What’s wrong with your voice?
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ABSTRACT

Throughout writing this thesis, I often received phone calls to the landline from various people. When the phone rings I feel anxious. Someone is waiting behind the device checking the presence in the house. If I answer, it would be someone’s voice that I don’t know, coming out from the speaker. If I don’t answer, it stays as a sound with an unknown presence and at the same time it reveals an absence in the house to the stranger who made the phone call.

Voice appears to be a most familiar thing. We use our voice, we listen to voices and we inhabit voices within our daily life. Voice is an important component for conversation and communication with another person. Isolating the voice and removing it away from an ordinary context, privileges the sense to hear and to be heard and establishes the potential of voice. Voice is familiar yet elusive, positioned within a strange and uncanny topology. Voice is an intimate component of our bodily identity and something that disrupts our own self-presence. The research component of my project investigates voice as a vehicle of meaning and voice as an aesthetic material but also an understanding of voice as an object, as a lever of thought. The main impetus of the paper is how the voice operates after death and the consideration of reattaching my disembodied voice to my dead body in the future event. The works of John Cage, Samuel Beckett, On Kawara and Mutlu Çerkez (among others) inform my current investigations into the position of voice. Situating the voice as a material within a sculpture and spatial practice, my project investigates the voice as it stands between body and language, between subject and other: after all it is the sound of the voice that will remain as a trace and resonate our absence.
DECLARATION

This is certify that;

the thesis comprises only my original work towards the partial fulfilment of the requirements of the Master of Fine Art degree except where indicated in the preface,

due acknowledgement has been made in the text to all other material used,

the thesis is 10,107 words in length, exclusive of tables, maps, bibliographies and appendices.

Makiko Yamamoto
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My Father’s Voice

Two years after my father’s death, I came back to Osaka from Sydney. My mother needed me at her restaurant, so I rented a room close by. I couldn’t live in my parents’ home because I didn’t want to share the memories of my father in the house we lived in together.

Around this time, I realized that I couldn’t remember what my father’s voice was like. I had access to his image, from looking at photos, but not towards his voice. He seemed to be mute or silent in the photos. I tried to remember phrases he would say to me but his phrases are rendered by my inner voice and not his voice. I was very impatient about losing his voice. I couldn’t help feeling uneasy about losing his presence within me.

One day, I was in my room at night. Some noises came through my window. I was just about to fall asleep, reaching the entrance of a dream, when I heard very lively, but not loud, noises from Korean Town. I was comfortable. Next moment, one big voice struck my ear. A big shout, a big bark. ‘Korrraaaah!’ I woke up in shock and tried to understand what it was. A moment later, my brain analysed that the shout was very similar to my father’s shout. It was his storm.

I still don’t know if the voice I heard was from the dream or a noise from outside of my window.

After this experience, I haven’t lost his voice in my audio memory but I am not sure what is the difference between my memory of his voice and his real voice. It is something I cannot prove.
Where Did My Voice Go?

I often get comments about my voice from customers at the café where I work. One of them said, ‘What’s wrong with your voice?’ It is difficult to respond to this comment because I cannot hear my voice as the same voice the customer hears. I still have to deal with my voice everyday to communicate with people. I am fascinated by the wrongness in my voice. Another customer said, ‘You lost your voice’. If it is missing or there is failure in my voice, these comments lead me to think my voice is impaired by an illness or is in a weakened disposition. Do they hear an impure, thin, or aching voice? The voice doesn’t seem to be considered or belong as a bodily appearance. I think it is. Then what is missing in my voice? The nature of my voice is constructed by missing a piece of nature. Does the voice carry the identity of the person who emits the voice?

In contrast, I was on the phone with one of my male friends trying to communicate some information. After a couple of minutes of telling him my story, he said, ‘Oh I am sorry I was listening to your voice but not listening to what you said’.

Towards the end of writing this paper, I realized that my fascination in the human voice is related to my art practice in Melbourne. I moved here from Osaka to start my art practice nine years ago. Studying in another language, there are always different levels of struggle, often pointing towards an understanding in language. Of course I cannot be a native English speaker. It is not simply having the capacity to learn, it is more about living, growing up and having experiences in the society. The voice I hear in a lecture used to be just
sound or noise with a small amount of meaning attached to it. The text was friendlier; it allowed me to take my time.

I talk to my mother on the phone once a week. I know she is behind the device calling me, talking to me. Her presence and image is always relied on through listening to her voice. I find it difficult to delete her voice on the answering machine. One year ago I went back to Japan to see my mother. I felt a gap between my picture of her from the voice on the phone and what I see in front of me. Her images from the phone are replaced. Her voice merges with her body. She is not just that voice I hear from a distance weekly.

Voice appears to be a most familiar thing. We use our voice, we listen to voices and we inhabit voices within our daily life. Voice is an important component for conversation and communication with another person. Voice is a vehicle for speech and at the same time possesses an elusive presence. We become aware of voice when it begins to shift away and we start hearing our voice or voices. Maybe the most compelling voice is the unheard voice, the voice within silence. We are not free from voice. There is another kind of voice, a voice we cannot escape - our inner voice. The voice is something we carry with us and negotiate everyday. It is the make up of our social being as well as the intimate part of our subjectivity. It is the sound of the voice that will remain as a trace and resonate our absence.
The Voice of George

At the beginning of my project, What’s wrong with your voice?, I revisited my earlier sound work I am dead (2010). It was a sound installation exploring a dialogue between me and myself using another voice. Within the conversation the voice of the other, believing that he is dead, constantly repeats the phrase ‘I am dead’. The second author of the voice tries to persuade him or deny him into believing he is not. The conversation plays on the nonsense of language and the meaning of uttering. The work has a metaphysical prohibition attached to it. ‘I am dead’, as a phrase, breaks a language rule because it can’t be legitimately uttered. To say ‘I am dead’ is a lie. The active body cannot speak the phrase; it is incapable of doing it. To utter I am dead can only be legitimate when it is associated in supernatural ways such as the paradox of the vampire. But permission is also granted towards the disembodied voice, the recorded voice of the undead.

Are there different responsibilities using another voice within the use of language?

I was interested in ventriloquism without visual materials. The phrase ‘I am dead’ originally came from speaking for a ventriloquist’s dummy without an object or temporal body for this new voice. It was natural to use a hi-pitched voice because I find it is quite difficult to craft a lower sounding voice without moving my lips. To establish a second voice, I began to have everyday conversations with this voice. It turned out to be building a character itself, a child like character without a specific gender: a creature in my head that might be related to an inner voice that remains formless and strange. I hesitated to name this voice for a while. This hesitation probably grew towards an anxiety, which might have become a starting place of multiple personalities in me. I eventually named
the voice George who has less responsibility in speech, becoming the voice without a dummy, remaining as a disembodied voice, but George doesn’t talk without me.

