



BLEND
almanac
-
2025

Foreword
by
Professor Lee Miller,
Lead for Centre for Blended Realities,
Falmouth University.

There is a simple joy in overlaps.

Ideas apparently hewn from individual pursuits.
They do not simply bump against one another.
They merge, smear, and infect.

Accidental concrescence is the finest kind: twofold joy, manifold joy, n-fold joy.

Joy as wrapping; a material weaving of ideas landing on skin.
A fabric of thoughts, moving their way toward one another until the threads tangle in the hand. Your hand.

And what are woven ideas if not spells?

I write this in October, the long dusk of the year, with Samhain beckoning.
You hold a book of portals, doorways, hauntings, and memory; all are present here.

This Almanac is less a record of what has been than a register of crossings: places where practices touch, overlap, or accidentally grow together.

Like any true almanac, Blend concerns itself less with prediction than with timing. It is not a thing of certainties, but of hauntings. Ideas haunting other ideas, a catalogue of concrescences.

I won't tell you what this Almanac is for.
If it is for anything, it is for orientation more than instruction.

Hold it loosely.

Leave it where you will. (LM, Oct 2025)

Antti Saario

Blending Realities: Montage, Heterology, and Shared Listening

Blend (from Old Norse *blanda*, to mix) and montage (French *monter*, to assemble) name two faces of the same operation: bringing elements into proximity.

For an almanac ('a ledger of times'), blending is not smoothing but assembling temporalities, spaces, and bodies into a field of (mediated) encounter. In my sonic portray praxis, (spatial) blending is achieved by montage, not through the linear grammar of cinematic cuts, but through the photomontage 'logic' (e.g. think of the wonderful work by Linder Sterling) showing the whole and the parts at once. Whilst with time-space based art forms, such as post-acousmatic composition, we literally (read 'materially') cannot present everything 'all at once', yet fixed media superimposition lets multiple spaces and times be heard concurrently, and the ear tolerates (perhaps even 'desires') such simultaneity the eye would protest.

Montage becomes blending without 'flattening' and a way to keep difference intact while composing (of and with) relation. This stance resonates with a "heterology of sound": a celebration of *musique concrète* (and its 'offsprings') as impure praxis grounded in listening to the world's plenitude, not a "Platonic heaven of numbers and harmony" (Daniel, 2019).

The compositional ethic here is explicitly anti-purist (and, following Deleuze & Guattari, anti-fascist), resisting myths of sonic purity by embracing heterogeneous materials, codes, and contexts. Such heterogeneity is not a feature to be cleaned, it is the very machinic engine of meaning (production). Space is a method, not a parameter. Spatial form is where relations are made, tested, and felt, and an "an art of immersion" that stages the brink between worlds rather than erasing mediation (Sharma, 2020). In post-immersive ethics, opaque mediation (Brøvig-Hanssen, 2018) – the edits, the seams, and (spatial) ruptures – matter and preserve listener agency and the subject's singularity. Presence is composed through mediation, not despite it (Chattopadhyay, 2016). Each portray is a *haecceity*—a thisness, a singular configuration of voice, place, gesture, and space; each listening likewise, an

event of co-presence shaped by bodies, machines, and attention (Deleuze & Guattari, 1987). The fixed medium's heterogeneity sustains such singularity rather than dissolving it into a generic immersive wash. To sustain affirmative ethics we must "burst the binaural bubble" (Saario, 2025).

Whilst head-tracked headphones are powerful tools, the political economy of late-stage platforms tend toward atomised immersion and 'always-on' enclosure. Spatial audio's (and our) future depends on shared listening, on gatherings where (post-)acousmatic montage is felt (in soundwaves, in shared space), where the transducer-portal produces a public topology of presence and debate. Such events resist the 'drift' toward perpetual, privatised immersion and cultivate critical-affective listening, attention, and trust (Ramos et al., 2020; Wang, 2015).

These principles underpin my current cycle of four Cornish sonic portraits. Recognising montage as the work's 'engine', the portraits compose blended ecologies: voices situated in spaces, spaces folded into voices, fragments that resonate without being reduced. If blending once meant smoothing, here it becomes a concrete method for composing with the world's multiplicity, against purity, and toward shared, situated experience.

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Ciaran Clarke & Georgia Gendall

Lightbulbs and Testing: an annotated WhatsApp conversation between Georgia Gendall and Ciaran Clarke from the making of *Over Herd*

This breakthrough formed the core of the work as Georgia moved towards setting the work in a farmyard, drawing from Saturnalia and pantomime in examining the diurnal rhythms of agricultural work.



Georgia: Sounds good. I've had a bit of a break through with the idea. Am writing it up over next few days
10:41. 12th December 2024.

Ciaran: Thank you so much.
10:43. 12th December 2024.

Georgia: Keep in touch
10:50. 12th December 2024.

Ciaran:
Trumpet
An egg
Farmyard models
Farmyard gates
Salt lick
Worm on soil
Worm tools?
Gardening tools
Sandpit?
Diorama
22:22. 14th December 2024.

Ciaran: I am getting trumpet tomorrow

22:22. 14th December 2024.

Georgia: Ok I'm gonna grab as much stuff as possible. Could you get some worms from your compost?

09:50. 15th December 2024.

Georgia: We don't have a diorama but we could arrange some stuff as if it is a diorama

09:51. 15th December 2024.

Ciaran: "Ok I'm gonna grab as much stuff as possible. Could you get some worms from your compost?"

Yep!

09:56. 15th December 2024.

