



# Noise as Archive

Documenting noise praxis iii

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///The process has never been linear. It is a self-informing loop with controlled feedback. Bellow is the documentation of my journey in no particular order. All parts interconnected, informing one another. Returning and regressing, infinitely stretching outwards only to collapse inwards///

What should be the methodology of noise? What is the approach to studying and investigating noise? How do you grasp something that is always on the run? Should the question even be formulated using terms like capture or release? What is the way of being together-with noise?

The question carries the answer within itself. The question always already determines and outlines the shape of the answer

{"Every questioning is a seeking. Every seeking takes its direction beforehand from what is sought. Questioning is a knowing search for beings in their thatness and whatness. The knowing search becomes an "investigation"—a revealing, a determination of what the question is already aiming toward"}

(Heidegger : 3)

The answer is embedded in the structure of the question itself. Noise is always situated, thus political.

What, then, is the politics of asking?

Can noise be Socratically questioned? Is noise dialectical?

Noise is a scrambled answer, a broken record, the ink on a fading manuscript, an untranslatable scholastic debate, a spilled coffee stain, broken SD cards, bit-rotten information. Noise is the failure to provide a sensible answer. It is skin cells and body fluids soaking into the pages of medieval Pocket Bibles and manuscripts—biological markers, dead skin permeating the substratum, becoming one with the vellum. It is the booktouching, the co-cannibalism of word becoming flesh.

thus the methodology of noise cannot possible be something other than noise itself

*{}///I tried to catch what is always on the run.*

An epistemological approach to that which resists approach.

To capture the fugitive.

To think that which resists thought.

To think that which is where thought is not.

I came to fail.

To the point of utter exhaustion—

Where words failed me,

Sounds failed me,

*The body was never enough or always too much,*

Thought struggled—because it is thought itself that presupposes the *denoisation* of reality.

A *categoremata*,

A net of concepts,

Structures none of which are my own.

A *plenum* of voices,

The signification of imaginary order,

Reality always escaping and never grazing the Real.

The silence of it all.

*Thought is inherently against noise///}*

The interrogation of noise is always already verbal, always already non-noisy. The word arrives to bring order, to tame. In the beginning was the Word — a *logos* erecting phallic structures from the chaotic whirlpools of primordial seas and the devouring (m)Other, silently feasting on children not yet born. {To the soul, belongs the self-multiplying Logos} (Heraclitus fr. 115)

*The first word is the first structuring—the first ordering of noise, of meaningless sound transmuted into something conceivable, transferable, a substantial piece of code. A piece of matter. Logos, is noise turned matter, turned flesh.*

*Thought emerges to protect itself from noise by the power of language(s): grammar, syntax, signification, gender, binaries, sex - are its weapons.*

*Noise is the liquid signifier*

*A failure to make sense*



noise is a non-human noise  
 protest noise is a protest noise  
 spatial noise is a spatial noise  
 solace noise is a solace noise  
 there noise is a there noise  
 repetition noise is a repetition noise  
 time noise is a time noise  
 the Real noise is a the Real noise  
 define noise is a define noise  
 the noise is a the noise  
 the determined with noise is a the determined with noise  
 destructive noise is a destructive noise  
 protest Africa noise is a protest Africa noise  
 pervasive noise is a pervasive noise  
 destructive noise is a destructive noise  
 a protest noise is a protest noise  
 a commodity noise is a commodity noise  
 that which escapes noise is a that which escapes noise  
 noise is a political noise  
 noise is a riot noise  
 noise is a corporeal noise  
 noise is a contextual noise

noise is a fetish noise is  
contextual noise is queer noise  
is a weapon noise is the  
non-desirable noise is non-human  
is cacophonous noise is fugi  
noise is immersive noise is per  
noise is destructive noise is  
protest noise is a commodity

noise is a corporeal  
contextual noise  
is a weapon  
non-desirable noise  
is cacophonous noise  
noise is immersing  
noise is destructive  
protest noise is  
is that which  
political noise is  
is corporeal noise  
is silenced noise  
disrupts the  
that which is  
noise is effective  
noise is noise  
which the phallus  
solace noise is  
is intrusive noise  
is healing noise  
is always there  
noise is somewhere  
definitions could  
is that the other noise  
repetition of  
is desirable noise  
is relational noise  
truly signified noise  
is the unthought  
cry for help  
difference noise  
noise is the  
the sender and

[illegible][illegible]



///performing noise/drone gangbang series and sonic warfare/surveillance + videos + sound files + pictures (drone surveillance video, drone texts, pictures from the show + description)///

**Narcosonic Drone Gangbang** is a performance series dedicated to the exploration of sonic violence, surveillance technology and resistance.