The character from *I am dead* (later to be named George) believes his body is dead. He is crying or exclaiming that he is just a voice for his dead object. This led me to face the difficulty of the re-embodiment of this voice. Do I need a dummy for this dummy’s voice? If there is no dummy or no object to project the voice onto then the reduction of the situation places the focus on the voice. The work logically required no object in the installation. I was trying to emphasise the separation between body and voice and examine whether it still could operate as ventriloquism.

The source of the voice can never be seen, it comes from a hidden interior inside the body. There is something uneasy in the relationship between the appearance of a person and his or her voice. It doesn’t sound like this person at all or this person doesn’t look at all like his or her voice. The origin of the word ventriloquist is from the Latin word venter, meaning belly and loqui meaning to speak and was considered that the person could speak from the stomach. In the Middle Ages, ventriloquism was thought to be similar to witchcraft and communication with the dead. Now contemporary ventriloquism is linked with performance art and comedy routines.

The ventriloquist speaks in a second voice. A duality is created as a speaker but also as a listener. The ventriloquist can make fun of himself and also present himself as the listener to his own voice from outside. The second voice allows an inner voice of the performer to be expressed through the dummy. The dummy object creates the situation for hearing other voices of the self and becomes the medium for the voice, allowing an unrestricted license of
expression. The source of the dummy’s voice cannot be located, animating the otherwise lifeless object. It gives the ventriloquist an out, shifting the responsibility of speech onto the object.

‘An unbridgeable gap separates forever a human body from ‘its’ voice. The voice displays a spectral autonomy, it never quite belongs to the body we see, so that even when we see a living person talking, there is always a minimum of ventriloquism at work: it is as if the speaker’s own voice hollows him out and in a sense speaks ‘by itself,’ through him’.¹

The voice of George began to produce or appear as something, which was separate to me. George’s voice would not be fully alive in the real world as a physical person but remains embodied in the form of a voice. It presented numerous challenges to define the formation of ‘I’ as the first person. With the creation of the voice of George it brings a license to speak. The voice of George could say anything allowing an open freedom of language and an independence from the character of the voice.

In the process of forming the voice was the question of how do I define George? He is searching for an identity. He is trying to command a presence through his demanding voice. An earlier sound work in which I introduced George’s voice was I am God I am Good (2011). I repeated variations of the phrase using his voice in an attempt to establish his character. The choice to say ‘I am...’ seems to confirm one’s self as something, or willing to become something. There is a desire to be perceived as someone and become his own entity. To state, ‘I am’ in itself is a paradoxical act. If I say ‘I am an actor’, does

it create a part of my identity? It seems to me that the meaning of language is not necessarily attached to what is being said.

I chose to say ‘I am God’ because God is the most believable, encapsulating an existing/non-existing presence beyond human beings in a society. The elusiveness of the voice and the presence of God are ambiguous towards existence. The performative power of the voice allowed the voice of George to conjure any identity but knowing he really isn’t a God. Saying ‘I am’ suggests a stable identity but can also disrupt identity through repetition.

*Listening Post* (2001-2) is a collaboration between Mark Hansen and Ben Rubin creating a visual installation through which the voice of the Web can be heard. The work consists of text fragments in real time from Internet chat rooms. The texts are then read out by a voice synthesizer and displayed across a grid containing over two hundred electronic screens. A part of the work is the ‘I am’ section, which occurred because as Mark Hansen describes ‘the I am scene came about because ‘I am’ was the most common way to start chat room conversations.’ Similarly to George the Internet proposed an unlimited freedom when introducing one’s self but also presented an excess of identities. From this section the phrase, I am... begins to construct an uncertainty of identity. Through a multiplicity of identities and the continual repetition of saying ‘I am’ creates an elusive presence. Do I believe what is being said? According to Jacques Derrida there is no identity without ‘the disorder of identity.’

2 Derrida’s concern is to argue that ‘an identity is never given, received or attained; only the interminable and indefinitely phantasmatic process of identification endures’.

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'There is no identity. There is identification'.\textsuperscript{4} Identifying always entails the logic of adding onto.

In the recent work, \textit{Three Things} (2012), I installed three different sound recordings using headphones, which hung from the ceiling of the gallery. One of the sound recordings titled \textit{... and little one said} uses George’s voice without revealing the name of the voice. Throughout the exhibition, I was asked the same question ‘Whose voice is that?’ even from my close friends. I realized this voice left me and appeared as an independent voice.

Name and Voice

Growing up in Japan I was confused as a child. For some reason my father had changed his name. Luckily I never called him by his name because he is my father. I always called him, using the word father. One time, my friend’s parents asked me what is my father’s name? I was not sure which name was suitable for this situation. My confusion came more from these adults who wanted to know my father’s name.

What is the importance for them to know his name when they have got his voice?
I didn’t understand why.

I gave them both of my father’s names.

In the William Shakespeare play, *Romeo and Juliet*, Juliet stands on the balcony and speaks into the night posing the question ‘What’s in a name?’ During this scene Romeo remains hidden in the darkness and begins listening to Juliet’s voice. A moment later Juliet recognizes Romeo and they communicate with each other only through the sound of their voice. It is their voices that define their character. Shakespeare presents a scene of love, a scene of love between voices and names as they commit their undying feelings towards each other.

Both the name and the voice point to individuality. In the story of *Romeo and Juliet* the name and the voice defines their uniqueness but in different ways. A name gives us identification within a social place, network or a community, whereas the voice speaks from the heart. The voice is unique and singular and

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is our own. A name is shared and represents a family tradition. Not all names are unique since a name is chosen or inherited. Names can be replicated, changed and can be cloned. Each name is already a clone. With a name one always impersonates someone else. One is always a representative of a family of people with the same name. A name is a reference point of an individual or a label, which conjures their ghostly appearance. But in this play their name gives the authority over the body and overpowers their voice. Can one cut off the name to retain the authority of the voice?

In the William Friedkin’s 1973 movie, *The Exorcist* the girl is a vessel for a disembodied voice. Watching the film I was interested in the voice given to the girl played by Linda Blair, the girl who is possessed by the voice of the devil. In *The Exorcist*, Mercedes McCambridge provided the distinct dubbed voice of the demonically possessed child, Regan. It was an animalistic voice that scratched, growled and groaned as the devil. McCambridge used sleep deprivation, cigarettes, egg yolks, and alcohol to achieve the demonic voice. McCambridge was promised recognition of her voice in the credits. When she found out at the movie’s premiere that her name was absent, she left in tears. The film’s producers had decided not to credit her name in an attempt to keep the mystery of the demonic voice.

