth of what it is: form as life activated by sound. You get both sound & image here. [Note: I thought I came up with this idea more or less about a decade ago, but it was thrilling to discover that both Jondi Keane and Geof Huth had variations of this same word and its applications. How does this happen? How does, for a further example, Kristin Prevallet, articulating her own poetic interests, come up with a means to account for what I’m already intuitively doing?]

is moot, analytic stasis; it's ye olde analytic polemic of the philosophical parlor room and at base, akin to description, representation that comes from analysis: Because you always get both "being" and "becoming" at the same time. Think about it as particle (being) and wave (becoming), as the problem of definition. Blah blah blah is the polemic according to the revision of previous definition revisions. The past is always both inside and outside one in the archaic Western sense—"archaic" because the "inside/outside" distinction is founded on Western ideas of the individual as separate from its environment (or the particle of classical analysis from the wave of classical analysis). What afterall, did Klein's bottle experiment prove? Re-invention is a possible tactic: Think of J. J. Gibson's "affordances." Or the Wittgenstein flipper-box. There is a more natural flow or current that comes through any one if one is open to the potential in everything. The past is where one's environment meets the threshold of our binnish selves, if you will; it's the very portal of any and all bins opening up to the vaast bin. How do we use our past (having been) to make a bin open into a *having bin*? How does one make it just a little less self-ish, or been-ish, and more binnish? Qualities are additives of the quantity. And despite the tangled thickets of our various vocabulary sets, let us think of the structure that defines the forms of life, and think about the book, the score, or the poem as a structuring device to get any one back in indexically: (not the book, but) life.

[Enter the eccentric opening device of the book.]

It should be no surprise then that the *Vaast Bin* book is comprised of bins, but they are bins aimed at morphologically unworking your "having been" into *having bin*. The same can be said of vaast bin sound-imaging kinetic works: 1.) The kinetic soundscapes I have already employed in readings and performances; and 2.) those that have been "published" on-line (See again, "Mooring the Vaast Bin" in *Hyperrhiz 04*). Film and the digital electronic art of combined static images and moving images and moving words are no-less images, arriving from a contrived past. It is a contrived past, but it could be a cultivated past (lean backward MSNBC because the future is the past re-programmed). Time and space take æffect here locally too, in the moment. It's not as far out as you'd think: It's totally about the moment. The spacing of the *Vaast Bin* book-poem is based on prime numbers—at bin number 19, when poem-score begins to really move, the bird } takes flight, and something like "piloting" the reading, "piloting the score-poem becomes possible.

Regarding a usable past on the vaast scale, of course, space-time already has that *having bin* logic: When we stare deep into the night sky, it is the past we see from our own local moment. Are lights in the distant depths of time still there—even if we are seeing them now? I just saw an "app" that lists exoplanets! That is local enough by some definitions, but if you go out far enough, Hubble and Kepler telescopes *et al* are looking back in on the origin of the universe—& we've known this. We can see the long topological stretch of what we've become. But again, in the more immediate vicinity, exactly how long does sunlight take to reach our point here on earth? 8.3 minutes? The use of space imagery in Vaast Bin kinetic soundscapes (vaast bin movies) ought to make sense by this explanation, but please note that in this same manner of image as past, the flat surface of a book or a score might also, like the stars themselves, allow for a "charting," or a plotting—to plot the living narrative by means of the terrestrial materials. I imagine, perhaps with "un-real" expectations, that any one is capable of programming a re-entry, a sense of emergence engendered by the innate "adjustment instructions" of the book as programmatic score. So too, vaast bin kinetic soundscapes (the vaast bin movies) can be seen as a catalytic from behind the flickering screen—from inside the proverbial machine.

Likewise, film and the various forms of digital art *works* to bring you up to that threshold of *having bin*. But does it stop there? No, it stops for nothing—like a black hole or a period. Meanwhile, the proliferation of forms from old forms allows for contact with the extended *life-like* sense of forms that bear within them the codes of structuring devices. Outs become ins and ins become outs, and the inversion process is ongoing—it is a morphology unto itself.

Here then is a list of possible outs that become a means back in, & *vice versa*, however artificially constructed or re-constructed the list may appear. **This list was made directly from the installation as documented in the 2012 film.** So it is there for you to see for yourself—although the new work made from the old, the 2012 film made from the 2009 install, is something like a catalytic memory of what has been *having bin*. Just click play (the movie) or read on. As to whether or not the following items are ins or outs, or both, you can wire them yourself as you see fit.

1.) Roots (the room in the basement)

Very literally, as seen in the 2012 film documentation, I used several clusters of old rose of sharon roots I dug up from my backyard. However, in the installation, I turned them all inside out, that is, I placed them upside down as if the braches were growing out of the interior of the room and stemming into the exterior where the severed trunks seem to disappear into the material walls of the room. The clusters of roots were made visible from inside the room—as if the room were subterranean. And by a more literal architectural sense alone, the room is already “interior;” it is already literally *inside*. In the digital organic sense of symbolic indices, it is both a something (1) that is material contrast to a nothing (0)—a space wherein a passage up from the basement might lead any one to the surface outside, a re-entry back in to that un-real environment where we embrace “life” and the greater topological sense of material and space beyond our immediate living room. Programmers of this desired re-entry would want to provide some “adjustment instructions,” so to speak.

It is interesting for me to combine this notion of root systems with the idea of serif connectors, and probes, extending out in search of possible connections. Knowing what I know now, and with more time in future installments, I imagine turning a small room such as this into an animal burrow of sorts with root systems protruding from an all-surrounding wall. Or, something like an interior preserve where the thresholds of emergence can be self-constructed by wills and whims. And with plush red velvet as a backdrop, I secretly imagine a sensuous terrestrial flesh and a larger sense of body that might be invoked in a theatrical sense. Suggestive, that is, that the red stage curtains could veil and/or un-veil potential dramas about the awareness of our current terrestrial emergence unfolding. I also would like to imagine myself engendering others to explore this idea of their ideas, much further, in future installments. [Some attempts have already been made at this. See below.]

2.) The two screens of the vaast bin kinetic soundscapes

The very memory of having been brought to the threshold of the installation’s moment is run through and through like memory itself, but it is memory as film loops of a stuttering, revisiting past replayed in modulations that build momentums as if to entice the break down of its own orchestration—history as function that does not falter or

impede a way back in. But how can it ever move beyond the threshold of the screen? What would that look like? What is outside the moment and inside the two DVD players is both visible from outside the screen and inside the living room becoming outside the eyes as these screens transmit and receive what they surrender in visibility when you watch the film—wherever you're your "now" is. The room itself becomes the transparent medium by which the transmission is completed and the topological threshold crossed into having bin.

Here is the wild and mythic IE: In the 2012 film, these screens morph back and forth into each other. In the magic of such screen morphologies, there is this one unexpected moment in which I'm documenting the 2009 installation where it is barely possible to see the humble eye of my digital-film camera's lens in the clear front plate of the green text'd "weather radio" (precisely at the 17:43 mark of the film). It's a reflection of an incomplete circuit, where the past and the future are undone to reveal the potential of the moment to alter the current in a more desirable direction. Inside that one moment, one can see and sense all sorts of futures looking in on the now of the past from 2012 and so on, and on and on and on ... depending on the duration of the larger topological life of the piece. How far can it go?

3.) Two radios and an additional amplified sound source

The use of radios is somewhat obvious. Two radios: a weather radio and my grandmother's Panasonic radio that actually used to sit next to the bread box on her kitchen counter. Situated between stations, the cackling and hissing of the radios playing static = history itself. It's a more full sense of *having bin* by the fact that radio static is actually a percentage of the sound of the big bang—when the universe was born. But note that these static notes are the living sound of history. And with the added autobiographical history of the Panasonic radio (autobiographical in that it was my grandmother's), there is the sense of the radio as portal, as grate = through the modulating forms of the past, one's having been's bin becomes the binary moment of *having bin*. There, and completely up to the moment: From big bang to grandmother to father to me—a sense of space and depth that is all baulked-up right there in the full soundness of the moment.

