

SONIC DESCRIPTION

ATLANTIC RAILTON

BY AIN BAILEY

WRITTEN BY IMANI

MASON JORDAN

[FKA ROBINSON]

Steel pans open the show. They are grand, they are delightful, they are ominous. The pans reverberate, surrounding you, calling you close, holding you. A listener is lulled and quieted: bone-deep.

The first voice, loudly and proud – with a gentleness about it, with fullness. Laid underneath the voice we hear a certain kind of spaciousness. This is a voice in a place. Atmospheric noise; perhaps a car's engine, or wind moving. Distant chatter can be detected, if you lean into bone-deep listening. Claudette's voice is not an isolated call, rather, it is surrounded by depth and width, in place, contained in a landscape of its own making. A place which is aurally constructed, sonically remembered; a typewriter or two, indicating labour? Yes, the sound of service.

My name is Claudette Parry Laws and I'm the daughter of Courtney Laws OD, OBE. And Ruby Laws, his wife. The two of them set up the Brixton Neighborhood Community Association in the early 70s after arriving from Jamaica in 1955. The entire focus of the organisation was to uplift the Black community and fill a gap where the Black community were not being serviced. Their dedication lasted over 40 years. It's a missing story from Brixton's history, but it's a story that impacted thousands of people and made a difference to many, many lives.



My dad had a phrase, help the people from the cradle to the grave. Whether you're a youngster and you have nowhere to go and you don't feel like you've got support, what services can I provide for you? Or if you're a senior citizen who needs to be amongst your own people, who needs a dedicated service, what can the organisation provide for those people? If you didn't have work, if you had issues with immigration, if you had problems with employment. If you had challenges with the police, if you had problems at home. There was no problem that was too big or too small for the organisation to deal with and provide a tailored service by black people for black people. It was a very, very special place.

A very, very special place: it is here we are greeted with a different kind of quality. Something metallic, a sound with even more depth, a wider sound. Electronic aurality. Something like steel, like pans, perhaps but different, as if they have bounced off, ricocheted, a singing slip or fall. This place is accessed through a new and old register. A gentle, cascading ancestor? Retrieved, certainly, as if from an early memory. Sound illustrates sound, as voice.

My memories of the sound at that location of the Brixton Neighborhood Community Association in the heart of Brixton on Atlantic Road, but very close to the front line are many. Probably my earliest memory of sound, are typewriters, sounds strange, but it was the busiest space. Typewriters clapping consistently as work was being done. I remember really understanding Patois as a result of being in the organisation for so many hours, on so many days, over so many years. It, to me it was little Jamaica. It felt like a place that just reminded me so much of where my parents were born. Patois was spoken widely in Brixton. And it, I probably learned all that I know about it from there. One of the things that Black people do and when they're upset is they do something called 'kiss, kiss them teet'. A joyous laugh, and again. Drifting in and out of focus, there is something like a high pitched swarming? A pleasant up and down, a tinkering, in and out.



And I heard that many times when I was in Brixton. A lot of it sometimes after dad maybe had said something that people didn't like. I often heard that sound, but it always evokes those memories of being back there at that time. I talked earlier about how the organisation catered for the elderly and they had a centre that was part of the organisation called WISCA, which was the West Indian Senior Citizens Association. It was the first organisation for the Black elderly, um, in England. So it was a very pioneering, um, initiative. The Black elderly had somewhere to go where they could eat ackee and saltfish, eat their plantain and play their games. And one of the most, I suppose poignant, it feels like memory for me. Is visiting that centre on a frequent basis and watching them play dominoes. And when they played dominoes, they would slap down those keys and I would, sorry, slap down the dominoes and I would just hear the word "Key! Key!". And that basically meant that the game was frozen by the brilliant players. And so their competitors were basically done. But I never understood it at first as a child. But after observing and watching, I recognised what it meant. So that is a really, it's just a, it's just a memory and a sound that I will never forget alongside the slapping down of the dominoes on the table. The phones ringing, just constantly, just incessantly, such was the demand for the services. So it really makes me think of Brixton.

Sirens. Brixton is infamous for the riots that took place in the 80s. There were always problems between black youths and the police. Sirens were of regular sound. It seemed like, to the black community the enemy was coming.

The steel pans. Because Brixton was such an extension of Jamaica. There used to be many celebrations for the independence of Jamaica. Sometimes that would take the form of a small carnival or event that would take place in Brixton. And you could be guaranteed, that on those floats as they would go through the, this very small community in the south of London, that you would be hearing the steel pans.



