

Belong to Me

Lisa

Busby

Score

To listen to the corresponding soundwork, visit the link below:

<https://soundcloud.com/lydgalleriet/belong-to-me-lisa-busby>

pillow voice

mirror voice

ice cavern voice

I'll wear a mirror around my neck
lace of

with light, I'll
[t---]

In fur side, for my
tive moments, step out and watch
i-----o-----e-----i-----a-----tchtch-----

I've been collecting stones with lines and shapes of houses and
be b-----

torie s.
e-----

The y'll mirror
or so methi ng i n the la ndsca pe,
[s-----]

bigger than you and me
<.<.<.



The whole ocean is full of lines.

Melissa McCarthy, *Sharks, Death, Surfers* (Berlin: Sternberg Press, 2019), 115. quoting Ron Stoner, 'The Adventures of a Ranch Addict', *Surfer*, November 1968, 60.

I look out at the sea every day.

It is almost impossible to put my face in the water. The shock of the cold – the disjunct, the dissonance, the disconnect between imagining myself swimming underwater and the actual experience of it, is a breathsqueezingsaltslap.

I watch youtube videos of contemporary musicians singing underwater in perspex tanks and bathtubs, and take notes. In Maybole community swimming pool I try some stuff out while the lifeguard is out of sight in case he thinks I require rescue. It, too, is not what I imagine.

I look out at the sea every day.

All the waters are connected. It is December 2021 and simultaneous to my swimming and singing and making this thing, is the unfolding horror of multiple deaths in the English Channel of people seeking asylum and safety on UK shores. I learn old old old British and Irish songs about sailors lost and sing them in the pub; I dream about standing outside the Lagoon Leisure Centre in my hometown terrified in the dark and pining for my mother, about navigating a dream-familiar dream-strange dereconstructed version of the harbour here in Dunure, about many women singing and throwing themselves into deep dream pools in billowing dresses — a Meredith Monk-ian opera in blue. I try to research the physics of how sound travels through and across water; and avoid online videos of many seals orphaned when Storm Arwen swept across Scotland.

How can the water hold all of these things?

Sonic detectives Rebecca Collins and Johanna Linsley focus their research enquiry, *Stolen Voices*, on such coastal edgelands as these, ever shifting borders by water. Looking back at my notes on their investigation, written in bold capitals is DURATION, DEPTH, HORIZON, HOW CRISIS IS EXPERIENCED IS DIFFERENT TO HOW IT IS REPRESENTED.

I look out at the sea every day.

When I swim I grab and pull and exert, through and with water actively. I am held and I am thrown. Salt spray air lines all passages.

For this thing made, I neither sing nor swim underwater. But the sea, its wavy outline in sound capture at least, does actively shape it, buffets it, as it does my body and my breath when swimming, when breathing, when vocalising in the water. And the unexpected discoveries and magical confluences of its semi-improvised vocal line in the moment of singing, have sensory kinship for me with moments of lift and hold and dexterous with-ness in the sea.

Rather in this work, I reflect on my inability to reach or really get myself across when I speak to someone I love and miss. Does she know how I feel about her? And so I imagine the sea is a portal, a gateway for sound, a salty medium possible of carrying a great many things in its lines; and a 'what if I sang through water' as a different way to communicate, in circumstances where all other forms of communication are lost.

*We discover the sound of the sea is made by tiny bubbles
simultaneously vibrating and bursting along the shore
She used her imagination to fill in the blanks
She turned to face the North Sea
She turned towards Europe
She opened her throat, plugging her ears for just a moment
And
She sang.*

Rebecca Collins and Johanna Linsley. 2019. "Stolen Voices Is a Slowly Unfolding Eavesdrop on the East Coast of the UK" Arts 8,no. 4: 140. <https://doi.org/10.3390/arts8040140>

Lisa Busby is a musician, artist and open water swimmer
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Production and musical settings of sound work in
collaboration with John Harries.

Vibrational Semantics explores the voice's ability to shift seamlessly between signification and sonority, from speech sound to noise. Questions of linguistic ambiguity, embodied voicing and feeling/meaning are investigated in relation to the place and presence of the performed voice.

The project is part of Samuel Brzeski's ongoing artistic engagement with Lydgalleriet, involving several newly commissioned text works curated by Samuel and commissioned by Lydgalleriet.

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