REBELZINE 006

Exeter City of Literature

INKY FINGERS WORKSHOP

DREAM FESTIVAL 2022

THEQUAY
EXETER'S HISTORIC QUAYSIDE

EXETER CANAL AND QUAY TRUST

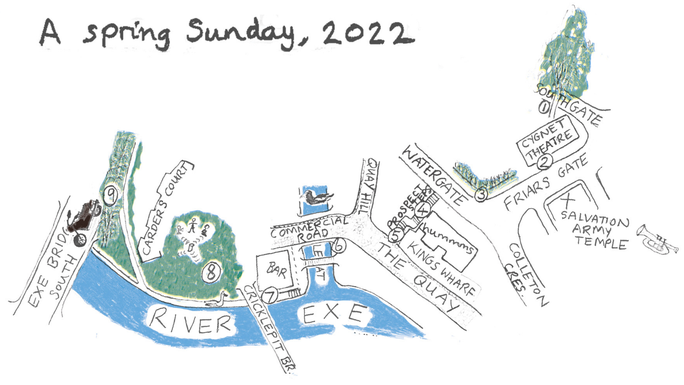
awe Art Week Exeter 22

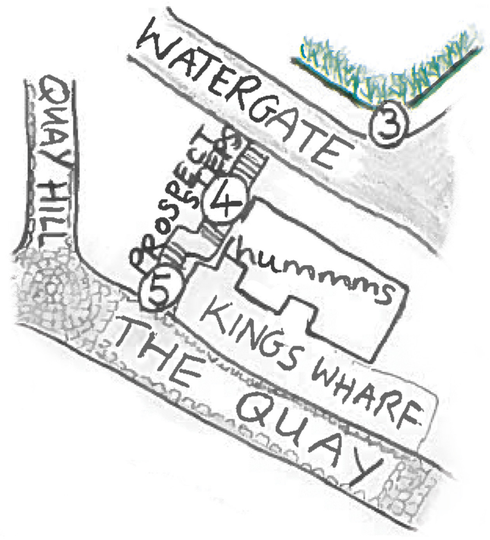
IN EXETER

SILVER BIRCH, EXETER

A Sound Walk for
Cygnet Theatre's 40th Birthday
Emma Welton (49) with
Elly Lee (22) and
Rosalind Williams (65)

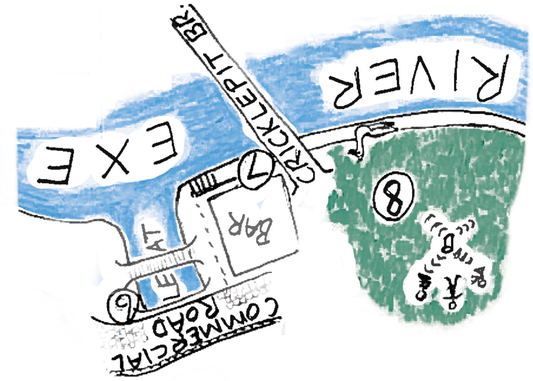
A spring Sunday, 2022





④ Hidden traffic above,
people below. Garden birds persist.
Kings Wharf's backstage (carpark)
hosts many electrical chords.
Hum in harmony with them
(or in discord if you prefer.)

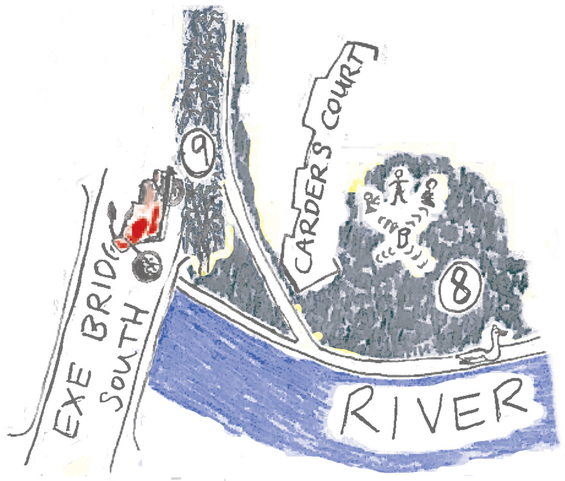
⑤ Dogs skitter up steps. Pairs
of gulls clamour from rooftops.
Chatter bubbles from outdoor
cafes - the hubbub of humans,
unthreatened.
Bicycle wheels spin.
A bus stops and sighs.
The weathered stone buildings
imprint their texture on the echo.