As I've got older, my memory is not as good as it was. There are certain things that I, I do remember, and that includes an old Jamaican folk song, 'Long time me never see you.'

Singing, with a smile:

"Long time we never see you. Come, let me hold your hand. Long time we never see you. Come, let me hold your hand. Peel head John Crow sit pan the tree top. Pick out the blossom, let me hold your hand. Now, let me hold your hand"

Joy, joy, melancholic joy, a joy that is felt as the extension of particular words and the shortening of others.

I love that song so much, it just reminds me of. Everybody would dance to that song. Um, I really got my understanding of Jamaican culture through the organisation.

Remembering, in awe, the ensemble of senses!

Um, Soca was also a big thing. So 'Feeling Hot Hot Hot', was just a song that would, it would always be played. It would be guaranteed to get every pensioner, every employee, anybody else was there. They would, no part of the floor would not be taken up with somebody's dance moves. Um, and so that also has an early memory for me. Also the Jamaican national anthem. I think the first time I heard the Jamaican national anthem was at the organisation, you know. Being born in Britain as a black woman, you want to create those connections with your roots and Brixton became the Brixton route for many people that were born here. And so I suppose, looking back, it's no surprise that the Jamaican national anthem would be something that I learned there and sung frequently.



Again, a steel pan refrain, to wave Claudette on her way, singing...

“Jamaica, Jamaica, Jamaica, land we love.”

The words reverberate, and the sound offers a new space, a clearing of light and colour, the ensemble, a momentous reflection.... again, again, again...

Then, a new/familiar voice:

My name is Sharon Elliott, er, my mother, Vera Gordon, worked at the Brixton Neighborhood Community Association. Typically known as The Centre, for over 25 years as an adviser and administrator. The organisation, its people and their relationship with the community meant a great deal to her. My mother’s employment shaped my own development.

Is that water? No... yes? Are we underwater? Streaming, steaming, dripping, dipping... an electric, enclosed space, as if in or behind a waterfall. This voice, like the last, is a story/telling voice (perhaps there are no voices without stories) and this story sounds like it has been written down and is being read aloud. Through her voice, Sharon is sharing several translations: from listening to memory, listening again, feeling, writing, reflecting, specifying, remembering again, a gentle, firm presentation, a precious quality, indicating thought and space and time, a precision of words.

The Centre was the backdrop to my growing up from age 11 and birthed friendships, which are an important valued part of my adult life to this day. Visits to the Centre to meet my mum to attend BNCA-led community functions or holiday playgroups at Dexter Road or to join in summer day trips to the coast. All illustrate the importance of the Centre to my childhood. Sounds of the location. Key sounds of the location, busy Brixton, traffic, sirens, street market sellers, reggae music, the hubbub, the melting pot. Contrast that with the silence of the streets after the riots in 1981. By then, I was at university and living in my own



bubble. Returning to London for the Easter holidays and exiting Brixton Underground to meet a Brixton in crisis was shocking. I had bad dreams about the riots for many years afterwards, picturing my mum and the other people I loved associated with the Centre being at the centre of that uprising. Sounds of the space. Telephones ringing, appointments being made, clients being checked in. The hush akin to the doctor's surgery. The external backdrop of Railton Road, Caribbean voices, reggae music, community. The sound of dominoes or kitchen activity. The warmth of the welcome from Mum's colleagues and members of the community. The saying of grace. The excitement of functions, not least at Lambeth Town Hall. The chimes of the town hall clock. Auntie Ruby. Courtney Law's wife saying "Courtney!"

Courtney! A call awaiting its response, a wife in search of her husband, a minor figure in a major production, or, as elders passing a message, a grievance, a reminder? A familiar, joyful noise – these are the sounds that make up my community, indicating lives lived, a visual orchestra, if you will, a crunching, moving, sweeping call....

Tracks that I associate with the time, basically anything by Bob Marley, One Love and Jamming stand out. Sure to get people on their feet. Lord Kitchener's Sugar Bum Bum. Dennis Brown's Money in My Pocket. Arrow's, Hot Hot Hot. Chubby Checker's, The Twist.

A third round of steel pans, this time – nearly ominous, a tinkle – followed by a falling deeper. These pans are slower, intriguing. These are sounds to be followed. Perhaps listening is a mode of travel, a meandering journey, requiring surrender. The only way to get there, is to let your body, with all its senses, do what it is neither good nor bad at, which is to be led.