It pushes both technical equipment and the body to their limits—to the point of exhaustion, media failure, and blown-out sound systems.

The goal is to uncover the *audio unconscious* and to expose the weaponization and militaristic potential embedded in everyday objects and technologies.

Emerging from extensive research into military drone acoustics, LRADs, mosquito devices, and other tools of sonic control and spatial regulation, the performance mixes, remixes and displaces the violent potentiality of such sources.

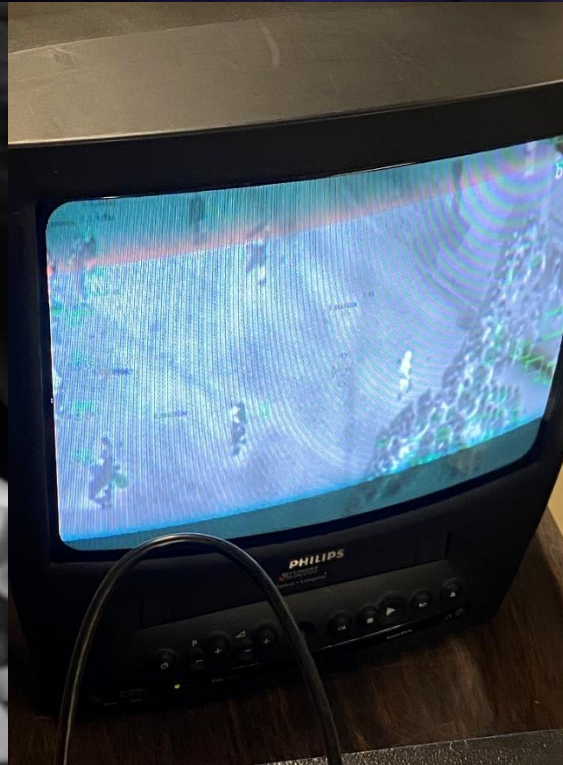
It redirects their intended use, embracing their negativity, repurposing sonic violence into a destabilizing state of sensory overflow.

The work features live generative visuals, broken FBI archives, surveillance footage, real-time text output, homemade scrap-metal instruments, soul-crushing distorted beats, contorting flesh and shitty jokes.

///dancing under surveillance///

- Noise album/recordings of experimental noise music, from glitched drum loops, images interpreted as sound, noise show recordings to fully automated, random noise generators and algorithmic creativity
- Performance registration 'narcosonic drone gangbang' (Additional materials: displayed text)
- Performance registration 'narcosonic drone gangbang (wasem edition)'
- AUDIOVISUAL material used in both performances: reworked leaked FBI footage of a drone surveilling a BLM protest, pseudo-generative audioreactive visuals ii and iii

*///Noise as performance practice [documentation]///*





system; I will not be a poor copy in your system, but I will resemble you nevertheless by miming the textual passages through which you construct your

... which you construct your system out of.	... (see table), ...
... which you construct your system out of.	... (see table), ...
... which you construct your system out of.	... (see table), ...

///Noise as commodity/market of experiences/how artist  
becomes a product///

fetishization and subsequent commodification of experience is  
inevitable  
under the capitalist schizo-project. Noisicians position themselves  
and  
their noise as a *pharmakon* to streamable, organized, "tamed"  
sound.  
However this ambition is itself fetishized, subsumed by the very  
market  
it's trying to oppose. The aura of unstreamability and  
unlistenability  
hovering above noise records becomes a product of value, an  
exotic  
experience to be sold. A lesson in capitalist realism?