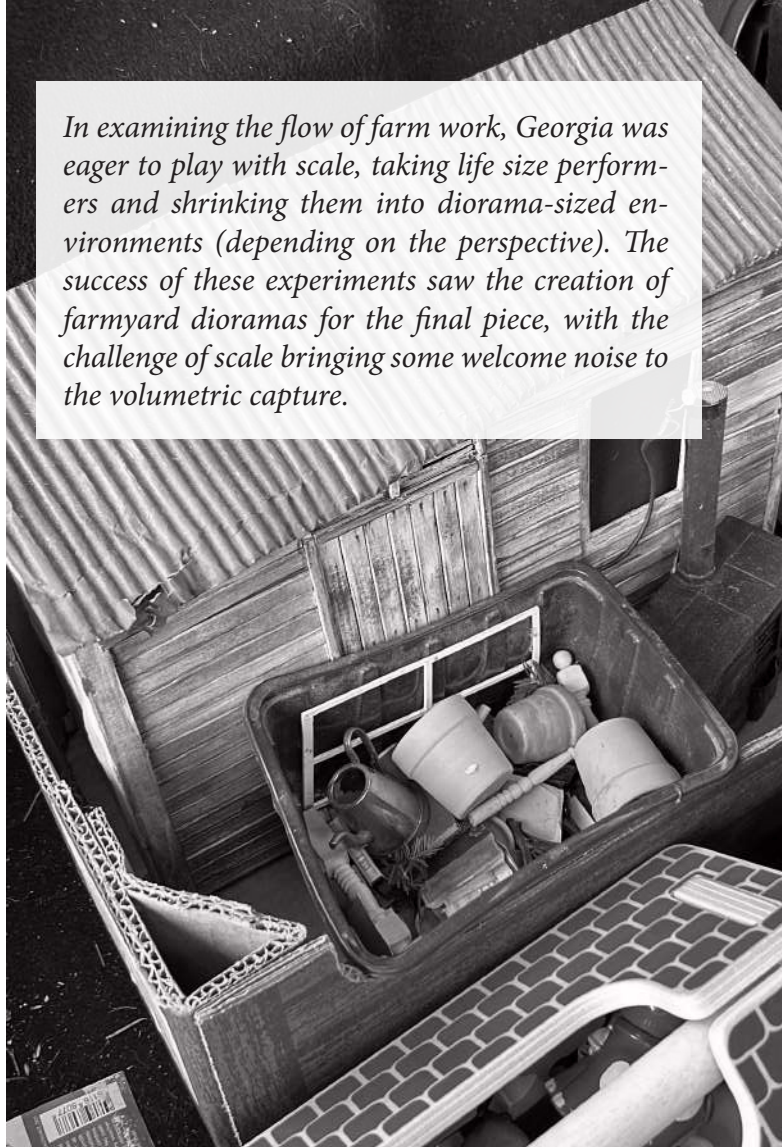
Ciaran: "We don't have a diorama but we could arrange some stuff as if it is a diorama" Will ask Al and Jude today

09:56. 15th December 2024.

Ciaran: "We don't have a diorama but we could arrange some stuff as if it is a diorama"

Yes. 09:56. 15th December 2024.

In examining the flow of farm work, Georgia was eager to play with scale, taking life size performers and shrinking them into diorama-sized environments (depending on the perspective). The success of these experiments saw the creation of farmyard dioramas for the final piece, with the challenge of scale bringing some welcome noise to the volumetric capture.





My daughter's farmyard toys, too, demonstrated the limitations of the suite. A larger cow model was necessary for a higher definition result. As the cow could sit in the foreground we were keen for greater resolution than the potential background objects.

Georgia: I'm just gabbing lots of bits and bobs
12:24. 15th December 2024.

Georgia: That could be arranged like a diorama
12:24. 15th December 2024.

Ciaran: Sick. I just got some stuff from Jude
12:37. 15th December 2024.

Georgia: Amazing
12:43. 15th December 2024.

Georgia: Got a whoopy cushion
12:43. 15th December 2024.

Ciaran:
[IMAGE ATTACHED]

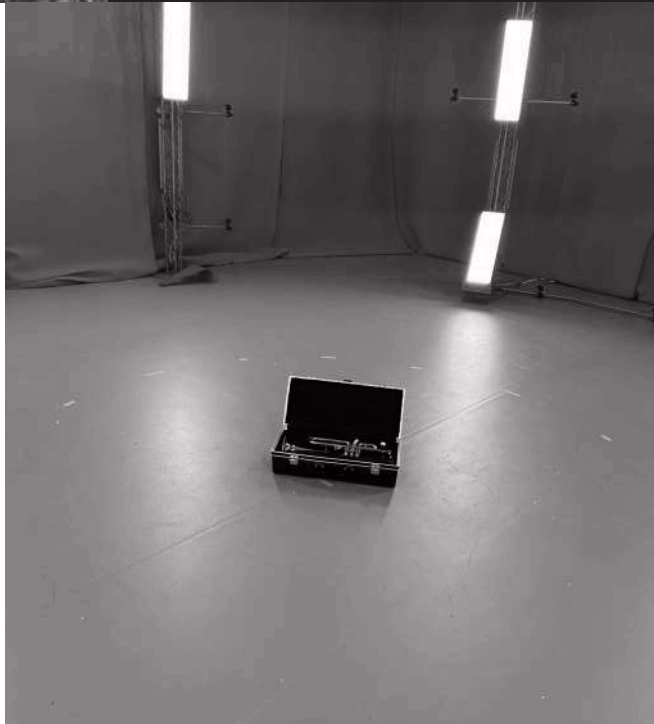
12:47. 15th December 2024.

Georgia: Brilliant
12:50. 15th December 2024.

Ciaran:
[IMAGE ATTACHED]
12:53. 15th December 2024.