There are breaks in the sound. These momentary silences are loud, they are engaging, ears opening as the body readies itself for what's next. The pavilion itself aches for the coming moment, the monument, for the direction of air which is volleyed and received



and directed. Silence begets sound. More layers are added; there is a thickening and an opening out.

A deep clear, smiling voice, asserting pride and self-knowledge:

I'm Marc Thompson. I'm the co-director of the Love Tank, a community interest company that works to address health inequalities in marginalised communities. I'm Brixton; born and bred.

My association with the organisation, Big Up was, I was the first project coordinator of Big Up, which was in 1995, and I ran it from '95 to the summer of '97. And it was based at the Eurolink Business centre on Effra Road in Brixton, I think 49 Effra Road.

Surrounded by waves... crowds? Ah yes... echoes. The voice recording has been cut into fragments, and the pace of words is a sudden brightness - though not rushed. Perhaps this voice is more of a talker! Rushing to turn memories into words – only so many stay tethered... There is a greater attention to the relationship between the storyteller and all other sounds, as compared to before and before... as they weave in and out of each other, emboldening the senses, there is a feeling that the ensemble has been here all along, but somehow, it now has a greater presence. Are we listening more deeply by this point? Perhaps we have traversed through enough layers that we are now, finally, possibly nearly, hearing from inside the sound.

I was the first coordinator to come in. The first paid post in '95 when they first got money, but it ran till about 2004 and there were a number of people that took over after me. Then eventually it got taken over by GMFA and that led to its closure. But I was well out of it by then.

My memories of the sound in the building, first of all, are one of silence. Strangely enough, because the way that the building was constructed over three floors, I think, with offices off of all of these really, really long hallways and they echoed. Whenever you walked along these hallways,



there was absolutely, echo. You would hear no sound from these really, really busy offices. And there was loads of activity going on in the Eurolink. I mean, I think this is at its height of small businesses and community organisations were growing. But you'd walk around this, and I was thinking about this. You'd walk along those corridors and you just hear the echo of your footsteps. And if you did speak, you'd hear the echo of your voice. And that was always a really strange sound because you knew behind those doors, were these hives of activity. And then going into the Big Up office, initially, again, there was a lot of silence because, for at least the first six months, I worked on my own. So there were lots of days of just myself and maybe the phones and then that was it. And then over time, as we grew as an organisation and we brought in more staff, more volunteers, over the first couple of years.

A strange and joyful noise – fidgeting bass. Fragment and pull pull pull. The sound itself is having a party.

It was just filled with talk and laughter and Black gay men and Black women Kiki-ing and making up lots and lots of noise. Um, when we should have been working. But that was part of the joy, actually. We were working, but we're making a joyful noise as we did it.

We held two parties, two Christmas parties at Big Up.

And for the first time – we are absolutely sure of the presence of the interviewer, a person, echoing a yes– yes– , suddenly, a conversation – the image of a room – the sensing of relation – a friendship that begets memories – anticipatory – preceding and exceeding the sound – a multiplication and a collectivity. Life is lived in communion with all other sentience.

Erm, I think that would have been 95 and 96. And the first one was quite a relatively subdued affair just for staff and our board members. Then the following year, it was a big party because we moved offices down to another floor. So we had much more space because we've grown in size.



And it was heaving, you know, it was like a proper road party, you know that we'd have in the Eurolink Centre. And, yeah, it was, it was amazing.

The interviewer is the artist. Ain's voice:

So thinking back to those parties, what are the kind of tunes that you remember playing. Classic tunes, probably no doubt.

A coming together of voices, dialect indicating place or space, negotiating – this frequency of relation. The sound is building now – again – let yourself be led – heavy laden body forgets to dance the muscle memory to life.

*Yeah, I was reflecting on this and the music that we were, that springs to mind was 90s R&B. This was the height of Jodeci, Mary J. Blige, Montell Jordan, Bowsman were out of it then. But you know there's, US-based boys and boy and girl groups, vocal harmony groups were absolutely massive. Blackstreet was really big. Dre had just put out *The Chronic* a couple of years before, and Snoop Dogg's *Doggystyle* had just been released. Wu Tang Clan, had just bought out a double album as well during that time. So it was this period of US R&B was really, really blowing up, and I think for us as a young generation-, as that kind of in our 20s generation, that was a real freshness that hip hop and R&B coming together for us. I think one of the, one of the albums that stands out for me the most was the above the RIM soundtrack that came out at around 94, 95. And not being able to get that for love nor money. You know, this was like, oh my God, I had to travel to London to get this on a CD. So those are the sounds that I really, stand out for me in that space particular. One album actually just come to mind, *Baduizm*.*

A continuous, steady steady building, voice and other sounds together, the story is magnetic and temporally flexible. Does the sonic landscape, fleshing out domestic space, draw structure and discipline? Memory begets a kind of disciplining cacophony... the body remembers...



