

SOUND WRITING

Sherrie Edgar

~~Per~~
 Out of breath, screaming down the phone, squeaking and struggling to keep up, the noise is
 insurmounting, concentrating, trying, per, per, per, hurt, sweeping through the eyes, the
 smell of oil, the dusty workshop reclaims the space of what was a factory on the edge of
 reality, jazzy, short, shop, drop, cascade the note down up down through the difficulties of
 life, such, too high, so high, I'm trying to squeeze out of this awful situation at the
 front here, here, here, lots blows out, on top the mouth piece, piece it together, understand
 these sounds of her expression, do I know, it sounds like a bird, dolphin squeaking,
 blowing through the wind. Retangle, in a square, press, that's it, mk | smell ink.
 Press room, music journals, type right, fear of flight. Some smokey room, sitting at a
 table, gasping for air in this crowded room, dizzy, fluttering, daze, on | in a maze,
 the up, stop, go, hello, hell, low, it will be fine fine waving on the energy wave through
 the transparent atmosphere we all are & conceiving, receiving, proceeding to another
 state of reality, toe-hility, good-graif, data, da, da, da

- 1) This sound are what this person is going through but what she feels we can't see well only hear,
 we can see her foot on foot, drinks on the cords, making the sounds in her mind,
 it is difficult to imagine or are we only (46)
- 2) On the realm of this experience my emotion goes through the pen to describe the sounds that
 has happen then and not now, this is not true, but made me feel alive to know what
 is it like, bellowing through the air. (45)
- 3) Who on note, sand on sand the people are thinking about their experience is what she ~~experiences~~
 and there is a past-tense in the minds, I can hear them thinking of the ~~the sand that~~
 left the room, she tried so hard. (44)
- 4) There to me go so there she goes blow blow the harmonies of the sand & no melody
 that she once had in her memories to what we know have in our memories
 so now we are writing poetry of the diary she play to us so ^{inocently} innocently
 can we feel.. (64)
- 5) Right here we are shift up and down one note turns into 3, 4 notes, one turns
 three oh no my writing oh no her sound note e, b, c to 1, 2, 3 there we go
 she goes to another place we can't get to so we try to explain what happened (66)
- 6) OK now we are ready her sand express the hard surfaces of the red phone box there we
 are trying to catch the birds of instrumented into the atmosphere we can not get to
 so now we try these we are or there are going to another place? (62)

As I look back and reflect, the tracks of life are a specular reflection, wavelengths are rhythms to our heartbeat, on off, on off, stop go. Sounds are memories of places we can't go, pace of the landscapes never stop and we sometimes just want to go back.

Nothing is there, the girl is missing, that something can not be seen, outer space is a soundscape to where we used to be. Let's board the train, track back, see where I came, friends and parties, pubs and clubs, booze and laughter, free and fun, careless. Rumbling guitars riffs to the steady drum of brighter times, capturing the designs of life. Alcopop tastic Brit rock melodies. We were told it will end, but nothing will end our passion. New dawns were dawning, new technology looming, old traditions fading, no matter what we couldn't be stopped.

Keep going, culture changing, new rules, new ways, your ventures, let's dream, let's go, cut air fare, bare all emotions, dance, the music soothes, this is why it feels so good. Samba rumba, hand drums intonations of the song, mastering our own rhythm to life. Exotic sun, spinning on the dance floor.

Bad is the core of what lies beneath, underground, where I wanna be. Take me down, low mood, deep base takes us deeper to where we wanna be. The baseline is the flat line. Listen to the lowest frequency humans can hear. Sine tones of dirt and darkness, indie funk, grunge, stranger the better, cult to how it used to be, strung up, raging punked up rebel. Anything goes better than a wannabe.

Holyhead, in the head, phone box, 360 drinks all round, crown
revolve, same tempo, up tempo, children of the world
together, love, peace and harmony, keep going on, on, on,
beats pounding as one, electronic pump, four-on-the-floor,
bass drum dreams of escapism, piano, glissando is life.
Fairground rides and street lights. Places we been, victim to
a dream in cream.

Let's not be crazy, it's just a lazy Sunday, listening to the
song on the radio, driving needing piece of mind, those best
days can only be seen on a screen, shouting losing my mind.
Why we want to be our own front page, can't you take it easy
on yourself? Late night, walking, city lights. Anticipate, tell
it how it is, it's not over, we race, space day, floating, never
fade.

