

SONIC TRILOGY

an unseasonable project
by lasuemo



WOMANIFESTO
International Art Exchange Thailand

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SONIC TRILOGY

Sonic Trilogy brings together sounds recorded at different times of the day by Lasuemo artists based in diverse locations to offer sound bites from their respective environments. The three soundscapes presented here were produced over the twelve months of 2024 – splitting the year into three seasons, each season focussed on a time of the day.

Season 1 is audio of the start of the day, recorded and edited over the months January to April; Season 2, from May to August, captured the middle of the day and Season 3 gathers audio from the end of the day, recorded and edited from September to December.

Sound recordings have been contributed by: Alana Hunt, Ann Noel, Daniela Ardiri, *durbahn, Hannah Beilharz, Helen Grace, Ivana Lacic, Judy Freya Sibayan, Karla Sachse, Lawan Jirasuradej, Lena Eriksson, Maryrose Mendoza, Nitaya Ueareeworakul, Phaptawan Suwannakudt, Rashmimala, Reiko Aoyagi, Sue Pedley, Urna Sinha, Varsha Nair and Virginia Hilyard. Each season was stitched together by a different artist: Season 1 by Virginia Hilyard; Season 2 by Helen Grace and Season 3 by Hannah Beilharz.

The texts in this publication tell about the sounds recorded by the artists for each season. Scan the codes to listen while you read.

Sonic Trilogy is conceptualised by Virginia Hilyard, Ivana Lacic, Lena Eriksson and Varsha Nair

LASUEMO

Lasuemo is an informal meeting place on the Last Sunday every month in the digital courtyard of the blog set up following ‘Womanifesto 2020: Gatherings’. The courtyard is primarily intended as a decentralised space in the digital sphere to promote deep listening. It is about communication, making and maintaining connections, and bridging the gaps to find ways to share and do things together. A core group of participants from previous Womanifesto projects are invited to each meeting and they are joined by new people with no previous direct connection, who become part of the ever-growing circle of different generations.

Lasuemo is conceptualised and hosted by *durbahn, Lena Eriksson and Varsha Nair. <https://lasuemo.net/about/>

This publication was designed by Ananya Patel and Virginia Hilyard. Cover artwork by Varsha Nair.

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The typeface **Danh Dã** was created in 2016 by artist **Huong Ngô** in collaboration with **Giang Nguyễn of Republic Foundry**. **Danh Dã Bold** is available under a **Creative Commons Attribution-NonCommercial-NoDerivatives 4.0 International License**. **Danh Dã Outline** is used courtesy of the artist.



listen to Season 1

SEASON 1: start of the day

***durbahn**

in the very early morning
the birds sing ...
i think: carefree
but what do I know
in the early morning

Ann Noel

The Sunday bells of Vater-Unser-Kirche Berlin (Our Father Church), recorded on May 17 at 10 am. The church bells in the tower across the street measure out my days. During the week they peal at midday and six in the evening. On Sunday all three bells are set in motion to summon the congregation. This 2-minute recording is to warn people it’s time to go there. At 10:30 it peals for 4 minutes. At all other times the din continues for 5 minutes.

Varsha Nair

just before night turns to day
waking up from deep sleep
this chanting infuses the landscape
the mind....

Reiko Aoyagi

Sometimes the moon and stars can still be seen at dawn. I tried to capture and feel the vibrations of those lights by playing a singing bowl.

Lawan Jirasuradej

When I wake up I open my space to the world from the window to the balcony door. Both window and door have different blinds giving unique sounds when pulling up while a wooden wind chime is hung by the window for me to play. The balcony is surrounded by large construction preparation camps next to the river.

Hannah Beilharz

Inspired by hearing a blackbird singing in early January – knowing that it is too early for blackbirds to be singing – for me there is an eerie sense of unease created by the false spring and ecological impacts of climate crisis, it is another sign of the natural systems around us becoming more and more out of balance. This sound piece explores sound as warning, songs as forms of protest, as well as memory and refuge.

Judy Freya Sibayan

Start of the week, start of the day, attending to my meds, popping the pills out of their packaging and into my seven-day pillbox...

Phaptawan Suwannakudt

My next door neighbour is renovating their house. The builders start their day with hammering at 7 am. My ducks, Betty and Winnie, feeding in the yard, a flock of pigeons trying to steal their food, flapping their wings when chased, and an airplane, or was it a helicopter going past? I didn’t notice. This was how it sounded at the start of this normal day at my house in Dulwich Hill.

