



THREE CHIRP

ONE GROOVES

TWO CHIME

FOUR FOWL

FIVE CRACKLE

SIX RUSTLE

SEVEN BABBLE

EIGHT HUM

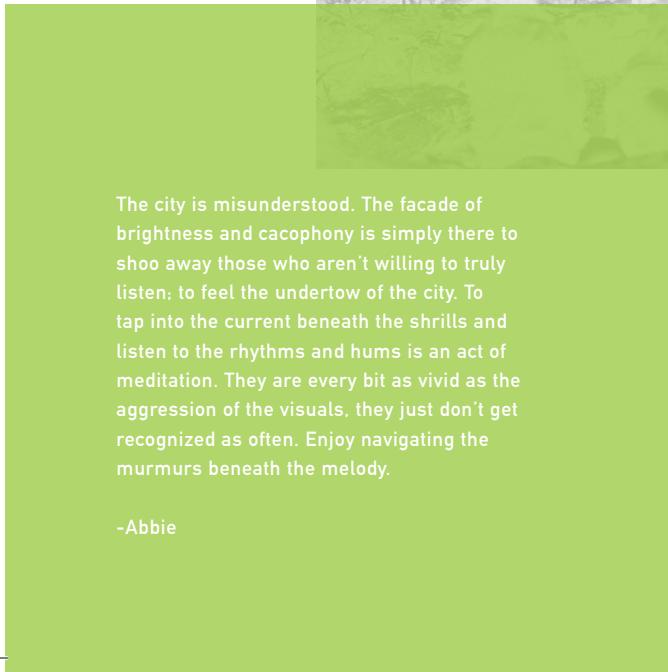
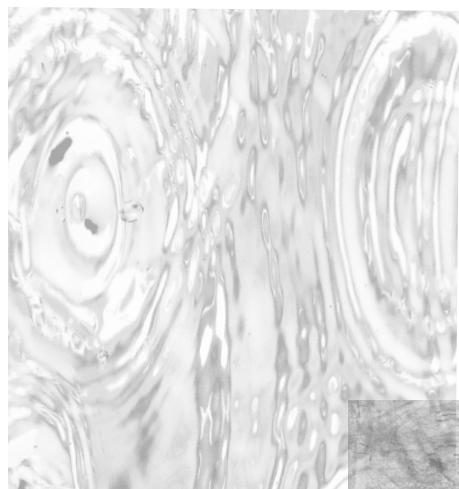
NINE GRATE

TEN WHIRR

ELEVEN BUZZ

TWELVE PATTER

THIRTEEN CLANG



The city is misunderstood. The facade of brightness and cacophony is simply there to shoo away those who aren't willing to truly listen; to feel the undertow of the city. To tap into the current beneath the shrills and listen to the rhythms and hums is an act of meditation. They are every bit as vivid as the aggression of the visuals, they just don't get recognized as often. Enjoy navigating the murmurs beneath the melody.

-Abbie

Where old meets new below our feet, before streamlined paving, cobblestones line the paths made just for foot traffic. The intentionality of laid stone echoes through the passages, mimicking the grooves between each brick. For soles laid flat the hollows are silent, but for a rounded edge they crackle with joy. A wheel of a suitcase gives them the opportunity to share the ricocheting tales of their channels, each interaction a different pitch. As is blowing into a glass bottle—the shape, the water, the angle, and the lips all create variation in the way the sound moves. The size of the wheel, the material, the depth, and the shape of the network of spaces between weathered down stones contribute to the distinct tones in the chorus of contacts.

Each wheel on its way to a different destination, embracing the vibrations of the ground below the surface. The pace of objects being dragged, pushed, rolled, ridden forward creates a polyrhythm—ever changing, never quite resolving, but symphonic in its narrative nonetheless. It tells the story of lost things, dropped things, rain and dust, seeds dropped by birds, butts of cigarettes, rodent excrement, a drop of melting ice cream, pocket lint, and the barcode bit of the pharmacy receipt. These divots and convexes all playing their role in the percussive matrix.