Beneath the larger table in the back, on the other side of the red velvet, fleshy curtain—a throbbing loop thumps like a horse's heart in a bigger body, that by extension, circulates and re-circulates the sounds of the animated room. I made the loop from radio hiss and the sound of the cable's jack snapping into place: The input and the output recording itself. As it is, this vaast little thumper is the little colt of a bigger black horse; a mythic night,³ low and deep. Therein, I imagine it thumping out its cantering rhythms amidst the high-

³ *Scientific American*, March 2007, in an article about the means in which black holes control galaxies discusses the pitch of the wave-like ripples emanating from the Persius cluster images (and a black hole therein). "The pitch of the sound waves translates to a note of B-flat, 57 octaves below middle C" (46). Take it as you want, these sounds are everywhere. [Just search for "sounds of the universe."] Sound itself has become a scientific means of understanding our own stary sun. But it's not about "harmony of the spheres" and "music"—it's as much ecological in the diversity of sounds as it's testament that the sounds of earth, and the dominance of Western telos piloting us toward potential tragedy, that our sounds, might literally, in the social realm, require a re-tuning.

pitched radio static whining and twittering in the mantra of a cosmic nervous system, but with noticeable local æffects. Withal bass and treble like a radio, we too tune and turn into the sound of the living moment, a sound environment, whereby I like to imagine the room coming to life in the hypnotic, rhythmic grip constructed from the sound of the past reaching our shores by way of vaast oceanic sound waves—hypnotically vibrating the materials of our extended sense of selves QED.

4.) = Grates =

The logic of this is something that goes back to the *Vaast Bin* book. The grates are equal signs that also serve as probes; the mute ends of which seek a sense of equivalence in the immediate environment. A crucial element to any equation, for they imply balance, measure, value. And it bears a subtle implication in the logic that what you set out to find, what you want to find, might actually be found, might actually be realized. I cannot help but think of d.a. levy's statement: "I was reading something about existential boredom, and I was bored." You are what you read; you are what you eat, *et cetera*. Is it any wonder that kids who drink bovine growth hormones in cows' milk might reach puberty early? You are always beyond yourself in this sense, that is, you are more than what the damaged myth of the Western individual says you are. Building functional equations is still a relatively new undertaking. If we are to take on a new sense of civil literacy in the social realm, nothing—being nothing, you get everything—and that nothing could be more exciting, as well as it could be sensual and experiential. One's identity might expand to either limit of the equation or take on both qualities in the same possibility of the moment. Boredom is out of the question with *having bin*.

Also, equal signs or grates imply openness, strangely. They are a means of thinking about the presence of the mathematician short of identity. A self opened-up, like a bin if you will, but opening nonetheless to the environment—or a portal, through which the past and the present merge. Turned 90 degrees CW or CCW, and you get a "glowvent"—also from the *Vaast Bin* book. In the &Now 2009 installment and thus too in the 2012 film, there are also a number of metal grates, which I have been using in performances and recordings (including the 2012 film). One can play these grates with two metal rods, which is a further manifestation of the equal sign; or again, the percussionist's sticks; or yet again, akin to the two sticks which Eratosthenes used to measure the soundness of the earth. These musical grates become the instrument of measurement, and they are both scales and sound devices. The grate = can locate or create synonyms and antonyms amidst the sounds of extended topological environments—despite the initial artificial aspects (a basement room in a contemporary arts center). The possibility of playing these grates in *Vaast Bin Sound-Imaging Installations* and performances has yet to be more fully explored.

When I was packing up the installation materials after the event, long after the camera was already packed-up, I noticed two centipedes—with their grate like legs and thin bodies—undulating into the nooks and crannies of the Hallwalls basement. I couldn't help but think of them as animated grates—due to the resonance of that variation of grate imagery. I imagine future vaast bin sound-imaging installations to be inhabited by humans dressed-up in the myth of it all—viz., costumed centipedes, birds, horses, star-nosed

moles, *et cetera*, wandering about the living room. They too would be guides to the attraction of the installment, just in case the installation participants need guidance of some sort. For example, if they start to float away into interstellar space by the sheer power of the undulating sound-waves (the hypnotic drones and loops), or need to find a restroom, or are simply thirsty. Refreshments might be served, and each creature would be endowed with mythic powers, and in turn, in some manner, might also appear in future vaast bin films TBD.

5.) Bins w/birds, big-bang clocks, & cosmological star-field image

Okay, these little bins documented in the 2012 film of the 2009 &Now installment of the Vaast Bin are totally artificial fabrications, but as much as they might resemble a Joseph Cornell box or Duchampian box (or the Fluxus box, for that matter), I imagine they are symbolic in a ritualistic way. It was the Mayan's who had a little bundle of animal skin that was all tied up with string & rope. It was called the "bundle of flames." Not the cross, the way, the model, but the very way of *life* itself. The logic may seem archaic, but it is no less a valid acknowledgement of the hylopathic: Energy and matter equivalence, the living materials of life. There is a base archaic meme-like quality to the "bundle of flames" that I find provocative. Isn't life, *per se*, the real material were working on here? Not just Western life to art circuitry, but life to art to life—without sacrificing anything. So in this symbolic means to know end, these bins, without Pandora-ish innuendoes, indicate the mystery of life TBE—to be embraced. I imagine these bins to be exploring the same symbolic injunctive mechanism of the momentary bins of the book opening up to the grater sense of the vaast bin. Note the symbolism here is reversed; it's not interpretation, for it suggestively understands the foundational sense of animated materialism. The box is a literal bin—ritual manifestation and something to open, like our selves—and I like that it has connections to Cornell, Duchamp, and Fluxus.

As for the birds? To begin with, all kinds of birds and bird-like brackets inhabit the *Vaast Bin* book. In the logic of older programming code, the bracket (}) is a means "nesting" contents. For what have you—where every one is at any one moment in the primal morphology of living, both the beak of becoming and of course, at the same time, being, *et cetera*. Time by virtue of *having bin*. Time by durational, periodic currents. One of the bins has a Big Ben clock that I changed to "Big Bang." The hands of the clock were removed. You can wind the clock up, and it still ticks. Time and earth-time blur. I imagine these mythic birds don't just sing their Dirac'd bracket notation in the vaast night, they tick—rhythmically. And so as it is with the radios, the past embodied in the image is always with you in the moment. But it is both sound and image. It is noise too, made rhythmical by grates, tickings, and looped throbbings. Each of these box'd bins has a cosmological star-field image that I have used and re-used again and again in other works. Bins are structuring devices that drain and refill—like a heart—the nested contents of our material presence. Of course these Cornell-like box'd bins have a bottom, but I attempt to create the fictive illusion that they open into a deeper, more vaast sense of space-time by using the cosmological image of the star-field—a snapshot of the past. The possibility of creating more of these bins, like other elements of this installment, has yet to be more fully explored. Of course, the same cosmological star-field image also appears

periodically just behind the screen in the vaast bin kinetic soundscapes of the looping films.

6.) Black holes / periods

The *Vaast Bin* book's use of the period—the punctuation mark—is also a “black hole” that signals not only the end that is the cyclical period of time, but is also that which signals, like a musical score, the nothing that is something. Like a zero that is the manifestation of nothing, and by dint of symbolic usage is still—well, something. The zero-ish aspect of the period is itself a stopgap—notation for a textual score. It is a point, a vector note, a musical resting space, a place to make landfall before beginning or taking off yet again. I relish the idea of the periodic table—the elemental materials of life—and that the period is the point blank point. A manifestation of black volcanic time, orb'd as it is—periodic earth time that is both end and new beginning for life. Dare I go into the possible crossover applications of this imagistic fascination on a cosmic scale?

