

EMERGENCE FROM THE MOTH'S EYE:
NOTES ON LIGHT AND SOUND IN CORNWALL

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~Body tingling from being immersed in the ocean, I became enraptured by the distinct quality of light seeping through the winter grey clouds. The interactions between the eye, atmosphere and sun became almost symphonic, balanced to perfection and interdependent in nature. Ecstasy took the water from my eyes and I was forced to submit to its grandiosity. Put in a state of arrest, I experienced a synergy of confusion and euphoria. Unity is infinitely present, our attunement to unity is rare.

~Light plays subterfuge with the eyes, striking a primordial curiosity toward phenomena outside our parochial enclave. Capture, representation and theft transform the experience of succumbing to the rarities of stillness into the denouement of the sensory narrative.

~If I were to gather a swatch of color frequencies visible in springtime Penryn woods, what chord would that produce?

~Cornwall, steeped in tradition, folklore, and ritual, is a centre for natural phenomena. The landscape and a rich tapestry of storytelling and spiritual practice are inherently linked through a vast history of listening with the land. Folksong, procession, and drone coat the land with an infrasonic reverberation. What resonances emerge from this space? How can we become more attuned to natural majesty, link-arms with fundamentality, no differentiation between singularities?

~I was drawn to the light like a moth, similar to when artists came to St.Ives in the 1950s and 60s to paint the water reflecting to the sky. One such appeal for me was the light peculiarity known as parhelia, parhelions (singular), or sun dogs. Halos, glares, and rays of light illuminate the often formidable coast in a lilac grey hue. The high humidity levels and hair-like ice fractal cirrus clouds light rings around the moon and sun. The light from the sun refracts off crystals, creating a rainbow-like orb around the planet.

~A severed moth wing has been glued to my window for a couple weeks now, its eye filtering the light that seers my cheek as I tune.

~Light and sound have the ability to channel external and internal ontologies. Optical and sonic phenomena can transport the viewer-listener-interpretive entity into a more defined truth, overcome with immense beauty and grandeur.

~Sensations are basic units of perceptual experience. I want to explore the sensations of immersing oneself in the magnitude of breath that circulates through nature and what surfaces or materializes from that space. Vast scapes, modulatory rivulets, density, gradients are explored in my sound studies to investigate themes of spiritual rapture, reverence, and ecstasy. Recoil from what we do not yet understand, or allow oneself to be slowly lured into the lacuna, eyes wide and listening. Is the biophilic's abounding love and fascination for nature a mirror of our core? To demystify through attunement with nature in an ongoing network of pathways and nuances rather than define fatuously?

~Our perception of light varies in the way our perception of sound varies. Both contain emergent qualities that surpass their original form. A halo produced from the sun and atmosphere, and an overtone produced from a fundamental, both stem from a *summation* of elements. Loudness-brightness, saturation-timbre, eyes adjust to brightness-ears adjust to loudness are all ways in which sound and light parameters are intertwined.

~Since sound and light are essentially the same thing, one using frequencies that are high above the human hearing range (400THz-790THz), they can be braided in matrimony without question.

~Perception is a continuous process of discovery, allowing the senses to unravel the object in question. Is it overtone phenomena that is emerging from the fundamental note, or our perception of it? Or is it our bodily response to varying rates of wave oscillations in the air?

~Our experience of the world is not isolated from its source. One begins to view themselves and their surroundings as one holistic entity. Consciousness, environment and the body co-exist. I inhabit the same world as a cloud, but it is because of my perception of the cloud that I distinguish a singularity within an infinite matrix of connections. Am I not as fleeting and translucent as a cloud? My lifespan in comparison to the age of the universe is merely a fraction of existence and I am always changing/morphing/aging/shifting. Could this be nature in dialogue with itself? Or intersubjectivity in practice?

~I once got a concussion from having a door opened on me. Messages from the brain are a result from the expected form of stimulation, meaning the source of stimulation can come from within the brain. For example, seeing stars when being smacked in the head comes from within the brain when in actuality there are no floating stars in front of the person being hit.

~Our perception could also be a series of tensions and dissonances that allow us to differentiate between things and draw conclusions to act accordingly. Enough energy to create distinctions requires friction. “Just as, when I look closely at snow, I break its apparent ‘whiteness’ up into a world of reflections and transparencies, so within a musical note a ‘micro melody’ can be picked out and the interval heard is merely the final patterning of a certain tension felt throughout the body” (Ponty).

~Just as color gives itself away through our bodily reaction to it, so does sound. A psychosomatic experience from Elaine Radigue’s music reveals its subtle undulations and glacial virtuosity. Perception is a process of construction and we are the creators.

~I am writing this in a church, sun cast on the stained glass windows making the phosphenes in my eyes dance when I close them. Murky voices hover, then float up to the high ceilings. Someone left the pastor’s microphone on. An intimate textural stereophonic live recording piece is amplified throughout the abbey. The light wraps the echoes in its sinewy embrace. Hums and buzzes worship the 4th and 5th harmonic.

~Every observer has a unique entopic perspective. How can one see a sun pillar differently from another yet they both experience an uncanny elation of the mind?

~Folksong, drone music, and flowering prose rumor through the Earth in Cornwall. Sound and light plant themselves like a seed, branching deeper into dark soil. The sprouts that follow are guided by unheard links between all things. The unpredictable emergence of phenomena in either light, sound or space is an opportunity for deep connectivity. Composing music is our way of mirroring the way our bodies compose reality through the senses.

~I will be releasing *Beaming Thine Eye Netherward*, a collection of lapses, spaces, and experiences on the summer solstice. Composed to make the wax in your ears melt into geometric offerings and spiralic warm broth. Feel free to reach out if you're feeling curious about ineffable sound oddities and/or would like a tape.

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Led with the deepest of loves, radiating parhelia.