Baduizm was released around this time as well. And I remember for us in the office playing that on a loop and organising a trip to see Erykah's first performance of the Jazz Cafe. You were there and it was mind-blowing. It's that Neo, Neo soul as well was certainly come to filter through to us. I think not so much my earliest, but my abiding memories and the stuff that will trigger memories of Brixton is the distant sound of music playing. The distant sound of reggae music playing right. That that that noise that's in the background. You can hear it and you know, it's coming from somewhere. And that's because of every weekend and the massive amount of time that we would spend with my mum, my family in Brixton market and all of the record shops which were in there. Right. So there were probably four or five, in what is now Brixton Village. And wherever you were, you would hear this sound of music being blasted. And it wasn't even blasted out the shops, but it was just this background hum of reggae everywhere. And it was invariably reggae. Um, and so wherever I go now, if I hear that, so if I'm in the Caribbean on holiday and I hear that it's a unique sound which takes me back to Home, which is Brixton, and it roots me there. So that's the sound that I always associate with with my area, with my ends, Brixton yeah definitely.

I grew up, I mean, this is the funny thing. I grew up. I was born in Tulse Hill, um, but I spent the last, sorry, five or six years in St. Matthew's Road, right opposite the Eurolink Business Centre. So every Saturday we would get up and it was a synagogue. So we would look out and we would see the Jewish congregation arrive which was really unusual for us in Brixton as well because it was a predominantly black area. So, yeah, I spent massive amounts of time on that part of Brixton, Tulse Hill, Athlone Road. My grandparents live Arlingford Road and then St. Matthew's and then back at... the same.

Clicking – clunking – clanging – the labour of the typewriter? No – yes – the body is invited to move – with consent, without prescription, a renaming, sensing the body teaches memory, if you let it – let it live live live.



Oh, well, well my family was you know, it's broken down by gender, a little bit in my family. So Sunday was was my dad's day. So that was John Holt, without a doubt. And because he loved ska, because that was his music, he listened to when he was a teenager when he first came here. So SKA, Blue Beat with my dad, Jim Reeves, on a Sunday, definitely for both of them. Um, my mum was more musical taste was much more eclectic. So she would like everything from US singers like Natalie Cole. She played disco by Donna Summer. Erm, so we've got all of the first four or five or six Donna Summer albums. She would play her reggae, but that was much more melodic. So Gregory Isaacs, Dennis Brown, she liked. Um, but for me as a teenager, as a kid, as a really young kid under the age of ten. I loved the Grease soundtrack, the Saturday Night Fever soundtrack were my two favourite albums. And my third one was Off the Wall by Michael. So when I became aware of loving music and was able to have my own money to buy my own music, that's what I bought. The first single I ever bought was 'I Was Made for Dancing' by Leif Garrett. The first 12 inch was Enough Is Enough by Donna Summer and Barbra Streisand. Erm, yes, so those are the things that I listened to at home.

There is an echo and interplay of pans. The traffic lights and the cars – or was it wind that greeted us alongside Claudette? – has returned and we are now listening to a fourth voice – a generous, wide voice – though not so low in pitch. There is life in this voice – there is love – the listener here is realising that we have been listening to love all along – by every voice, love is the story being told. Ego without ego.

My name is Ego Ahaiwe Sowinski. The Lambeth Women's Project was based in Stockwell and Brixton, Lambeth, South London. And, um, was on Stockwell Road. 166A Stockwell Road, um, opposite the, what was Brixton Cycles. Um, close to the skate park and up the road from Brixton Academy. And if you're feeling cheeky, up from Nandos. Um, I was, I, I was there. I first got there and started to get involved in 1990 at the end of sort of, in 1999 and was there until 2012. Mostly on a voluntary basis, part of the management committee, as a youth worker, as a specialist young women's worker, as an advocate in the community, fundraiser....



