

## *Editors Introduction*

*The Response* is a volunteer lead, quarterly publication, funded by Fabrica Gallery. The works featured in this magazine have been inspired by Semiconductor's *Brilliant Noise*, currently showing at the gallery. The eleven metre projection of black and white images of the Sun was created by two British artists - Ruth Jarman and Joseph Gerhardt. The pair compiled the images during a five month fellowship with NASA. One of *Brilliant Noise's* most striking features is the unity created between the images and the soundtrack. There is a direct correlation between the pitch of the sound and the intensity of light in the image.

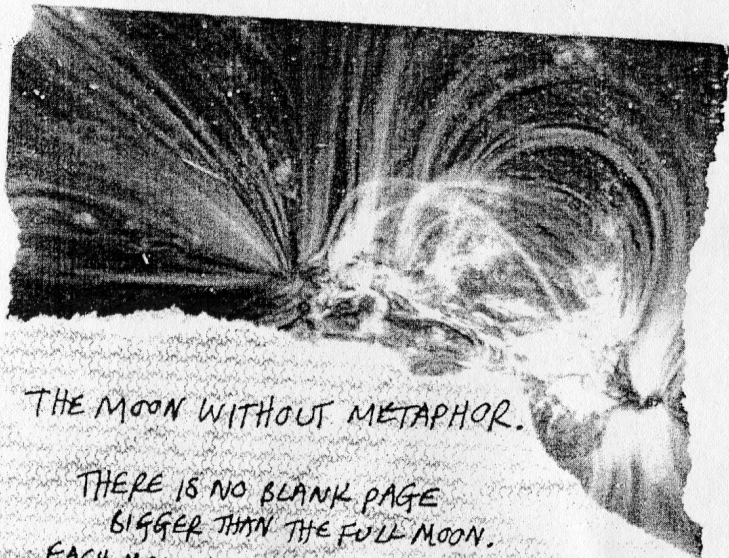
The data displayed in *Brilliant Noise* has yet to be 'cleaned-up', as images of the Sun usually are. This draws attention to the man made nature of the technology which was used to capture these images. In this way, our experience is mediated. This is further emphasised by the soundtrack that has been applied, even though it has been intertwined with the images. It is a manufactured soundtrack, not a naturally occurring range of sounds.

A central concern in Semiconductor's work is the dichotomy between science and religion. This dichotomy was the inspiration for a supplementary short film in the *Brilliant Noise* exhibition, 'Do You Think Science...'. In this sense Fabrica, as a disused church, is an ideal setting for this technological exploration. The works displayed within this third issue of *The Response* are all defined by the themes set by the *Brilliant Noise*.

By Sophie Costin.

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FRONT COVER BY NED MCCONNELL



## THE MOON WITHOUT METAPHOR.

THERE IS NO BLANK PAGE  
BIGGER THAN THE FULL MOON.  
EACH MONTH I COVER IT WITH POEMS  
UNTIL NOT ONE MORE WORD WILL FIT.  
THEN I START TO ERASE  
MY SILLY RHYMES  
AND DISCOVER  
A MOON  
WITHOUT  
METAPHORS.



Wave

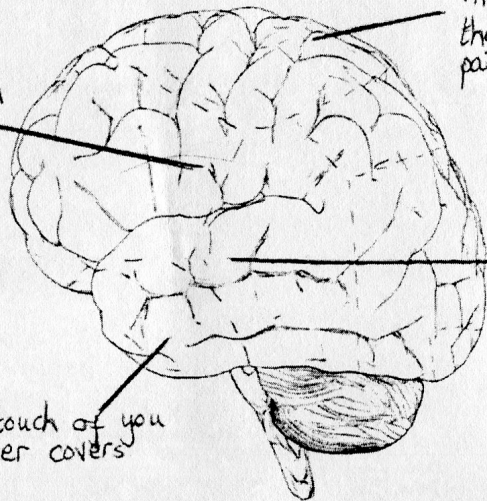
Nathan Hitchcock  
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The sound of a storm  
at the top of the  
moors.

The time I fell off  
the climbing frame, hot  
pain in my arm.