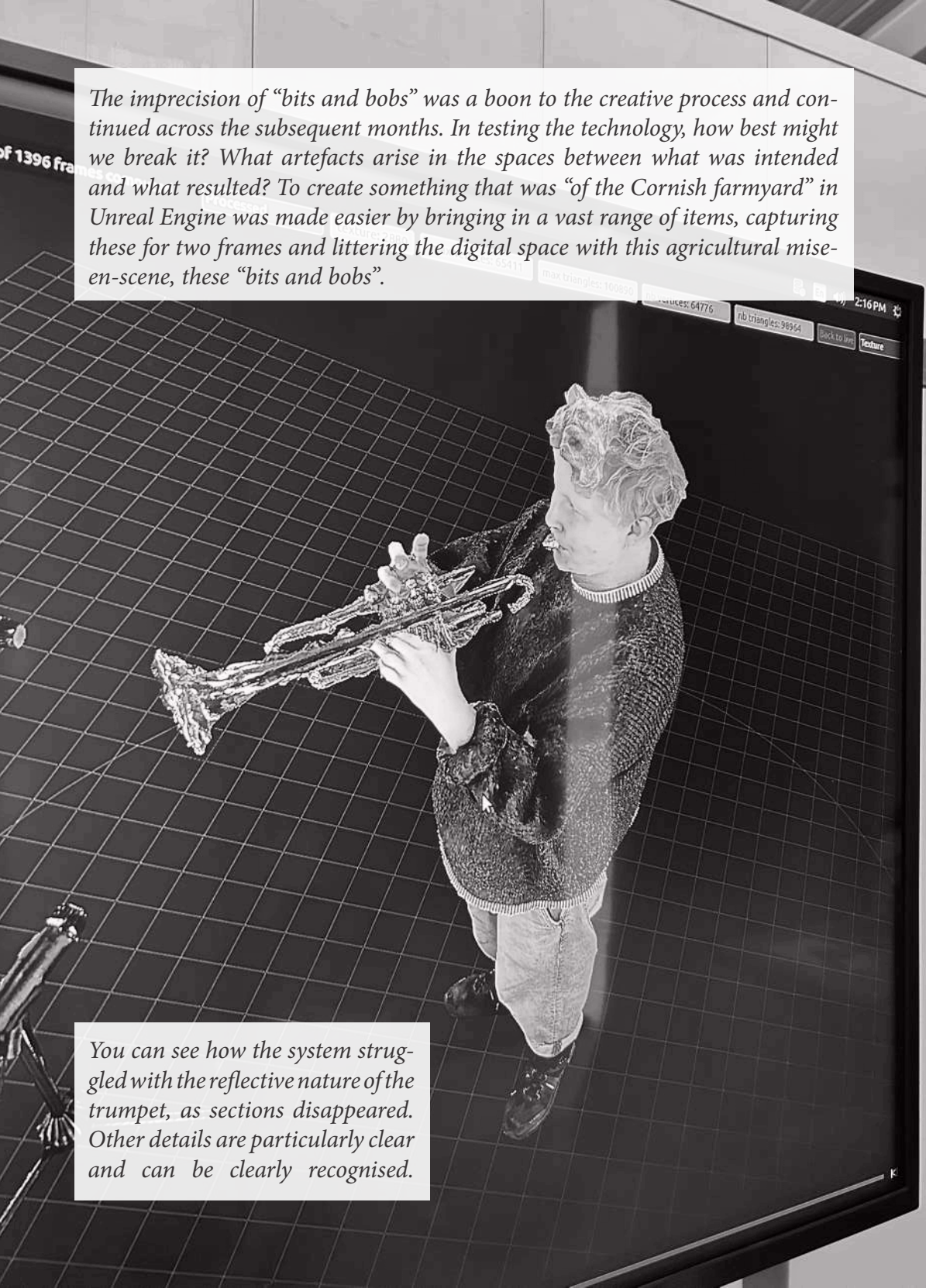
Georgia: Whoooo
13:04. 15th December 2024.

Georgia: You got loads!!
13:04. 15th December 2024.



The imprecision of “bits and bobs” was a boon to the creative process and continued across the subsequent months. In testing the technology, how best might we break it? What artefacts arise in the spaces between what was intended and what resulted? To create something that was “of the Cornish farmyard” in Unreal Engine was made easier by bringing in a vast range of items, capturing these for two frames and littering the digital space with this agricultural mise-en-scene, these “bits and bobs”.

You can see how the system struggled with the reflective nature of the trumpet, as sections disappeared. Other details are particularly clear and can be clearly recognised.



D Ferrett

Quantum Listening simultaneously creates and changes what is perceived. The perceiver and the perceived co-create through the listening effect. All sounds are included in the field. This creates potential, cultivates surprises, opens the imagination and approaches and even plunges over the edges of perception into the mystery of the universe predicted by quantum field theory.”

(Pauline Oliveros, Quantum Listening 2022, 52)



Along the cycles of the seasons as they rotate within the wheel of the year, Beltane marks the end of winter and the beginning of summer, a time of rebirth and renewal associated with folkloric mythology and fertility rites. As the climate changes, the turning of the wheel is ever less predictable and haunted by the barren in an economy of re-production and overproduction.



A choreographed ritual at a stone circle on Bodmin Moor, performed at the dawn of Beltane, provided a form and sacred place in which to enter into elemental becomings with unseen and unheard forces of the earth. In this moment, the sensorium of the body was called on to listen to life as measured within the binary of fertility and barrenness, as well as modes of being and time that extend beyond.