And it went through many different stages, but it was a space that provided a number of different services from counseling, meeting spaces, organising space, event space and, um. The sounds of Stockwell, um–

Vibrantly!

vibrant. I mean, it was kind of like a main road. So traffic all day long, really. Um, people the sound of children, because the primary school was next door. So often while in the building, you'd have sort of that kind of noise of kids playing, singing, um, just doing their thing. Or when they were doing, sort of activities, you'd hear them sort of doing like, you know, judo in the hall and that kind of–

Guttural!

huh, huh, huh, kind of thing.

In and of the space – there is a matter-of-fact-ness that is betrayed by open wonder, yes the moon rises each night, and sun in the morning – sound is a feeling, feeling is water, water is life.

Um, and yeah, I mean. It's not a sound that I can actually conjure up. I do think of the state park just across the road and just people sort of hanging and that kind of just vibe. And I most probably heard it, you know, there was noise in association to that, but I can't think of it. But just it's definitely. I mean thinking of just the academy being up the road. So even if it wasn't so. I think that might be a cardinal. I think maybe, hmm. So yeah. I mean, the academy as well, just being up the road, um, is definitely a space that, you know, people just hanging out to see music and just thinking about all the people that would have been just up the road. So even just seeing the signage of who would be playing on an evening, on the way home, or on the way there is definitely something, um. And just people walking and getting on with what they were doing just up and down the road, you know, the Portuguese across the road. Um, cafe. So I think of that kind of just people talking different languages as well. Um, and even within



the space. Within the space talking a multitude of languages from all over the world.

In a round, over by the skate park - ? The words themselves skating over and around the pavilion, of ears and bodies, movement all around you:

Sounds that I think about in regards to the women's project. I think of women talking, meetings, workshops. Sounds that I think about in regards to the women's project. A variety of workshops including teaching. Sounds that I think about in regards to the women's project. Um, cooking together, the sound of us cooking together. Sounds that I think about in regards to the women's project. Making together, fixing together, gardening together, building together, fighting together, disagreeing together, agreeing together, crying together. Laughing together, singing together, protesting together, advocating together. Sounds that I think about in regards to the women's project. Um, cooking together, the sound of us cooking together. Sounds that I think about in regards to the women's project. Making together, fixing together, gardening together, building together, fighting together, disagreeing together, agreeing together, crying together. Laughing together, singing together, protesting together, advocating together. Sounds that I think about in regards to the women's project.

Different languages and silence.

Different languages and silence... silence can be hot and cold, can have a temperature.

Um, other sounds, I think, are drums, music. The music room was at the top of the building on the third floor. Um, right at the top of the stairs opposite the office, the music room was the first room I developed in the space. First ever piece of funding I received from Lambeth was one thousand five hundred pounds and we bought five Djembe drums. So I've just been thinking about how sound was the first investment, that I made into that project as well. Um, that was followed by bass and guitar then drums. And just thinking of BEM on Coldharbour Lane, where we would



get all our equipment and just that kind of localised, being able to get sort of local discount and just that music store up the road that had everything that we needed. Um, and just thinking about Lindsay Shaw, you know, like the spent years, who talk kind of, who was on the committee, was treasurer for a long period of time, but was the tutor in drums, guitar and bass. Um, Choices Young Women's Group, Um, Choices Young Women's Group, which I was saying, I found a CD of the sort of music production session. That we did maybe over summer or something with just songs that young people, young girls had written..

A chorus: joyful noise! A group of young girls shouting illustrious libation memory :

Choices Young Women's Group!

It ricochets! A single voice, then, in the round:

*Fantastic! We are fabulous I'm fabulous It's fabulous, fabulous!
Fantastic.... ! It's fabulous, fabulous*

Sound is the audacious visual, joy joy joy.

And just thinking of um, Ladies Rock! Camp that took place there. Girls Rock! Camp that took place there. On a Friday, we get a number 2 or 196 from Tulse Hill down to Brixton. Get off stop in to Red Records, buy some CDs, walk up the road to the chicken shop, get some chicken and chips. Walk up the road to Stockwell on Stockwell Road. Eat our chicken, like go to the women's project, eat our chicken and chips. Set up the, set up our DJ equipment because we had DJ equipment on a Friday. Spend a couple of hours just playing music, um, dancing, and then we'd get the bus back up to Tulse Hill and I'd drop them all home to their door. And just thinking about, um, that kind of little pathway or even the bus, being on the bus and just being together and being able to do that work and just the kind of creativity that was always, um, in abundance doing that work. In the office, I didn't realise at the time.



