

# Come Hell or High Water

Dark Moon

July 5th

Two days after anti-racism protesters in Bristol tore down a statue of slave trader Edward Colston, a statue of noted slaveholder Robert Milligan was removed from outside the Museum of London Docklands. Milligan's monument was removed to "recognise the wishes of the community" said the Canal and River Trust.

"The Museum of London recognises that the monument is part of the ongoing problematic regime of white-washing history, which disregards the pain of those who are still wrestling with the remnants of the crimes Milligan committed against humanity," they added.

Milligan Street is 100m from Limehouse foreshore

LIE was created on 4<sup>th</sup> July 2020.



Anne Bean LIE, Milligan Street, E14

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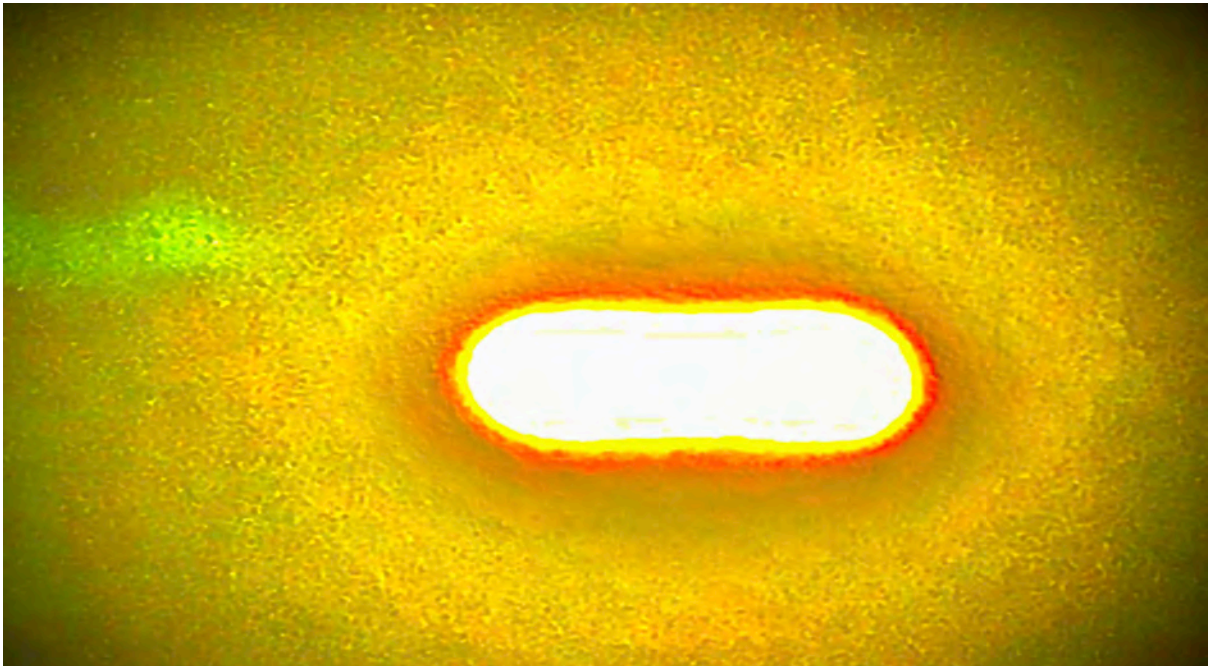
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All works , except *Rhythmajik* were made within the last couple of months  
Jade Blackstock and yol were listed to be on the foreshore along with Amy Sharrocks  
for July 5<sup>th</sup> CHOHW but are far from London.

## *Unseen Unheard*

Nina Sobell



Still from film *Unseen Unheard* Nina Sobell, April/June 2020, 6'08

*Unseen Unheard* is a metaphor in motion for the soundless and sightless pervasive virus penetrating the world's inhabitants.

Using otherwise inaudible VLF (very low frequency) sounds, coupled with images that are derived from darkness, a specialized sequence emerges:  
First sweeping the earth, then unfolding up to the sky and beyond, into spacial trajectories and finally returning to earth, reuniting with the human in hybrid forms.

