Gregg’s Giant whispering!

Wind, department politics

Windy

Fresh air

{Museum bit Library

Rest of my life freezing Museum

“hugging”

general chat

Belfast ashamed

Discombobulated

Marching

Train music

Fritz doing well – back masking

Girl

Crossing at Hanover

Creamy white left Filleul

Sunshine – Reality

Life

Phamacy

Theatre

Green dome spire moving

St John

…. In the belfry

An adventure through time and place

Encompassed in the city

Enveloped by the surroundings and all that there is to see

Light and dark

Sun and shade

Memories

Piano

Children

Nuns

**The foot fall sound connects the group**

**It’s cold and I feel like I want to walk in the sun**

**But I can’t – don’t want to break the shared**

**Experience**

**It’s George Street but I feel so soft**

**Voice enacting the body**

**Moving as an enclosed phalanx**

**Glued by sound**

Sound of traffic infiltrates the headphones, combines with music.

A tin can stutters on the road we are crossing,

Wind is tearing the sound from my ears.

The ghosts of songs.

Crescendos of wind and voices

Is the sound recorded or is it the world?

The voices of women like Babbage speaks of,

endlessly cycling in the air

descriptions of the sky,

I check its blue with my own body

Overlaying one city with another.

A city made of description.

“walking becoming an act of recovery”

A city symphony. Rhythms of me *chanisation ??*

*Rattheons Berlin, but here now.*

“Demolition by neglect”

The bells have fallen in Christchurch – but the body does not fall. Each step catches me. Girl with blonde hair slumped outside the Priory

The material of stone, porous, crumbling, The body of the earth,

Holding me, upright.

Notes for Becca (in the form of a poem) upon taking her sound walk- Choreography for the ear Dunedin ,Sept13, 2013. Ali East

You speak

I walk

I walk and listen

Notice and remember

Listen and imagine

And walk

Your voice enters me and I am

Both of us.

You a small girl waiting

Me 64 and struggling to keep up

Yet noticing- the girl with the orange hair at the crossing,

An old woman standing

Her mind gone somewhere else –

Perhaps back to a homeland left long ago – the one you came from.

All of us arriving here

Brought together through an artist’s vision

Of memory and place reassembled

in a digital age.