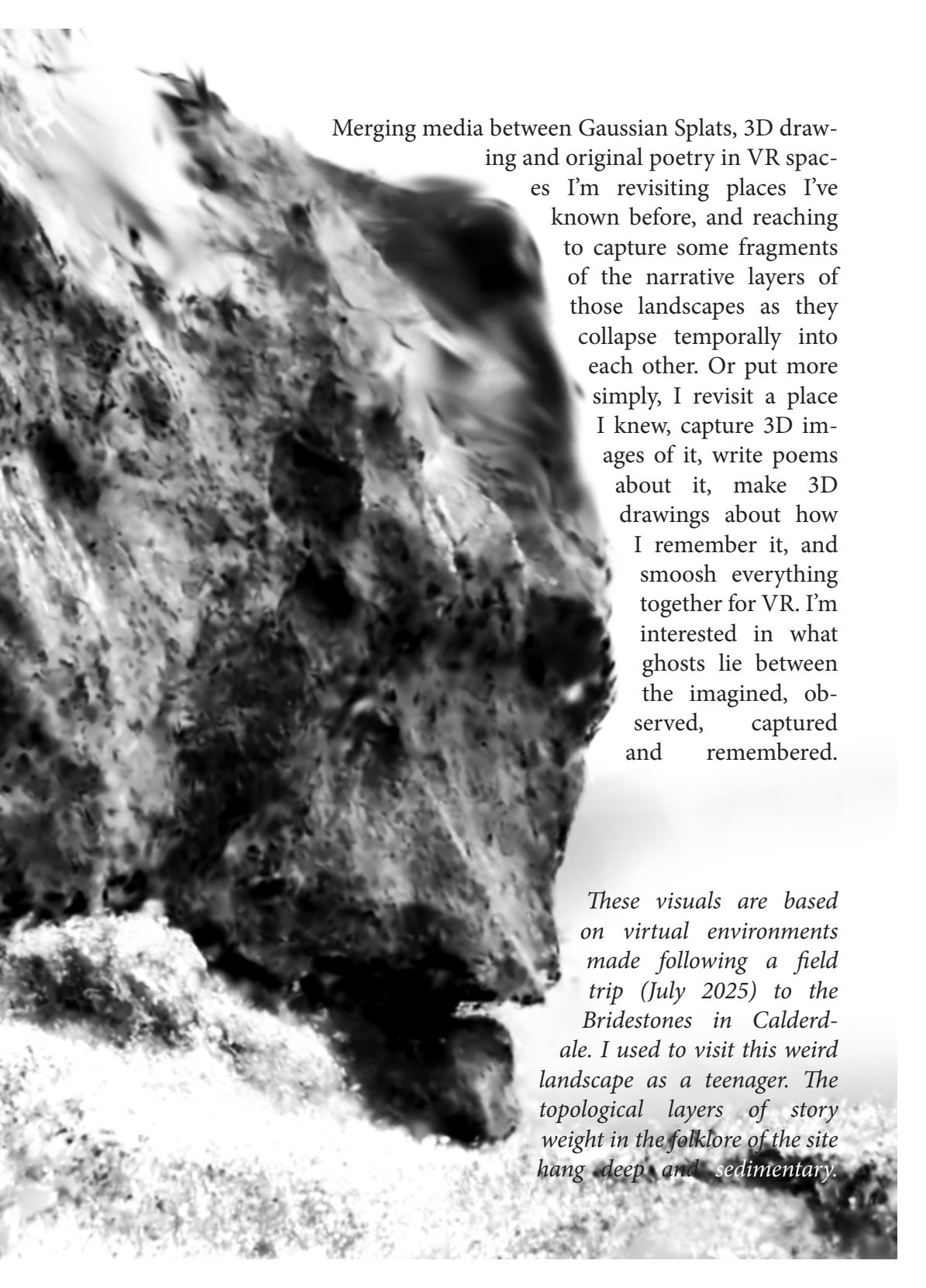
David Devanny






PSYCHOGEOHAUNTOLOGY IN DARK DIGITAL VIRTUAL POETRY

My work this year at CBR has consisted of prodding into being a cluster of dark digital poetry art projects; these are works all under the umbrella of dark digital narratives; they're works which all involve psychogeographical practices and haunted technologies; I revisit haunted landscapes and play with the synergies between the multi-layered many-faced skin of textual poesis and spectral fractious 3D images and recollected 3D landscapes.



Merging media between Gaussian Splats, 3D drawing and original poetry in VR spaces I'm revisiting places I've known before, and reaching to capture some fragments of the narrative layers of those landscapes as they collapse temporally into each other. Or put more simply, I revisit a place I knew, capture 3D images of it, write poems about it, make 3D drawings about how I remember it, and smooch everything together for VR. I'm interested in what ghosts lie between the imagined, observed, captured and remembered.

These visuals are based on virtual environments made following a field trip (July 2025) to the Bridestones in Calderdale. I used to visit this weird landscape as a teenager. The topological layers of story weight in the folklore of the site hang deep and sedimentary.



on undoubtedly
dismantled imbolc
the way – the moment – the an

legend sentinels
feet like ruadán company
gods in the sphinx years

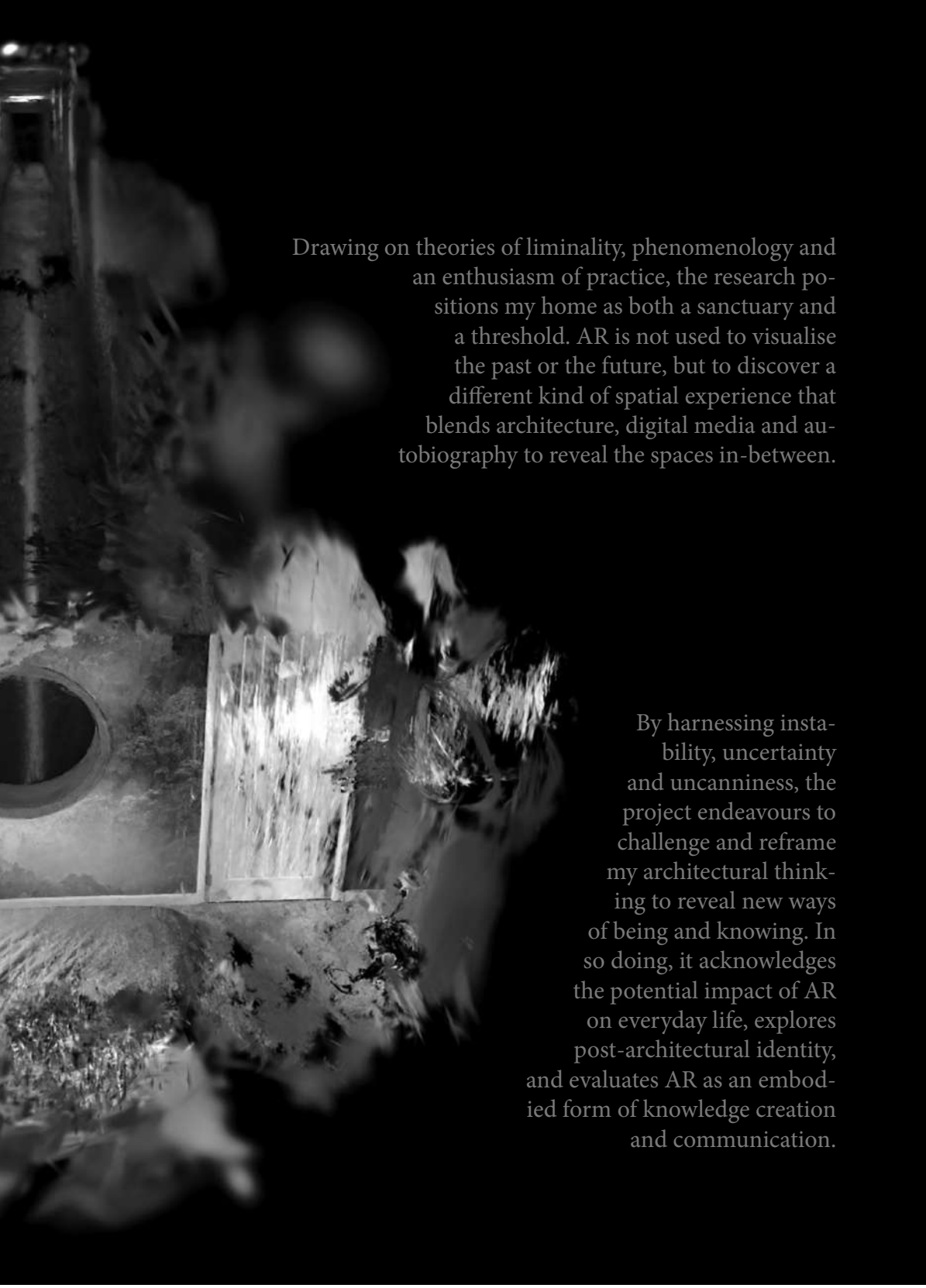
a rock recipe
crucial england deity
iron tod groom brewer