<https://vimeo.com/433801976>

## Dusk Chorus at Dawn

Bronwen Buckeridge

Birthday recording. 24th to 25th June 2020, 4.46am, Goonhilly Downs, Cornwall. Wrens, a distant chiffchaff, and the closing song of the nightjar.

A pair of Brady EM172s to an Olympus LS11 and D.I.Y. SASS out of a yoga block and fish tank filters. Audio, 3' 20.

<https://soundcloud.com/user-184024590/dusk-chorus-at-dawn>

## *Y&I Lockdown*

### Danielle Imara & Yolande Brener



Danielle Imara & Yolande Brener, *Y&I Lockdown* (1 minute film) 2020

Brener and Imara live in New York and London, respectively. They'd planned to make a short film in New York and London and meeting physically in Windsor, to follow up from *Y&I*, which was filmed together on the banks of The Thames. The pandemic forced them to repurpose their idea into a transatlantic film made in their living rooms. On opposite sides of The Atlantic, they perform a simultaneously executed couch choreography expressing the boredom, anxiety and isolation of Covid lockdown. Also highlighting the connectedness of the collective experience, the action is accompanied by excerpts of a phone conversation about their experiences.

<https://vimeo.com/405386701>

## Lake & Pool Dream

### Rough Work

'Rough Work' are Rachel Cohen and Kevin Moore.  
we make experimental and improvised live performances with electronics , percussion, vocals, movement and domestic objects.

For Come Hell or High Water we have made a new, collaborative work while socially distant in separate cities on the south coast.

Rachel reads a narrative of her dreams amongst the ambient sounds of her garden. Kevin has added layers of electronic sounds.

<https://soundcloud.com/user-495862808/lake-pool-dream>



## Jade Blackstock

### Commendazzo/ cummndazz / conventazzo (Sicilian Dialects)



Jade Blackstock Stills from video, June 2020

Materials: Pala d'Ficurini (Sicilian Dialect - leaf of prickly pear tree), white paint, honey, rope, glass bowl, marble bowl

Due to the coronavirus pandemic, my journey across Mexico was cut incredibly short. I'm houseless in London, so two days before a strict lockdown, I have found myself in Sicily - the homeland of my partner, where I would stay with his family for the next couple of months.

I have been here many times before, but this time is different. I've seen the snow on the peak of Etna thaw completely between March and May. 'Sirocco', a notorious hot wind covering the sky with sand from the Sahara, spends a few days here. An extended stay has allowed me to see further, look deeper into the centre of Sicily. I am currently in a very small, rural, deeply conservative town named Valguarnera Caropepe, a bubble (/haven?) right in the middle of countless hot, arid wheat fields.

The landscape is peppered with monuments and memories of previous colonisations. 20 minutes away, Byzantine mosaics are preserved in Piazza Armerina. There are many treasured Greek remains in the south and east of the island. I haven't made my way there yet.

A few days ago, and in 38-degree weather, we both decided to hike to a site between Aidone and Piazza Armerina, a place he had visited a couple of weeks earlier. He says it's really old: it was first a settlement for the Sicani (Sicilian natives), then destroyed and made into a Pagan temple during the Roman Empire, and lastly, a monastery, before being abandoned after the killing of the last monk. We will have to climb uphill for almost 2 hours.

We spent 8 hours there, climbing, picking thyme, sleeping the best we could on the rocks inside a room's remains, and working.

<https://youtu.be/pasFXTfwabM>



# From Mouth to Source

An inside/outside stream meeting between.

This sound-work originated with an installation, *From Source to Mouth*, an aeolian harp of 7 strings, each 60 metres long, strung over Limehouse foreshore, installed by Anne Bean and recorded and composed by Nicol Parkinson.

The strings were partially ‘swallowed’ twice a day by the high tide and buffeted by gusts and breezes. In Aramaic wind, breath and spirit are the same word.

Whilst listening to this recording through your ears, listen also inside your ears to your own river. Swirl and suck your spit-stream around your mouth, tongue, cheeks and throat, creating your own tides and eddies.