And so in the 2009 &Now Vaast Bin installation, as it also appears in the film, there is a “Cloven Period”—a smaller piece that is akin to the Cornell'd bins in the same installation. This “Cloven Period” is another archaic meme, of sorts. It is a mythical-symbolic construction suggesting the creation of text in the white space of meaning as much as the space of the living room, *et cetera*. “Cloven,” as such, the mythical-symbolic period's insides reveal gestating text on a pithy white uterine wall that like some sort of cloven fruit—maybe like grapefruit?—where the inside can be scraped out with a spoon and eaten. In the 2007 *Vaast Bin* book, periods become death-defying adrastia orbs. They are vector'd points that we can plot seekingly into wider garlands of periodic time, note by note, vector'd point by vector'd point, in the celebration of that nothing or space (0) that could become something (1), which in turn, could become a new sense of one opening to the possibility, once again, of nothing. The period is always both. It is time in abeyance; time impossibly held up.

And to speak of black holes? At several points during this 2012 vaast bin film, the camera is made to “disappear” inside the knob of the radio—a trick of the camera, operator certainly, and therefore constructively fake and “artificial,” although it is comprised literally of visual material. But truth is, I created this inside/outside æffect after the fact—after I was already making the film. During the initial documentation, I had shut the camera lens off because I wanted to record the sound of the installation by itself. The noise I had created was perhaps too enjoyable for me to forget. For the hypno-trance aspect was no less an imaginative stimulant in that it becomes without vision, pure sound—about as real and unreal as you can get for even the darkness is something. A documentary trick surely, but what is sound environment programming but a kind of trick of some sort to get any one indexically back in to the bigger sense of one's self: The environment that you are.

These are but a few musing examples of the outside that becomes an in, and an in that becomes an out—all at the same time. Certainly other such imaginings can be fabricated, further-cultivated, edited, and grown. The question becomes how do we make these connections of the past operational and not just passive documentations? The poetics of trance and hypnopoeia—in this case via pattern'd loops of sound and image—allows a

so-called “opening” to occur. But what is this opening?” Some elaborate Heideggearean-Agamben-ish trope? Even the various stages of cybernetics picks-up on in this gestating idea of “open-form.” Has anyone really seen this opening? Trance induction allows for the de-programming of previous codes, in a sense; and I am simply attempting to explore and engender further as of yet unimagined behaviors embodied by that mythic idea of “opening.” What we need are new mythical powers upon which we can let new ideas play out. I’m thinking now of a recent comment by a poet-friend, Chris Rizzo, in a car-ride to NYC when the topic turned to the inventive use of myth by Whit Griffin. Regarding the old myths and the diluted versions of their application, Rizzo said emphatically, “Fuck Zeus.” Only a few moments later, with Andy Hughes at the wheel, we passed a massive billboard on the FDR/East River Drive, which was advertising the new 3-D *Titans* movie in which you can only imagine the special effects and a frail plot. What kind of frailty does our plot—the plot of Earth, the plot of life, where the living narrative takes place—have now to overcome? How do we cultivate new myths from the old?

With this new mythical urgency in mind: Iff the vaast bin utilizes myth, it attempts to utilize it by way of the digital organic, by a symbolizing that indexically communicates interest and is aimed at æffecting the materials of our life toward favorable, potential outcomes yet TBD. In the 2012 vaast bin film documenting the 2009 installation, for example, there is a moment where there is an image of a somewhat static cymbal while there are sounds of a cymbal being played and scraped by grate metal rods = . The image is all but static, but the sounds—*hauntingly* is not the right phantomaeric vocabulary perhaps, but you get the picture)—seem to be playing themselves out, as if you should be playing it. But it’s thus a productive kind of stasis, a symbol that even when still is suggestive of movement by the sound track, but this is just not taken far enough, yet. How do you imagine the ARTificial provocation of symbols to be projected and played out.

Thus, when imagining future vaast bin sound-imaging installations, perhaps there should be even more symbols that like cymbals can be played-out to get back in. I’m just now barely beginning to realize these means, just now beginning to get the hang of it, and yet I can already imagine adjusting this in future installations: How does any one play the symbol like a cymbal? Can we use the symbolic (images) as a means of getting new sounds (and subsequently more new images) to emerge? To use the cymbal as the symbol of the means to play new symbols out, and not as a means of defining and fixing, we aspire to and aspirate new discoveries that come with air and space. Let us then un-fix ourselves, take flight, and aim to return again—to reach the orbital point so as to come home to make landfall some sort of terrestrial discovery.

So far, I’ve explained the rudiments of sound-imaging installations in order to expose the wirings of an ethical method using sound (a sensory poetics of hypnotics/hypnopoeia) and imaging (also hypnotic, repetitively thematic, and thus, also trance-like and sensory) as elemental components of composition. To put this into perspective: Back in April, I read an article that said the Chicago Police were thinking of using LRAD Sound Cannons at NATO protests. These Long Range Acoustic Devices emit painful, possibly harmful tones. And what’s more, do I need I go into the notion of a drone? Domestic or international military usage of such drones? Or the use of words—the politicians and policy-makers droning on and on. Sound is a possible weapon here, as much as language. And what more desirable long-range images do we want to replace the present ones that really offers us?

Vaast Bin Sound-Imaging Installations use sound as an antidote that aims to engender the end of hypnagogia. VBSII, built upon the initial 2007 book’s words and images, aim to activate discovery. Re-phrased and put in simple summation, Vaast Bin Sound-Imaging Installations are non-lysergic

and primal, but oriented to alter the material thinking about the material. It's hardly lulling or boring once you enter an installation. Dream within dream? Life within life? Wire it as you see fit, but revel in the curiosity of future applications of yourself in the construction of a shared emergence: How does nothing become something new? Thus, we can say sound-imaging, in this particular case, uses trance/hypnopoetic tactics to prime the proverbial pump of your *having bin* (input/output and *vice versa*) for a drain & refill experience, for with a sort of trance-induced emptying comes a coterminously ecstatic refilling of a new sense. Again, I want to add that this is the very task I wish to pursue in future sound installations: The fabrications of a more mythic means to further cultivate our living narrative. Access to our life to be provided, mythically, to our wild, real world via the un-real, trance-induced programming of potential that is founded upon the instructional, algorithmic foundation of The Vaast Bin Project. Once again, please see the PDF "A Tourist's Guide to the Vaast Bin Installation," an accompanying brochure with additional explanations of some of the elemental aggregates and the etymology of concepts of *having bin* in the &Now 2009 Installment. These same guidance systems appear with shorter, quicker descriptions of navigational purpose. And as the guide suggests, please "replace the guide"—which is another way of saying don't forget to install your self.

Re-materializing the hypnotic composition = performance (composing & re-composing as a means to know end)

Vaast Bin installments—from the somewhat atemporal aspects of the 2007 book, to the 2009 installation, to the 2012 movie—bespeak the primal rhythms of a primed process of exploration wherein the hypnotic repetitions of sound and image and the variable flickerings of these impressions between synonyms and antonyms congeal and dissolve. To what end? The no end, of course—a nothing that could become something TBD, for this is where everything is yet to be and become. New alignments are desired—by way of a new sense of "piloting." Homeric or *Beowulf* epics do not have a copyright on musical accompaniment. Long after my own conception of possible ways of performing the *Vaast Bin*, I discovered that the *Bhagavad Gita* too, was not only read aloud in a chant-like sung way, but that it too had musical accompaniment.

Let us return to the notion of the *Vaast Bin* book as poem-score, and the problems re: performance that come when you only see this book by itself. To some, the book by itself (without performance) is just fine; to others, the book without the context of performance is problematic. In a somewhat more recent review of the *Vaast Bin* book, a certain reviewer while greatly admiring the "lyrical" aspects of the book felt in some way that the bin-poems themselves were at times a sort of playground "bullying." This reviewer was only thinking of the book by itself, but an amazing point can arrive here. This notion of "bullying" speaks to the manner of reading, how we read, and even more to readings as performance. This notion of being "bullied" is half the notion of a poem being a score or some technological device aimed at programming an embrace of nothing / something. For a quick moment, think old school sermonizing or Futurist bombast. So this reviewer's assessment is at least half right as it is half wrong. As I put it in the intro, the book as a performance "score aims to leave this—

a primal sense of both within." Or ye olde inside/outside. In structural terms, the form of the poem-score is a whole lot of something about nothing (and it's relation to something) and a nothing punctuated by

the possibility that something could occur from that nothing manifested as poetic codes (something) to gain access to that possibility of something new. So please note and realize this is based totally on the idea of possible performances of nothing. Through trial and error that is the hallmark—the hall’s walls, if you will, that becomes the corridor of any one’s grate =—I have realized that when I do read and perform the poem with drones and loops, depending on the type of loop created, I can read any bin—even the same bin!—with a zennishly soft gentle voice or with a maniacal sermon-like incantation with a touch of Futurist bombast. It ultimately depends on the kind of drone—the kind of sound—you’re using.

