

Lost Interpretation is a project about meanings – lost and found – in the attempts to understand a message and explain it further. About the impossibility of explaining. About the impossibility of understanding. About the unwillingness to explain. About the unwillingness to understand. About the choice between trying to understand this damn message, or letting it pass through.

This project is an allegory of human conversation, played out between artists through their own creative mediums. It exposes the abstractness of language and challenges its universality, revealing the hermetic nature and uniqueness of every form of expression.

This zine captures how the original message was created, how its meaning got lost in translation, and how it found entirely new connections along the way. You are holding the physical results of this experiment – the journey continues online through the links inside.

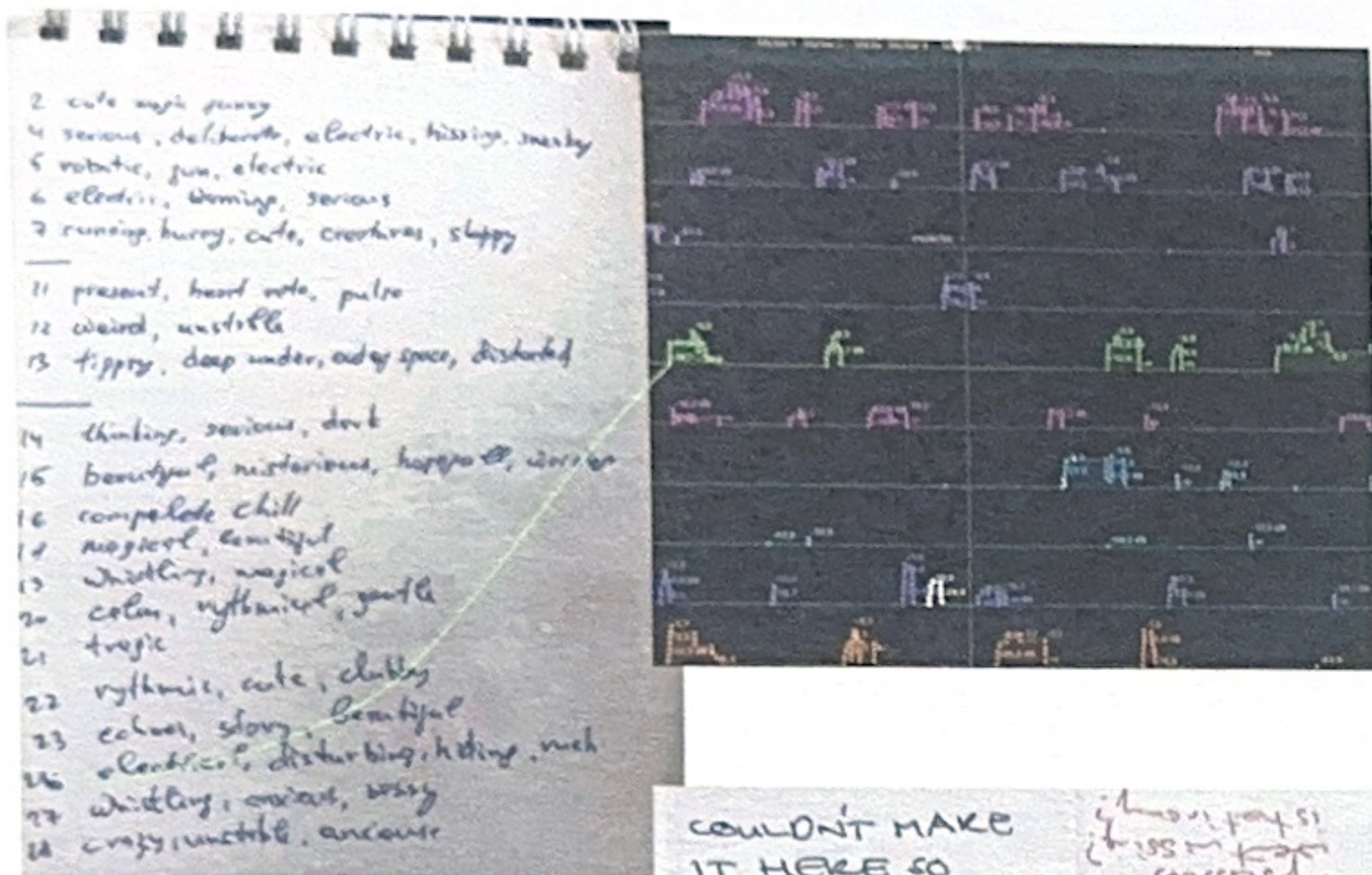
My name is Alisa, and I've chosen music as my mother tongue.