Samuel Beckett’s text *The Unnamable* presents a voice without a name, a nameless voice and an unnameable voice. Who is emitting this voice, where does it come from? It is a voice without an origin or location. Where does the voice sit and what is the position of the voice?

‘...I’ll have said it, without a mouth I’ll have said it, I’ll have said it inside of me, then in the same breath outside of me, perhaps that’s what I feel, an outside and an inside and me in the middle,
perhaps that’s what I am, the thing that divides the world in two, on the one side the outside, on the other the inside, that can be as thin as foil, I’m neither one side nor the other, I’m in the middle, I’m the partition, I’ve two surfaces and no thickness, perhaps that is what I feel, myself vibrating, I’m the tympanum, on the one hand the mind, on the other the world, I don’t belong to either...”

The voice sits within this division, a dividing line between the inner and outer as a line of no thickness that connects and separates the two sides. It is important for Beckett to maintain the voice as suspended. It is a voice that has lost its authority to name, to be defined and find its social place. Beckett’s voice is a new voice of modernity. It is a voice that cannot be claimed as one’s own and can never speak in its own voice.

My voice may seem to be mine, I am the possessor of my voice but it is also something, which can disrupt, disrupt the idea of the self.

As a part of the installation Apostrophe (2012), I called out numerous full names of people from my community, using a megaphone on the chair. The voice announced the sentence ‘I am...’ to confirm its identity. I was trying to draw the form of the figure, by blocking it in with negative space without having a central name. Does calling many names define the voice’s identity?

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Hearing myself speak

When I hear my voice from a recording device I feel uncomfortable and embarrassed. Anyone who has heard his or her voice recorded knows that it can be a horrible experience. It is a type of uneasy thing to do because it becomes an objectified voice and at the same time it becomes evidence left behind.

I have been recording artist talks, lectures (with permission) and also my thoughts using my recording device for the last two years. Recently an artist interviewed me in public with a similar device to the one that I use. I felt very strange. The microphone was pointing towards me, picking up all the sounds around this device, my voice, his voice, sounds of the café, traffic noise and so on. I became very conscious of my surroundings almost feeling that I am leaking into an environment or lurking or merging with everything in the scene. The recording device was vacuuming a part of my body.

I felt the recording device was just like a vacuum cleaner, sucking my voice and making a copy of it at the same time. The device is trying to catch my voice. I don’t feel this as much when I am in my studio: a quiet room to record myself. I am alone with the objects that do not make any noise. And in one sense my voice is attaching to my thoughts, such as ... what do I want to say ... what am I thinking? It becomes language coming out from my mouth. That process is clearly sticking into the recording device. It is like a sucking soul sort of feeling. When listening to a singer the voice fills the space and you are surrounded by voice. With the recording, with the talking voice, it’s more a focus on my mouth, a focus of what is coming out and it is objectifying, it becomes more like dust, which is sucked up like a vacuum cleaner.
The recorded voice emphasizes a gap between me and the self that has been recorded. As a listener of the recorded voice, I am in the position of both listening and being the speaker of the recorded voice. When listening to the recorded voice I feel that I am purely touching something or hearing something from the past, which has already happened. The recorded voice becomes evidence of my presence but it doesn’t mean I exist; it is the recorded voice that exists. The recorded voice continues to echo my voice, the voice without a body, leaving a trace of the object behind.

Hearing myself speak happens everyday.

‘It (voice) is the first ‘self-referring’ or ‘self-reflective’ move which appears as a pure auto-affection’.7 The purest form of auto-affection is ‘hearing oneself speak’. Auto-affection brings together the feeling of ‘self-presence’ or narcissism. There is a type of narcissism attached to the voice. To hear oneself speak can be seen as narcissism that is needed to produce an image of oneself through the voice. The voice is an auto-affection, which is not a reflection as a mirror but a moment where the person is both sender and receiver without leaving the self. Kaja Silverman refers to this as the Acoustic Mirror from the book of the same name from 1988. Reflection bounces back from an external surface but the voice does not need this. The moment there is a surface or device, which returns the voice, the voice gains an objectivity of its own and transforms into something else; it becomes a deferred voice and the narcissism falls away.

What is happening when I speak? I am a speaker and a listener almost at the same time but with the tiny gap. In the sounds of the voice, there are two types of sounds. One is an outwards sound that is emitted from the mouth and arrives to the ears, through the air, surrounding my body. The second one is

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the sound from inside of my body; it is like hearing the voice under the water or listening to my voice while blocking my ears with my hands. If I recognize this voice, as my voice, what is the difference between my voice and my recorded voice?

With the recorded voice, I am a listener of that voice, not a speaker, therefore there is no gap in the act of listening but in a way it creates a bigger delay, instead of the tiny gap, between the point of uttering the word and listening back from the device. In the sounds of the recorded voice, there is only one type of sound, which is captured through the air, surrounding the body. The sound from inside of the body is missing. This sound of the voice belongs to the body when we speak. I feel uncanny or uneasy about listening to my recorded voice; it might be this missing sound that is lacking my belongingness in the voice or a reminder of my narcissism, which has already fallen away through the act of speaking. As Beckett points out in *The Unnamable*:

> ‘These things I say, and shall say, if I can, are no longer, or are not yet, or never were, or never will be, or if they were, if they are, if they will be, were not here, are not here, will not be here, but elsewhere.’

The recorded voice offers an experience, which makes familiar the unfamiliarity of one’s own voice to be heard by others. If I accept this voice for an other, as a self-reflection, then hearing myself speak brings up a self-affection, which I desire to hear and cannot access in the physical realm. I attempt to think of this voice, which departs from me, as one I cannot experience from hearing my voice through speaking. The voice is for others to hear but when hearing myself speak it creates disruption. To hear myself speak is enough to disrupt my

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narcissism. If I position that voice for the other as a voice of mine, it functions similarly to my own image in the mirror.

‘As soon as the object, both as the gaze and the voice, appears as the pivotal point of narcissistic self-apprehension, it introduces a rupture at the core of self-presence. It is something that cannot itself be present, although the whole notion of presence is constructed around it and can be established only by its elision.’

As noted in the quote above, one of the concepts in the publication from Mladen Dolar, *A Voice and Nothing More* is that the voice is not a form of self-affection or self-presence, but a problem of the subject’s identity. Part of the difficulty of locating the voice lies in its strange situation, which is between the inside and the outside of the body. While the voice comes from within the body, it is also a part of the world. My voice is never simply my own and there is always, a ‘minimum of ventriloquism’; it is not so much I who speaks, but rather I am spoken, the voice speaks in and through me.