Without knowing about the book’s performative potentials with sound, another book-reviewer said intuitively that she felt like the 2007 book could be read with music. What on earth in the book itself created this inclination for her to recognize the possible complicity of the poems with musical ambience? What a marvelous connection made—but by the indicative silence of the book? When performing or reading from the *Vaast Bin* in the traditional sense, I often feel akin to being either something like: 1.) a Modernist provocateur (or maybe something akin to Mark E. Smith with a megaphone delivering vocalizations to the music of The Fall) as much as I feel akin to being 2.) something like a zennish-monk delivering the programmatic prayers of *Vaast Bin* in a monotonic, chant-like articulation of the instructions that make-up the book. By dint of the loops and drones, both approaches are equally complemented by the trance-like hypnopoeia that the radio static and thumping creates. Both activating and sedative-like by the spatial patterns of repetitive noise. The same might be said of the vaast bin kinetic soundscapes—the films. These patterns are pure sound material that abet the aura of the poem’s delivery in the way that colors alter colors in a Josef Albers paintings—it’s all mood and intensity. And this awareness of performance of new—poetic? mythopoeia?—forms has yet to be fully explored. These bins, activated by sound performance, also work in this Albers-like way. I mean, I can perform the same exact bin in different ways as I said above. You can get all Shakespearean about it too. Thus, dramatically speaking, no bin is ever read or performed in the same way.

Again, through variations of approaches, I have learned this fact “after the fact”—through repeated performances. And what’s more, I have been making adjustments by this discovery every since. In fact, it was during this same &Now event of 2009, in another panel that included Amina Cain, Jennifer Karmen, and Cara Benson that I suddenly realized this awareness of what I was already intuitively doing. Something they said suggested this to me, and I suddenly realized, with full-force, how looking back on past performances (see below), I had discovered the gift of what the 2007 book was already doing by way of realizing what it allowed regarding its performance. It was innately already there in the book. Each bin of the book opens into the vaast bin, so to speak, and performance allowed that discovery.

Thus, the *Vaast Bin* book is nothing but a series of incantations, spells, instructions, codes, sermon/bombast-like (or not)—ultimately possessing the digital-organic logic of a cloaked language with possible gentle or emphatic commands to open up the material of selves to extended embodiments of the vaast bin: That is, “opened-up,” indexically so, toward one’s sensual life. The commands of the program hopefully open participants to realize the grate possibilities. The trance, hypnotic delivery—as aural as it is visual then in the modified form amidst the bigger form—of the poem’s delivery abetted by the tonic drone of the loops and radios aim to induce the experiential. The aim of labor—birth! The aim was not to “bully,” but to induce—through the trance-like PERFORMANCE—the opening-up to this—

the very nothing/space that the book celebrates. In this way, the end sought is to know the no end.

In this way, the body of forms that comprise The Vaast Bin Project attempt to invert the more common usages of consumptional, commercial algorithms to find something like some kind of obsessive Hegelian advertising machine. For in the Vaast Bin Project, the instructional aim requires a valuable amount of un-finding: First, draining so as to 2.) refill the emptiness with the life that is already there. It's about a new sense of determinism aimed at opening one up to as-of-yet, unrealized potentials. And so these binnish "poems" of the book are digitally organic in the sense that they are operating on an extended body of materials—the possible extended sense of form. Each of the binnish poems are little somethings (1) about nothing (0), and *vice versa*—nothings about the possibilities of something, that of course are at the same time, the vice versa. Rewiring the vices, or de-icing by routings of the device-poem-score, so to speak, so that we achieve the re-versa of the vice: Verse that = living narratives unique to any one in the vaast bin. And presto-change-o: A means emerges to possibly re-orient that which comes from the reversal and inversions without telling you what to do exactly. Quiet sermons/loud, fiery bombasts about nothing. The locating device of the book and the sound imaging installation unfix the fixity. The various interdisciplinary, polyartistic forms attempt to suspend belief and dis-belief via trance-hypnotic hybridized attempts at successful re-entries. We *can* use algorithmic procedures to procure the least probable, non-algorithmic result. Surprise! What one ultimately gets is not some Deleuzian line of flight, pure becomings and intensity, but an aim, a place to make landfall and to land on—where you are, as you are, and all ready to re-discover. This idea continues to intrigue me, and is something that will continue to be explored in future installments. [See the ritualistic sound-imaging poem "Sweet Nesters," a performance score that attempts to create a re-orientation so as to make re-entry, to wake, to find a place to land—viz., earth. <http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=twnc9RMR6o0>]

Of course, the &Now 2009 Vaast Bin Sound-Imaging Installation creates another sense of this idea of possible performances yet TBD (to be discovered). I have recently begun to wonder sometimes if "bullying" is such a bad idea given the hypnagogic quandary we face in addressing our catastrophic, alleged apocalyptic future. Everyone has some take on our hell-bent Western telos, even the Mayan's calendar has been appropriated into the teleological Western myths of our inevitable apocalyptic undoing. Whether or not the fabled "end-times" calendar of the Mayans is really confused with the Aztecs is not the ultimate point here. The point is that the Western search for the end is on-going, but this search for the signs of the end is not the same as knowing the possible ends of no end. The question is about adjustment instructions: How do we get others to know the no end? To know what needs to be done to know the no end, which is what hasn't been done yet—or rephrased again, what is still un-real. To many, "control," regulation, and maintenance are bad words (think of fascism, still), but to suggest "control" by this means of re-imagining the moment to any possible nothing that could become something? This seems to be of a more immeasurable value.

Emerson—and Sun Ra too in his 20thC context—both suggest similar arguments: Namely, in Emerson's words, "The doctrine of hatred [or "evil" in Ra's case, but in a different contextual time.] must be preached as the counteraction of the doctrine of love when that pules and whines." Evil is not necessarily bullying, but you get the idea, no? The ethics of this awareness are crucial. These are just a few small samplings of possible binary æffects to create change via the logic of a digital-organic in the poem-score, the installation, the soundscape, and the imagery. I feel I haven't even come close to achieving this potential yet, but I will continue

this process of exploration aimed at re-programming the material so as to open individuals into a more favorable social realm—locally, sure, but to the earth itself. Think now—in the age of OWS and “climate change”—about all the possible approaches to environment, climate, and weather. *Circa* the past couple of decades, here in the new millennium, the seemingly banal conversation topic of weather has become a political conversation, not just small talk, but at the same time—big talk. Didn’t the *Huffington Post* only recently move the “green” news category from its original fluff menu bar to a new umbrella: The “political” menu bar? Art, if aimed back at life like a good sound environment programmer would do it, might be part of the answer. The trance-hypnopoeic use of sound-imaging might not be the only answer, but a partial answer. It seems banal, but how can sound loops and the varied repetitions of images be further employed here? What can we do to make the un-real, which if focused properly with an aim into what we want to happen, happen?