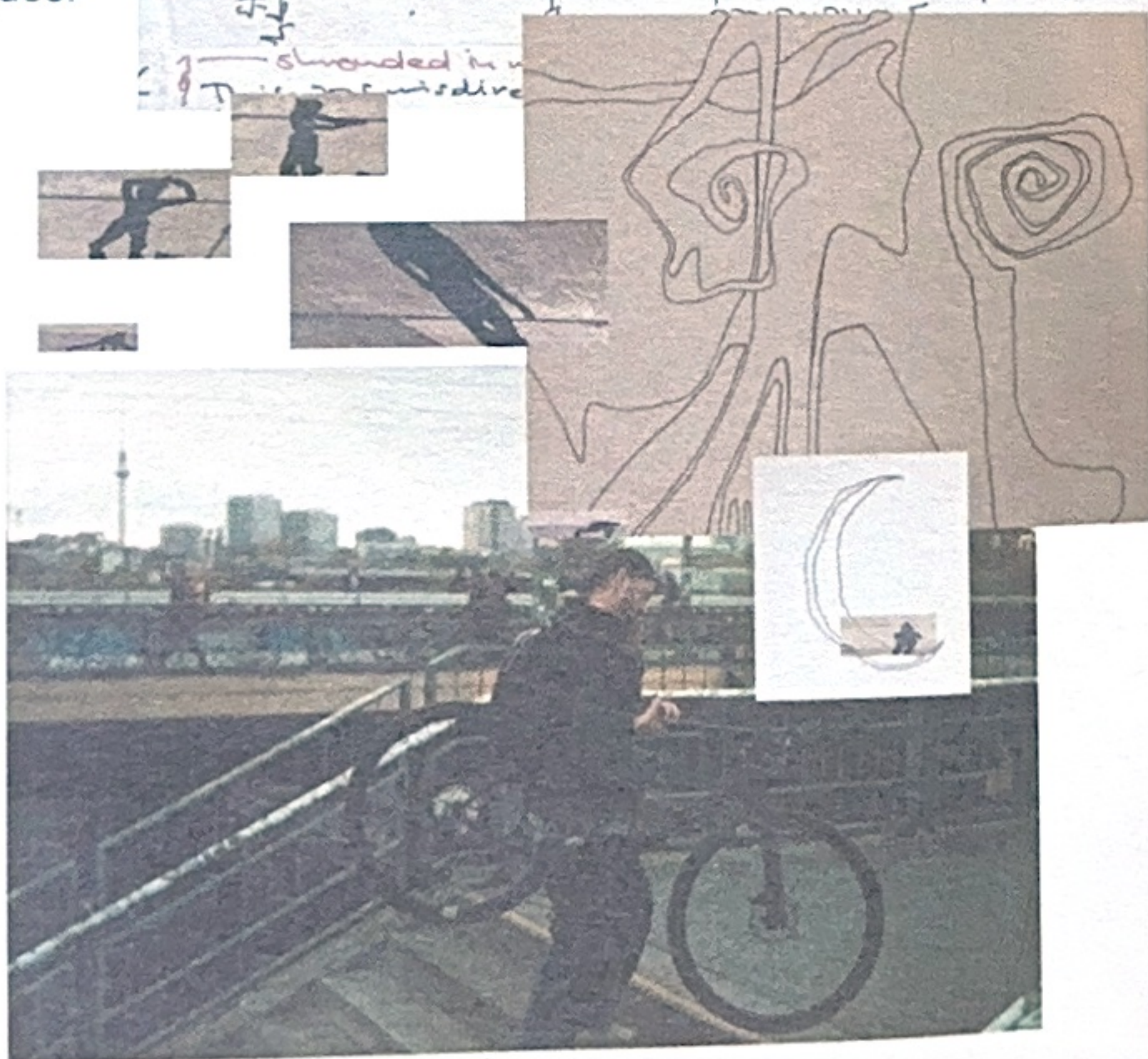
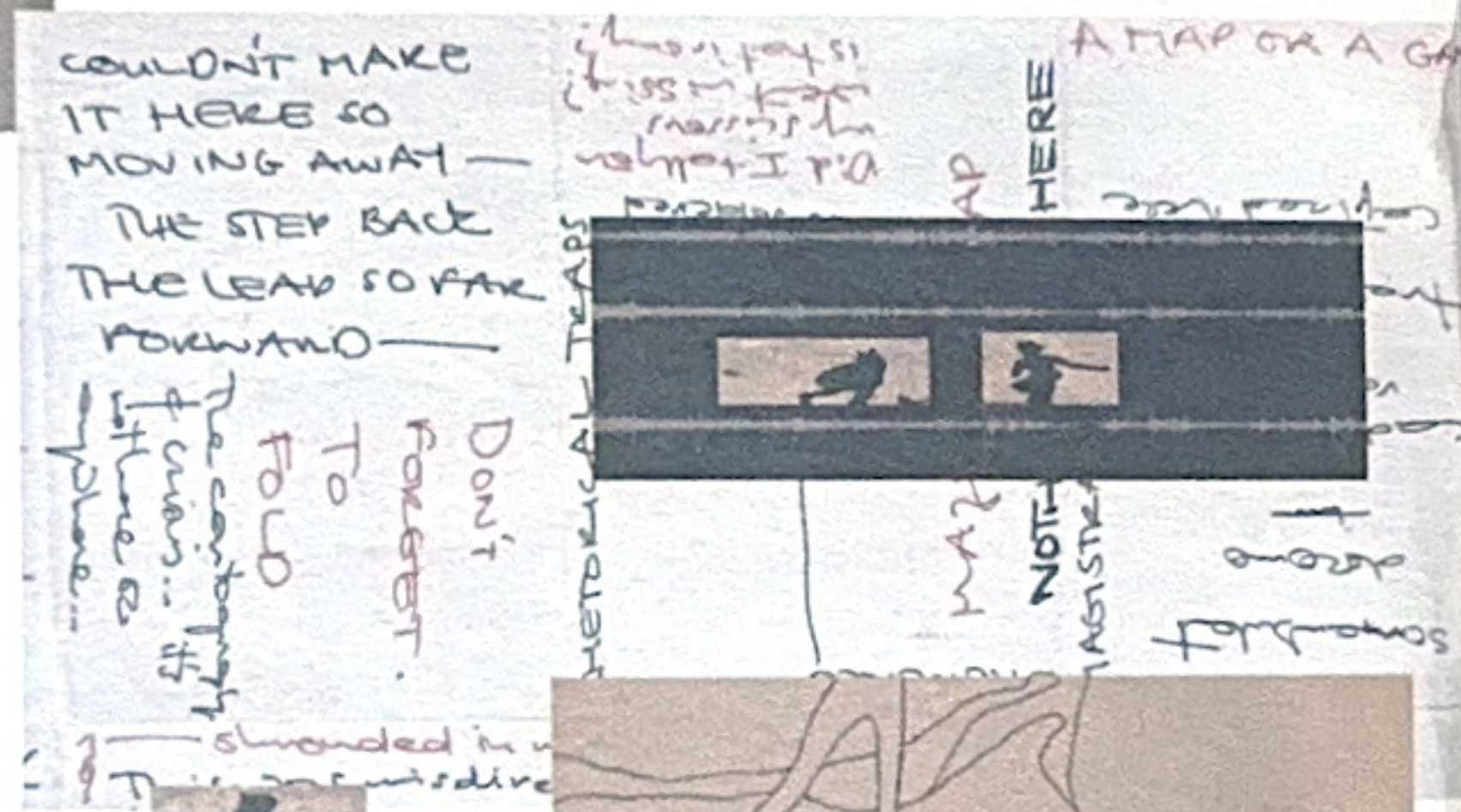
DO I MAKE MYSELF CLEAR?

