

-----\_anechoics\_statement.txt

<sup>1. is typing</sup>  
"the eerie concerns the most fundamental metaphysical questions one could pose questions to do with existence and non existence why is there something here when there should be nothing why is there nothing here when there should be something"

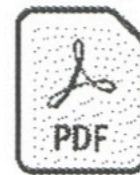
an anechoic chamber is a soundproofed room mostly used for sound testing where the absence of echoes makes it difficult for those inside to stay for long

people in anechoic chambers often hallucinate their own body sounds due to the lack of resonance

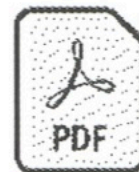
as modern echo and narcissus the anechoics are those who love each other without echo without the awareness of being real themselves

anechoics blends poetry printed on thermal receipts unsent or self sent instagram and whatsapp messages and .raw scans of polaroids 360 close ups and instax mini of my ghosts or how i imagine the life of the modern ghosts in the anechoic london and the darkness of the baltic sea

-----\_anechoics\_biblio.pdf



\_anechoics\_phd\_biblio\_fisher\_the-weird-and-the-eerie\_2016.pdf



\_anechoics\_phd\_biblio\_kristeva\_tales-of-love\_1987.pdf

1. is typing...

\_what if we met for the first  
time in an anechoic chamber

1. is typing...

\_the anechoics are those who  
love each other without echo

1. is typing...

\_in the way their love  
intersects and the waves keep  
drifting

1. is typing...

\_and i am not sure if your nose  
is still in the middle of your  
face i havent checked in years

1. is typing...

\_sometimes i take pictures so  
you can see how i age but i dont  
always send them

1. is typing...

\_and i forget to look at the  
mirror too

1. is typing...

\_but i could still feel your  
shapes in my smile

1. is typing...

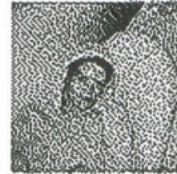
\_was i alone all this time



IMG001,RAW



IMG002,RAW



IMG003,RAW



IMG004,RAW



IMG005,RAW



IMG006,RAW



IMG007,RAW



IMG008,RAW

1. is typing...

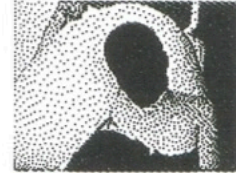
\_i know i wasnt but maybe i was



IMG009.RAW

1. is typing...

\_and when you text me i hear  
your heartbeat but this is only  
mine



IMG010.RAW

1. is typing...

\_they say people cannot stay  
more than 45 min in anechoic  
chambers before becoming crazy



IMG011.RAW

1. is typing...

\_they would hear their own blood  
and their bones and their joints



IMG012.RAW

1. is typing...

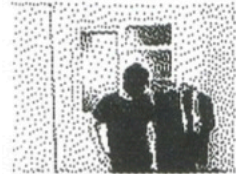
\_what if we met for the first  
time in an anechoic chamber



IMG013.RAW

1. is typing...

\_would i hear your bones as i  
hear mine without touching you



IMG014.RAW

1. is typing...

\_and there would be no distance  
and no you and no me



IMG015.RAW

1. is typing...

\_Just some blood and some joints  
and heartbeats and yours would  
look strange but mine would look  
strange too



IMG016.RAW

1. is typing...  
\_i forgot we are only humans

1. is typing...  
\_how long would you stay in the  
anechoic chamber with me and  
where would you start

1. is typing...  
\_where would i stop

1. is typing...  
\_would i stop

1. is typing...  
\_would you start

1. is typing...  
\_can you reach me in the  
darkness

1. is typing...  
\_and can you reach yourself

1. is typing...  
\_i hope you can



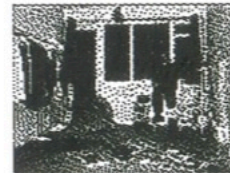
IMG017.RAW



IMG018.RAW



IMG019.RAW



IMG020.RAW



IMG021.RAW



IMG022.RAW



IMG023.RAW



IMG024.RAW

1. is typing...  
\_i hope yours doing well

1. is typing...  
\_can we listen to music in the  
anechoic chamber

1. is typing...  
\_does it pulse in your blood

1. is typing...  
\_\*\*our blood

1. is typing...  
\_i took the ferry from ventspils  
to nynashamn

1. is typing...  
\_and i danced with the mist and  
the mist became your ghost

1. is typing...  
\_and the obscurity was silent

1. is typing...  
\_and i danced again and again  
and again



IMG025.RAW



IMG026.RAW



IMG027.RAW



IMG028.RAW



IMG029.RAW



IMG030.RAW



IMG031.RAW




IMG032.RAW

1. to typing...  
\_until the morning but the  
morning takes a long time to  
come on the baltic sea


1. to typing...  
\_and i stood on the deck and i  
smoked with the men next to me  
who had nowhere to go but were  
going somewhere

1. to typing...  
\_and i sat on the deck for so  
long i ended up being sick until  
reaching london by plane the day  
after


1. to typing...  
\_the anechoics are those who  
love each other too much but who  
never get to build their heart  
an acoustic chamber and who  
cannot hear it




IMG033.RAW



IMG034.RAW



IMG035.RAW



IMG036.RAW

-  
lys  
destroyityourself.uk  
@anechoic,s  
london & the baltic sea