My voice appears as a form of otherness to me.

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A Non-Professional Echo

In the third book of the Latin poem, *Metamorphoses*, Ovid interprets the Greek mythological story of *Echo and Narcissus*. In it, Ovid describes Echo as a mountain nymph who loved the sound of her own voice. Echo was mischievous and would sometimes distract and amuse Jupiter’s wife, Juno so that Jupiter would ravish the other mountain nymphs. Discovering Echo’s ongoing deception, Juno punished her by taking away her ability of speech. Having been punished by a jealous god, Echo was sentenced to the condition that deprived her of the ability to initiate speech except in the repetition of another’s word. Since the appearance in Ovid’s text *Metamorphoses*, the character of Echo has been heard continually miming, repeating and sending back the words of Narcissus. She has no words of her own; she is simply reflecting the words of others. She may only speak after another, condemned to the law of repetition.

Echo’s desire continues to be unsatisfied because it remains in resonance; she is incapable of expressing her own words. But if she has her inner voice, can she express herself through the repetition of another’s words? Because of her unique circumstances, which has deprived her of a voice (leaving her without the ability to speak of and for herself or as a self) Echo must try to appropriate what she does not have.

One day Echo is following Narcissus who has become separated from his friends and calls out ‘Is anyone nearby?’ Echo’s opportunity arrives and she replies by echoing the word ‘Nearby’. It seems that Echo begins to know that by copying the words of Narcissus and allowing his words and sounds to pass through her mouth, she will be able to draw him closer to her and to begin to identify with him as she responds to him by copying his words for herself. Jacques Derrida speaks of Echo’s situation in *Echographies of Television* when
he writes that ‘even if only virtually, I must be able by virtue of this iterability to appropriate: to see what I see, to get closer, to begin to identify, to recognise, in the broadest sense of these terms – these are all processes of appropriation.’

Derrida calls this process ‘of appropriation by repetition, by identification, by idealization, in which I appropriate the other or an object, intentionality.’

**Martin and Me** (2012) is a work, in which I simply dubbed my voice onto the moving image interview of UK artist Martin Creed using Creed’s spoken language. In this interview Creed seems to struggle when talking about his work of art, *Work No. 1197*. In the process of dubbing onto Creed’s moving image it allowed his voice to come into my body as I uttered what he said. Creed’s voice temporarily took possession of my body to allow the framework of my non-professional appropriation of his speech. I was focusing not only on his speech but also appropriating the pause. The emphasis of the recording was on the phonic intention rather than the meaning of his words. As I tried to copy his vocal resonance a struggle occurred between the voice and my language capabilities. There were moments of vocal slippage as I desperately tried to digest and cling to Creed’s voice. But as I attempted to reproduce the intention of the voice while trying to appropriate it, I knew the position of the voice remained foreign, distant and other. If I could appropriate voice totally and convincingly, there would be no meaning for me in this act. The meaning lies within the desire to appropriate and the struggle to make the voice mine.

Through this experience of making the work *Martin and Me*, I would like to re-examine the relationship between Echo and Narcissus’ voice. If Echo can speak

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for herself, so that she can reply to Narcissus using his words, she must take in his sounds destined for her ears. If Echo is to take up her other, she will have to take him in. Echo will need to digest Narcissus’ words and give back to Narcissus his words to eat through his ears. Within his words Echo gives back to Narcissus her unfulfilled desire. She shifts the phonic intention of the words making it her own. Derrida expands on the position of Echo in terms of eating, ‘It is necessary that I want the thing to be mine, and this holds as much for love relationships as for eating and drinking, perception and mourning. It is necessary that I try to make the thing mine but that it remain other enough that I have some interest in making it mine, other enough that I desire it.’

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Psycho

The Hitchcock film, *Psycho* (1960), is concerned with the impossibility of attaching a voice to a body or with the impossibility of re-embodiment. It establishes the isolation between the body and the voice and the problematic attempt to continue the voice without its original body.

How does the voice survive without a body?

In relation to *Psycho*, Michel Chion, a film sound theorist, applies the term of the acousmatic voice. The acousmatic voice is when the voice of another person (who is not yet seen or can neither enter the frame) is heard but is not attached to someone. Chion explains ‘When an acousmatic presence consists of a voice – and above all when that voice has not been visualized, and one cannot therefore put a face to it – one is dealing with a being of a particular sort, a kind of talking, acting shadow, which I have named an acousmetre – that is an acousmatic being.’ Hitchcock presents in *Psycho* the occurrence of the separation between body and voice and introduces the acousmatic voice of Norman’s mother. It is a voice not belonging to a body and as a consequence is destined to wander on the surface.

The acousmatic voice is a sound one hears without seeing and without a cause revealed.

In *Psycho* the mother’s voice is the most authoritative of all the voices. It is a voice, which is cruel and nagging and dominates the film whilst positioned out of the frame. We are introduced to the mother’s voice when Marion overhears

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an argument from her motel room between Norman and an elderly lady from an upstairs room in Norman’s house. From a distance Marion listens to the mother’s voice behind a curtain within the window establishing a presence of the mother through the voice. The mother’s voice is the introduction of the acousmatic voice or within *Psycho* the acousmatic mother. This scene creates the desire to go and see the voice and confront its acousmatic position. By entering the house it is finding the site of the voice and bringing the mother into the frame, attaching her voice to her body. There is a need to satisfy the curiosity of the source to resolve the fantasized object belonging to the voice.

The second time we hear the mother’s voice is when Norman goes into his mother’s room to hide her in the fruit cellar. Here we gain a glimpse of her physical body as Norman leaves the room with his mother in his arms. The body is a passive body, doll like, and dependant on Norman for mobility. As a contrast the voice is strong and aggressive, rejecting the connection to the body as well as Norman’s body. ‘Don’t you touch me, don’t’ We almost encounter the meeting place of the voice and the body to satisfy our desire towards an embodiment. Hitchcock offers and retracts the anticipated embodiment teasing the audience’s expectation. The disjointed elements of the body and the voice still remain separated and are yet to be realized through the simultaneous assembly of a visible body and an audible voice.

Lila, Marion’s sister, discovers the cellar and finds the real mother in the form of a mummy. The existence of the mother is revealed to be a dead object. This terrifying scene attempts to place the acousmatic voice (revealing the de-acousmaticisation) but instead reveals the haunting capabilities of the unresolved position of the mother’s voice. The voice of the mother continues through Norman. Norman is possessed by his mother and her acousmatic voice. Norman assumes the voice of his mother and continues her presence in the form of
appropriation. Norman dresses up in the clothes of his mother to keep alive the illusion of his mother being alive. He continues the form of the original voice outside of the dead object, impersonating his memory of his mother. From the voice Norman simulates the mother, housing two personalities. But Norman loses control over his mother’s voice. It is the mother’s voice that haunts two bodies, one of the dead object and the other of Norman as a ventriloquist’s dummy.