In this experiment, media act as languages...

I begin by translating a piece of **live writing** into a real-time musical composition.



Resultant sound becomes a bridge for others – a **dancer**, a **photographer**, and a **painter** – to interpret it into their own artistic mother tongues.



Together, we navigate a path of communication filtered through our personal biases, intuition and artist' ego to reveal how far a message drifts and what remains at its core.

Dear Ting,

I'm inviting you to act as a "sensory jury" for my interdisciplinary project. I'm exploring how a single message mutates when it's interpreted across different artistic languages and personal filters.

I've recorded an audio piece that is my musical interpretation of another art medium. I have translated its energy and form into sound. Now, I want to see how you interpret this sound through your own lens and medium – photography.

We can meet wherever you feel you'll find the best material for your work – whether it's a street, a private apartment, or a specific public space. The surroundings you choose will become an active part of your interpretation.

You will listen to the 20-minute audio piece. At any point during the session, you can begin capturing your interpretation. I'm looking for an immediate, raw reaction – a snapshots of your intuition.

I'll be filming the process to document how the interpretation unfolds in real-time.

Please bring your tool – your camera – and let's see what remains at the core after this double translation.

Details & Documentation:
Scheduling sessions between April 23rd and April 28th.

Then we'll record a brief interview and I will reveal the original source of the sound and we'll discuss the "glitch" between your perception and the origin.

This will be featured in my Zine and in a creative video documentation.

Are you down to continue this exchange?