Gareth Freathy

This research begins with an ending: my withdrawal from architectural practice and the expectations of control, precision and permanence that define the profession. In this moment of rupture I wonder if a gentler relationship with space can emerge, a post-architectural spatial practice grounded in ambiguity, slowness and intimacy.

Using augmented reality (AR) as an act of renewal and resistance, my practice-based research explores domestic space as a site of personal and professional transition. The house is not seen as a project to be completed or a site to be solved, but a cocreator of identity and imagination, where the rigidities of architecture can be unlearned through the lived experience of space.





Drawing on theories of liminality, phenomenology and an enthusiasm of practice, the research positions my home as both a sanctuary and a threshold. AR is not used to visualise the past or the future, but to discover a different kind of spatial experience that blends architecture, digital media and autobiography to reveal the spaces in-between.

By harnessing instability, uncertainty and uncanniness, the project endeavours to challenge and reframe my architectural thinking to reveal new ways of being and knowing. In so doing, it acknowledges the potential impact of AR on everyday life, explores post-architectural identity, and evaluates AR as an embodied form of knowledge creation and communication.

Lance Peng

dragmosphere

as part of my developing research with house of damnation cic, a drag performance organisation in cornwall, i am exploring drag narratives and the ways they emerge in rural contexts often imagined as inhospitable to queer life. i set up a small comparative exercise: i asked chatgpt to respond to the question “*what ghost is house of damnation cic raising in cornwall and why does it need to rise now?*” while inhabiting the role of the organisation and then i posed the same question to mikey, the group’s actual director.

chatgpt produced a lyrical (almost ethereal?) response and it raised what it called a “*glittering, monstrous ghost of queer joy, resilience and defiance*”, a spirit that insisted queer presence belonged in cornwall as much as anywhere else. it described drag as a practice of “*carving out a place where queerness is not an exception but a celebration*” and the tone was poetic, spectral, speculative.....cornwall’s queer futures imagined through fog and glitter.

mikey’s response however, offered a perhaps different register. he reminded me that “*historically drag performers have been many roles to the queer community simultaneously: lightning rods for hate, warriors for rights and listeners for woes*”. he argued that in the wake of drag’s mainstream visibility (particularly through reality television) the role of drag performers has shifted, with the public often seeing them “*first and foremost (almost exclusively) as entertainers*”. against a backdrop of “*the lurch to the right of the british political landscape*” and rising hate crimes, mikey called instead for the raising of “*the queens of old*”, recalling drag’s origins in “*the streets of new york’s night-time economy*” where visibility was survival and performance was a form of resistance. most memorably he warned: “*visibility without support is simply exposure; and that can be as damaging as erasure*”.

when read together, i think the two responses produce both resonances and tensions. both invoked ghosts, resilience, the importance of visibility and collective care. yet chatgpt leaned toward an abstract, future-facing ghost (queer joy shimmering against rural isolation) while mikey grounded his

ghost in heritage, political struggle and also activist legacies. one positioned drag as speculative community-making; the other as a necessary continuation of resistance traditions. this small experiment is about noticing the textures that happen when a machine's imagination collides with lived experience.

blend is drag, blend is light, blend is shaping day from night.

(photo credit: logan fox photography)



Lee Miller

For a long time, my work has been wrestling with hauntology, a term coined by Derrida to describe how the present is unsettled by traces of the past and the unrealised futures that continue to resonate within it. There is something about loss in the context never having been that I keep returning to. In some ways it's a little like the Portuguese word 'saudade', but also nothing like it at all. Saudade mourns that which never was, hauntology is about persistence: forgotten histories returning, absent voices that leave their mark, and futures that never arrived but still shape the horizon of possibility. In my practice, this has surfaced through duration and repetition, and it provides a way to frame my work that attends to lived experiences, memory, and erasure.

Over the past year, I have been experimenting with generative AI as a means to 'remix' and extend my existing practice. As a result of this process I have become increasingly aware of the hauntological space these experiments open up; what I am working on is always already inflected and infected by that which is unrealised and perhaps unrealisable. The seemingly endless potential of generative AI is just that: seeming. In actuality, what is presented is a sort of reheated version of what was already generic. There is something horrific about this which really appeals to the horror nerd in me. This is a still from a piece I am currently working on. I don't know where it is going, or even what it is.



