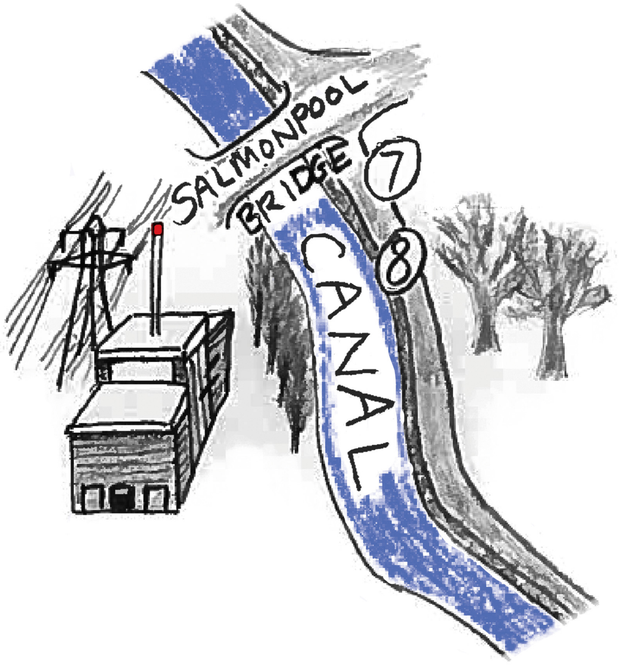
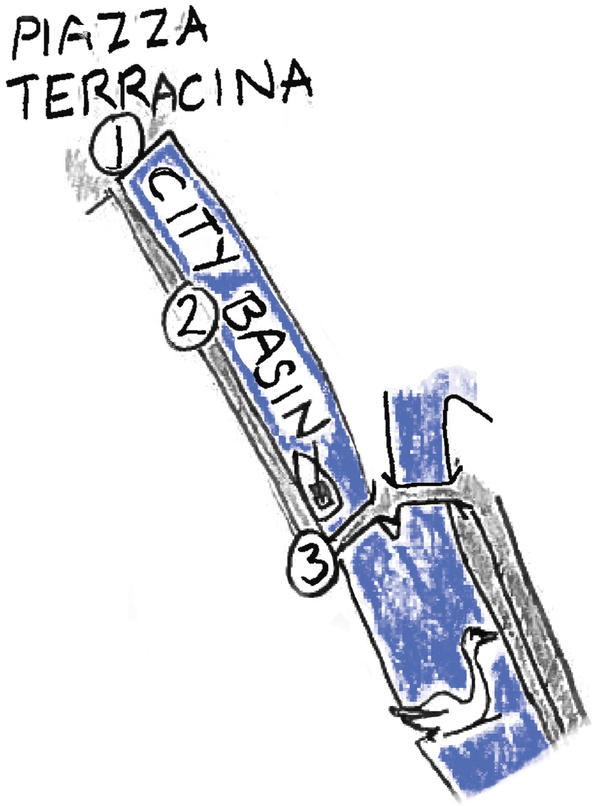
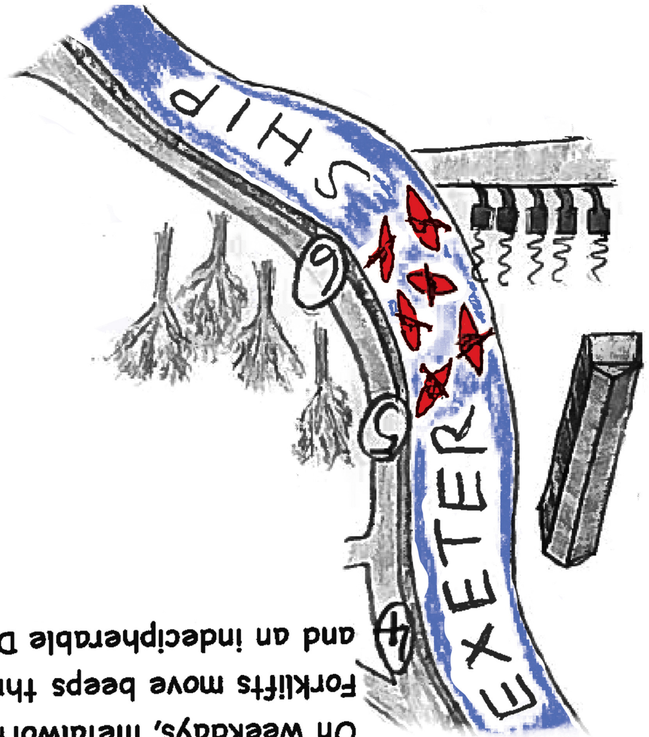


③ Cross the bridges with
experimental footwork
to find their singing tones.
The acoustic broadens.
Runners pant,
plastic soles scuff-thud,
groups plod in friendly chat,
bikes tick-a-tick.
Canine toenails tapdance.