Norman allows his possession of the mother to obtain a presence. Faced with the dead object he began to think and speak for her. He tried to be his mother. The inner voice of Norman becomes rendered by the mother’s voice to the point when Norman Bates no longer exists. The mother’s voice dominated Norman eventually taking over. Here the voice and body brush against one another. The character of Norman becomes a fused couple, quietly disturbing. It is the voice of the ghost mother that dominates the final image. Norman is cold and confined to his cell. The voice we hear is from the mother as a type of indirect ventriloquism. The voice is given a body but the body doesn’t have ownership. The acousmatic mother becomes the unseen ventriloquist whilst Norman remains as the dummy. In the final scene Norman is fixed to his chair unable to move.
I Thought I Saw the Silence

One morning I went to a park in the middle of a busy residential area in Osaka. I sat on the bricks, near a tree and noticed a man sitting on a bench far from me. We were surrounded by the sounds of cicadas. The sounds were hurting my ears; it was a comfortable pain, penetrating the inside and outside of my body. There was no escape. The air went through my ears, vibrating many of the microscopic ruptures. The sounds kept intruding into my body, shaking my brain. At 9 am, it was already hot and humid, my skin was sweating and the sounds of the cicadas were sticking on the moisture in the air and sizzling onto my skin. My body became the site for the remnants.
I walked around in a circle trying to cut and run from the sounds, but it followed me with the completeness of sounds.

I sat on the bricks again.

A man was still sitting on the bench.

I sat still.

I couldn’t hear any sounds from my body, even the shudder of my breath. My body was hardened by the sounds of the cicadas. There was a cool darkness in my head. It became a hollow or anechoic chamber where the sound was contained. I couldn’t hear anything from this chamber.
I was too tired to think during the great noise of cicadas. The noise eradicated all my thoughts. I was an isolated entity like a rock.
I saw the silence in the man on the bench. He looked like a comma as an object on the blank page.

‘Stillness
penetrating the rock
sound of cicada’
Matsuo Basho, 1689

In 1951, John Cage\textsuperscript{14} visited an anechoic chamber at Harvard University, entering the chamber expecting to hear silence. In the experience of the anechoic chamber presence cannot exist without sounds. The sounds of the body re-surfaced in silence. Cage described the experience:

‘In that silent room, I heard two sounds, one high and one low. Afterwards I asked the engineer in charge why, if the room was so silent, I had heard two sounds. He said, ‘Describe them.’ I did. He said, ‘the high one was your nervous system in operation. The low one was your blood in circulation.’”\textsuperscript{15}

Where does the silence go? Through Cage’s experience in the chamber and looking for silence or nothingness I do include the silence in his mind which is the inner voice searching for something. His headspace is talking or being stimulated in the chamber. Silence is living with the gap between the inner voice or thoughts in the head or thoughts in the visual sense as perception when it is realized there is no silence within the presence and one cannot escape from the sounds of the body.

\textsuperscript{14} John Cage is an experimental music composer, music theorist, writer and conceptual artist.
\textsuperscript{15} John Cage, \textit{A Year from Monday: New Lectures and Writings} (Middletown: Wesleyan University Press, 1967), 134.
The voice behind my ear

Earlier this year I applied for the Vipassana ten-day meditation retreat. The retreat involved not talking, not having eye contact and also not writing for ten days. I don’t meditate everyday and I thought it would be an interesting experience to go to a mountain and not have to talk to anyone.

Throughout the meditation a voice was in my head. There was a mouth behind my right ear, always in the darkness. It was always saying something, even if I thought about almost nothing it always seemed to appear. This mouth, behind my ear, was the only visual image in my head throughout this meditation.

When I was alone meditating I was still thinking. There was a voice in my head talking continuously, in conjunction with my process of thoughts or my thinking voice. Sometimes it stopped but it had only temporarily stopped. It was difficult to keep it quiet. This voice I could not control. The voice was a kind of creature talking to itself. It was a voice but not an emitted voice that anybody else could hear.

I was interested in that voice and what that voice was doing.

This encounter with the voice was not vocal but it remained an internal acoustic phenomenon. It was a voice but only experienced through my sense of hearing. It was not a speech directed at others or accessible to anyone else but was only for myself. Its language would wander and jump and sometimes not make any sense. It would go in different directions with unexpected outcomes. It was not a voice of conscience and was not clear about morality and at times remained boring and dull and normal. The voice was like my double or my doppelganger lurking behind my ear. It was my inner voice.
I listened to the audio lecture in Japanese (one hour long recordings) each day for the duration of the course. My inner voice was confused. I had been predominantly thinking in English before this moment. The switching of information from one language to another was significantly influencing this voice; it totally lost balance with language and started to speak in its own re-mixed language. My inner speech didn't have the filing system to sort out this audible information. It seems to be gathering the words and placing them in an audible storage without hierarchy. Things were recorded in my inner voice without being able to direct them and select them. Random words were stuck in my head endlessly replayed.

From my experience during Vipassana I felt that my inner voice appeared in different forms and positions. My inner voice was composed of multiple voices. My inner voice split into three main types. The first voice was the one behind my right ear. Analysing this inner voice led me to realize that there are other levels of my inner voice/my inner voices.

The second one is the voice, which sat near my throat. It has a sense of anticipation within the inner voice. It acts like being a part of the conversation or rehearsing, immediately or in the future. I will attempt to call this inner voice my inner speech because it could be uttered as speech. It holds the function of the running commentary and butts in and corrects the other inner voice’s errors. While I am writing this sentence, this type of inner voice has been saying, ‘um not this word’, ‘it is time for tea’, or ‘or or or’ etc. It is formed and functioned by a kinetic language.

The third voice commands the most territory. It penetrates into the borderless dark space from the top of my head. This inner voice performs like a daydreaming soap opera narrative, exaggerating into space the moment it runs
off on a tangent. It creates self-indulgent scenarios of fantasy, which could be between my consciousness and unconscious. It is in a recurring dialogue with my second inner voice, a sparring partner as a double act in a comedy. It can be flirtatious, indecisive and is easily distracted. This voice may be linked to my creativity, imagination and could be the origin of my other speaking voice whom I named George.

