

*"...Similarly economic and allusive is Robert Jarvis's single-speaker playback of birdsong. The sibilant call of a male nightingale that's never going to find its way into these gritty purlieus, it drifts in and out of audition, across two or three floors of the building, phantasm-like and tacitly optimistic, according to one's position amid the venue's bouncing acoustics. The sound, however, is not entirely foreign to the space. The repetitive sound of the bird is unexpectedly analogous to that of a car's engine turning over, naturalising the artificial and mechanising the natural. Furthermore, instead of taking one psychologically out of the car park into a sylvan otherworld, it functions as a focusing device for what's there. One doesn't know where the sound source is, and in searching for it one becomes more aware of, and attuned to, the space in which one is moving: a space which is humanised by this overlay of nature. (Not surprisingly, the car park's owners wish to keep the work as a permanent installation.) And it is a work that rebalances the low level ecology of the venue: other birds, asserting their own territory against that of the perceived interloper, have become more vociferous in their birdsong as a result."*

Martin Herbert [extract from "This Side of Paradise", 2008]