Art + Design

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GROOVES

CHIME CHIME CHIME CHIME

The chimes of recognition greets them, all going to a different destination, monotonous and entralling. The daily commuters going through the motions, swerving around the visitors ambling in awe. Flippant card holders throw the plastic at the lock, paper wielders grasp their golden keys as if they may dissipate. Perplexed taps aim to find the magic spot that will elicit the shrill of approval. The crystal gates slide apart with a swoosh magically allowing a single body to pass into the cavernous maze. Dings ricochet into the passages, alluding to the extent of their depths. A hollow hum vibrates, the source a mystery. Those who attempt to trick the gatekeeper will be punished by its blaring screams, alerting the guards of their disobedience.

The succinct, sharp, functional message cuts through rumbling noise with precision and purpose. She is strict and takes no shit, much like those who walk through her unrelenting gates each day. She keeps it brief yet definitive, not worthy of celebration of the ticket holder's entry. Though those who are new may feel relief, even exhilaration, from her monotonous tone of acceptance, it's just all in a day's work for the seasoned veteran.



two

CHIRP

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To lie and to look into the inkiness, the folds. Of hot summer evenings and lying on the grass, the thick air caressing my face. They are hidden in the silken curtains of the thicket. the chorus. Their strings tuned to match their counterparts, telling each other about the curves of the tree's bark and the color of its leaves. A yearning to know what it is to grow with its rings and sprout new blossoms. But instead they share their songs in the whimsical tangle that is their world, characterized by their gentle, repetitive cadence. The angular friction of their brassy notes piercing through the air. Each chirp emerges as a soft, high-pitched trill, punctuating the air with a soothing, almost hypnotic regularity. The sound is both delicate and persistent, creating a serene, ambient backdrop that evokes the tranquility of the stillness of the brush and the subtle beauty of the natural world. Its timbre is warm and earthy, weaving a tapestry of sound, a blanket of calmness. This weight lets the audience let go of muscular tension, breathing out stale air and inhaling the sweetness of chirps.





The swishes and swirls of webbed feet propelling feathers forward. Heads dart left and right, or gracefully glide. Deep rubbery croaks vibrate out of emerald necks, nasally honks from elongated ones. Robust and resonant conversation takes place, water fading in and out ever so slightly as they drift carelessly about. New additions drop in from the air, feathers whistling in the dynamic arrival. Synchronously they settle into the emerald well, their calls echoing across the water with a sense of urgency and coordination.

As they touch down, the sound transitions to a series of splashes and soft, rhythmic ripples, accompanied by the rustling of feathers and the occasional muted grunt or flutter. This interplay of bold, resonant calls and the subtle, the serene impact of their arrival on the tranquil surface of the water. They mingle as others dive below the surface, leaving a single bloop as evidence of their existence. They re-emerge with a triumphant crash of water entering air, clapping their jaws around a treat.

Once they've maximized their social battery for the day, they expand their wings and let the droplets rain off of their tail. Rippling the droplets rain off of their tail. Rippling the water away with the whooshing of their wings, they let out a final grating call out to their cacophonic friends.



A twinkling tinkle of heat evaporating off of the sparkling metal hood. The gradual, whispering shifts produce a gentle, intermittent melody of metallic clicks and subtle creaks. Arising from the contraction of overheated components as they return to ambient temperature, each pop and tick are a fleeting reminder of the mechanical process coming to rest. An almost fairy-like sound, the clicks of stillness are a symbol of peace and arrival. The soft, rhythmic hissing or sighing as the cooling fluids and exhaust gasses settle and stabilize are a meditative chorus that underscores the transition from intense activity to calm repose, embodying the gradual return to

stillness after a period of vigorous motion. The retreating heat is a waltz of metal and silence. The intricate whispers cascade into liquid notes and gentle, intermittent sighs. Once a throbbing heart of motion, now murmurs in tranquil resignation. Each pop a tender punctuation in the cooling chorus. Its release is where the ferocity of fire yields to the cool embrace of rest, each sound a fleeting echo of the day's journey. The air itself seems to breathe in rhythm with the car's quiet descent, a soft, fading resonance that lingers like the last notes of a song drifting into the stillness.