⑦ Where possible, slip between trees. Wait a while, peacefully, so the birds forget you. Woodpecker will be drumming, regardless. Hear them (all) speak. A church bell rolls across the flood plain every hour.

⑧ Steam turbine rumble from the Energy from Waste plant joins in – a massive kettle whose pitches you can whistle. A train tears past. The power plant's poplar facade is an illusion of tranquility. David wren slings trills at generator Goliath.



⑤ I caught a shoal of kayakers' cries & surging paddles.
On weekdays, metalwork screams from cavernous sheds.
Forklifts move beeps through space. Rackety radio music
and an indecipherable DJ josltes with icecream van chimes.

WATER MUSIC, EXETER
A Sound Walk for Alexandra Scarlett

Emma Welton
May 2021

Produced in 2022 for Art Week Exeter.
Printed by Inky Fingers Print Workshop.
Sponsored by NOSE2022
More info: instagram.com/soundwalksexeter

Exeter City of Literature



Art Work Exeter

REBEL ZINE 002

① Once upon a time, when the thickening pressure of machines briefly ceased, voices cut shapes in the air. Today, traffic drones and rasps meld with ventilation fans, dulling the edges of chatter and childerns shouts.

② Voices fade, engines move in. Ahead, ripples slap hulls, rigging tinks masts. Gulls yelp, 'I'm here'.

③ Cross the bridges with experimental footwork to find their singing tones. The acoustic broadens. Runners pant, plastic soles scuff-thud, groups plod in friendly chat, bikes tick-a-tick. Canine toenails tapdance.

④ An open front door emits the sound of vacuuming – or is it a hissing sword? Feathers of a tiny unseen bird shiver from trembles. Percussive clucks & chirrups are threaded with blackbirds graceful contours.

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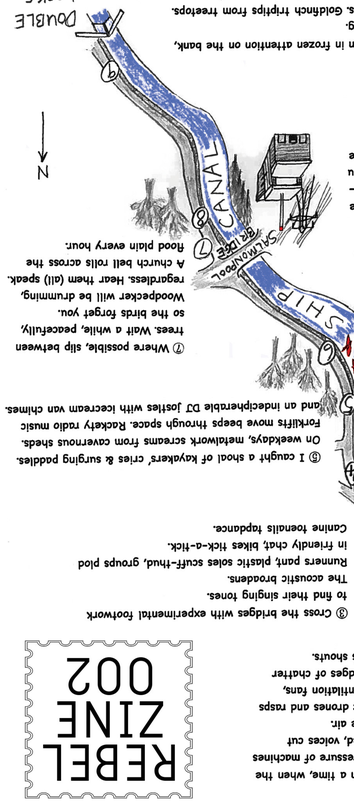
⑥ New sycamore and rowan leaves flop together. A small plane pulses overhead, for ever. Thunder grows from rusty chimneys emitting vapour. If the factories are silent you may hear poplars shhhhhhhhhhhhhhh.

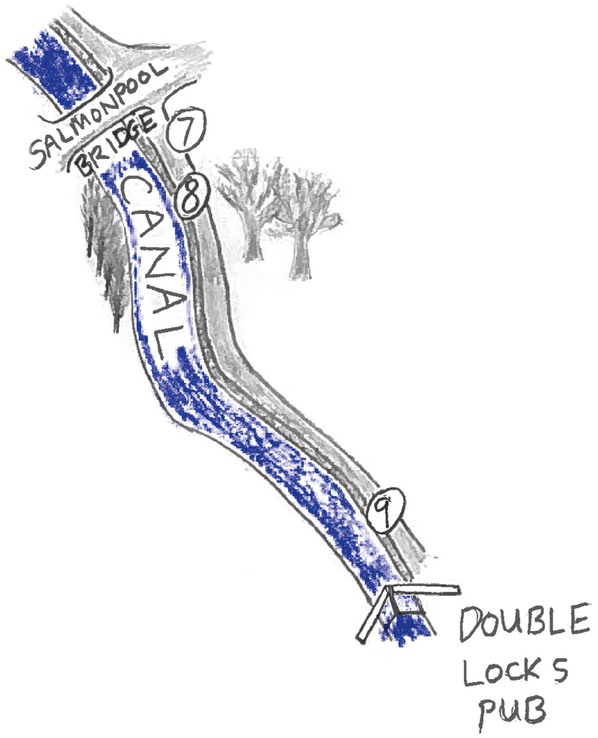
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⑨ Look out for heron in frozen attention on the bank, a silent (coiled) spring. Richer music emerges. Goldfinch triptips from treetops. Martins JqJqJqJqJa overhead. Thrush commands. Invisible lambs b-e-e-ah. Finally, the lock-gates gushing water drowns the machines.