Sincerely,

Alisa



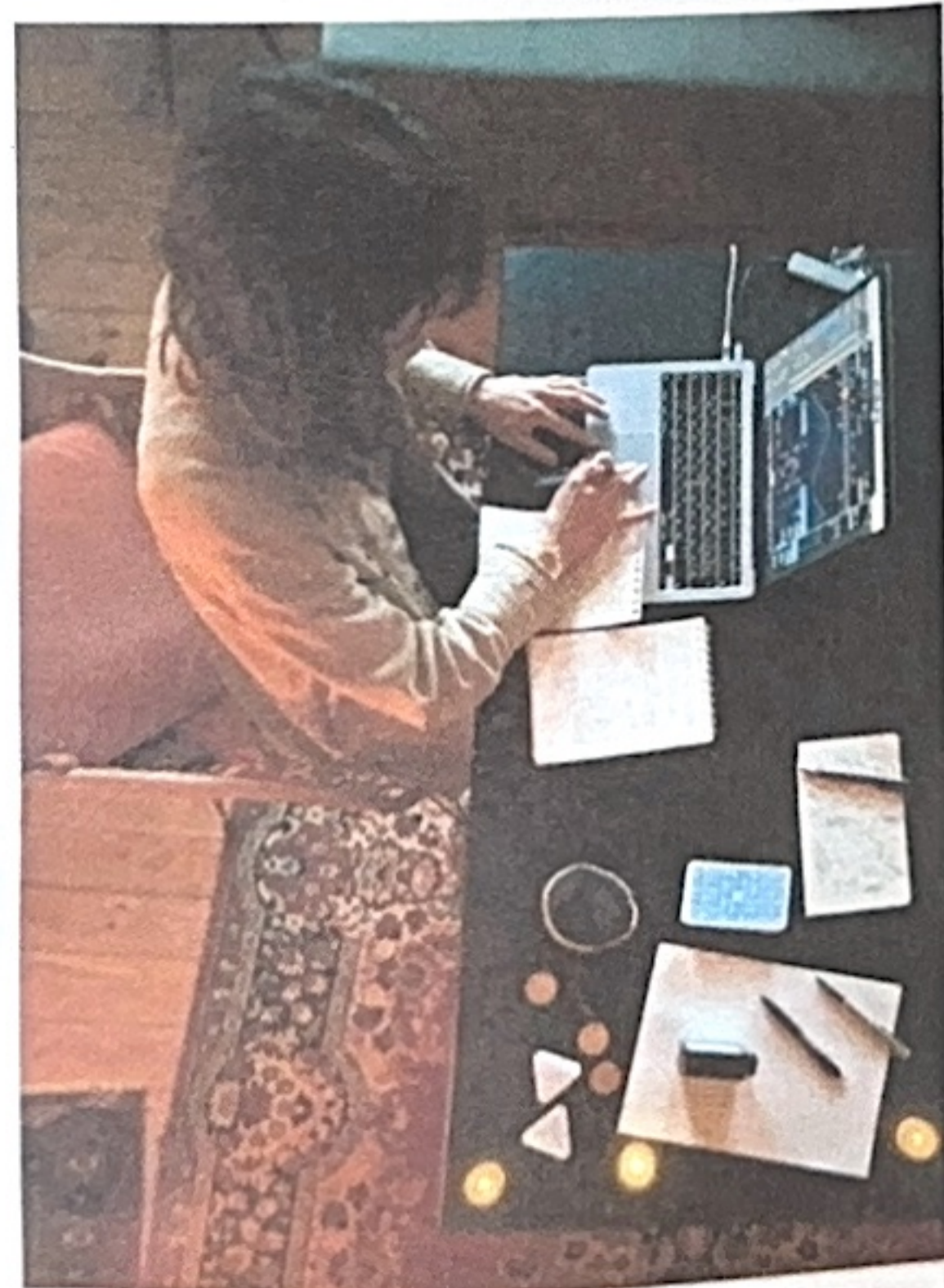
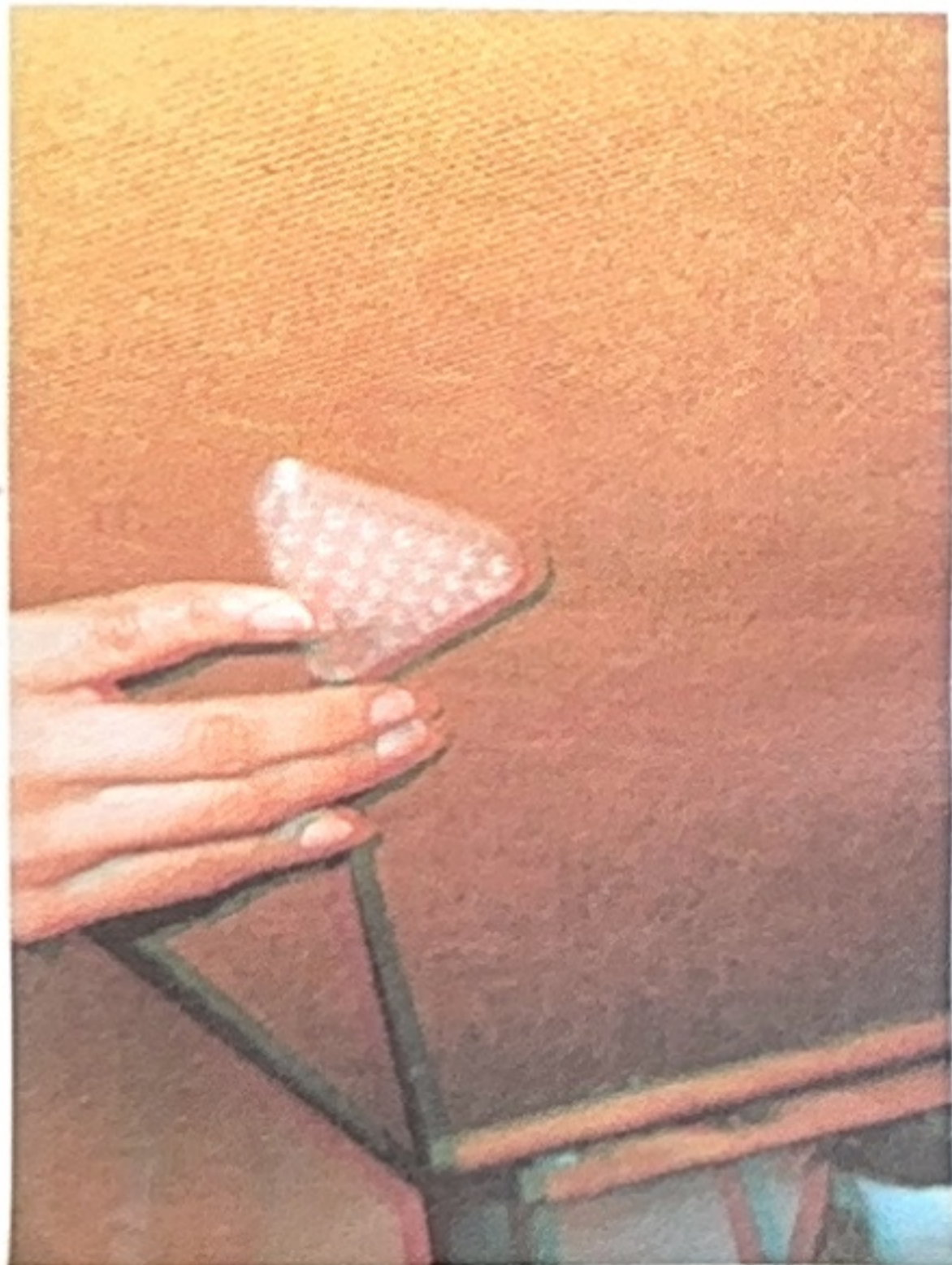
ALISA: A SOUND BRIDGE BETWEEN MEDIA. SONIC INTERPRETATION OF THE ACT OF WRITING



Contact microphones capture the raw sound, intensity, and speed of a pen moving across a wooden desk. But they can't perceive colours or moods; they don't recognise signs. This is my role - to apply sound effects that will translate these elements into music.



That day, I felt confident and energised, so I prepared sound effects that resonate with this mood. I also added some chill sounds, because I am going to interpret Amelia, and she is such a sweet heart.