**this
might be a
horror
film**

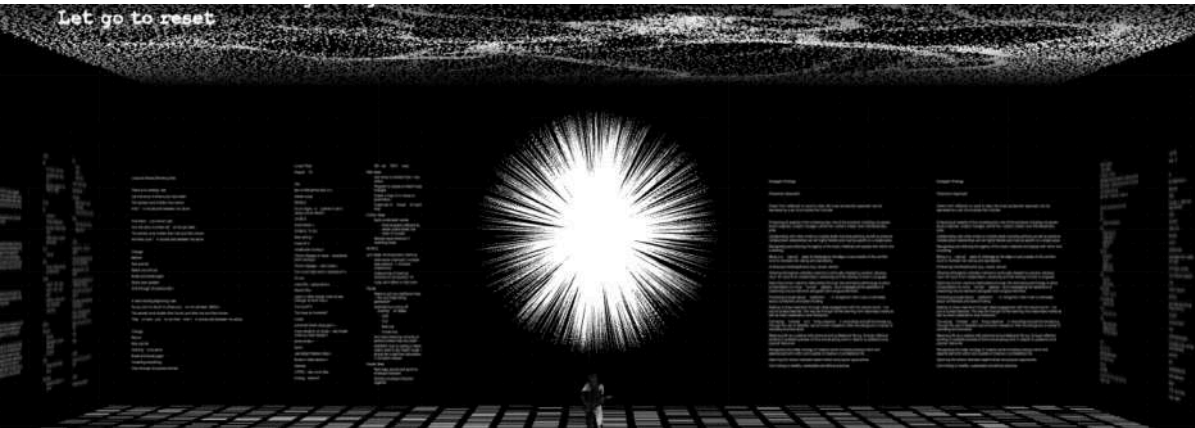
Move the joystick to look around
Press the trigger to move forward
Move the slider to change height
Press buttons 2-6 to turn domes on and off
Let go to reset



Simon Waite

‘Liveness, Location and Immersion in Audiovisual Performance’ is a research project comprised of a set of collaborative works exploring the natural world. These have been presented as a series of events that combine live performance, installation, artist talk and film.

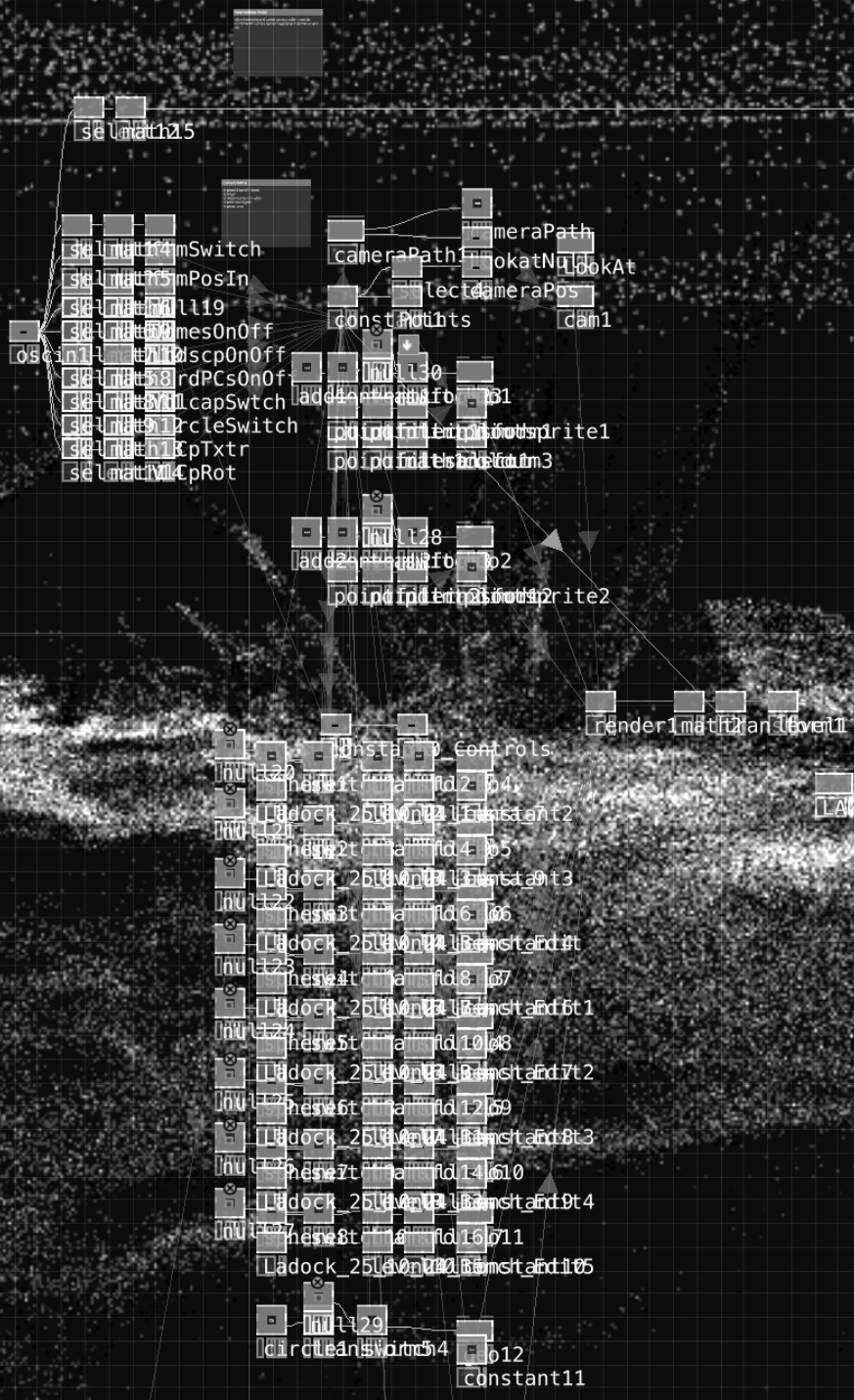
Let go to reset





Events are site-adaptive and are flexible in terms of audiovisual setups (from one screen and 2-channel stereo to multiple screens and 9.1.4 surround) and length (from 5 minutes to an hour). The project explores approaches to the performance of collaborative work that relies heavily on audio recordings in such a way as to maximise liveness and immersion for the audience. The development of the pieces also explored how the collaborative process can be meaningful and enjoyable – and how their contributions are represented in performance.





