

Jules Gimbrone

Inside/Outside Oscillations

Part of the MIT List Visual Arts Center's 2023
Summer Series, *Replenish*



On the state:

I arrived at the Civitella Ranieri artist residency in Umbertide, Perugia, Italy on May 9th, 2023. As of this date, there are 549 anti-trans bills that have been introduced across the United States. Of these 549, 73 bills have been approved in 21 states across the country. These bills limit or restrict access to health care, legal recognition, education and the right to publicly exist.

On the tower:

My tower is approximately 20 ft in diameter, and 50 ft tall. There is a rusted deadbolt lock on the outside door. Inside are five windows that overlook the rolling green hills of Umbertide. The curved walls are white and there is an ancient wooden ceiling composed of two large wooden beams and a series of smaller beams creating what looks like spokes on a wheel. When there is a storm coming, I hear a low guttural rumble before seeing dark clouds forming smears upon the white sky out over the mountains. For the first week I was here, it rained almost every day.

The recordings:

On 5/13/23 there was a major thunderstorm that hit the castle. I used two condenser microphones to record the sound of rain hitting the roof of the tower. To me, it most resembled "white noise". Over the next series of days, I played back this audio through a small speaker and re-recorded the rain. Over and over again, I played back and re-recorded the audio in the tower, thus picking up the overtones and resonant frequencies of the room, in addition to the digital artifacts of the recording equipment.

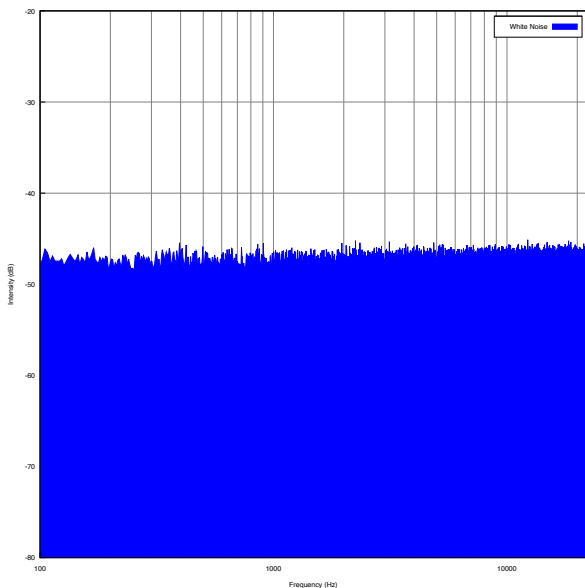
On 5/20/23 Manu Pessoa Lima sang and played flute with me in the tower. I recorded this, and played it back again and again like I did with the rain.

Over the next series of weeks, I mixed these layers of audio into a piece. Oscillating between the outside noise, and the inside voice.

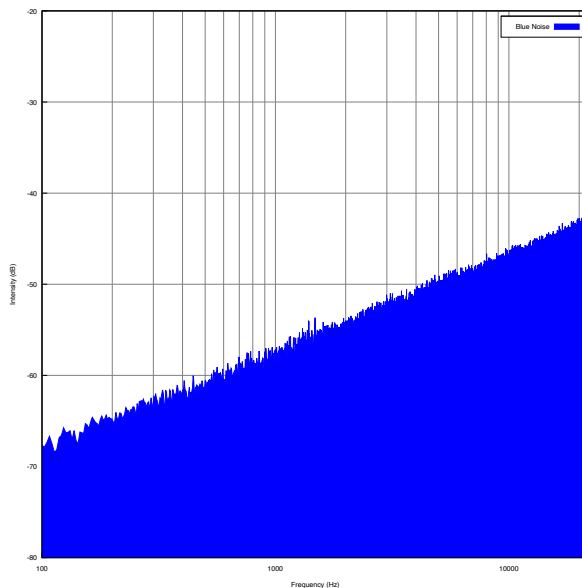
On noise:

Signal-to-noise-ratio is a term used in audio to describe the strength of an electronic signal that one wants to receive, compared to the strength of the unwanted information, or noise, that one does not. In almost every quantitative system of translation, there is noise that must be contended with, a looming distraction threatening to corrupt the desired information. In audio, it is a battle between the purity of the sonic “thing” you are trying to record versus all of the hums, hisses, distortions and crackles that are natural features of the signal chain. Professional studios are armed with a variety of physical and technical barriers to eliminate noise—dense materials to absorb reflections, technically exacting microphones, signal processors, acoustic-to-digital converters, etc.—all engineered to let the desired information in and keep the undesired information out.

WHITE NOISE



BLUE NOISE



Colors of Noise:

The acoustic quality of noise is defined, using colors, in terms of frequency (pitch) and intensity (volume). White, brown, purple, blue, pink noise are characterized by different qualities in spectral analysis whereas white noise is a random signal having equal intensity at different frequencies, giving it a constant power spectral density. All frequencies within human hearing (approx 20-20,000 hz) at approximately the same volume at once.

Whiteness, in this sonic characterization, is a sound that we experience as a “hiss” whereas colored noise is perceived as noise with a type of acoustic timbral shape, like a “shhh,” depending on the spectrum of frequencies.

On rain:

Rain is considered, acoustically speaking, to be composed of random droplets of water that are unique, and uncorrelated sound objects. A cacophony of differentiated particles that when perceived as a whole, sound like noise. The color of that noise, however, is determined by the density and qualities of the materials on which the droplets fall, in addition to a variety of other variables such as air pressure, wind, environmental features, etc.

05/18/23

I woke up to a blue stain penetrating the layers of my bed, a growing hole from a pilot pen that explodes on planes. A particular composition of cracked broken beaten blemished bruised stains that are exiled into this tower. There is a certain dark purple blue blood smear that is underneath skin bursting through that gives a particular intensity. And this sharp sound, a bright cobalt, is a stain.

5/25/23

The sound of a lost figure outside of warmth. A need to make our own sun. In this moment, there is much visibility of outer membranes burning bright like an effigy. Their fear ringing out as a showcase of their own, a fleeing of a type of exile inside of themselves boxed.

5/26/23

When is the noise a signal? And when is the signal a noise?

05/30/23

Inside the tower there is a cool clear reflection. And inside of this reflection is our voice. And inside our voice is a pure hum, noise, hanging onto an idea of quiet. Isolation is like a purpose that forges a question of connection through a tunnel that becomes a tower. Two circles, one above and one below—imagine a line curved.

And now imagine a piece of paper curved as a wall, a barrier. And inside of this, there is no outside. Inside of this exile is no outside want. And inside of this container is a belief in the power to create. And there is a falling and turning, flips that reorganize these circles.

So there is an inside and an outside right? So there is no outside? Right? So there is a peculiar orange shift that happens on the inside of this churning (an internal volcano?) where creased centimeters contain a certain type of light that blossoms into a being of becoming free, and a felted fabric figure wrung through my own rollers squeezed out the juice like a mop machine. Going inside to become a thing.

And outside there are forces, and mop handles, and fires, and signs that say “You do not exist” and “The you of you is noise” and every other form of refusal of their own malformed flakes of gender, or strength or impressed upon stupidity that is running amok in their own pant legs. A stiff beige. And I do not want my breath to be wasted on you.

We are noise like a match, like a howl, fleeing the you fleeced by a command. But noise is every sound together. A whole is also a hole. Above and below me a reflecting cylinder. Hard membrane and geometry; a place of banishment. Your monster, my diamond encased by two circles singing. If you wanted, a whole universe inside. The malformed waste, a chimera for no one, pure vessel. Imagine a curved line, a blue speech speared and ruptured into an idea of rain.

Jules Gimbrone, 2023