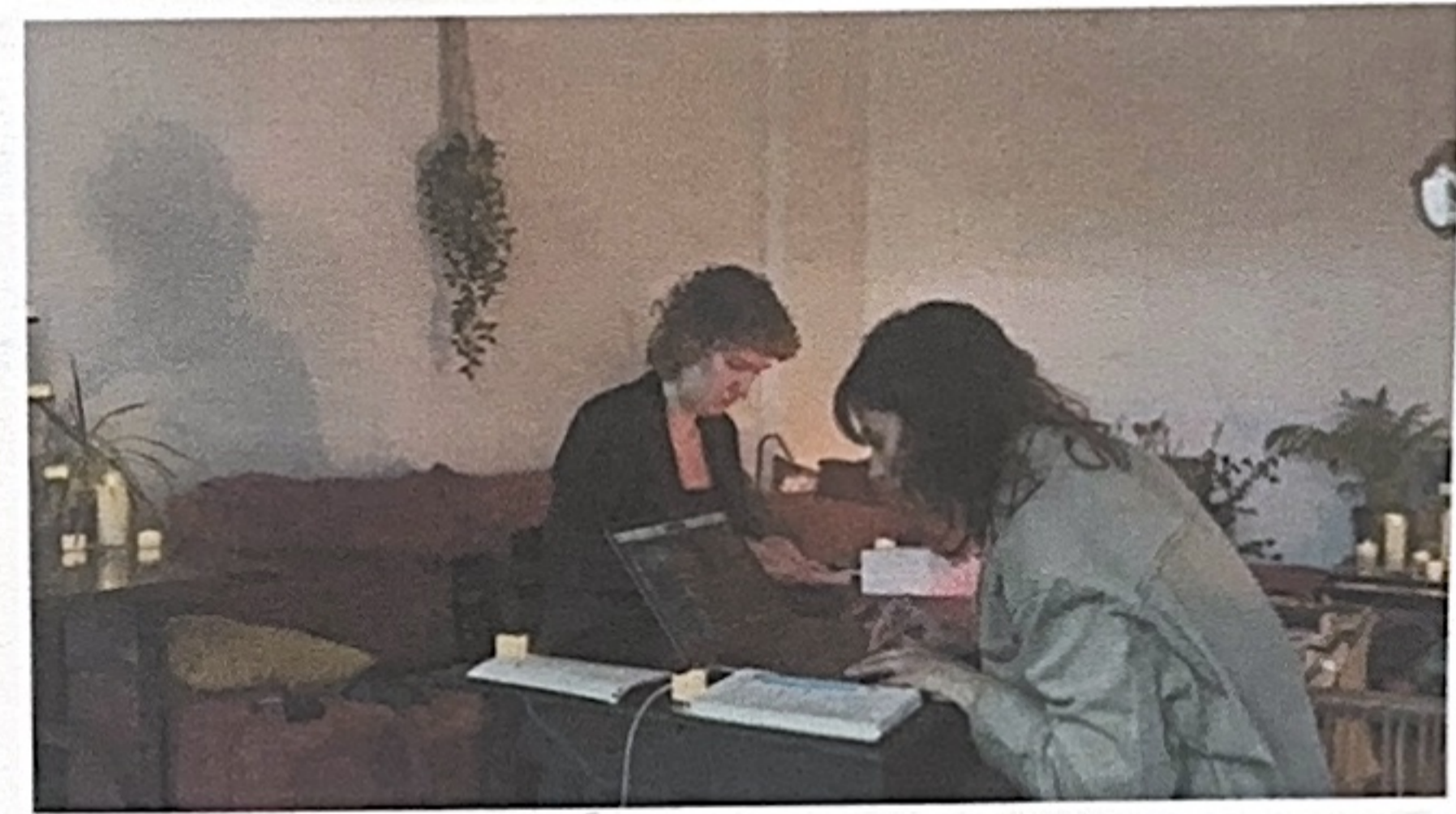


I couldn't read exactly what Amelia was writing, and I didn't try to. It wasn't about the actual message, but the creative flow and the raw energy of how she was delivering it.

She was rushing with such **intensity** it felt like she was about to solve the mysteries of the universe.

It also felt like she was playing a **game** with me - one I would never win.

I was blending sound effects into each other, and changing patterns every time she was making changes in writing technics. There was a plenty of **changes**.