The touch of you  
under covers

The sight of  
you, laughing or  
you cry



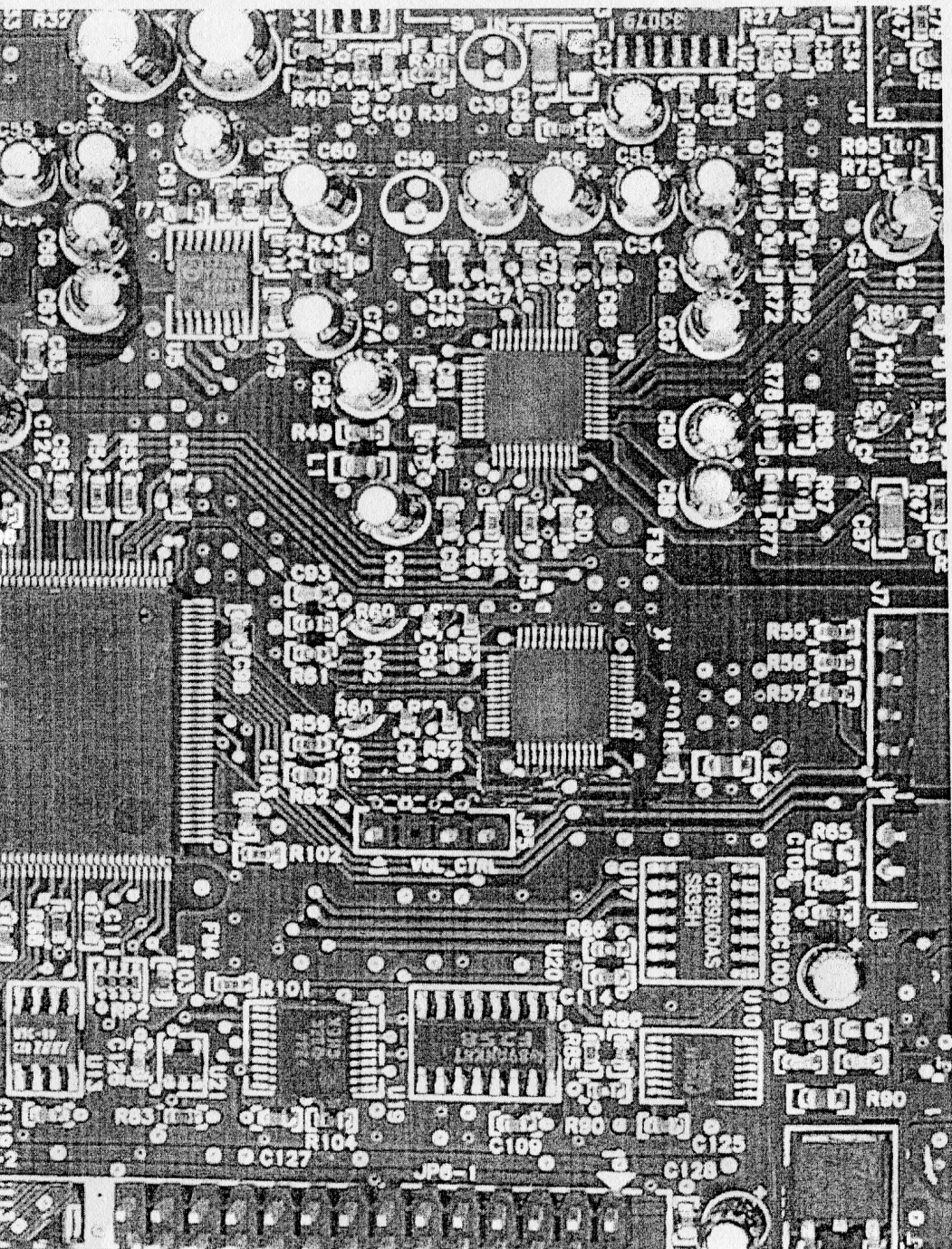
While you dissected.