I recall sitting through a beautiful film at the Montreal Biosphère about the fragility of the Canadian environment in a 360 degree movie/sound environment. At the end, it felt even more tragic and frail: The raucous applause of the visitors waned, and the oval theater emptied while the credits of the movie were actually lists of species in categorical stages of endanger, of extinction. I have been thinking too of other artistic models. For example, I greatly admire the recent “oddball activism” of Andrew Dudley, who at the U.S. Open was so effortlessly beyond Fluxus—without ever, perhaps, even knowing he was akin to Fluxus.⁴

It should be tantamount, then, that the trance inductions or that something like a hypnotic dream state is something that is inherent in a number of cultural-musical practices (from bag-pipes, to sitars, and to both African and Asian instruments) as much as it is innate in the *Vaast Bin* book itself as well as a sound environment both crated and created for &Now—based on that same book. *Vaast bin PERFORMANCES*, in the traditional settings of a reading or an installation, attempt to lay down a bed of material from which one might wake, from which one might come to the surface—to leave the burrow of the basement chamber bristling with growing insights. The low, blood-like cantering of rhythms is a trance with which the sitar and the bagpipes begin. There is a possibility of laying down a terrestrial bed upon which the scales *can* still be explored, *can* still be re-discovered beyond the initial experience. That is what I continue to imagine. La Monte Young and Tony Conrad explored this tonic drone. Sun Ra spoke of tones in the context of a “space key” and the “unknown acoustic.” Future installments of the *Vaast Bin* Project will certainly continue to explore these currents.

With all of this in mind, sound-imaging installations, as I see them, will seek to compose and re-compose the long drawn-out place, topologically speaking, where the current of special features in any one of the momentary experiences of its nested bins might lead one to more special futures yet to be imagined—TBI. The *Vaast Bin* Project, in this light, by this singular

⁴ I have begun to explore the mythical social realm of poetics too in other poems, songs, visual poems, and places: See the “Flüffen Jungle Port #13” and some of the word works performed with the Be Blank Consort, for example. But it seems like we’re just scratching the surface. And also, there is my 2002 presentation at the Avant Writing Symposium organized by the polyartist-archivist and mentor John M. Bennett at The Ohio State University in Columbus, Ohio. There, my presentation was titled: “Wholesale Form: An Attack on the Corporate Form with Text and Sound.”

We all, each one of us, have so much yet to explore, and more works and words from the past to re-visit. I am currently working on a book on “Sound Environment Programming” after 1945, focusing on the work of Charles Olson, John Cage, Sun Ra, and Jackson Mac Low. How can this knowing, if coupled with Andrew Dudley’s example of jungle bird song, open a more long-range, long-playing sound environment?

angle is a poeia, a geography, and an ecology of as of yet to be imagined futures. This long-term, incomplete project—to know end—seeks to enhance this “piloting” aspect for others who might pilot new discoveries *in* and *on* the terrestrial sphere, periodically speaking: Earth-time. In this timely sense, PERFORMANCE takes its extended terrestrial aspect as editing or as programming iff we ask how this process transpired in the poor example of the film documentation of the 2009 installment completed in 2012? I say “poor” because I realize how this unfinished business can be applied toward a grater realization of economy. Come on through me =

What can one learn from this little example of filmmaking?

The 2009 installation has long since been dismantled, in my memory and on the heels of the prose just above it too seems such a frail idea. But memory, if focused properly, can germinate. And not un-like memory (because it is memory manufacturing an event outside of what time has been), the 2009 installation was documented and thus “remembered in its near amateur glory just before it was dismantled. I had no idea then I would turn it into another vaast bin “film,” let alone a new work. In the new work of the 2012 film, I created “accentuated morphologies”—a linear experience of an installation that was not linear. Thus, it is a little un-real, false, and artificial from what any one wandering and wondering in it would have experienced. That difference is crucial: I went back into the material to fashion a means of coming-out, which is the means, *vice versa*, to get back “in,” *et cetera*. These inside/outside inversions are always occurring, but I did so in the 2012 vaast bin film to engender new æffects from the currents of pre-existing æffects. No singular, immediate, and local cause and effect here: Rather a deep, terrestrial sense of one. One that makes many, sure, but that also—as Olson’s epigraphic taunt in his *Maximus Poems* puts it—“All my life I’ve heard that one makes many.” This epigraph suggests the opposite: That many can make a new sense of a terrestrial one—an Earth of value. In short, I was using the past (memories, the past, history, *et cetera*) to manufacture a mythic “in.” What does this little movie lose and why is this exploration incomplete and unfinished?

In the 2009 installment, the initial *presentational non-congruence* of all the images and sounds whirring away had no need to be synched, for they could simply stream their noisy inputs back into the sound installation environment without immediate concern for compatibility. Because of their inherent, spatial qualities, they already possess unique possibilities of merging with each other. With an inverse symbolic nature, they fit together in a comBINatory sense—but do not demand a strict of time, and by this, an interpretation. And in the process of re-composing the material of the old (the installation) made into a new vaast bin film, and without the need for being in synch or being in strict time, I used the older sound-imaging elements as material in order to re-compose them in the most artificial of new ways to create the 2012 film. I was pasting little chunks of darkness (1/0) and whiteness (1/0) and static-blizzards into the time-line of the movie-making software—black spaces pasted back into time like periods to a series of visual sentences comprised of images. I also pasted slabs of sounds. These linear “accentuated morphologies” were stand-ins for the multiplicities of a live experience of the living room—the living room of the installation where any one thing—an image or a sound—at any given moment might emphatically demand or gently attract your attention. This is again to say that in the 2012 film, attention is orchestrated, controlled. To complete the circuit so to speak, to go from life to art and then back to life again, I will need to use this movie in a new installation—although a smaller æffect of it’s opening devices might still occur with a viewing of the film from the *Drunken Boat* site. Please note that an installation’s æffects, as

opposed to a film, might occur on a larger—ahem—vaast scale. Or maybe not. Small can become big and the big small in such matters of attention and source of the feed. Although the film was manufactured almost as artificially as I could paste the cosmological star-field into the bottom of Cornellish box'd bin or like the poems themselves in the Vaast Bin book, I most certainly plan on using this cultivated film and its sounds in newer vaast bin sound-imaging installments.

Thus, it is in this way that the “past now” of having bin is a kind of becoming of anyone's past being, and available as an orchestrated memory indexing a future TBD (to be discovered). I call this move—using the past for a future TBD—somewhat “artificial” in the case of the 2012 film as a means of understanding that by itself it is orchestrated into a temporary singular work. And like any singular formal construction (once completed) is still a form among forms of comBINatory capabilities for future installments. Forms in combination that bespeak the greater, extended sense of form (life in its vast possibilities) that might be de-programmed by the trance-hypno aspects (that sense of poeia, of making) into a something akin to editing, re-programming, algorithmically, as something like instructions, adjustment instructions. As such, you can read them as bullying or as a most gentle nudging via sound-imaging: Namely, the trance-hypnopoeia as it was outlined by Prevallet by the very call for work for this publication. I find this aspect something that was already there, inherently, in the work, but lacked this critical/editorial explanation.

And so in this singular modulating morphological sense (that is unlike the installation's *presentational non-congruence*), the film documentation of the installation, for a specific example, is linear. Certain imperfections in my 2009 documentation were eliminated or accentuated (like we all do with memory) to create a new sensory experience of the imaging loops operating on different time scales from both the sound and imagery. I didn't invent *presentational non-congruence* in art works. Life does this too. However, I am using it as an aim, an ethical means of freeing the experience from pre-determined coordinates defining the present moment as reality—in the installations. This is somewhat lost in the film. But what can learn from this? If we can agree that we seek something that is un-real, something unlike the present, we can then begin to focus on a means to engender what we want to happen. And so what makes future vaast bin installments interesting to me (and why the films become a performance for an imagined future) is the return to the same element of *presentational non-congruence* that comprised the arrangement of the initial 2009 installation.

Presentational non-congruence allows self-regulation and self-creation to emerge by enticing creative potentials from the currents streaming from the comBINatory. But whether it is a book (text), sound (sound), or imaging (vispo, boxes, or films), it engenders selves seeking something that is un-real, something unlike the present—because it might activate desire in a bigger venue. Granted, I'd like to have more roots, more red-flesh'd velvet, more screens, more radios, more grates, more drama, more costumes, and more room—much much more room *et cetera*. For example, the rose of sharon roots, I discovered, could be backlit with more elaborate spectacle and drama. These home improvements are the point, and it's the comBINatory aspects of the installation as a living room that defies what I see as the problematic of an oft-used phrase when it comes to digital works and performances: The standard, almost obligatory BS about doing digital things in “real-time.”