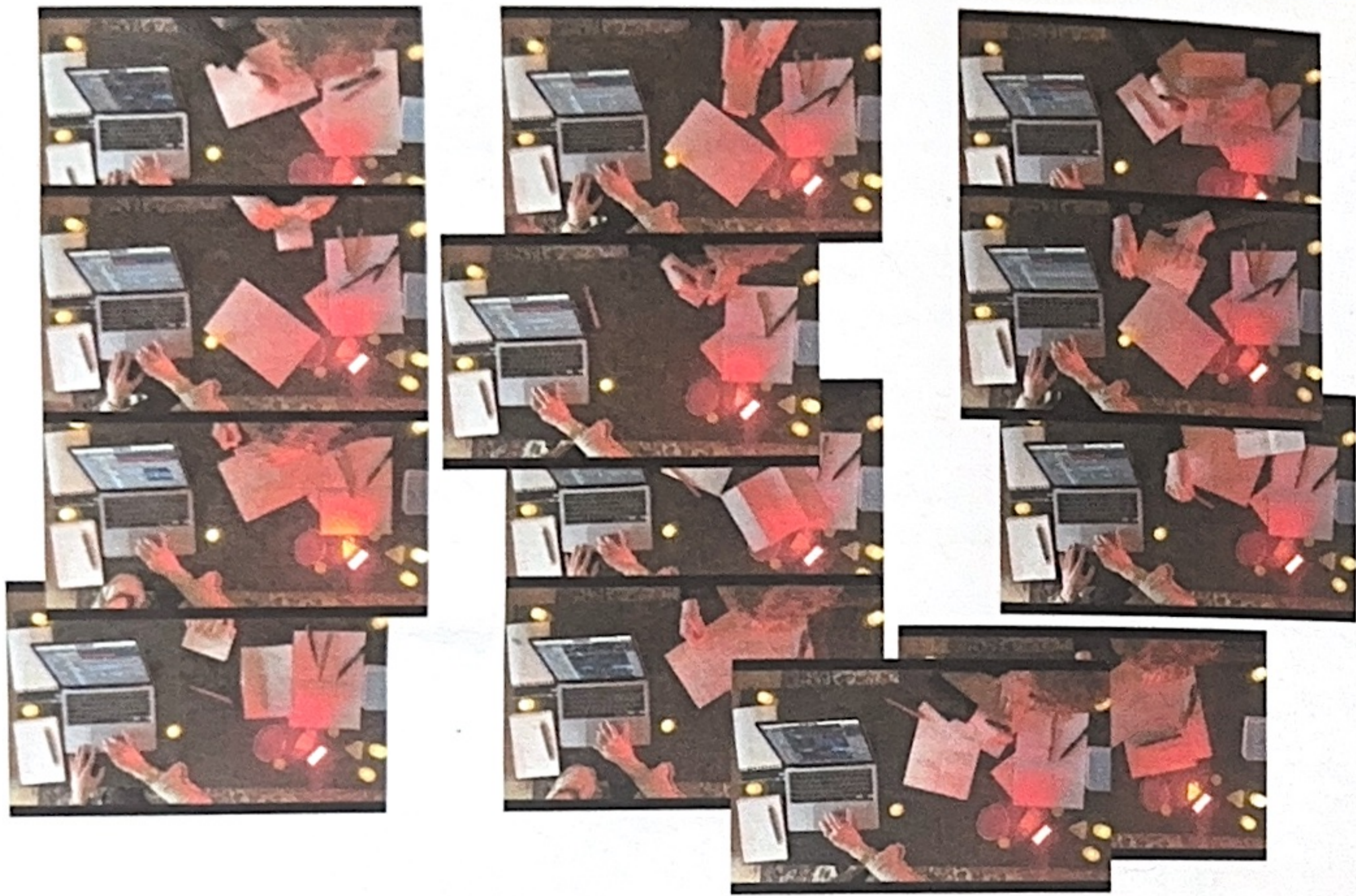


I stopped the experiment after one hour, I stopped following way before.

For the next interpreters I picked the very first 20 minutes. They felt the most representative - back when my ADHD brain was still locked in focus.



Eventually, I never had to use any of the chill sounds.



AMELIA: THE ORIGINAL SOURCE THROUGH CREATIVE WRITING

I was thinking about instructions - how language can be hard to understand, and how there can be traps and mazes. I started off just clearing the mind - dumping out the language that was in my head: associations, sensations, random ideas, and memories. I wrote 'Begin here' so I remembered where it was.

The Tarot card was the **Moon**. It means intuition and trusting your instinct. I was like, 'Cool, we're going with the flow'.

I was thinking about how alienating and confusing official vocabulary can be, especially in bureaucratic administrative processes. Official documents are often in really complicated language and that can be **scary**. Halfway through, I wanted to fold it like a zine. I thought that disrupting the flat plane of the paper could facilitate the words 'speaking' to each other in a way other than standard left-to-right reading.

I was surprised that it was feeling almost a bit **dangerous**. I feel quite normal and cheerful today, but when I was writing, there was actually a little bit of **fear**. I built an escape hatch in the middle of it. I feel so **calm**. It was super meditative. But once I started folding it, it felt like a **weird game** where you're **trapped** and the instructions are confusing.

I put loads of exit signs - this idea of 'How would you actually escape from this?' But it doesn't really follow a logical sequence. That was the point. I had been thinking since our conversation about interpretation in different mediums, and then this is just what came out. It really surprised me; I wasn't planning on this.

I was thinking about how colour can have an influence. I saw it as a conversation between the red and the black, but then there was a kind of tension or clash between them.

EXIT →

after no time
like not one
small job
you know you
open mind they
call of steady
pupils at
not see star
way the seen
unprepared
not

THE TRANSLATION SEEM?

HAND DIRTY!
MIRING TO GET THEIR
IMPOSSIBLE IF NO ONE IS
I LEARNED HOW THEY
MAKE LEVEL YETSDAM..
IT'S A COMPLEX DETAILLED
BROCKEN. I CAN'T REMIND
LET FOR. ABOUT!!
pulling out
report out but
tell - several hour
front picture
YOU CAN LEAVE ANY TIME
THE RIGHT?

DO I MAKE KALEIT CREAS
HATCH
HATCH
HATCH

labels capital fix at
based at stamilli
you

YOU CAN LEAVE ANY TIME
THE RIGHT?

DIRT END
HEL, THE RAME
LIGNER IL END
IL NO ONE HAS

STARTED
IF IT NEVER
END

IT'S A COMPLEX DETAILLED
BROCKEN. I CAN'T REMIND
LET FOR. ABOUT!!
pulling out
report out but
tell - several hour
front picture
YOU CAN LEAVE ANY TIME
THE RIGHT?