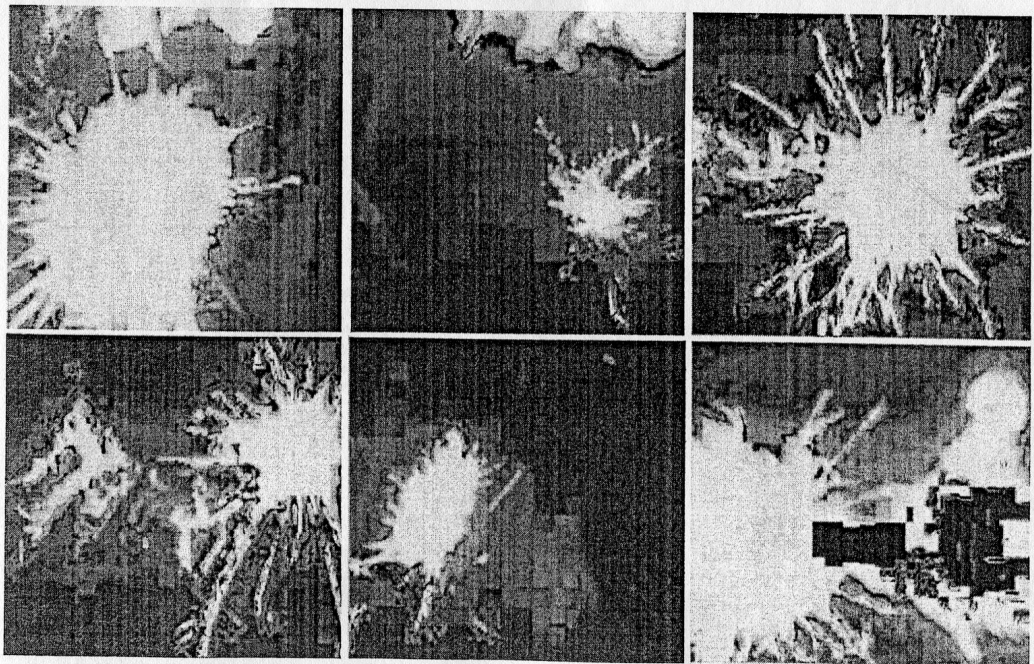
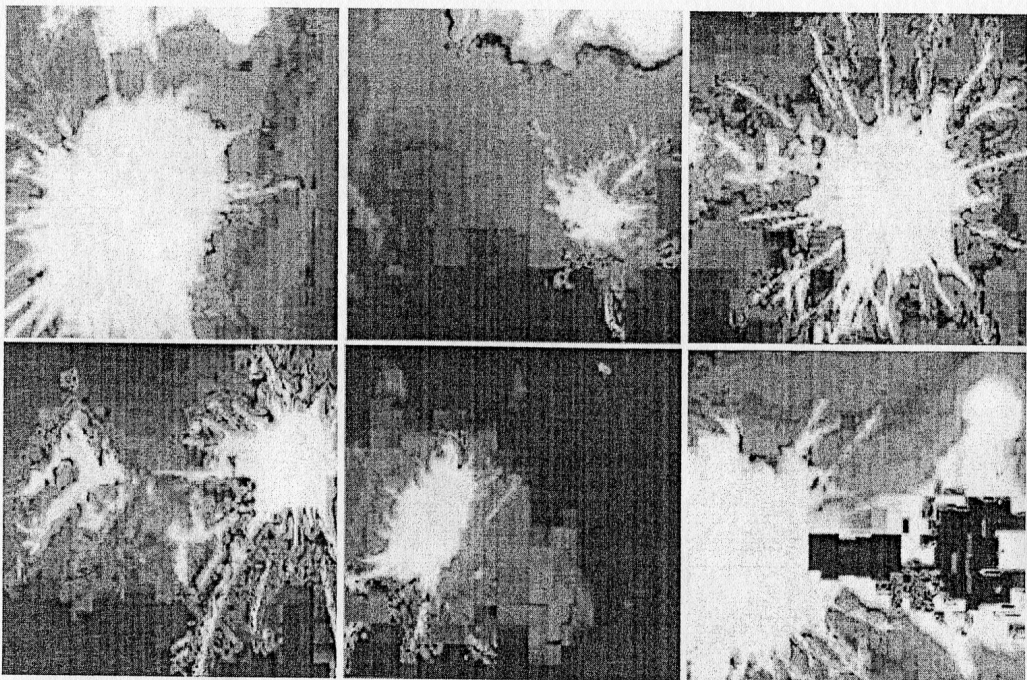
my mind knows no formulae,  
yet I am told my brain is made  
Of cells,

and that the thoughts  
That come to this page  
Are electric pulses.  
That my hand which holds  
The pen  
Is ordered by this brain

And that this brain,  
This brain that is in my skull  
Can be divided into sections  
on the dissector's table.

- So, while you were  
dissecting  
I was dissecting too,  
and did away with your  
language  
to write something of  
which  
I knew.





Light Irrigations.