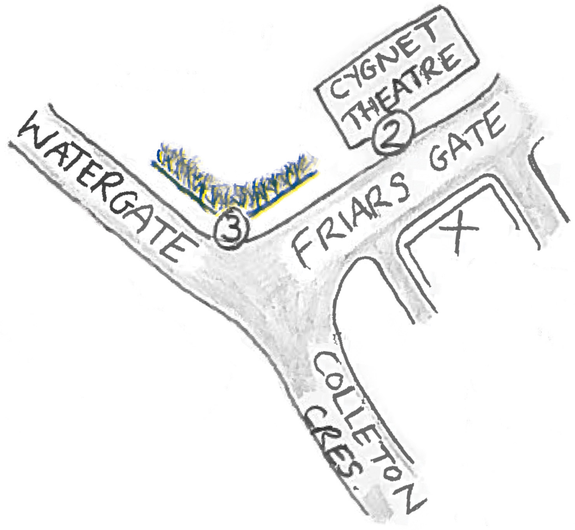
② Sounds spill between
neighbourhood and theatre:
tender onstage scenes may be
accompanied by jolly marching
music from Temple trumpeters.
Locals hear Cygnet's annual
Stage Combat Training Week
begin in silent focus, introduce
footwork & tinging swords and
climax with bloodcurdling howls
and dramatic dying sounds.



⑧ Picnickers may be heard in
groups spread across the
riverbank, some with recorded
music that declares their taste
and their territory.

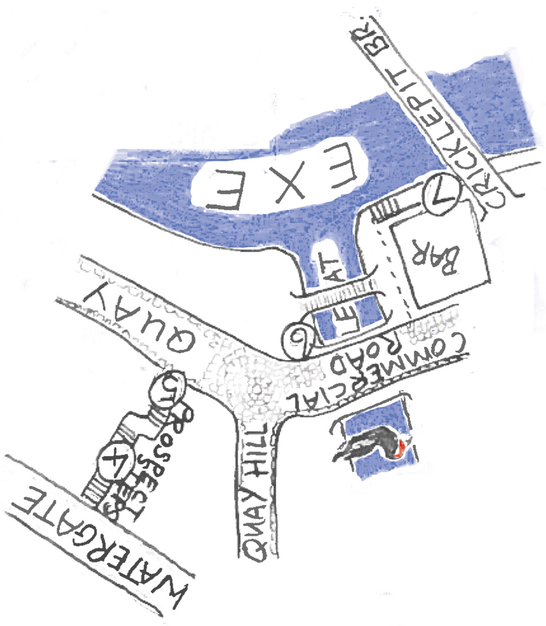


① The spring leaves of a silver birch flutter gently, 'ssssss'. Stroke the peeling bark tenderly.
Learn these sounds.
The sonic smoke of the ring road pervades, but wren holds the stage, declaiming its territory with rolled 'rrrrrrrr's.



⑥ While waiting for moorhen's scratchy, piercing call, thank drivers whose tyres clatter cobbles pianissimo.

⑦ Listen closely to the throng. Beneath the bridge, children and ducks laugh, pigeons and parents gobble & cooo.
Up on the bridge, face downriver. Close your eyes and let the whole scene float into you.



③ Dead beech leaves' wintry rustle is muted by new green growth.
All kinds of aircraft roar overhead, making conversation difficult.
We drew close together and watched each others' mouths to hear each other speak.



⑨ Traffic, ever droning from the wings, takes the stage – dominated by bikers accelerating cataclysmically from green lights.
We stood with the silver birches, listened deeply to traffic and tried to hear the trees. We sensed that the balance between them will switch in our lifetimes.