Malden Dolar explains in his essay *The Tiny Lag* that:

‘Inner speech by definition is unobtainable, irreproducible, for the moment one speaks it out or writes it down inner speech evaporates; it ceases to be what it is by definition, inner. It turns into something divulged and presented to others, fit for the public ear, even if apparently incoherent and rambling. Inner speech can by definition only lead a shadowy existence’.16

Is this inner voice connected to my thoughts? Does one think with their inner speech?

Heinrich von Kleist wrote the text called *On the Gradual Production of Thoughts whilst Speaking* and proposes the question, when does our thinking happen? Do we form it in our head, starting with our inner speech and then repeat with our outer speech? For Kleist, thought takes shape, as the title suggests, whilst speaking. The thinking space lies within the process of talking. We may have an idea or intention of what we are going to say but things change as we say it. In the act of talking, our inner voice becomes our outer voice and in this

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process of inner to outer something else is produced. From my inner voice to my outer voice I cannot always form what I want to say. Between the input to output remains, as Malden Dolar describes, ‘a tiny lag’ and further writes about its location stating ‘the tiny lag is populated by the inner speech’.17

Inner speech hovers between the outer and the inner, the public and private of language and thought. I am authorizing my voice as a receiver and as speaker in my head of inner speech. My inner voice, maybe hasn’t formed as a speech, when defined as inner speech and in the process of saying it, there is this ‘tiny lag’ or gap within inner speech and outer speech. In the process from my head towards speech there are restrictions such as editing, and moral ethics, oxidizing speech and transforming thoughts into a grammatical format presentable for others. The outer speech is the second time of saying it as an echo, one is inaudible and one is audible and through the process arises this little gap.

The author Samuel Beckett comes close to writing inner speech in the form of the nameless creature in the story The Unnamable. The character without a name lacks the encounter of the other, to whom to speak to. Through the lack of the other Beckett comes closer to the process of inner speech trying to achieve its pure state. Both the speaker and the person being spoken to remain unclear, remaining unnamable. Naming them would change the intention of the writing away from inner speech. It is not what is being said but the situation of saying. From The Unnamable, ‘I shall transmit the words as received, by the ear, or roared through a trumpet into the arsehole, in all their purity, and in the same order, as far as possible. This infinitesimal lag, between arrival and departure, this trifling delay in evacuation, is all I have to worry about.’18 This is what speaking is, the words received and recorded. There is the tiny gap

between arrival and departure and it is in this gap where inner speech takes its hold.

During Vipassana I didn’t miss talking or speaking because my inner voice was accessible all the time but I missed the process of writing. I missed capturing my mental notes using text, to record and archive my thoughts and feelings. I couldn’t rely on my memory.
Silence in Writing

From John Cage’s experience of the anechoic chamber, he realized he couldn’t have silence with his body, the body itself created sounds when everything was silent. When looking for silence he found silence within the picture. The still image could represent silence if there was no signifying material or something to signify sounds. In still images we can imagine sound or noises as well as silence. For example if there are two people screaming vigorously within the image, the space between the figures reveals the silence. The negative space, which doesn’t contain sound, might be the representation of silence.

To understand silence that was audible and perceptible, Cage found it in images. I attempt to think Cage found the relationship on the blank paper and within the space in the image. In 1961 John Cage published the text piece Lecture on Nothing, in the book Silence from a series of experimental texts focusing on inner perception. Cage composes the text using a four-column grid towards writing a musical score, which is between a drawing or a text based conceptual work or a speech composition using text, which Cage would perform. The format of the text-based work, which adopts twelve lines, allows a reader to read out or read visually in the head interpreting the spaces between the words and the commas as objects to pause at their own duration within the structure of the musical score. Cage looks at the image and the space within the image to hold the pause or thinking space, which is not in the act of listening but in the act of looking.

The image of blank space to render the blankness through the perception on the score might carry nothingness, it might stick the silence in the space of inner voice where the text is to be read out with an inaudible voice and hearing this blank without sounds. To place the sentences in the style of a musical
score, composing the gap in the site of image (paper space), Cage controls the space by embedding the time through the viewer's perception. Hearing is strongly bounded with time. Sounds always produce the duration. Sight is more connected to the space. ‘For sounds disappear into silence, the image, however, into emptiness. Therefore, sounds can portray its presence in images, because sound and voice can fill the void.’

I think Cage is challenging to express silence using the Japanese concept of Ma. My understanding of Ma, in Japanese culture, is a space between things. It is deliberately forming negative space. It could apply to both space and time. It is within the compositional elements. To intentionally create Ma in the conversation or speech, in the context of the comedy, Ma is in the timing of butting-in. It is best described as a consciousness of place.

Cage uses an aesthetic of silence to try to bring an ordinary experience into the field of awareness. Its organization of space of time and its attention to its own emptiness, turns it into a template for noticing similar relationships elsewhere, for example, among words and silence, ideas and experiences in the course of everyday life.

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At the Death of My Grand Mother

I didn’t have a close relationship with my grandmother. She used to tell me that I looked like a lumpen. (lumpen means homeless person back in the 80’s and it became a banned word. Now we call homeless, homeless) She couldn’t stand seeing me in vintage jeans. Females have to wear a skirt or a kimono. I had a very difficult time with her.

My grandmother passed away when she was bathing at her apartment in 1994 from causes of a heart attack and brain tumour. My mother found her body in the morning. My grandmother was dead quietly and she was still bathing in comfortable hot water. It was a 24 hours hot bath system, keeping her body warm. She used to go to Pokkuri Temple, where people go and pray for a swift death. I thought she had a perfect departure.

I got a phone call from my mother. I organized days off from work and rushed to my grandmother’s apartment. I was there around lunchtime. Her body was already cleaned and dressed in kimono on the futon in the tatami room. My mother was with the funeral director organizing the service. They told me to take care of my grandmother (body). A man explained to me that because of the brain tumour some fluid would come out from a part of brain through her/its mouth, my task was wiping that fluid. I was with my grandmother’s corpse for the next 48 hours watching and touching her mouth with cotton gauze in my hand.

It was a unique event with my grandmother’s death. I kept talking to her body. She was a difficult person before but no more. She became a great listener. I used to be afraid of her gaze with her big eyes. The gaze talked more than her speech. All night and the next day until the end of her funeral I kept talking to
her body with care and love. It was the longest talk to her and it was the longest talk for her, probably I talked more than all of our conversations we had for the last twenty years.