The recording can be heard:

<https://sites.dundee.ac.uk/cooper-gallery-inbetween/hearhere/bean-parkinson/>



*From Source to Mouth*

Anne Bean, CHOHW April 2020



# Rhythmajik



Video still from Heart Beat Ear Drum: a film about Z'EV by Ellen Zweig

On 9th July 2018, Anne Bean, Barbara Steveni, Miyako Narita, Richard Wilson and Ellen Zweig travelled together to the foreshore at North Greenwich, with Z'EV's ashes.

This was the spot where Z'EV had spent much time gathering bounty for his sculptures and instruments. As the sun set and the tide came in, these friends of Z'EV made totemic installations of fragments of metal, bone, stone, shells, wood and ZEV's ashes over the foreshore. They then sounded out their own soul music using voice and some of Z'EV's instruments, until the river claimed and reclaimed these shreds and scraps from life and lives.

Trailer Heart Beat Ear Drum (1'22):

[https://www.youtube.com/watch?time\\_continue=10&v=cRFZ4JQZCwk&feature=emb\\_logo](https://www.youtube.com/watch?time_continue=10&v=cRFZ4JQZCwk&feature=emb_logo)

# the sun the river yol

Last year I collected some water from the river Hull, intending to bring it down to London and pour it into the Thames as part of a performance meant for the 5<sup>th</sup> of July. Then everything went to shit and everything stopped moving. Or so it seemed, actually it was mostly just the people. Outside, the rivers carried on.

I'm trapped though, with this bottle of river water. Instead of the original plan of merging a bit of the Hull with the Thames I ended up merging trapped free range water with domesticated tap. The blended water is trapped in a bowl, it sounds angry like everything trapped. So do I. Outside, the rivers carried on.

<https://youtu.be/Wz6PWc5Xtrk>



Still from the sun the river, June 2020 7'56



## SETH GUY: GOING OUT, STAYING IN, AND STAYINALERT



In 2014, at the request of Emma McNally, I made sound recordings along the Thames for her blog during *MirrorCity* at The Hayward. Using her studio (temporarily gifted by the Canal and River Trust) in Canary Wharf as the base for my research, over four or five days I walked back and forth between City Airport in the east, to Bow Creek and Trinity Buoy Wharf, past Blackwall and down to Island Gardens, (briefly over to Greenwich south side through the foot tunnel) then back north again and up past Millwall and into Canary Wharf, then passing through Limehouse, Wapping, and on until Tower Bridge in the west. Both inspired by, and finding parallels with our interests in the meeting of old and new, chaos and order, change and constancy, the visual and the sonorous (and too knowingly through this activity both the real and the virtual), we were time rich and cash poor, but for me at least, after an MA that somehow then felt as though I'd gained some things and lost some others, listening and *applying* my ears to a collaborative project made me happy. And while *MirrorCity* was generally poorly received, and no doubt my recordings online were rarely heard, the project had revealed and immersed me in an area of the city I'd been unfamiliar with and then grown to enjoy.