EXIT

LECHUGA: A SENSORY JURY #1 DANCE INTERPRETATION OF THE SOUND

Since you wrote me, I was like: "Oh fuck, if this is real emotion, I will cry, for sure." I was feeling super collapsed when I arrived here.

I don't like it when dance does obvious things. For example, if I need to show that I'm suffering, I'm not just imitating stabbing a knife into my chest. I'm trying to discover other ways of expressing suffering - to let the other person form their own opinion.



I'm always in a rush to solve a problem, but here, I have no information, I have nothing to hold onto. I am just this vibration, trying to find a way to live with it without breaking.



I struggle with English because I express my Spanish through it, and people mistake my directness for violence.

*

In dance, there is no such cultural or linguistic wall.

*

For me, dance is a more clear and pure language than words. Because talking - is more... *obviamente*, it becomes about something else. I feel a certain Argentinian drama when expressing emotions through speech, and sometimes I don't even know if those feelings are real. But in dance, I decide who I truly am.

I was **fighting** the sound a bit because it already had this industrial, **chaotic** aesthetic. I kept asking myself: How can I go further than what the sound is already saying? I had to just keep absorbing all that noise until, finally, I became one body with the sound.



I will try not to talk like the music, because I don't know what it's saying to me. If I do, we will be in a fight for sure - trying to see who is talking more, you know?

it was like: 'Okay, are you telling me what you are, or am I the one deciding what this sound is?' I took the stage.

I would listen to the sound and maybe only reply five seconds later. By then, that moment had already passed, but I was still trying to process it. I felt this need to express my reaction, even if the sound had already moved on to something else.

If we were having a conversation like humans usually do, I could say: 'Yes, but remember what happened the other day?' - I would have more information to try and change your mind. But in this moment with sound, it was: 'No, we don't know each other.' I can't fake an emotion here.



It's a **tricky** sound - not evil, but maybe like an **adventure** or an idea to do something **weird**. Sometimes it feels like **water**, as if everything is full of water. I feel drowned and then not drowned. I'm in that kind of breathing of the sound, because I was feeling: 'Okay, I can live in this timing, and in this breathing.

Something **weird** was happening, like when you feel a certain pain, and it feels like a concrete pain, but then you don't know exactly where it is. It was like something growing somewhere - **disturbing**, but not extremely



And now, after the interpretation, I'm not even tired, but I feel like the ocean. I reached the point where I was finally at peace with all the sounds. I'll go home, get on a bus, and I just hope I can stay in this moment - that I am here still.



Then the bag appeared - it was part of my imagination - and it was like: 'Okay, shut up. Let's kill this demon'
Then - became a celestial presence, the sound stopped rushing me, It became peaceful.

You know when you've been traveling a lot, and then you go to visit your mom, and she says: 'It's nothing. We're all good. Let's eat something.'

TING: A SENSORY JURY #2 INTERPRETING THE SOUND THROUGH PHOTOGRAPHY

When you're dancing, you're expressing yourself through your body and nothing else. But with photography, I have to focus on visual. I'm paying attention with my ears, but at the same time, I can't do that the whole time, it's separated input and output.

As soon as those sounds started to work together and play, I felt like I was in this video **game** with my camera, wanting to go from section to section.

I felt that it was **intense**, like I'm on a little secret **mission** because of how the music is.

I appreciated that it was kind of the same vibe the whole time. That made me latch on to it a bit more. It was like I was just listening to a podcast rather than a conversation.



It's kind of like being **underwater**. I remember I heard hydrophone recordings from a lake of a volcano and it was kind of the same feeling of being a bit submerged.





Once I realised that it was keeping this flow, then I just focused on what was most interesting to me, which was people. It's usually what I photograph anyway.

There was some **imperfection** to the music that made me want to photograph the differences of the people around me and the imperfections. I wanted to capture all of these little, very different things that were happening because of the **changes**.

I wanted to capture people moving - people walking mid-stride. I took a photo of this guy carrying a bike, and it fit really nicely with the music in the moment.

SOPHUS: A SENSORY JURY #3 INTERPRETING THE SOUND THROUGH DRAWING



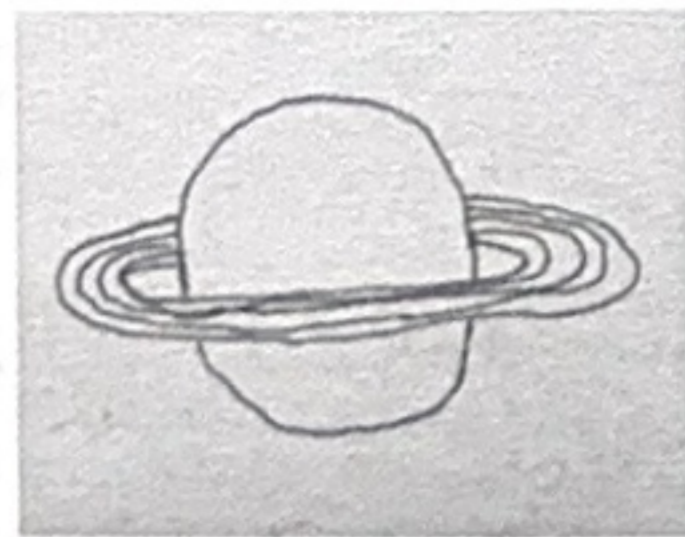
I moved from Denmark when I was fourteen, I've lived all over the world. So my Danish stopped developing back then; it's frozen at the level of a fourteen-year-old boy. I feel restricted when I try to express myself in Danish.