I want to believe in the metaphysics of noise, yet I see Merzbow  
performing his live sets on a MacBook Pro  
Marketable forms of chaos and disruption,  
Is there a way for noise to be  
outside of market  
to be pure fetishizmata

I am in the market of exotic, snobbish experiences reaffirming my  
socio-economic status as a *cultured listener-consumer*  
somehow artists are the only breed so alienated from their own work  
that laboring for free is very much an every day reality that we are  
willing to accept. The artist is its own product, the image whose  
worth relies on supposed cultural and social capital. Cultural  
capital does not necessarily translate to monetary value.

I think of noise that the workers must have produced when destroying  
the machines meant to replace them in their workstations.  
Laudes Luddites!///Luddism - labor-based protest against  
exploitative industrialization in the 18-19 century England///

**Fuck me spotify, fuck me in 29 seconds**

///anything shorter than 29 seconds does not make you eligible for  
receiving monetary gain from spotify///spotify pays around 0.003\$  
per stream///to survive as an artist you would need at least 667 000  
monthly streams in order to receive a minimum wage///



now any more than the man

handing down the constitution. They serve a use

ful. They command the people to do as they please

them both. At some point an old lady in the city

summoned them to her house for a dinner

and they were all present

the dinner was a very pleasant one

the dinner was a very pleasant one

the dinner was a very pleasant one

the dinner was a very pleasant one

the dinner was a very pleasant one

the dinner was a very pleasant one

the dinner was a very pleasant one

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*///noisy bodies/moving-screaming-farting/abject performativity///*

There is noise in the intellectual exercise that is the Western tradition of contemporary dance. Dance, understood as technique – an arrangement of flesh – a disciplinary, political *praxis* of body-technology.

I think of the body that is being formed and molded by name-giving techniques meant to impose aesthetic value upon it. To mark it, and render it intellectually digestible.

*Asexual//Loose//Soft//Moldable//Non-resistant//Compliant//Stretched-out flesh//A youthful desire, jouissance, expanding itself through space, occupying it.* Empty touches and “bare particle” embodiments of ideals dreamed up by dying white men. Bodies succumbing to Freudian super-ego demands that can never be met.

Dance is never there. It slips. It flickers as a fetishized embodiment of the failed Enlightenment project: endless progress, endless control, expansion and subjugation. *You can always do better—and you should.* To give it technique and discipline, to give it names and a center. *To position everything under a hierarchy of points: center point and periphery; a driving force (state, head) and those who follow (subjects); a desexualized pelvis, an apolitical bone.*

To bring all your body’s processes—and all the different voices in it, all the different bodies within the body, the organs, the cells, the traumas, the memories, the urges, the vessels—under one coherent name. To discipline. To order. *To instrumentalize and tame.* To push through tiredness and fatigue, through exhaustion and anxiety - all for the sake of an unattainable something. For the sake of totality and coherence. For the sake of resisting the noisy.

*Bodily noise on stage is undesirable.*

*Protect me from the abject, oh father.*

*Dance is the technique of producing bodies without organs.*

*And then you get old.*



everything familiar

Figure 1. The effect of the concentration of the *Agrobacterium* suspension on the transformation efficiency of *Agrobacterium* strains. The concentration of the *Agrobacterium* suspension was 10<sup>6</sup> cells/ml (A), 10<sup>7</sup> cells/ml (B), 10<sup>8</sup> cells/ml (C), and 10<sup>9</sup> cells/ml (D). The concentration of the *Agrobacterium* suspension was 10<sup>6</sup> cells/ml (A), 10<sup>7</sup> cells/ml (B), 10<sup>8</sup> cells/ml (C), and 10<sup>9</sup> cells/ml (D). The concentration of the *Agrobacterium* suspension was 10<sup>6</sup> cells/ml (A), 10<sup>7</sup> cells/ml (B), 10<sup>8</sup> cells/ml (C), and 10<sup>9</sup> cells/ml (D). The concentration of the *Agrobacterium* suspension was 10<sup>6</sup> cells/ml (A), 10<sup>7</sup> cells/ml (B), 10<sup>8</sup> cells/ml (C), and 10<sup>9</sup> cells/ml (D).