At the beginning of my task, fluid had mixed with her blood - after a while it was just clear fluid. I felt her body was winding down, especially the brain part. I talked to her but no answer. There was no voice coming out from her mouth, just transparent liquid. I hoped my talk made her mouth water as a response.
I Am Not Quite Dead

This project started from a simple question from my partner. He asked me ‘What should I do with your body when you die?’ I thought this was a practical issue due to the distance from my family in Japan. This question led me to contemplate the relationship between voice and body using my death. It has to be about the future when we talk about our own death. I decided to conduct an installation towards my funeral as the transition of this project. I realized that this is the exceptional and the exclusive chance, with my death as the concept of my work, using my corpse as a part of the installation to examine the correlation between a dead body and the recorded voice, performativity of language and non-performative body, loss of origin and reproduction, disembodied voice and an object, name and death, presence and absence. One never experiences one’s own funeral – and in a way, this is a similar experience to making a work of art.

When I think of my dead body as a material, it would become an object. It would still have a head with a face, a face with a mouth, nose, eyes and ears with holes, which have small capacities to grasp sounds wave from the air and a neck with a larynx. This body cannot utter. I am still performing as a body even if it is not functioning. How can I activate and co-operate this body with the voice, recognizing both as dead objects? The recorded voice for the body seems to have a trace of my presence in its voice but I am not in the present. The recorded voice echoes my voice from the past. It suggests duplication and reproduction of the sounds, which plays back at that point of time and its duration. I am dead (2010) was the first sound work which came into my mind. How would the intention of the sound recording shift with my dead body? How would the meaning of the dialogue operate with the dead object? Does the work still remain unchanged? To say ‘I am dead’, next to my dead body, does the
sentence continue as a lie? To say ‘you are not’ what is this second voice confirming through my death? This structure of the conversation led me to shift my focus towards language, which performs as a speech-act. How does the recorded voice and language activate with the fresh corpse?

I thought of the idea of the performative utterance as describe by J.L Austin in his publication *How to Do Things with Words* ‘in which to say something is to do something; or in which by saying or in saying something we are doing something’\(^20\) was the attempted strategy for activation. The performative utterance commits us towards an action or performance. The performative utterance desires to describe and transform. But the performative utterance is also haunted by a disturbance that is within the structure of the act. A performative utterance is exposed to failure. This is contained within the language of the utterance and especially in the act of the promise. If I say ‘I promise’ it is always possible that this promise may not be kept. It is possible I may not be able to fulfil this promise. According to Jacques Derrida ‘a certain foreign body is here working over our words.’\(^21\) A double struggle is realized in the attempt to activate, a struggle within the language and a struggle when the utterance is faced with my dead body. It is language in form but not in substance.

Japanese Buddhist monks would recite a monologue to commemorate a death. The mantra would be written in Chinese but the monks would sing in a specific language of Japanese. It is difficult to understand what is being said. The chant remains as voice without meaning for the listeners, which continues, never knowing when it is going to stop. Uncertainty of its ending would correlate with the nature of life. The monks would visit the house of the deceased as an


acknowledgement of the person’s death. During the process the deceased would be given a new name to take with them in the transition after death. They would persistently repeat the practice of chanting at specific yearly intervals, up to sixty years after the time of death. In the event, the chanting voice is a constant reminder of the person’s death.

The current installation of the propositional work for my funeral took the form of a display. Placed on a wooden bench, which is the size of my body, were three objects, a vinyl record with cover, a floor plan of the space the funeral would be conducted in and a letter asking permission to use the space and indicating the plan for when I die. The first element was the vinyl record. This contains the sound component to be played at my funeral with my dead body. Within the current installation the vinyl record implies the sounds, it carries my voice towards my death. The vinyl carries a set duration of time but yet remains as an object. It operates as signage. Through the use of the titles of the sound recordings, written on the back cover, the viewer isn’t required to listen but the record cover evokes the potential sound. How does the use of the titles, without revealing my voice, begin to operate? As you read the titles it conjures my presence, haunting the work.

I thought zero appeared before one.

The front cover of the record documents a series of dates representing a year from my birthday to the day before my birthday. Am I going to be alive in the future or will I exist until these dates? It is impossible not to think of my life in terms of date measurements. The work makes reference to the date paintings from the conceptual artist On Kawara and the use of the dates to confirm his presence. Kawara rigorously paints the date of each day, within the time of the day based on the solar calendar. But my doubt comes from seeing him stating
his articulation of the date. My doubt of the date creates ambiguity of the artist’s existence. It reminded me of a passage from One Hundred Years of Solitude written by Gabriel García Márquez ‘but suddenly I realized that it’s still Monday, like yesterday. Look at the sky, look at the walls, look at the begonias. Today is Monday too’.22 Stamping the dates on the surface of the record cover was a mundane process to fill the space. But as I approached the present date I continued to stamp the future dates with a sense of anxiety.

Melbourne artist Mutlu Çerkez experimented with future time in the title of his work. On the specified date Çerkez planned to remake the work creating its copy. In an interview with Robyn MacKenzie, Çerkez said ‘I imagined at the end of my life there being two series of works, the originals and the copies, in two different chronological orders. I thought the interesting thing would be the missing ones – the ones dated after I die’.23 Is he still alive? Çerkez’s conceptual based paintings include titles, stamped, imprinted and bounded with the artist’s existence to create absence through the use of the date. His presence continues through his promise; his work has yet to be finished. I think Çerkez would exist in between the past and the future. His paintings are claiming the artist’s absence within the materiality of the work. Mutlu Çerkez died on the 15th December 2005 or 9th December 2005 or 11th December 2005.24

How does the work perform from now to my death?

My Father's Piece of Shit

At my parents’ house, right next to entrance area, there is a small toilet. One day my father felt ill and that was the very last time we had to call the ambulance to our house. My father was acting a bit weird; he started to destroy his ship, which he had been building for quite a long time. It was a very detailed wooden model. Around this time of his life, his brain was losing lots of information especially towards language. Losing his marbles was restricting his love of reading. The ship was a replacement for reading. And now he was using a part of the material from the ship to destroy the main body of the ship. It was nonsense but at least it was not a hybridised action. I felt relief.

My father had intestinal trouble; he was in the toilet and made a mess. He crawled out from the toilet and the ambulance picked him up. Oh great! Now I have to clean up the toilet with a worried feeling or melancholic feeling. I knew he was dying.