I am sufficiently convinced that we share the divisible nature of larger experiences: Something like “the real,” but that idea of “real-time” is always experienced differently because we all experience space-time differently. The logic of the installation should have that same ecological sense to it: Larger body, multiple organisms functioning within it in the thermodynamic

exchange of energies and sounds. Animated material, as it always is, but hylopathically driven by the logics of comBINatory usage & *presentational non-congruence* that does not force anything to happen. Because of this, the potential social realms of interaction could be further explored—right here. Pieces put inside pieces inside pieces—a proliferation of forms embedded with the structuring device of *having bin* opened—if an “opening,” *per se*, even exists. Here is thee example: The sound loops of the installation are also on different times from each other (as are the images), and although I did not touch the knobs during the installation, there were times when radio stations did start to emerge from the haze of the radio static only to disappear again. The sounds and images were unique in that they depended upon any one’s position in the room, and when they attracted any one’s attention. The trance like qualities of the whole, although hypnotic, bears potential to wake one to attend to the subtle nuances and differences as one moves through the living room of the installation.

Thus it is that *presentational non-congruence* allows the various aspects of the isolated pieces to work as a whole, as needed—in a comBINatory sense of presentation. *Presentational non-congruence* aims to trigger something that has not happened before. What we need, perhaps, is to create more potential in other pilots and the development of these skills as they need it, want it, and discover it—so as to use it. Insistence on one “real-time” clogs up the potential of the un-real—what hasn’t happened yet, and we do need new more pleasurable things to happen, no? We must approach this task by acknowledging the shared, long-playing divisibility of the material that we are working on: Namely, ourselves, and by extension, our environment. In *Vaast Bin Sound-Imaging Installations*, probabilities of a unique experience are enhanced, de-limited, opened, *et cetera*—unlike the closed interactive loop of “real-time”—but a plot/site where inversion and morphology are still possible. Forms can open more forms. “Everything opening everything,” as the last bin of the 2007 book puts it. I don’t pretend to have thee answers, but I am aiming at an awareness of discovery here for possible adjustment instructions. We poets and musicians need to get at this political environment, to weather it, in a didactically non-didactic way. No one wants to be a bully, an ideological fascist (that overwrought tea-soirée’s term)—but we need to do so in a way that allows something new to cultivate and regulate this wider sense of our selves. “Real-time” in this same comBINatory *presentational non-congruent* sense suddenly becomes more mythic, and more un-real, which is what should be sought by way of the social—for the “unreal,” is the space, the living room by any parameter, where we’d like something new to transpire, something that is not the “same old same old” BS of our Western apocalyptic telos. Seeking the un-real, where the alterations and alchemy of forms might transpire, in this sense, is the practice of fiction itself.⁵ I’m not choosing either the un-real or the real, but seek to establish their precarious binary relationship that is constantly æffecting our world. Being somewhat of a sound environment programmer, I seek to enhance, enable, engender our morphological powers to æffect “the real”—and we’ve got to understand this inversion process: The real can become “un-real” and the “un-real” very real. What can we do with this awareness now?

For karst’s sake, what is unique to all of us in our experiences of nothing is just that: Our experiences in various sets of time that we feel as we feel it, sense it, process it, perceive it, *et cetera*. We fabricate datum re: material into what we call “reality.” But that is only the half-way point, like stopping at your own threshold with awareness, coming to the mouth of the burrow, or

⁵ I do most thoroughly relish the fact that the 2007 poem-book-score, *Vaast Bin*, was published by a press (Derek White’s Calamari Press) known more for its fiction and visual poetry than its poetry.

waking up from a cultural hypnosis to ask: What do we want to happen? Fighting fire with proverbial flame is to use a hypnopoeia against the psycho-environmental hypnosis of our own cultural perpetuations of bad habits that disregard our possible in-habiting of a bigger venue, the bigger long-range, long-playing sense of ourselves. You could also call it the hypnagogia—the paralytic “night terrors”—of our culture. A frantic, neurosis of a something that is nothing—and yet, although tragic in some sense, even that approach can be productive. Ultimately, how do we make landfall? That is the point, isn't it? To get at that point-blank is to suggest the point-blank point. How do we connect our fabricated “real-times” to mythic un-real time? Can we program a new terrestrial awareness locally, so to speak, in the vaast bin? An answer, overlooked thus far with all my yammering about creating a terrestrial re-entry (from a subterranean below, inside the room as a root-infested burrow, *et cetera*) is this thin sense of the artificial as means to access no less an experiential alternative: Namely, that one's experience amidst the space thematics (star-fields, suns, and star systems) and the hypnotic sounds of a vaast bin sound-imaging fueled cosmic experience in the so-called “vaast bin” is an experience of floating in a trance-like, dream-like hypnosis. And when one leaves the installation as instructional stimulant, one is returning by this artificial, virtual experience of re-entry into the terrestrial, however contrived or “un-real” that may be. Either way, making re-entry.

Summary adjustments & VAAST B1N performance awareness

With the 2012 film based on the 2009 installation based in turn upon the *Vaast Bin* book of 2007, it is hopefully possible to see the diversity of “performance” possibilities and the means of composition interacting with each other when one moves into peripheral media and the notion of performance. The grate forms begin to take its drawn-out shapes and places. It's a living room, a migratory room, topologically speaking, where the currents of special features in any one of the momentary experiences of the nested bins (the media and mediums) by which it might lead one to more special futures that have yet to be imagined. This is the inherent aspect innate to the book and its interdisciplinary possibilities of performance. Such base aggregates of interplay and the logic of discovery in performance are apparent in and on the various levels of The Vaast Bin Project's installment.

Mac Low and Cage, to me, are exemplars of this formal experimentation in social realms mediated by forms of discovery and surprising poetics. Sun Ra too. And if I had read Sun Ra's poetry before writing *Vaast Bin*, I don't think I would have understood let alone appreciated his poetry's re-tuning, programmatic re-calibrations. To play what you don't know, as per Sun Ra? These works empty all kinds of “freakish instructions,” as per Robert Duncan—but bullying? This want of new sense of “control” founded on an inverse epistemology aligned with algorithmic instructions to discover is hardly a fascist aim. We must consider the control command is to open up—because other than that, it is not telling any one exactly what any one should do. So what do we do after the pioneers of sound environment programming and the earlier prototypes? How do we use sound and image, trance and hypnotics? Consider this an antidote.

It's like we've gone through the pupae stages of a morphology in the arts post-1945, and yet we're still sleeping in—still sleeping through the potential of the living form. And all of this when the world of digital media and its possibility has already been at our disposal? What do we need now? Image & sound are still our materials. The means, the aims, and the applications need redefining. Latour me? How do we get it done? I'm glad it's being pointed out, but how do you go about installing a “renewal of empiricism” as

Bruno Latour put it? How can the digital do this if it is aimed back at itself— isolated in some wonderland of virtually real space.

Talking about the current poli-climatic shift that came with OWS—from email activism to the additional new forms of protest—namely, “occupying,” the poet Anna Eyre relayed to me what others have bin saying about the means of wiring streams of information: *Viz.*, “email activism isn’t enough, ‘we need asses.’” Meaning we need bodies to show up—not that email activism is outmoded, and good-old protest back in—but that like our various hand-held devices, we need to make a sense of the body tangible—to be seen and heard. There are a number of means to access (the tangible body of animated material)—life. How can language via sound and image be aimed? How can happenings and its modern progeny of flash mobs not only be resuscitated by ethics, but aimed? Why freeze and then move? Is it simply a game of Simon Says? Perhaps what we want is not the frozen, immobile terrors of the hypnagogic, but an effort not lost to time and outdated methodologies, but a re-animating experiential application—that is, the use of waking devices? With any emergent sense of our grate being, we need to realize the routes are many, the means are many, but they ought to have an awareness of a similar ends—or rephrased, here, similar ends to know no end. Know the ends of one. The circuit must be rewired: life to art to life, again—recharging the narrative options of both Odysseus, Ernest Shackleton, and Apollo 13 (coming home) *and* the voyages of discovery—yes, even, like the Starship Enterprise or the other Apollo missions or Cabeza de Vaca walking the breadth of North America. We need both arrival and discovery via proper the manifestations. The task would be to both 1.) to come back home to earth, but 2.) as if we’ve never been here before—and by this form, see the form of terra firmly again in new light. Your identity either as big as your planet, or as absent as the space of that planet so that the planet can nestle back in.