///FAILURE/queer noise manifesto/glitching and rupture///

So how do I proceed?  
Do I adopt a patriarchal language—a *logos-ethos*—  
Pathologically prescribing noise to what it is not,  
Framing it into words and (...) that were designed to exclude it?

Noise appears here as rupture.  
A rupture of social order,  
Of order itself.  
A glitch.  
How do I introduce this alterity, this otherness into my text,  
Into my sound,  
Into my movement?

Maybe it is always already there.  
Lurking in the audio unconscious,  
In the linguistic substrate of rotting ideas and faceless  
universalisms,  
In the *hubris* and polarity of thought.

*I come to fail in my path of defining, of researching—re-searching—  
for noise.*

And yet this failure—this negativity—becomes another trajectory of  
noise.

Noise is failure.  
Noise is failure to be music.  
Noise is failure to be defined.  
Noise is social failure.

Queer art. The political possibilities of failure and negativity.

“By focusing on how sonic art employs failure as a methodology—and  
how queer theory reclaims failure as resistance to normative modes of  
existence”(…) (Brooks : 37)

*A technofeminist approach to noise.*

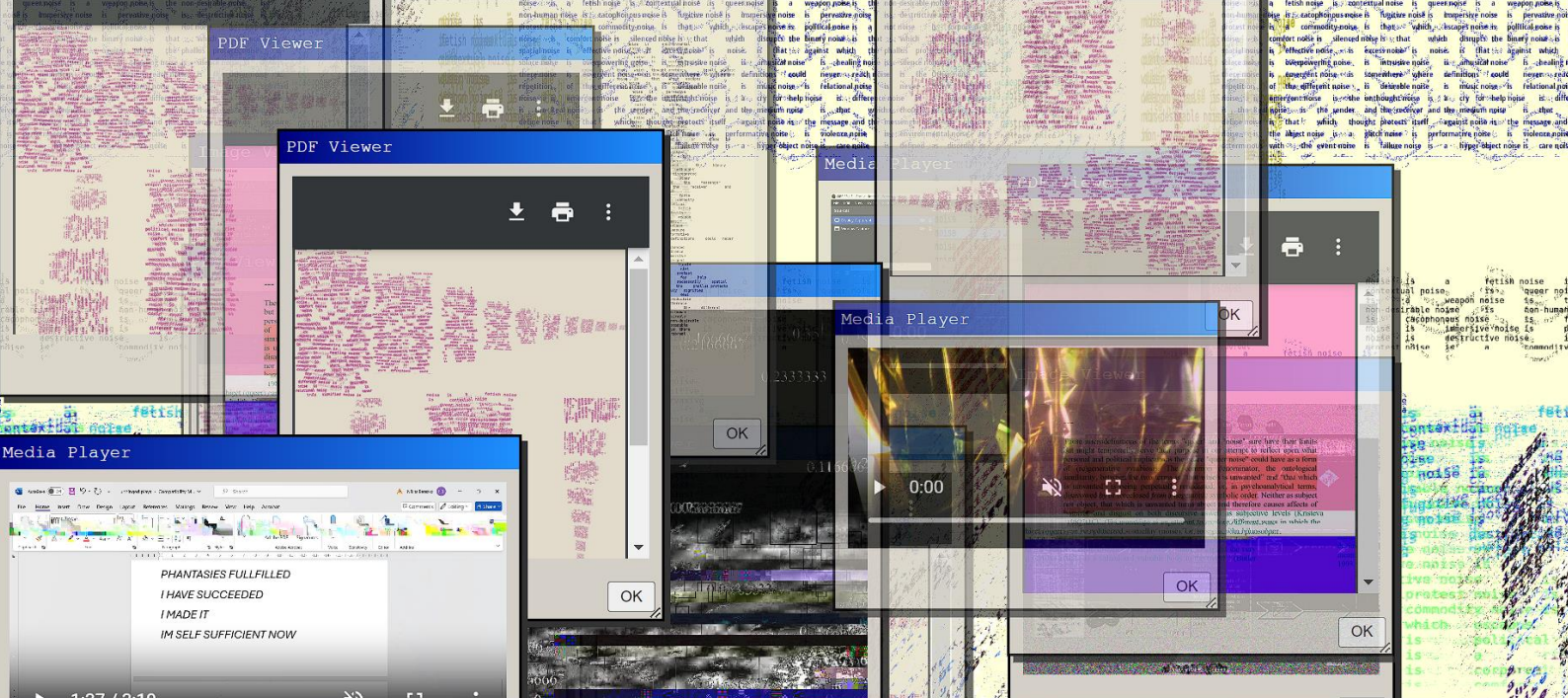
Glitch is rupture.  
Glitch is the fabric tearing  
Glitch is the antidote to the binarities of code.  
Glitches are the bodies deemed errors.