SOUND AND VISION

I think I communicate through layers - emotion, tone, intuition, symbols - not always in a linear way. Some people hear only the surface and miss the intention underneath.



I also move quickly between ideas, which can confuse people if they expect something more direct.



My way of making art is really supposed to make you feel something by the work, not by what I'm putting into your head, but what's coming in your own head.

MAY 1. 2026 03:17



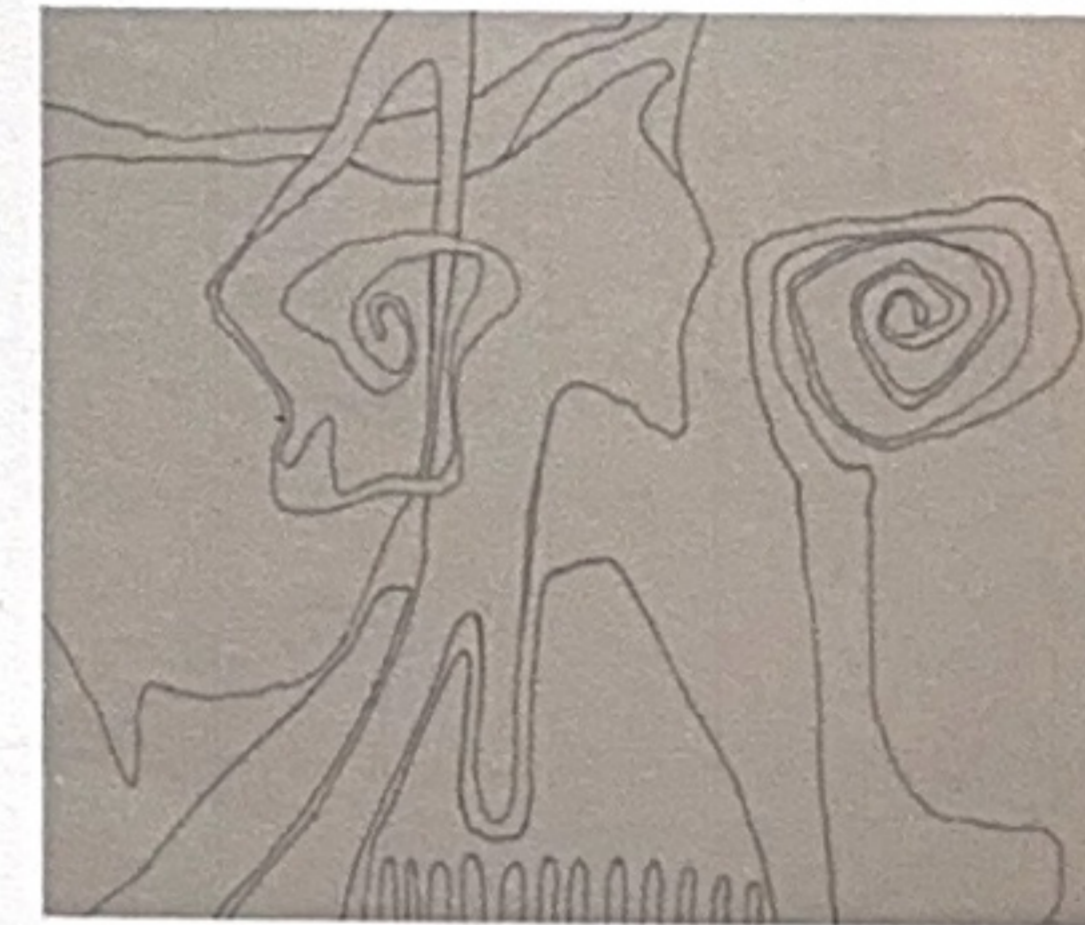
Before listening, I felt open, curious, and slightly **alert**. There is always a small tension when someone gives you sound and asks for a response because you are entering another person's world.

I didn't try to explain the sound. I let it pass through me and leave a trace. I moved toward symbols, inner landscapes, and emotional forms rather than illustration. I was following the movement to interpret, and then I gave up, because it was so **fast, crazy**.



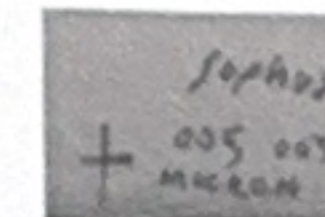
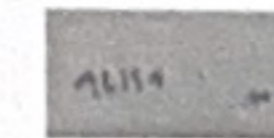
The sound was quite **cryptic** and subtle. It was a nice soundscape to have because it wasn't disturbing, it was more like being submerged in an **abstract atmosphere**.

It felt nocturnal, suspended, **searching**, and intimate. Like being awake in an in-between hour where consciousness is softer and more porous. Not aggressive, but not comforting either.



Certain moments made me stop trying to describe the sound literally and instead respond to the feeling of it. It had a sense of movement beneath the surface.

Afterwards I felt clear, calm, and more centered. Taking 20 minutes of complete focus brought me out of the noise and returned me to presence.





My whole process is literally just organising spaces and being in the right mental state to create. It took two weeks to make the studio, and then an hour to make the space ready for a drawing that I knew would take 20 minutes.



(AI reading of the drawing) On the initial art: "**Moon** above is the witness, night, reflection. Fire below is instinct, urgency, and life force. Spiral eye is perception turning inward. Planet is distance and larger perspective.

That is a very clear take. Without knowing anything about me, just by reading the work, AI could read a lot of things into this



MAY 1 - 2016 831K

M

1000000