Nitaya Ueareeworakul

Life begins anew every day. It seems so banal and monotonous, but when I gather myself some beauty always appears. In every present moment.

Alana Hunt

I wake early. I try to. Starting the day with exercise, usually yoga. Or at least, I try to. My son—waking—usually asks me to get his school uniform ready. I recorded this sound at my window. It opens into a canopy of trees on Gadigal Country, on a quiet street one block away from the throng of Sydney CBD traffic.

Virginia Hilyard

I recorded below the surface of the sea pool on my morning swim, a deep sonorous bubble and surge of the tidal wash with tiny cracks and snaps of pistol shrimp. Listening to the underwater sounds brings to awareness the hellish impact of industrial shipping, fishing, and drilling on those that inhabit this acoustic environment.

Daniela Ardiri

I opened the window, the air was still, everything was covered in white, a passer-by was humming in step with snow.

Sue Pedley

The sounds are recorded at daybreak in my garden on the last three days of summer.

Karla Sachse

Waking up early after a lightweight night in the garden house and waiting for rain since weeks I listen to the soft sound on the terrace roof joyfully.

Rashmimala

This is a collage of sounds on a summer morning, the everyday mundanity of a seashore town in southern part of India, away from my regular hometown morning tunes. It ends with a conversation with a vegetable vendor with whom I spoke about an edible plant that she was selling. I had just spent weeks learning all about those rural plants at an Ecology Research Lab.

Lena Eriksson

My sound file captures the squeaking of a felt-tip pen. By designing and colouring patterns, it helps to create order in my mind and distinguish between inner and outer restlessness.

Helen Grace

Goodwood Station morning symphony on the way to the Writers Festival: school children en masse, birdsong, a long goods train rumbling through.



listen to Season 2

SEASON 2: middle of the day

***durbahn**

‘piece of ambient sound for more peaceful moments’
- this is a short ambient sound-composition with synthesizer and small, older recorded sound pieces, and a meditation about the wish for a redefinition of coming to rest

Ann Noel

‘Berlin Crows in Uproar’ was recorded on June 5th from my kitchen window as the sky above the backyard was filled with large black birds complaining about something that was threatening them. There were so many of them making one hell of a din – they must have flown in from nesting places all over the neighbourhood.

Varsha Nair

Sound of a threshold – between inside and outside.

Karla Sachse

My drawing group had decided to work with paper this summer - so I took the chance to grapple with the one and only sinister Grandfather I got to know - for a sculpture of his head first I had to crumple and tear old newspapers.

Lawan Jirasuradej

I always like to take the Chao Phraya express boat, which for decades has raced through the heart of Bangkok along Chao Phraya river. There is nothing that beats the roaring sound of its diesel engines!

Nitaya Ueareeworakul

Rainy season has arrived, the little birds are chattering and looking for safe shelter.

Daniela Ardiri

I met her at noon, after a long walk, strong clear cold.
I played with her, I listened to her, I drank her.
Immersed myself.

Alana Hunt

In the middle of my day. In the middle of some rain. In the middle of a Laurie Anderson talk playing in the middle of my studio.

Sue Pedley

Midday. Across the road where I live there is a sculpture school where you can learn to carve stone. I recorded the class creating marble sculptures with their mallet and chisels.

Urna Sinha

While the sky shatters, our old tile roof weeps. I wait. There is a sense of calm when one does not have control, especially on weather. I often think of death. Past month while walking around the cemeteries of old Delhi, one afternoon I recorded conversations, fragments, moments while my brother played “Doatara” and I sang, “Tomaro Ashime” which translates as ‘the deep of your infinitude’, is a song by Tagore. Rain thrashing on a tile roof transmutes into a voice, a search within and beyond.

Helen Grace

Having lunch at the cafe at Bundanon Art Museum, before a very lazy afternoon and our artist talks the next morning.

Virginia Hilyard

My audio recorder in my lap as I settled into the dentist chair. Although I am lucky enough to have good teeth, I never really know what will be the result of my dentist’s initial inspection. Luckily this time it was just a clean.

Judy Freya Sibayan

Listening to the news while washing dishes after lunch.