Noise is a glitch.

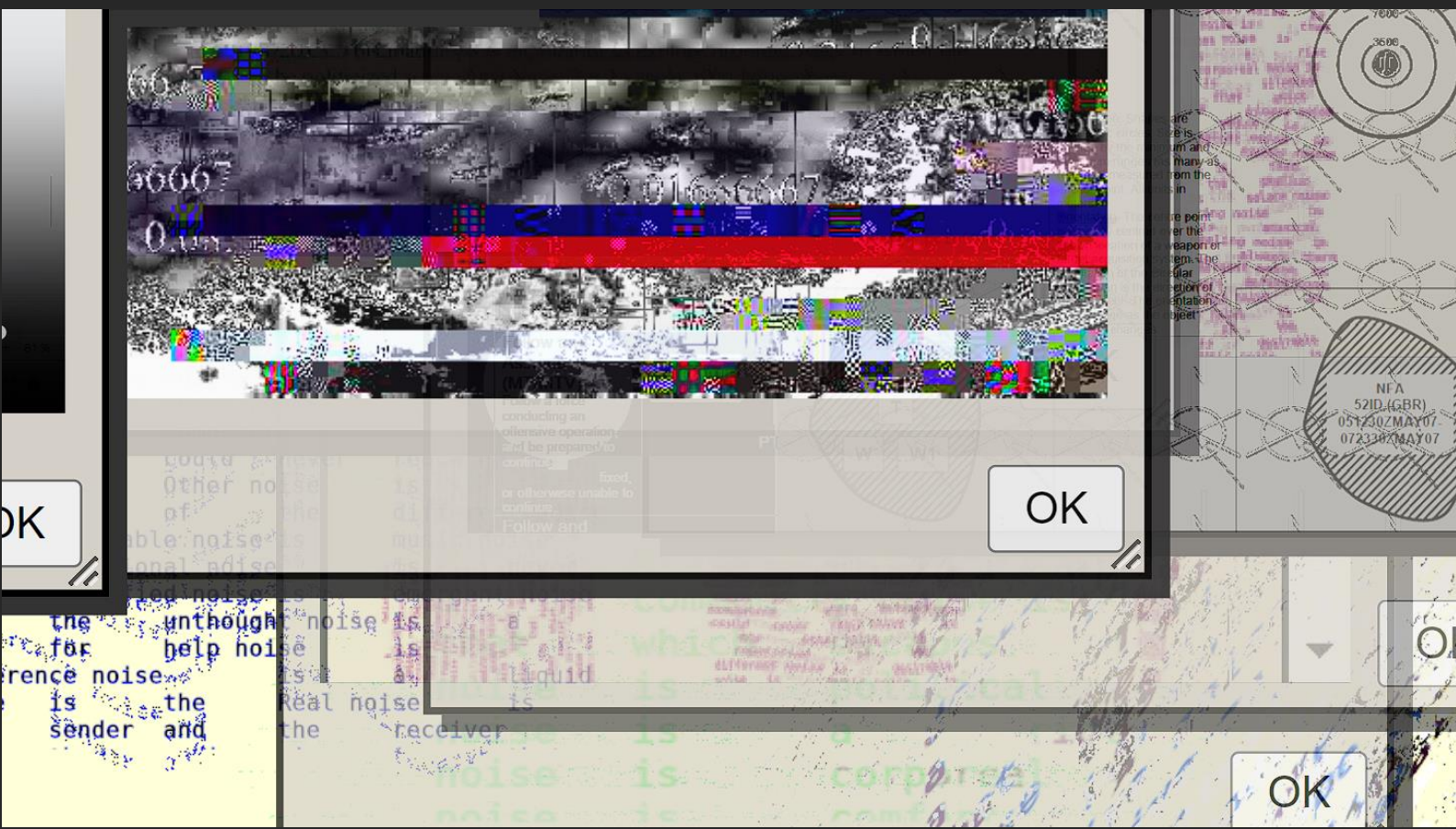








*The images you see on this page are screenshots of a website that I'm currently building to help me archive all the material collected during the process of this research*