It is the last piece of shit my father left in our house. I made a quiet decision to leave a piece on the wall without telling a member of my family. The toilet becomes a personal museum. The piece I always visit and see privately.
BIBLIOGRAPHY

Publications


**Film**


Appendix A
List of Works for MFA presented for examination

1. *I am Charlie Sofo*, 2012
   Digital sound recording, movable wall, dimensions variable

2.1 *Stretch I*, 2012
   Text on paper, 841mm x 1189mm

2.2 *now here*, 2011
   Digital print 152mm x 102mm

3. *I am Patient*, 2011-2012
   Closed room, video, 10:46 mins

4. *In the C’s office*, 2012
   Video, 14:34 mins

5. *In a singing style*, 2012
   Graphite pencil, dimensions variable

6. *Funeral Piece*, 2012-
   Table, letter, vinyl record with cover, floor plan, mug cup, plaster, upright trolley, dimensions variable

   Video, filing cabinet, 3:48 mins

   Video projection 2:03 mins

9. *... and the little one said*, 2012
   Digital sound, headphones, 8:37 mins

10. *Quad*, 2012
    Trolley, video, 6:19 mins

11.1 *Everything is okay the lights on now*, 2012
    Digital sound recording, 14:27 mins

11.2 *Everything is okay the lights on now*, 2012
    Digital text animation, 50 secs
Appendix B
Photography Department Floor plan of MFA presentation for examination

1. I am Charlie Sofo,
2.1 Stretch I
2.2 now here
3. I am Patient
4. In the C’s office
5. In a singing style
6. Funeral Piece
7. Martin and Me
8. Lights on and off
9. … and the little one said
10. Quad
11.1 Everything is okay the lights on now
11.2 Everything is okay the lights on now

to Margaret Lawerence Gallery
to Sculpture Dept.
Appendix C
Images of Works for MFA presented for examination

Image 1

_I am Charlie Sofo_, 2012 (Installation view)
Digital sound recording, movable wall, inbuilt speakers, dimensions variable
Photographed by Christo Crocker
Includes sound sample No.1 (see Appendix D)

Image 2.1

_Stretch I_, 2012 (Installation view)
Text on paper, 841mm x 1189mm
Image 2.2

*now here*, 2011 (Installation view)
Digital print 152mm x 102mm
I am Patient, 2011-2012 (Installation view)
Closed room, video, 10:46 mins

I am Patient, 2011-2012 (Installation view)
Closed room, video, 10:46 mins

I am Patient, 2011-2012 (Installation view)
Closed room, video, 10:46 mins
Image 3.0, 3.01, 3.02 photographed by Christo Crocker
Includes sound sample No.3 (see Appendix D)
Image 4.0

*In the C’s office*, 2012 (Installation view)
Video, 14:34 mins

Image 4.01

*In the C’s office*, 2012 (Installation view)
Video, 14:34 mins
Image 4.0, 4.01 photographed by Christo Crocker
In a singing style, 2012 (installation view)
Graphite pencil, dimensions variable
Photographed by Christo Crocker
Funeral Piece, 2012- (Installation view outside)
Table, letter, vinyl record with cover, floor plan, mug cup, plaster, upright trolley, dimensions variable

Funeral Piece, 2012- (Installation view inside)
Table, letter, vinyl record with cover, floor plan, mug cup, plaster, upright trolley, dimensions variable

Funeral Piece, 2012- (Installation view inside)
Table, letter, vinyl record with cover, floor plan, mug cup, plaster, upright trolley, dimensions variable
Image 6.0, 6.01, and 6.02, photographed by Christo Crocker
Funeral Piece, 2012- (detail)
Table, letter, vinyl record with cover, floor plan, mug cup, plaster, upright trolley, dimensions variable

Funeral Piece, 2012- (detail)
Table, letter, vinyl record with cover, floor plan, mug cup, plaster, upright trolley, dimensions variable

Funeral Piece, 2012- (detail)
Table, letter, vinyl record with cover, floor plan, mug cup, plaster, upright trolley, dimensions variable
**Martin and Me**, 2012 (installation view)
Video, filing cabinet, 3:48 mins

**Image 7.1**

**Martin and Me**, 2012 (film still)
Video, filing cabinet, 3:48 mins
Includes sound sample No.7 (see Appendix D)
Image 8

*Lights on and off*, 2012 (installation view)
Video projection 2:03 mins
Photographed by Christo Crocker
... and the little one said, 2012 (installation view)
Digital sound, headphones, 8:37 mins
Photographed by Christo Crocker
Includes sound sample No.9 (see Appendix D)

Quad, 2012 (Installation view)
Trolley, video, 6:19 mins
Everything is okay the lights on now, 2012 (Installation view)
Digital sound recording, 14:27 mins
Photographed by Christo Crocker
Includes sound sample No.11 (see Appendix D)

Everything is okay the lights on now, 2012 (Installation view)
Digital text animation, 50 secs
Appendix D
List of sound recordings (samples only approx. 1 minute) for MFA presented for examination

The numbering of the sound sample is based on the floor plan and images. (See Appendix A, B and C)

Sound Sample 1.  *I am Charlie Sofo*, 2012
Digital sound recording. 3:48 mins

Sound Sample 3.  *I am Patient*, 2011-2012
Digital sound recording, 10:46 mins

Sound Sample 7.  *Martin and Me*, 2012
Digital sound recording, 3:48 mins

Sound Sample 9.  *... and the little one said*, 2012
Digital sound recording, 8:37 mins

Sound Sample 11.1  *Everything is okay the lights on now*, 2012
Digital sound recording, 14:27 mins
Appendix E
Supplementary works relating to the work *Funeral Piece*, 2012 for MFA presented for examination.

1. Proposal for the use of Ormond Hall and to the proprietor George Christopoulos.

2. Floor plan of Ormond Hall.

3. A template to gather email addresses for an invitation to each person to attend my funeral. (During the presentation 134 people wrote down their contact details)
Dear George,

It is great to be alive, but sometime in the future I will be deceased.

In my art practice, death and being are fundamental themes. During the last two years I have been focusing on the voice as material as a part of my body and mind in the context of visual art.

I began to work with the concept of death and voice, which will be an ongoing project till I die. The project is conducting a part of my own funeral. I will make some work with my own voice and archive it in the format of a vinyl record.

I want to organise a venue, funeral director and producer, who will activate the vinyl record with my body as the final installation of this project. This vinyl record (a collection of sound works) will be updated once in a while (hopefully every year...). When the new album comes up, the previous one will be replaced (launched for public).

Some of the reasons why I chose this venue is simply because I love the building, which contains personal memories I have in the space.

Also, I like its history (used as a dance hall for blind people). This would influence the conceptual framework of my work.

I'd like to propose, with your permission, to use Ormond hall for my departure.

It is impossible to know when I need to use this venue for my own funeral but it is more about propositional request rather than a plan with a deadline. With this in mind, I would ask you with a time limit.

Could you please allow me permission to use Ormond Hall for my Funeral for the next five years? (16 May 2012 - 15 May 2017)

I hope you are well

Yours sincerely,

Makiko
If you are interested in coming to my funeral, please leave your contact details with me. I'd like to send you an invitation and be a part of my funeral piece exhibition.

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