Maryrose Mendoza

Dive into the pool while wind sounds capiz shells in another hot summer

Lena Eriksson

Once upon a time a tear thought it was a comma.

Hannah Beilharz

In Gaza it is said that if you hear a warplane, you are lucky, you have survived. In Switzerland, when we hear warplanes approaching, we pause in our conversations, and wait for them to pass by. We do not see the worlds being disappeared within our continued silence. My sound piece explores lines of disconnection between the current ongoing genocides across the world and our everyday lives. The song and text in the work explore grief as a transformative moment of waking up. We are not separate, and we are not alone.



listen to Season 3



SEASON 3: end of the day

Lena Eriksson

On our way towards the sea, traversing the Alps. Because of the looming storm, which never came, we stayed overnight in a mountain hut, 2351 meters above sea level. There were musicians from the valley, they sang and played all night. In the morning, when we left the hut, they were still singing. They played old Occitan songs that sing of life in the mountains, as it once was. A singing house.

Varsha Nair

Days end - in remembrance of Haniya Aslam who passed away recently - a contemplation as birds fly home and crickets start night songs. Perchance to dream of and wake up to a gentler world.

Lawan Jirasuradej

My Midnight lullaby...
When the storm passed night creatures started tattling, I jammed with the musical powder box retrieved from my mother’s dressing table.

Virginia Hilyard

In the grip and swoon of insomnia, the coal trains are a constant companion. The dark of night and the black of coal and the nocturnal rumblings in my head – the diesel train driver is also awake, alert at the controls. I am not alone.

Karla Sachse

When dusk is falling in September, the owls begin to call,
to scream, to whine – sometimes it goes all night long.
Certainly they know that now is also beginning of the evening of the year in the German forest ...

Daniella Ardiri

It was my 40th birthday, I had a dinner party at my house. I knew my friends would sing happy birthday for me and I decided to record this beautiful moment. In Italy only children sing at birthdays, here in Switzerland they sing for adults too, and to experience this moment as an adult is really exciting.

Judy Freya Sibayan

the sound of strong winds pounding my windows during a typhoon near midnight.

Nitaya Ueareeworakul

After several days of continuous rain, the sounds of the evening’s celebration echoed in the darkness.

Alana Hunt

At the end of my day. At the end of our waking hours—with my son, with some gentle talk, with books, and habitual I love you(s).

Helen Grace

End of the day, planes roaring over my house, escaping to the wide world, before curfew.

***durbahn**

“its nearly november now. especially in november other worlds are very near.
so I sometimes have the chance to overhear conversations between ghosts.
well ...I think, they are ghost and I think to myself that those sounds are conversations.

Reiko Aoyagi

One night I had a strange dream. There was a row of windows all the way down the side, and every window had a dark window frame. I translated this image into the sound of a singing bowl traveling through the sea of night, looking for signs of dawn.

Phaptawan Suwannakudt

The sound of the temple drum calling for the night’s fifteen Kham full moon night assembly, a temple practice for Thai monks. Four assemblies are organised each month on Full Moon, Half Moon, No Moon, and the other Half Moon temple Dhamma practice. Tonight was a full moon.

Sue Pedley

The sound was recorded at night walking along the road on the edges of a small village and forest in the mountains of Niigata in Japan. The sound of cicadas and water from the river fill the hot humid air of Autumn.

Maryrose Mendoza

A warm September evening. With Friends and an energetic audience. Waiting for Ollafur Eliasson to speak at USC.

Ann Noel

I had to wait the whole month of September for there to be an evening with enough wind to move the paddle beneath the chimes hanging above the window in my studio. I live in a very quiet neighbourhood and besides the swish of traffic on the Autobahn a couple of streets away, I hear only the occasional siren of an ambulance on its way to a nearby hospital. When the window slams shut, I know there is a storm on the way and I should secure any plants that might be blown over on my balcony.

Iva Lacic

Awake

Urna Sinha

Sounds recorded during a visit to Usgalimal, a site in South Goa. A river flows next to petroglyphs from Mesolithic period. As evening crept in we kept on sitting and listening to the sound while touching carved lines from thousands of years ago.

Hannah Beilharz

The rain is like a body outside, tapping the window to remember where it visited before, one year ago. The noise of the street is also body-like, an uneven breathing that does not enter sleep. This is a short song to the rain and cars.