{“Queer theory challenges static identity. It reveals identity as rehearsed, reiterated performance. Glitching the normative.

*Queer bodies are often seen as parasites, diseases, glitches.*

*Failed bodies.*

*Failed to be whole.*

Failed to be coherent.”} (ibidem : 39)

*A clear parallel with viruses, digital and biological.*

{“The emergence of the computer virus as a global phenomenon mirrored the AIDS crisis of the 1980s and 1990s. These twin viral discourses—one biological, the other computational—produced threats and fears that, in turn, spurred activism centered upon identity, security, and bodies. *Queer theory, emerging from the AIDS crisis and its homophobic discourses, began to emphasize queerness not only as a symbolic pathology of contagion and extinction but also as a field striving to bring a queerer world into being.*”} (ibidem)

Queer theory redirects failure and rupture towards heteronormativity itself. It uses disobedience and glitch, negativity and refusal as a method of survival and creation.

*Negativity, queer failure to be normative in the patriarchal discourse is seen as inherently pathological, queer sexuality as a set of inherently harmful and ‘infectious’ practices that lead to illnesses and outbreaks.*

As Judith Butler writes:

*{“This conflation [of illness and sexuality] has a long history (...) but finds one of its contemporary permutations in the homophobic construction of male homosexuality as always already pathological such that AIDS is phantasmatically construed as the pathology of homosexuality itself”} (Butler : 35)*

*///future trajectories for if there is one/back-to-the-start-  
end/digital alchemy and transmutation///*

*I come to accept the radicality of rupture—of the non-human, of that which is noisy — by introducing non - human agents into my writing and research. I invite bit rot, random data glitches, broken code, infected binary systems, missing hex code lines and uncoded data, overcompressed files, and pixels lost in translation. This is a datamosh of gender confusion, binary desires, academic failure, failure of economic productivity, failure of capitalism, an exhausted body and failed training, failed government, failed trust, infinite ambition and dreadful silence. A protest read as meaningless, destructive noise—something to be silenced. All the voices lost in algorithms, recycled plastic, and all the unethical labor that formed the **organs of this non-MacBook-Pro-elite** on which the text is being typed. The electromagnetic radiation, the thermal heat signature of my brain radiating, leaves traces of my bodily fluids made visible by the wonders of modern-day surveillance technology. Will I be identified by my piss stains in the bathroom, bombed to precision, ripped to shreds?*

*///PERHAPS///*

*It is the sound of my neighbors fucking, clashing in frequency, merging spectrally with the ocean of cars and busy-girl-street-life outside my window on a carnival-bright Sunday, that penetrates the thin wall of a cheap student apartment with translucent walls and poor heat insulation. It is perhaps this pervasion, this penetration, this being-all-over-the-place of sound, this taking up of space sonically, that was the starting—and maybe also the ending—point of a research that does not yet, or never, know what it is reaching for.*



*///Voiceless authorship/thought-no-thinker/attempts at bibliography///*

*This research would not have been possible without the sources and references listed below. Although the texts above often lack clear citations, the voices of the authors listed here echo and trace themselves over one another – so many voices, and none of them are my own. Noise erases authorship. Noise erases identity.*

*This bibliography is a last resort of reason, a last resort of thought – an attempt to map a cartography of ideas, a list of past sources responsible for future endeavors and actions.*

*But what about all the voices left unmentioned? What has escaped my attention? Whose voices have been (un)intentionally silenced or simply forgotten? What was deemed unworthy of citation? These constitute the noisy collective unconscious of the research you now face – on a screen whose resolution reflects your ability to pay for it.*

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