Courtesy N.Kite

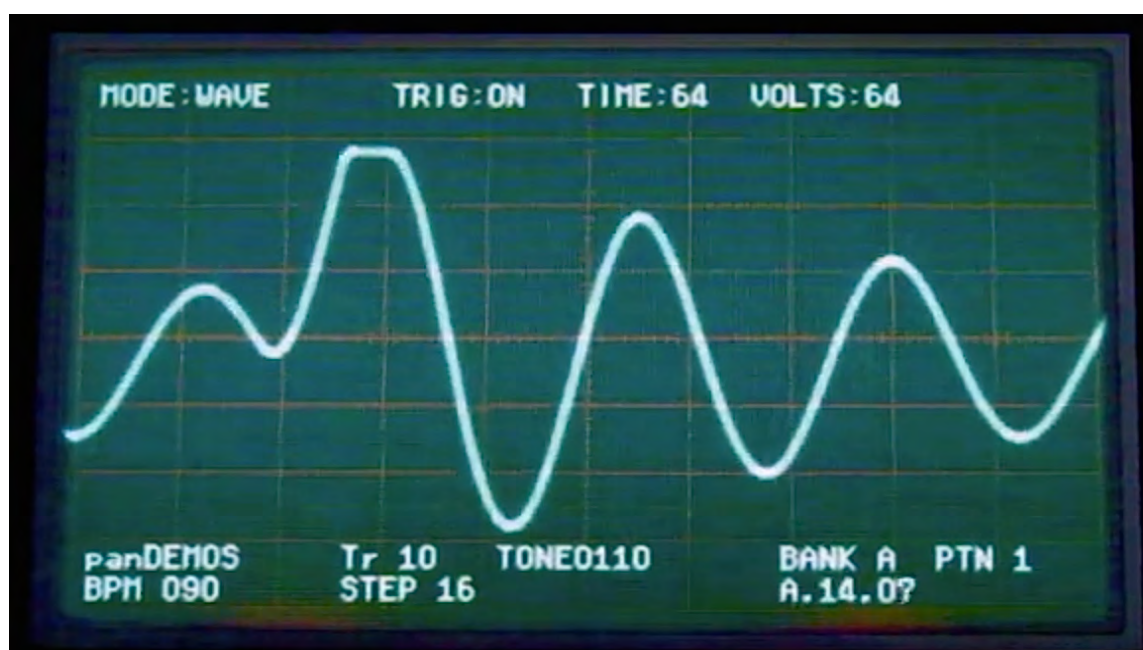
Two years later, and now a resident at Acme's Fire Station in Bromley-by-Bow, with views from the fourth floor both east and west, I lived but a stone's throw from the river and canals I'd then explored. While completing *The LiteraryMix* a collaborative online project which had not yet found momentum or much of an audience, I opted for a contrast to my recent hermetic and virtual activity with a return to working very much in the real. Keen to experiment and open the door of my studio to the world and people immediately outside, I



began what would become a long series of dinner party happenings called *D!N DINS*, where sound and listening, collaboration and participation would find a social and experiential setting in the meeting of creative people and performance over food and drink.

During this time I also had the great fortune to once again find love, and it was serendipitous too that my focus on artistic activity, time spent at home and in the studio, lent itself to beginning and then cultivating a long distance relationship with my partner in the USA. With Skype calls, instant messaging on social media, and regular visits from each of us between Baltimore and here (exploring and sharing in our cities together), which would continue long after marrying, and both relieve and then compound our impatience waiting on the visa, eventually, (with future plans and great excitement!) and the conclusion of my residency we came to choose South London as our home in February this year.

Within a month the pandemic hit and all our plans changed.