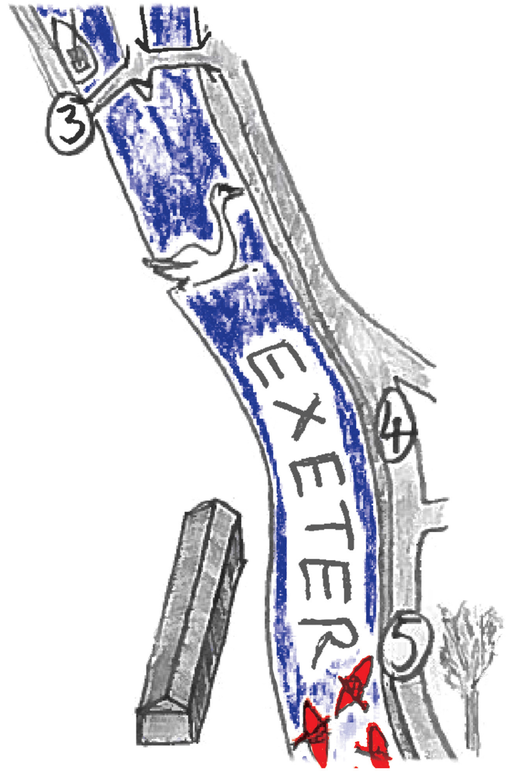
Walk distance: about 2.5 km



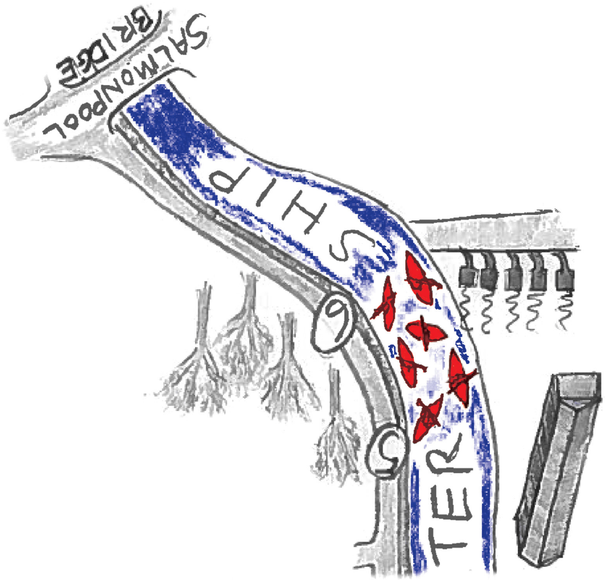


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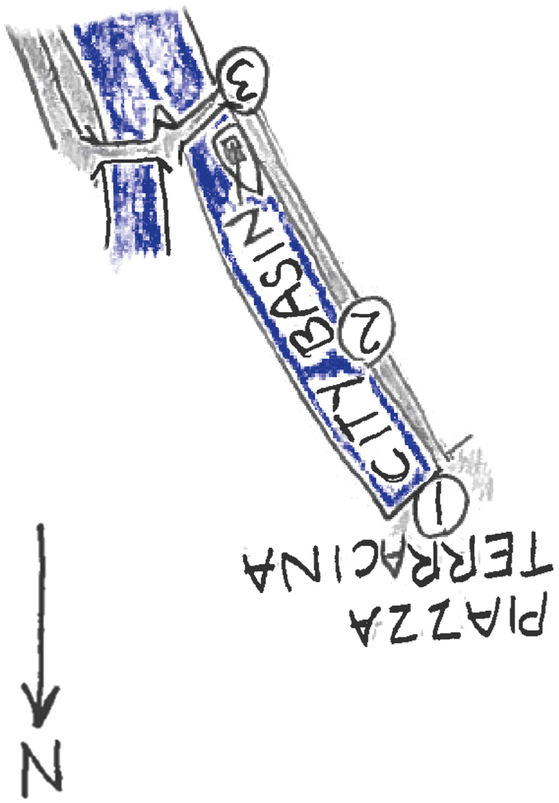
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