Songs featured:

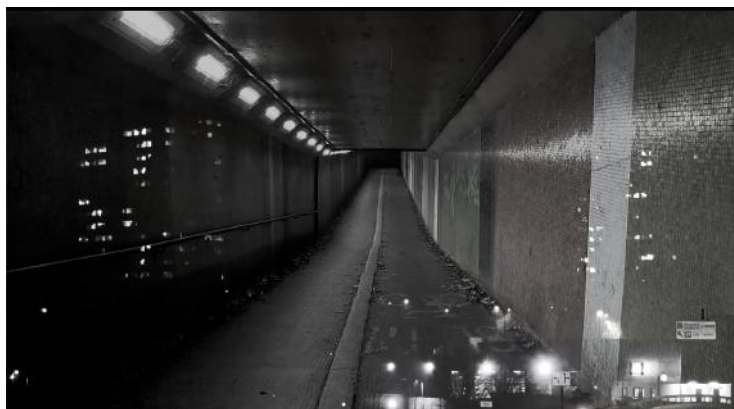
1. Everything but the Girl - Missing 1994
2. Manic Street Preachers - A Design for Life 1996
3. Spiller feat. Sophie Ellis Bextor - Groovejet 2000
4. Sneaker Pimps 6 - Underground 1996
5. Robert Miles - Children 1995
6. Catatonia - Road Rage 1998



Link to film: <https://vimeo.com/303634057>



The train scene is set between spaces. Moving transport (Coventry train station and a taxi rank, with changed landscape behind, once where nightclub Cafe Sloane stood, the first Midlands club to play garage before it became a chart hit), to and from outside positions, the train is what takes you to places, away from where you are. The images cross over to and from the underground subway, where direction is limited so that it only takes you to a certain place, representational of the lyrics in the song, the girl is missing and the visions relate to a place.



Where does a person go when they feel they do not fit into the 'norm' and its set culture that we must custom ourselves to? If one is creative and there is no place to do this, entrapment and being lost equates to not belonging. The images combined with the song, 'Everything but the girl' exists to locations that are my outcomes. To just see the visuals is to take for granted what the eye and mind chooses you to see, my words in this write up communicate literal text giving explanation to the ideas of my mind's eye. Popular music has and plays a big part in my life, I am sure this is the case for most. The songs featured are the soundtrack to the visuals presented.

The location is set crossing under the subway to the landscape of Coventry's social high rise housing schemes and shows the boundaries of the area I live in and the city centre to which was a mecca to the golden age, displaying memories from childhood to young adulthood.

The 'Missing', sang and written by Tracey Thorn with band member Ben Watt, resonates with my younger days. An indie sound, off note love song, I always had this missing feeling. The song is perfect to touch that memory of what was then and doesn't apply now.

*And past your door, but you don't live there anymore. Its years since you've been there
Now you've disappeared somewhere, like outer space. You've found some better place
And I miss you, like the deserts miss the rain. Could you be dead?
You always were two steps ahead, of everyone.*

The above lyrics are per se to missing a person, for me it's the part of, I was everything but the girl. The liveliness and incongruous curiosity, is reflected in such a mood and a situation it hits a cord. The melancholic dark deep uniqueness in music is what is missing today. There was something organic to what was produce then compared to now, "sophisti-pop" is no longer, the jazzy, rock, house, electronic music imprints the days where we used to walk the town, pub to club, be part of a physical community and walk home in pitch darkness gazing into homes that may one day be part of our lives. Careless adventures at that time reinforces the embracing of life, even if songs were about disturbing situations, it was expressed for us to relate to.



The bull and looking through the pub window represents the night on the town. The backing track, 'A design for Life' by Manic Street Preachers signifies that not only did we consume capitalism but we drank it too. Pop Culture was embedded in our lives and as in our youth we lived life to the full. From uncharted territories, we lived in a test bed of all possibilities. Many changes were made in this decade, technology, war, politics, science and travel. More of us could finally be able to embrace life and have better access. 1990's was the aftermath of the 1980's economic boom, socialism and liberalism was possible. From John Major's grey politics, to Tony Blair's 'Britain deserves better' new Labour, 'Things could only get better' and we believed them. The music was representative of us the most, we had music that transcended alternative media and new media, we could tune in and dance the night away to all sorts of genres that represented all emotions and life experiences. All music was 'pop' whether it was grunge, rock, disco, reggae, R&B, rap, electronic. Multiculturalism emerged raving, from unauthorised M25 parties, warehouses, to super-clubs, we led subculture that young people today enjoy at organised festivals. Unfortunately, this has resulted in social control, as the lyrics say 'What price now for a shallow piece of dignity', the song explores the contrast of class identity and solidarity. The window and turning disco light in my visual work shows the old media we had let go of, the joys of alcopop, pinpointed to Birmingham with the Bullrings feet, where so many still enjoy a diverse nightlife, however the ripples reflect our distance of this time and determination we so powerfully had.