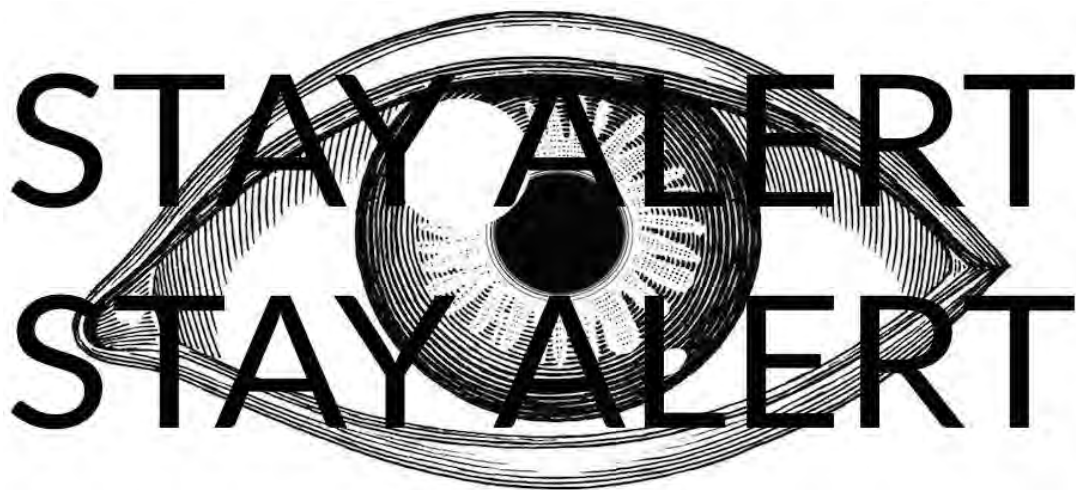


Initially working remotely from UCL and then later on furlough, I found the transition back to focussed artistic activity, albeit in a slightly uneasy domestic setting, awkward at first before finding my way. Unsure quite how a *D!N DINS* might work remotely, for fun I had prior to lockdown begun a little mix of chip tunes which I'd been working on my commute to and from work, and a commission which I'd had to delay with the move and my wife's arrival in the UK, now each offered me added distractions with far more time available to think. A project I'd been invited to contribute to, the *Surveillance & Cultural Workers Performance Seminars* would now convene its meetings online with little homework projects, friends and colleagues began their own online activities inviting participation; such as Selina Bonelli (*FE MALE Home*), Mark Anthony Pearce ('Coronaververs'), Victoria Karlsson ('Telesonic Transmission'), Calum F Kerr (*JD Swann/Flange Zoo*), Joan Schuman ('*The Dream Had Me*'), and Pas Musique (*Ambient Chaos Studio Sessions*). I also found that my green fingers found renewed freedom in cultivating our mean and meagre yard into a splendid garden patio replete with found objects and furniture, and, after her post on Facebook, Lindsay Seers also very generously sent me sunflower seeds ('*Super(seed)ed/an extension of Care(less)*') with which to germinate and grow my own. Socialising for the large part also was transmitted and received in phone calls, texts and with Zoom and Skype, so I had the feeling that now aside from my wife all my other relationships had become oddly and rather

familiarly long distance instead. And while real life became more unreal in many ways, somehow finally with us now allowed to be just us together as we should be, one felt that some good was coming out of this dire situation and might well persist beyond it.

Yet as time wore on and the duration of lock down became more indistinct I couldn't help, if only initially on an unconscious level, to be unsettled indistinctly by what I often saw and heard. Whether I was out at the shops, or reading, walking, or else browsing online, slowly a sort of fugue consumed my thoughts. In fact, I remember distinctly the moment when one morning I started speaking aloud as I rose from sleep, a sort of mantra: "*Stay... In... Alert...*," and in giving these words a voice, my voice, I needed to work with them right away. With time this became a performance script. I sent it out to colleagues to see what they thought, and with other and somewhat more pressing projects tried to put it aside.

However, I couldn't leave it alone. Troubled by the muted actions and the amplification of seemingly resonant but ultimately meaningless language transmitted by our government during the crisis, *StayInAlert* became a means to both personally circumvent the isolation of lockdown and in my absence from others hope to cultivate and give agency to their collaboration and participation offline. Exposing and undermining the inconsistent and confusing messages of national guidance and the nebulous instructions of behavioural change, the work developed further over time, incorporating the now ubiquitous Lato font and borrowing from the design and propagation of public information resources to become a slideshow, then an audio work, now a video.



Aware that my practice has shifted to working alone at home again and engaging with more activities based on and at a screen and what is experienced through it, I was delighted when after seeing my script Anne invited me to contribute to CHOHW. I'm very impressed with how CHOHW has persisted under these exceptional circumstances and resisted conforming to the 'new normal'. It has meant a great deal to me to still feel connected to Performance and other artists working out there both through the zines and the remote actions on the foreshore each month. And like CHOHW persistence in the pandemic, it is also imperative to me that my work strikes a similar balance between the live and the prerecorded and the real and virtual worlds in which work is experienced, participating and working with others in both, and to create new spaces for ideas and exchange. I feel a good sense of return to work again by the river that so captivated me six years ago, to participate in something more tangible once again, and in great company, (albeit at a distance of one metre plus!), and I hope that some of you reading this shall join us on the foreshore...

Seth Guy - StayInAlert (2020): <https://youtu.be/bgWbPbvzK9Q>