Wasn’t it Olson who saw the earth as kind of skin, as a sort of dreamy polis of stuff—unlike any Coruscant cityscape sci-fi Lucas art? A sound image of what a city nestled into the grove of an arboreal earth of value might look like: That it *is* & looks like if we could only access it again from this otherwhere sense of the real: “The earth with a city in her hair / entangled of trees.” Perhaps the answer is something like a bigger sense of form by way of the structuring devices—making life appear via structuring devices utilizing sound. Or forms to find living reforming the material we seek to cultivate: *viz.*, ourselves. I’m stumbling around here in this so-called “*Vaast Bin*,” as if dumb and born again in my own neologism, despite all I know, but at least I am trying out ideas, and I am more and more aware that I’m trying out ideas that seem as old as they do new. How does one go about *having bin*? At some point, I imagine a longer book of “performance notes” (as I see sequels and integrations of future works embedded in this one—entangled of trees and grasses and laws and lawns and lawnmakers) whereupon and wherein future imaginings might come from the discoveries of the present mistake I’m certain to be making now. History, if we can learn from it, is a series of “adjustment instructions,” for if not, “a re-entry failure.”

Now, for the sake of hierophantic brevity, here is a truncated autobiographical summary of what I have attempted thus far with the *Vaast Bin* book as it relates directly to performance, engendering an awareness of what has only barely begun to be discovered. The versions and inversions will be somewhat apparent given the previous attempts above to account for them more generally.

- 1.) Early readings from the *Vaast Bin* book (2006-2008)—bungling and awkward at times as I recall them, like an excited cook learning to stir, going back and forth from sound loops & instruments to reading from the book, but almost always full of primal energy (one

reading I recall was way to sedate, one to formal, one to explanatory, rife with mistakes, excessive intros, and of course a few of these earlier ones were documented on YouTube). In short, I was experimenting—learning to experiment with the materials of trance like drones, and the cosmic vowels. But what happened during this time of failure and discovery is that I slowly discovered a means to navigate the vaastness of the book for shorter readings. [Note: a full performance of the entire book, at this time, has yet to transpire.] But what I discovered during this incubational time is that via word searches, a “thematic topology” could be created—and the shorter work still prime in that thematic sense. Using word searches of the book electronically, I could locate the bins where the word of the word search (and thus the thematic it provokes) occurs so that a new primal theme continues. I could pilot these topologies—I could plot routes (not roots, as per Pierre Joris) through the material and upon it. In this way, it was possible to read a much shorter version of the book—with just enough essential redundancy to create a sense of possible meaning (something) out of nothing. “Thematic topologies” founded upon e-word searches was one of many important performance discoveries in this formative period. [Note: I still want to do a super quiet reading of this book straight through—no drones, save for the hum of life itself. Someday ...]

2.) In a collaboration with Area C (Erik Carlson) at The Bowery Poetry Club on July 20th of 2008 (and reviewed in *The Brooklyn Rail*) we started from the beginning of the book, and made it about a third of the way through the book in an hour and a half—and thus, no “thematic topology” was needed. At this installment, I was able to show two of my vaast bin *kinetics* (the vaast bin “movies”) and loop them during the performance. I also used my grandmother’s Panasonic radio among other sound source materials, for the first time as we purposely avoided guitars, our former medium of choice. And I realized too, at that moment, it was still a much more traditional performance in that Erik and I were still “on stage” and performing for a somewhat passive listening audience. The sounds, unlike earlier performances, were more exciting for my experience as a performer because I didn’t feel the need to always run back to my loops and amps and back to the book; but again, the audience was still static and passive. This is when another initial important revelation first set in: My first performance inklings via both a long rehearsal in Providence and the performance itself in NYC that, depending on the nature of the sounds we created, the same exact bin with different sounds, could have gentle or emphatic performance possibilities—or mood and intensity, *et cetera*. Later, as documented above, more fully became an awareness that could be articulated.

3.) At the Roanoke Marginal Arts Festival in February 2009, another important discovery occurred that modified previous performance possibilities. Working by myself this time, I asked Jim Leftwich—poet, mail artist, event organizer, and friend—to provide me with multiple radios to be dispersed throughout the room of the performance. I had my “movies” going; I created a brief “thematic-topology;” but for the first time, without someone as gifted as Erik of Area C to help me, and without eating into my own reading of the book by going back and forth from the book to my sound sources, new and totally unexpected sound delights occurred. Because of the radio set-up, people in the audience were actually playing radios. For example,

at one point, I looked up from the book, and with the drone of a looped radio playing behind me, I heard Tomislav of the Post-NeoAbsurdist Anti-Collective playing the volume knob of a static wash, and I heard the crescendo and decrescendo of waves from his performance among the others. Just then I realized the premise of what I now refer to as *presentational non-congruence*, because when I looked up on the big screen that was behind me, I saw that one of my movies was a massive wave. What a delight! Tomislav was playing his radio sounds according to the movie's suggestive imaging; *presentational non-congruence* works. Something that had not actually happened before did happen. And the image ended up suggesting to Tomislav a means of performing. This is amazing. What can we learn from this? How can we try this again, but with adjusted parameters and instructions?

Three different videos exist of this performance (mine, Matt Ames' of Philosophy Inc., and the PNA's), and I was struck by the differences in the sounds on each video in relation to the positions of the cameras (of course sight, like time, is always there too). But with the differences in positions, the event was nothing like I imagined because the differences between each video were due to the simple fact that the specific position and the location of the camera (and the camera's microphone—sound-imaging, *per se*) is totally relative to potential positions in the environment of the reading. I realized that this aspect is ecological: That given one's position in the room, my fellow hearings, any other one was not hearing exactly what I was hearing. It was something of an affirmation akin to audio-cubism, but in a geographical ecological sense. Or maybe like how closing one eye, and then vice versa—how that shifts your perspective: something akin to a sound-imaging, ecological parallax. This was my first inkling of *presentational non-congruence*, which in even further hindsight *is* the ecological sense of model that we project back on to life. The myriad of forms in The Vaast Bin Project, I realize now, can create ecological vignettes of unknown moments TBD.

4.) My performance-reading of *Vaast Bin* at &Now in the fall of 2009 was solid enough. [I had done an earlier *Vaast Bin* reading at the 2006 &Now before the book was published by Calamari, so this really is a brief list of major discovery moments regarding performance.] I had my loops going, and I even put radios out in the audience, but I forgot to push play for my films, and the reading took place with a static backdrop: A rather unbecoming view of a computer's desktop—ugh. I realized this afterward when it was too late. I read quite well, well enough to get a sort of strange but still welcome comparison to Jim Morrison from a really interesting and friendly *Harper's* freelance writer who actually interviewed me afterwards (although the article never transpired to my knowledge). A few select members of the audience actually took up the task of playing radios, among them the writer Davis Schneiderman, with stunning and delightful results. Davis found a pop song on the radio—about touching and honesty, which was as campy as it is still wildly suggestive. It was Dan Hill's "Sometimes When We Touch." I remember laughing with joy at the perverse perfection of that honest moment—akin to the Tomislav wave moment described above. However, almost everyone else in the audience stared on with blank uncertainty at my suggestion of trying to be both receiver and transmitter. Not the greatest reading, but grate enough. This was to date the last major reading of the 2007 book.

5.) But more importantly in terms of discovery—at the same exact time and nearly the exact same place as number 4 above—I was cultivating new developments transpiring in the form of the 2009 &Now Vaast Bin Sound-Imaging Installation, which the accompanying 2012 film (another vaast bin kinetic soundscape) “remembers” and documents. These developments are what this very “essay” attempts to probe and articulate alongside the 2012-film: The vaast sense of what has yet TBD (to be discovered) and shaped. I did not forget to install myself; I walked around in the foyer of the cinema (which is apt, if you ask which cinema of past images am I referring to). I talked to numerous installation visitors, and attempted to explain my reasoning for it, about it, *et cetera*—when and if they asked. I pointed to the book, often turned to it, and as best I could, given my updated sense (Version X.O) of the extended form of forms that is The Vaast Bin Project, I attempted a reconciliation of means to access this idea of extended form that I am still talking about right now.