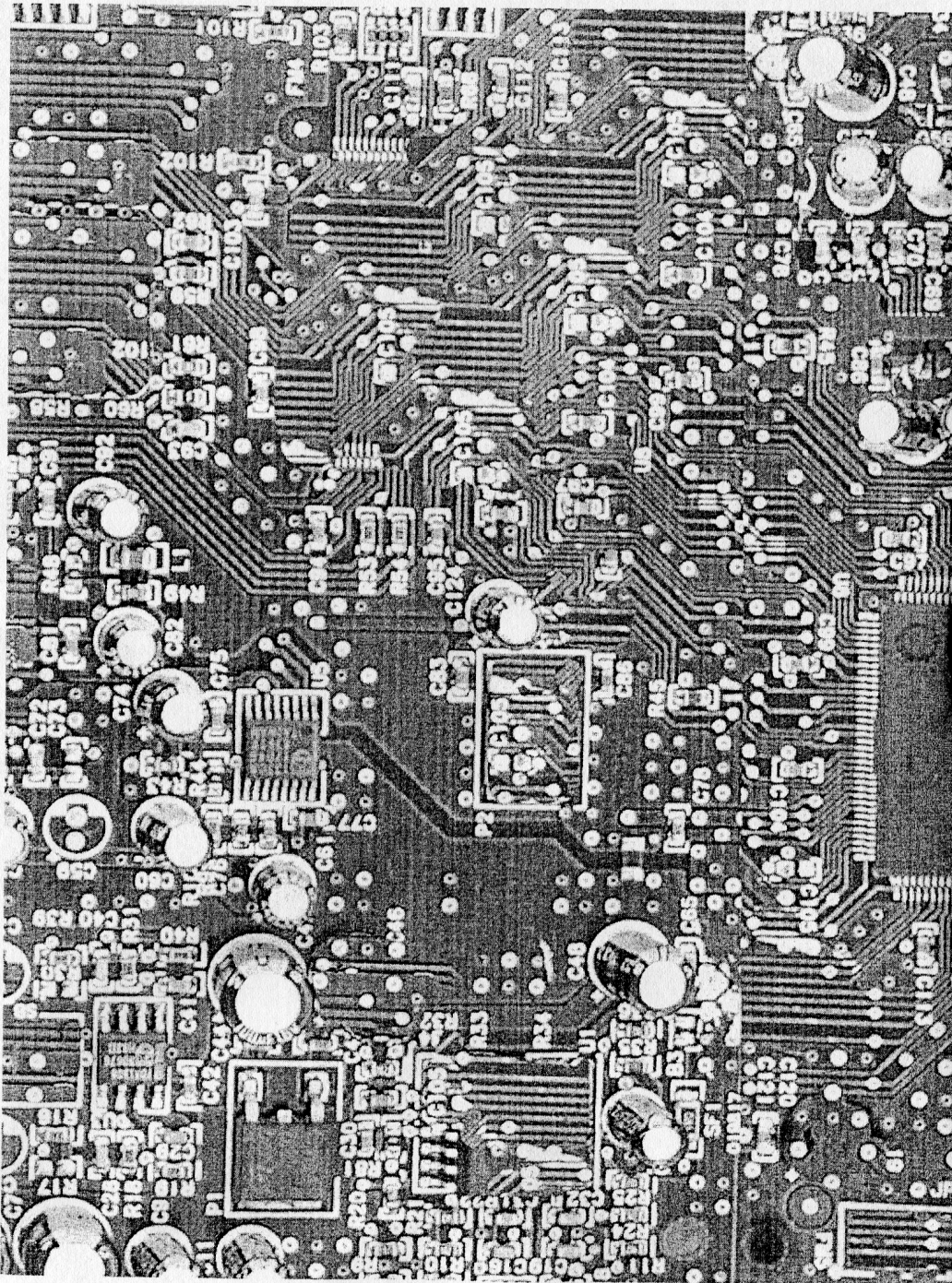
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Wave

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## FIRE LEAPING FLAMES.

I WAS WATCHING LEAPING FLAMES LICKING I DONT KNOW WHAT BECAUSE VISUALLY IT WAS ALL SO ABSTRACT BUT THE SOUNDSCAPE REMINDED ME OF THE WHOOSH I HEARD WHEN I WAS 19 WHILST MAKING UP TO GO OUT ONE EVENING IN MY DINGY BEDSIT IN MANCHESTER. I HAD STUFFED PAGES FROM THE GUARDIAN BETWEEN THE GAS FIRE AND THE GAP OF THE VICTORIAN FIRE PLACE.

I HEARD A WOOPH AND A WHOOSH AND SAW, IN THE REFLECTION IN THE MIRROR, TONGUES OF FLAMES LICKING THE BEIGE MANTELPiece. I SCREAMED "ESTELLE, FIRE, FIRE" AND WENT ON AUTO-PILOT.