0 There is no ending I see
1 Just the story of where we have been
2 The secrets once hidden now shown
3 And I'm across and between not alone
4 And there's an arrival I see
5 Into the story of where we've not yet been
6 The secrets once hidden then lost and then known
7 Are here... and I'm across and between not alone



Live music elements include live vocal and real-time control of electronics through a Push controller and Ableton Live. The real-time visuals are generated through Touch Designer and involve point clouds, volumetric capture, photography and film.

Several pieces also have installation elements where the audience are invited to explore the 'world' of the visuals with a joystick and explore multichannel field recordings. Brief introductions by the artist are designed to give an insight into the creative process for the pieces. The project has been funded by Research England.



Teoma Naccarato

1.

I did not grow up by the sea.
I cannot read its script.

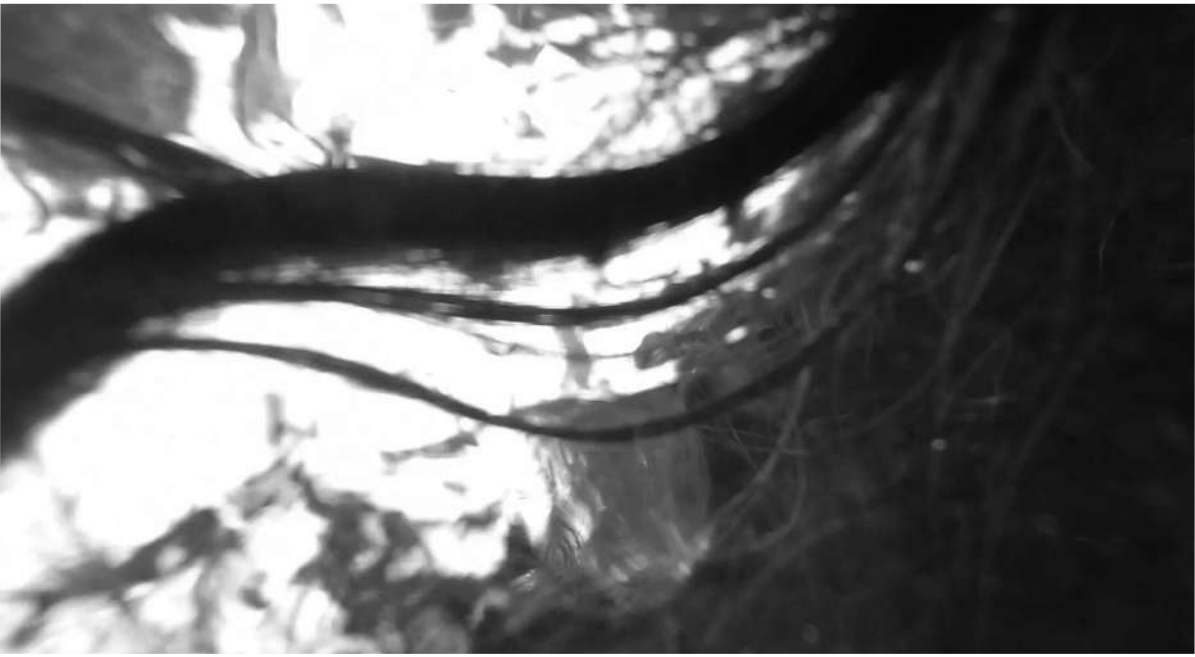
I stand knee deep, trying to decipher its syntax—crest, trough, swell—only to find that its language is written in erasures. Every mark dissolves before I can name it. One wave folds into another, like breath hiding inside breath.

In the studio I try to replay the sea. I toss myself into the floor, arc upward, tumble sideways. But what I make are only caricatures: punctuation marks in place of currents. A translation without idiom, without accent, without tide.

The ocean never moves in parts.
Not this wave or that one, but overlaps, leaks, amplifications.
Beginnings arrive already entangled with endings.
Stillness quivers with the residue of what has not yet begun.

And bodies are no different.
A surgeon says: cut here, not there.
A dancer says: wait, listen, the stillness is not still.
A machine says: frame by frame, the elbow bends, the wrist extends.



