LA Timpa, *I Got A New Joint: What I Should'nt Do With The Money* July 5 – August 24, 2025

There is a rap at the door— BANG BANG BANG BANG BANG! The two freeze in place. Hands lift off strings, releasing pedals. The hum of the amp disperses in the atmosphere. Unsure or aghast, they pause and look at each other, unable to answer either's confusion. The door shudders several times more from a pounding. One eventually gets up to answer. His arm stretches towards the latch, allowing the door to open on its axis, but not daring to go any further. It's the neighbor from the ground floor, as visibly irate as she is distraught. The door is open. They mirror one another at the threshold. Yet, she has not quieted her fury. He takes a stoic yet apologetic stance in her wind. And then eventually, she leaves. The door closes and he reenters the room with measured steps, his face still fixed in confusion. She has heard me play for an entire year before this. The two sit for a bit longer deciphering what happened. Something about the frequencies of the two playing together—she was like nah. Something about the two frequencies was too much. Consider some physical body that can be set in motion by an impulse and continues to vibrate for a period of time after the impulse before coming to rest. [...] The vibrations of one body can serve as the set of weak impulses that can make another nearby body start vibrating. For example, if one strikes a tuning fork, its vibrations will cause vibrations in a nearby, similarly tuned tuning fork. This latter phenomenon – in which the vibrations in one object produce vibrations in another – is called sympathetic resonance. [...] one object can be communicated to another, even when there are no direct physical connections between the two. Dawson, M. R. W., & Medler, D. A. Sympathetic Resonance. In Dictionary of Cognitive Science. 2010, Feb-Is one so ruary. deeply incensed by this harmonic resonance—a metabolic disharmony? Or is it just noise? Be it harmony or discord, the resonance affected the neighbor so much so that she was stirred to act. BANG! The world has not been quiet since the 1700s. Blaring from this machine age, sound pollution proliferates infinitely. Through the busyness of engines, electricity burning. Moving through space, detangling out of the city brush—rushing. The sounds of bells, horns, and chains clinking. It is a cacophony of noise. And from the obscurity, one draws out the signals, intonations, tones that resonate. I heard you walk into the room. What was compartmentalized suddenly appears more porous, affected. may feel a reticence in wanting just a little peace and quiet. Conceivably, this issue may be apprehended by the discourse: it's not my type of music. Music already exceeds the matter of something before the meaning. The issue is really a question of reception. What is one's capacity for listening? Understanding scale and attunement may affect inexhaustible arguments in interpretation. Yet, if it is beyond the realm of comprehension, it's just noise. BANG! Nevertheless, one can proceed to get on the train, ride the bus, jump in the car, get on the plane, take the boat, and seek refuge in the misperceived quiet of nature. You will find a setting much more nuanced. Our response to auditory reception is not solely involuntary. We have the ability to listen to intonation, to hear spaces between the noise. It is a moment to listen, as Mark C. Taylor writes on the impossibility of silence. We have killed God by having forgotten how to hear silence. If, however, to hear silence is to silence silence, then the death of God is unavoidable. The question that remains is whether there is another silence, a deeper silence, a silence beyond silence yet to be heard in the stillness that surpasses understanding. Following the rhythmic cadenc-es, we discover what Pauline Oliveros observes is a symbiosis. Silence is not the opposite but in relation to noise. They are as immaterial as they are life itself. The two exist with one another within liminal space, and when we listen, we come closer to the something inexpressible. Reverberating. One body evoking another. Humming, ticking, rattling \(\) rustling \(\) chiming \(\) BANG! \(\) silence.