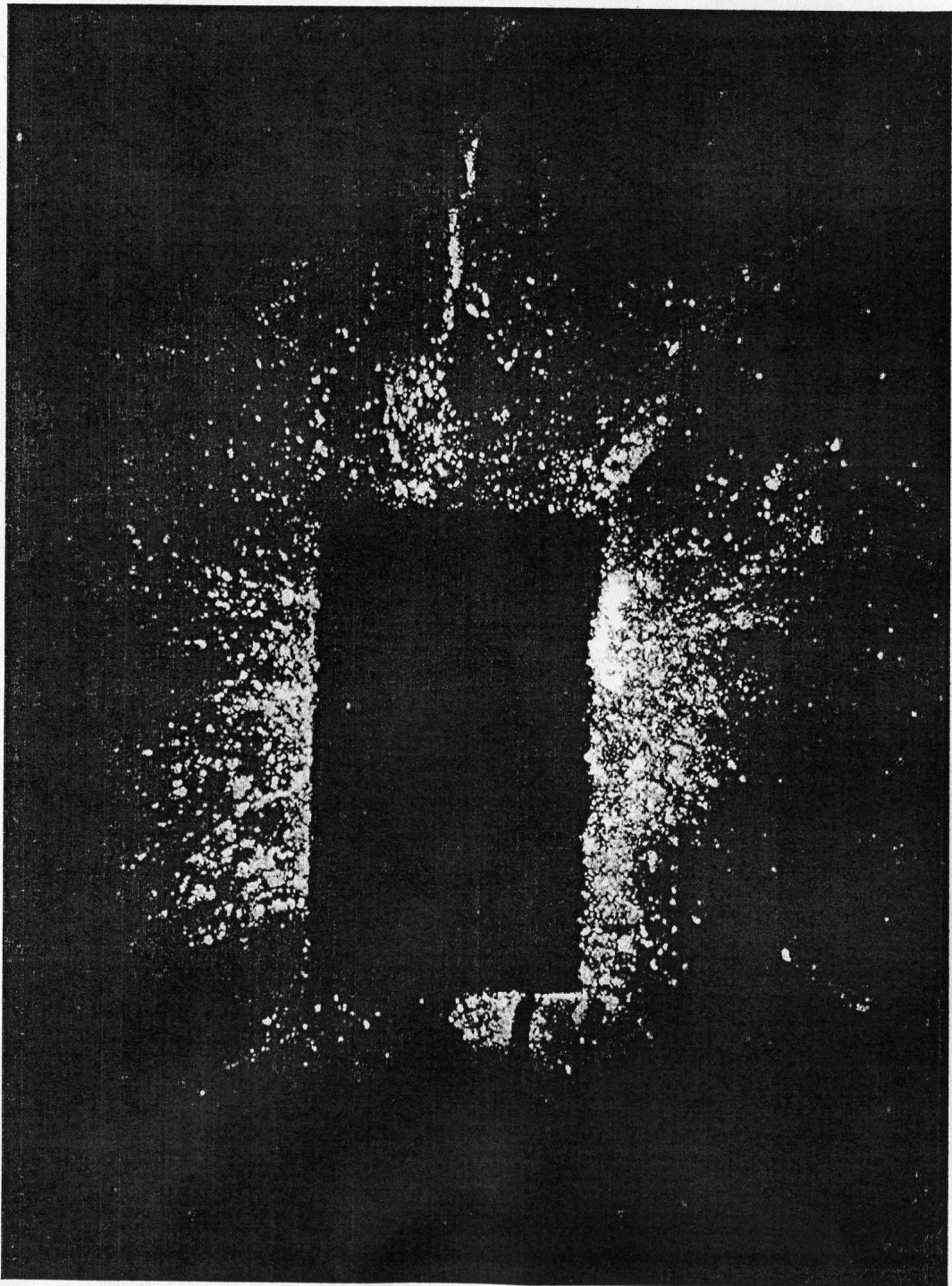
I MUST HAVE SWITCHED OFF THE GAS LIKE A GOOD GIRL AND RUSHED TO GET A BUCKET OF WATER WHILST STILL SCREAMING FOR ESTELLE.

WHEN SHE FINALLY ARRIVED I WAS PRONE ON THE BED SHAKING, WITH WET CINDERS ALL OVER THE FLOOR AND A FEAR OF FIRE THAT WAS TO DOG ME FOREVER.



## The Impact

The scabs from the impact, flaky white and bleeding. hot it was, around the round of my knee. The blood was dripping when it first happened and I thought is it surprising, this scab on my knee. I see you know, scab-like scorches across your globe, you that arch and wave into the breach, into the void, too transparent skins are flaking into a confining vacancy. You arch in belt-bached restriction. The scabs I see on you look hot-white, and though I can't remember what the impact was, (now, looking at the scar on my knee) I do remember the pain, and how I used to pick the skin for days after. Are you in pain? Do those wounds hurt upon your surface?



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