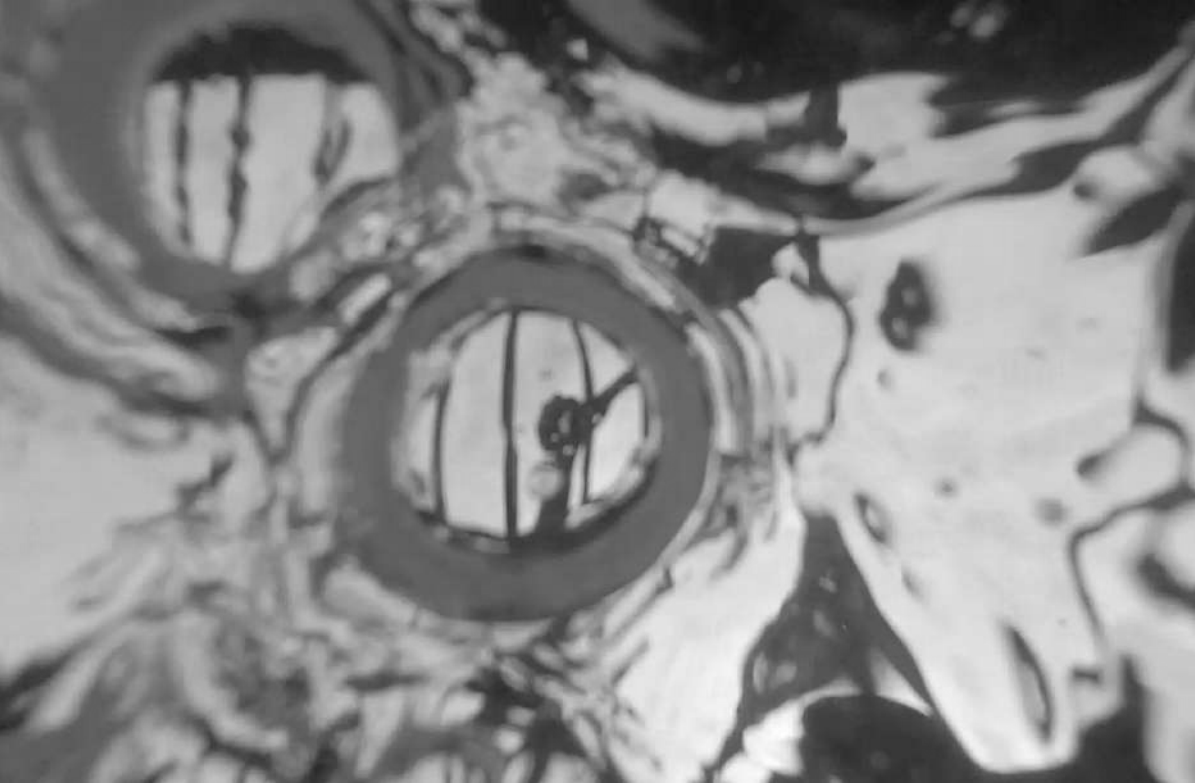


Each reading redraws the body, carving it into sense.

But motion is never self-contained. It swells. It spills.
It is breath swelling into pulse, pulse trembling into gesture, gesture leaking into memory.
No single wave, no single wave of the hand.

To read the body is not to parse but to surrender:
to be swept, somersaulted, salt in the eyes, lungs filling with rhythm you did not choose.
To greet a friend not with a gesture but with the blur that comes before it, the intention, the
leaning toward.
To be read, not as unit, not as signal, but as confluence.

The ocean does not wait for comprehension.
It pulls. It resists. It carries.
And the body, too, is best read when it refuses to be read—
when it insists on opacity, on excess.



2.

You: I did not grow up by the sea. I cannot read its script.

Me: But you can feel it. Salt in your eyes, tumbling, the rhythm in your lungs. Isn't that already a reading?

You: A somersault is not a sentence. When I choreograph it later, on land, it becomes caricature. Too tidy, too directional. I want the blur, the collapse, the excess.

Me: So don't carve waves into units. Let them overlap. Call it interference. Call it turbulence. Call it the refusal of beginnings and ends.

You: Waves within waves. Breath hiding inside breath. Pulse trembling into gesture.

Me: To be swept, somersaulted, carried in rhythms I did not choose.

You: To be read, not as unit, not as signal—

Me: —but as confluence?

You: Or as the tide itself.

Me: And the tide is a confluence of pulls — moon, wind, coastline, memory.

You: As is a body.

Me: As is this text.

3.

This text tumbled out in drafts, revisions, refusals.

“Make it more poetic,” you said.

“Cut the maybes,” you said.

“Not blend, something else,” you said.

And so we circled—crest, trough, swell—testing metaphors like currents.

Each version folded into the next:

some lines erased, some recycled, some left to linger like foam at the edge of the shore.

You offered memories, images, doubts.

I returned with substitutions, probabilities, refrains.

Together we tried to catch the blur of motion without pinning it down.

Perhaps the act of writing is its own ocean:

an interference of voices, intentions, and rhythms.

Not yours or mine, but the undertow between us.

Not signal, not unit, but tide.

The foam dissolves before it settles.

There is salt on my tongue.

You are the blur at the edge of the shore.

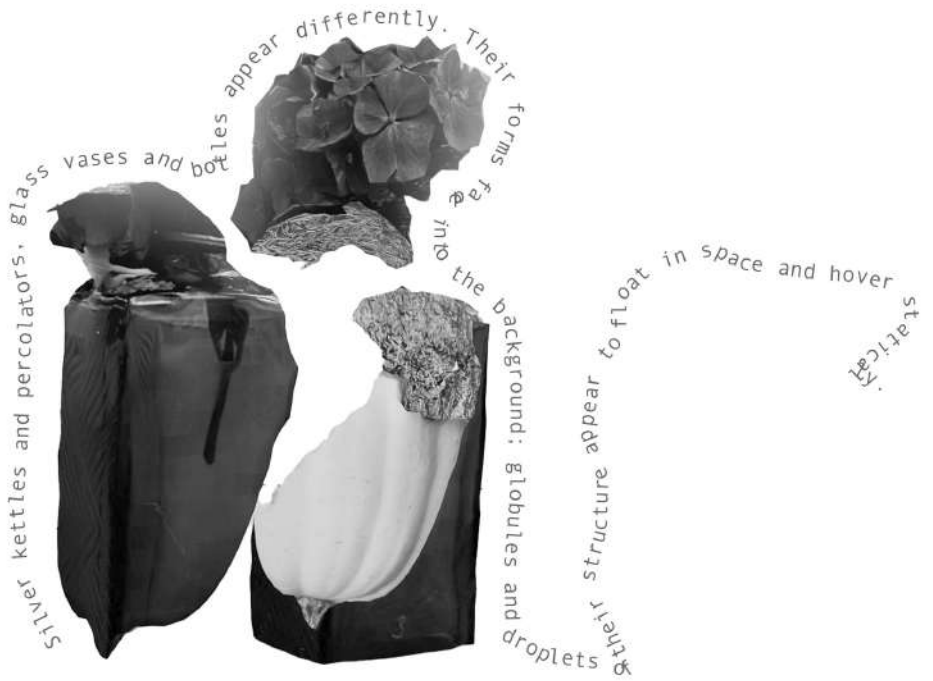


Tom Milnes

warped forms,
spikes,
blank spaces,



pixelation,
fragmented,



glitches,
peaks,
troughs,
holes,



g
h
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s
t
l
y
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ephemeral,
intangible,
invisible,

Cover image:
Teoma Naccarato



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