But I do have a picture of it. In the office on one of the notice boards. And it was just always there. Was a poem from OWAAD and it was just, um. It was just always there, and that's the kind of direct link to. And not just immaterial and just a post, but it just. It's the presence of them there within the office, that was....

Joy, joy, a joyful haunting, ghost like, insistence.

I do think there is a link from the Brixton Black Women's Group to the Lambeth Women's Project and even sort of visible in the link of just, Olive Morris and the Remembering Olive Collective. Which was also based, um, and did their activities for the women's projects alongside, you know, throughout, um, Lambeth and really the UK connecting that history. But there was also this kind of almost like a ghost or haunting of the presence in this sort of poem. But I never, if it hadn't been for maybe, um, projects like Remembering Olive Collective, known those kinds of connections.

Another thickening out, rhythmic – this is about the archive – as you touch it, it touches you – the living archive – holding you as you hold it – speaking to you as you hear it – relational – you are the archive that the story is telling – your voice is my voice.

Like when I think of, parties that happened at the Lambeth Women's Project and seeing the sunrise. I would have to say reggae, because I think of D.J. Shinai, Eddie Lockhart and Levi, really, that really were pumping the music in those parties. Um, so one particular song? No, by also recall, DJ-ing at one of those parties and being, trying to play some Soul and be, be, get off, yeah.

Laughter Laughter, memory laughter, a knowing laughter, and a humorous togetherness – as in – you have felt this way before – the way that feeling is sensed.



Yeah, yeah, like, um. What I would say, if there was such, if you think of the term Big People's Tunes. That is what. And I feel like that's a genre in itself, you know, like.

Together-ness can be heard in the body memory – can you feel it? There are overlapping background sounds – you are in a place of your own breathing, your making – the shifting registers orient the capaciousness of the voice and the story.

I mean, I had my sort of, um, Rare Grooves. Classics, sort of, still play my brothers and sisters records that I had, you know. My hodgepodge of like songs that I still love and play, um. And you know me like, I like the odd, you know, I'm more likely to play and maybe this was the edge. Do you remember like Jane Fonda's workout? She had the vinyl version of Jane Fo-, there was Jane Fonda's vinyl version of the workout, er. But it was like, 'Can You Feel It?'. So there was a version of Can You Feel It?, but with her doing her workout over the top. 'Can You Feel It?' by the Jacksons. And I'd play likestuff like that, you know, so there was no place for that kind of stuff in a party.

But what I would, you know, in regards to sounds that really define, um, The Lambeth Women's Project for me, um, one would be the recording for the Jo Spence Radio Show, part 'X Marks, X Marks the Spot', um. 'Not Our Class' at Studio Voltaire, which we recorded, um, you recorded. And kind of bought a vision, a life for. Probably we recorded it in the second floor bathroom, and that's what I remember.

A jingle? Yes! Orchestral drums announcing themselves, and each other

Jo Spence radio Jo Spence Radio Jo Spence Radioooooooooo

A break,

Jo Spence radio Jo Spence Radio.....



A melting, melding, weaving dancing, new words, new worlds, a moment and another!

Um, but then I think the ultimate sound in regards to the women's project for me is, of course, your recording. You as in Ain Bailey's recording of Windrush Square, and us protesting, um, at the end of the life of the project. And to be honest, that recording in itself encompasses everything, all the sounds, the environment. Um, Brixton, us, the project... just in one recording. And so if there was ever anything that embodied what I believe is the sound of the women's projects. And it's not just the recording, but it's the fact that you recorded it. The fact that it is there, it's the fact that it's been used in so many different ways after that point. Um, but you evidence that moment.

Clanging, banging, tin dance, rhythmic wind, a high register, sky register, skylight – open airy and broad, this is music – occupying the senses – living, breathing all on its own – repetitive vibration, again and again, the tin is whispering, steel, pots and pans engage in heated debate, a collective joyful sound, impossible to talk over, under you, talking to you, this is the ensemble of senses – a place of your own making – collectively made together, in the silence awaiting its storm, bone-deep, is that singing? yes... yeah... yeaaaaaaah! A clock chiming in the distance – a joining in with the wind – and for good measure – a woop and a clap! A colourful shout! A joke! And a joyful laugh... Floating over to us, as we float over toward it... Again, again... All the way, silent and back again, how beautiful!

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