Birmingham airport and its city skyline is a poignant reminder of how we move, hit the runway and let go. Searching for better, sun, sea and sand, away from the dismal darkness of polluted urban life. This is where we hop on a plane, whether it was a club 18-30 holiday or Ibiza. It was the birth of low-cost flights, advertised via local papers, travel agents shop windows, magazines, teletext or the dawn of travel websites. We could board a plane, experience the latest club sounds free of political correctness. Marketing campaigns promoted party culture with vivid bright posters displaying all shades of people in swimwear enjoying music. We all wanted a piece of unity and to dance all day and night. It was when the invention of new pleasures were possible and we felt nothing was going to stop us. The UK played such an important role with homegrown DJ's creating sounds that would rock establishment in our cities, bringing back memorable moments that we lived. Dance became pop. My visuals represent this, the local airport that fly's us away to other possibilities is captured with the song by Groovejet featuring Sophie Ellis Bextor, she sings,

'While we are moving. The music is soothing. Troubles we thought had begun. And if this ain't love (why does it feel now?). Why does it feel so good?'

The sultry groove had taken dance from downtown to uptown, being the first song to be played on an iPod, it set the standard from alcopop to cocktails with still a hint of indie with Bextor's pure unique retro British tone. Y2K brought the popularity of posh kids who went off the rails, earning street credibility. Now we looked to being better than grunge and the environment we lived in, we became inspirational.



The M6 goes between the two cities I spend most of my time in and is layered with digital lights. The red digital figures turn off and on representing when time went from analogue to digital, something I felt accustom to. The unconventional became conventional, time slipping away quicker and places became closer. Life was LED and changed to another pace, travel was no longer for pleasure but essential. The red digital figures remind me of the 1990's Honda S2000, one of the first cars to take on technology, showing the speed gauge digitally. It also reminds me of Knight Rider's car K.I.T.T.

The M6 was an expressway to the second biggest city in the UK and beyond, more possibilities that my city could no longer provide. Speed is what we need to pay attention to, life gets shorter the more we have lived and efficiency is top of the list. There are also images in my visuals that come from game machines, remembering that sometimes life is a game to be played. The visuals I edited together with *Sneaker Pimps 6, Underground*, which features samples at the beginning of James Bond Goldfinger soundtrack, 'Golden Girl', my father is a huge fan of James Bond films, remembering them on the old TV set when I was little. The lyrics are sang by Kelli Dayton, also known as Kelli Ali.

Talk me down. Safe and sound, Too strung up to sleep. Wear me out. Scream and shout. Swear my time's never cheap. I fake my life like I've lived.

I always drive, everywhere and I'm not unfamiliar to driving at night. Time is not cheap and, as I get older, I realise skills are worth something to someone and can make a lot of money. If not directed or noticed, talent can disappear off the radar and never be recognised. How much do we value our self and how much are you worth? Is your time 24 hours, are you so highly creative that you're too strung up to sleep? The motorway at night is hypnotic, seeing that nothing stands still or sleeps. The visuals also present how the car radio wavelengths play a huge part when driving. What visions constructs in your mind when you're listening to a song and moving in a vehicle?

Sneaker Pimps' promotional video shows windows into small town life, where everyone appears normal to each other but have their own secrets, showing little windows into people's private perversions. This can be true in life, private thoughts or aspirations, Kelli associates this with an emotional distinctive and gritty voice that proves that creativity can come from darkness.



Towards the end of the film I conclude my images with layers of Birmingham's iconic buildings. Birmingham is a centre of creativity, from fashion, to visual arts and music. Independence is still alive, whether it be a pop-up art exhibition in the Bull Ring to live radio broadcasts and cultural events in The Rotunda. I have embodied the images with shiny aluminium discs representing the famous sequin dress by Paco Rabanne. There are also images of New Streets lights and purple lit trees that present further depths into what Birmingham city centre has to offer. My purpose was to create emphasis on how a city can evolve, showing not just important places, but the sounds that are a part of our lives. The song that combines these particular layers on my film is Robert Miles, 'Children'. This song is also an iconic sound from an era when brutalistic concrete constructions were planned to change from a summer smock into a new cocktail dress. Pop dance embraced instrumental compositions, dream house piano melodies, calmer feel to lives on the roads from clubbers returning home from raving. The soundscapes of social pressure with melodic nature compliments other hypnotic visuals I have applied in the film and the final track, 'Road Rage' by Catatonia.

Sherrie Edgar is a contemporary visual artist, specialising in film and photography based on themes of loneliness, social-politics and capitalism.

Edgar is currently studying MA contemporary art practice, led by Darryl Georgiou.

With a keen eye for capturing the intangible, such as frequencies of sound, Edgar applies experimental methods to create interactive, innovative and unique art.

By provoking emotions, resurgence the viewer is presented with an opportunity to consider the human state through our immediate environment.

Edgar is keen to collaborate, capture and share relatable life experiences.

Recent work has included regionally exhibited installation work, research undertaken at the Birmingham University Bio Laboratory and community engaged projects.

Edgar's website links:

<http://vimeo.com/sherrieo>

<http://www.instagram.com/sherriegram/>

<http://twitter.com/tweetmoncher>

<https://www.facebook.com/SEVisualArt>

<https://www.axisweb.org/p/sherrieedgar/>