Every time I left the installation, when I’d return, I’d have to re-install myself again. I enjoyed this, and imagine more of this in the future. Once when I returned from an absence attending other events, I found a note from a Buffalo friend Michael Basinski, the infamous sound and visual poet. The note reads, “Michael—I was here—Basinski.” In the vaast bin, so to speak, it was as if I was him and he me, and yet we were both ourselves, both “Michaels.” Then, at one point later on during the festival, outside the foyer in another venue of &Now, Steve Tomasula, fictioneer and founder of &Now, asked me if the sounds in the installation were mine. I said humbly, “yes,” but in doing so, I realize now that I mistakenly took full credit for the sounds of the big bang? I temporarily captured sounds and provided access to them; or did I really re-crate something out of nothing? Nothing could be so grate a compliment—

With these brief notes, the outside comes pouring in and *vice versa*. The problem of editing the outside that becomes inside and the inside that becomes outside is one of æffective ecologies. There is so much more yet to be discovered (TBD) by this notion of sound environment programming.

Recently, I was playing Brian Eno’s “Discreet Music,” Side One, for my son on a perversely sunny, unseasonable warm day during a March “heat wave” in Albany, New York— latitude 42.6525° N, longitude 73.7567° W. Despite the greater problem in the implications of the unseasonable weather, the moment was still—so beautiful, so enjoyable. Our orange cat sat placidly on the red couch in the soft indirect light streaming through the Venetian blinds. The serene aspects of light and tranquility congealed via the gentle patterns of the music. Eno writes on the album notes that in preferring to make plans over executing plans, one gets the base idea (of which I’ve been talking about here) of setting streams of information in motion—to form new forms for the former. Eno says he tends towards roles as planner and programmer en route to becoming audience to the results. He casually suggests this before talking about the literal schema of his sound system for discreet music. This talk of operational diagrams comes by Eno in 1975. I am including myself in the grate sense of installation here; that is, I pose the following question to myself too, as well as to any one else, when I ask: What can we do now about this? What sort of schematics ought we to be drafting now? This essay is a stab at it. But you?

Something in the discrete particle flow is in need of alignment, in need of a change in orientation and regulation. I wonder how much longer we can be “discreet” in our troubling social realms *circa* 2012? How can we access the continuous by the devices of the *discrete* aimed at opening up our discrete/continuous selves? How much “control” or power should we

exercise given the weight of the Western apocalyptic telos as espoused by a system that is so loud—to paraphrase the musical group The ‘Mericans—that even a quiet bird can’t hear herself sing? John Cage, about the same time as Eno in 1975, made forays into the social realms. Cage’s difficulty of penetrating the social realm with his piece “Empty Words” is an obvious place to pick up from here. Among his incredible successes are the alleged “failures” of his Milan, Italy and his Naropa readings of “Empty Words.” Failure is too harsh and is ultimately inaccurate in that bigger, extended sense of form that I share with him and you—as do you too. For in the stories and recordings of his “Empty Words” readings, the chaos and irresponsible social behaviors of the audience are as revealing as they are inklings of what we are faced with here, socially, in 2012. Cage’s failures are the wildest performance successes for they simply light a path of yet to be discovered orientations. In some way, I think some of the vaast bin “poetry” shares much with “Empty Words” and Sun Ra’s poetry, but it is as charged with Olsonic principles, kinetics, and processes as much as it possesses formal invention—thinking along the inventive likes of Jackson Mac Low, who once told me to “use anything.” Performance is something that must continue to be explored.

In addition to “Empty Words” performances, Cage’s disappointing mass readings of “Mureau” (“music” and “Thoreau” combined) in Michigan and France, where culture and the individual sense of ego and performance got in the way, are likewise revealing. And in light of the Cagean awareness despite his obvious difficulties in reaching his aim by perfecting his means, his documentation allows us to construct yet another means *in*. Take aim! More probes are needed for the material can be form, navigated, piloted—perhaps programmed to “open” toward epic, near-mythic potential to engage wild, untamed potential. Who is navigating the material now? Now it should be evident by my own account that I am as certain as I am uncertain of access to “the real,” and yet in my own way, I’m always testing that periphery. I am discovering essential elements and aggregates of “performance as composition,” attempting to engender ideas here-and-there that could lead any one to grate and even greater possibilities on that threshold of what I’m calling The Vaast Bin Project. I am attempting to make adjustments to the algorithmic instructions. But there is still so much that can be attempted and tried. It’s as if I’m only scratching at that surface, but I’m likewise sure of both others doing this and yet-to-be-met other who are also doing likewise. It’s time to grow out of the basement—to “come seething to your tips”—alive and reawakened. What we need are new operational diagrams, diagrams that allow audience pilotings of the material. This is something that has yet TBD. Future Vaast Bin Sound-Imaging Installations and performances would surely attempt further explorations and re-imaginings of the material both without and with an activated audience.

And so to bring this entire probe into momentary focus, I want to turn to Helen Burgess, the editor of *Hyperrhiz: New Media Cultures*, who makes the form I seek to extend evident and fecund with potential when she said the following about “Mooring the Vaast Bin,” an earlier vaast bin kinetic soundscape. This film appears in performances and was also a part of the &Now 2009 installation. Burgess says,

The genre-crossing nature of multimedia provides a fruitful space for exploring the ways in which media both supplement and reconfigure literature and scholarship – in the form of interplays between fiction, art, criticism, digital image, video and print text. Michael Peters’ “Mooring the Vaast Bin” presents a corpus of material that adds through video, audio, text and illustration a “mooring” for an absent work (Vaast Bin, a print text). Peters’ work suggests that a central text

is always accompanied by addenda, reimaginings, and visual/aural “accompaniments.” In her review of Flanagan and Booth’s edited collection *re:skin*, Jeanne Hamming notes the close and varied “fleshy crossings” the book has produced between fiction, nonfiction and art in the quest for a “techno-sexuality.” These crossings, she argues, “[depart] from the convention in scholarly publications of segregating primary material from criticism.”

So in this same sense of multiple mediums, it is a sensory, spell-like trance-inducing poetics that I’m seeking without segregating the primary material. Crossing is made easy by a kind of lyricism that is not separate from the body, not founded on isolating the genres of “poetry” or “music,” but a sense of “one” that can alter its own shape. It’s an æffective study of ourselves, and what we are by extension. It’s an æffective ecology, and there is some ethical urgency. How do we remedy our current situation? As Sun Ra says, at some point you have to say “what you are doing is affecting me.” In binary sense, we must try to re-access, re-install a primal directive at reclaiming a bigger sense of form, of what we are. We seek connection to the mythreal slabs—our environment—of the morphological image operators that we are. For me, sound-imaging allows the composition and re-composition of information streaming back in from a much deeper and wider periphery, but a periphery no less immediate in relation to possible realizations in a velability of our living room. So much has yet to be more fully explored by way of the latest discoveries—and in this way, Vaast Bin Sound-Imaging Installations are ecological; they allow a study of that same topological-skin-thematic we share; they regard that same fleshy geograph as much as they seek to invent and re-invent a poetics to bring this living room back into perception of immediate location and orientation. At least—I hope so. O’ to be like Chanticleer in the primal night of the vaast bin’s breadth. O’ to be like Chanticleer when the tempest of disconnected political and environmental ideologies of Western teleological construction threatens its catastrophic disconnection with the massive threshold we share. Here, at the shore of wider extended sense of ourselves, landfall must be made. A mythreal (real as it is unreal) “rippon landing” is a fragile undertaking of any one’s desired re-entry, and in that imagined re-entry, new forms of access have yet to be fully explored. They remain available for use. Pilots wanted.

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