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Like sand falling, hushing, pouring, then dwindling. The whispers are contagious, they pass rumors among the branches; multiplying and expanding. Ebb and flow with the wind's capricious breath, hissing and shushing.

They catch the wind, varying depth and pitch, depending on size and shape. Gentleness from mass violence, hitting each other but only for the sole purpose of passing on the excitement. They follow me and fight for my attention, to be heard. Like smoke, warping to the space the wind creates and filling it, bellowing into it, then evaporating. Slapping their friends to get them in on the mission to get their messages to me.

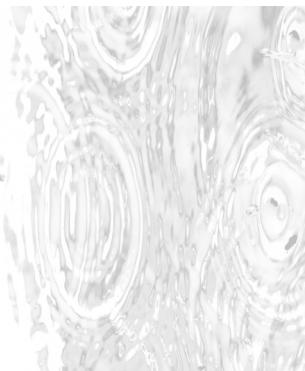
RUSH HOUR

Their sharp, crisp whispers interspersed with velvety murmurs, create a nuanced auditory web. Pushing and falling over each other to tell me the news, oscillating between gentle caresses and brisk, purposeful gusts. They weave a transient, sonic narrative, shivering their way to the next branch. The electric current runs through the channels of each leaf's veins, zapping its way around the skeleton and moving onto the next. They send sparks through their network until it reaches the base and roots, settling until the next wave of hot gossip sends them into a thunderous fizz.

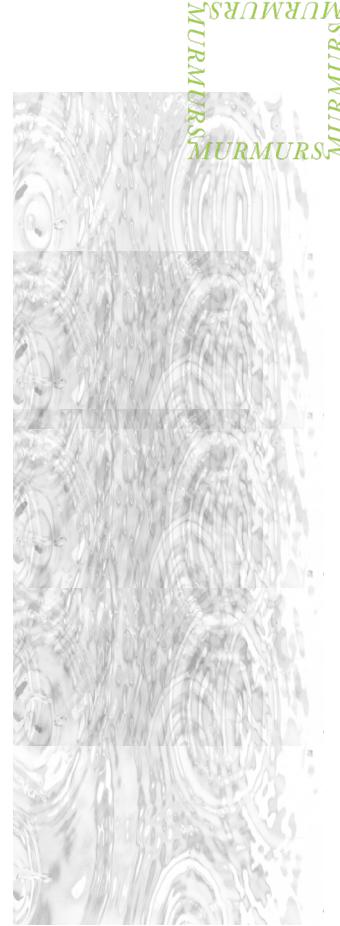
To an untrained eye, the city's concrete landscape could be interpreted as a lifeless and barren terrain. But amidst the geometry and neutrals, an oasis of organic form still makes an appearance. Flat glassy surfaces are broken, crackling through the glazed layer of gray monotony. Through the shards babbling streams shoot from decadent stone structures. Order and rule take a rest and allow the sparkling settling mist to take the

lead. Gravity pushes the rivulet deep, then shallow, creating a fluid, cascading melody. The desolate stiffness of the city is broken by the reminder of life, of coolness, of the basic needs that keep the viewer going. A visual and auditory refresh, interacting with all the senses to ground & renew. But everybody knows that the cake is better than the frosting. No matter how many swirls piped atop this delicately layered delicacy, the subtle

sweetness and richness of its core are the roots of the experience. A rich ornamentation of expression, cheeky cherubs trying to steal the spotlight from the star of the show. Their ambiguous activities could never overshadow the bells that ring with each droplet kissing the surface of the pool.

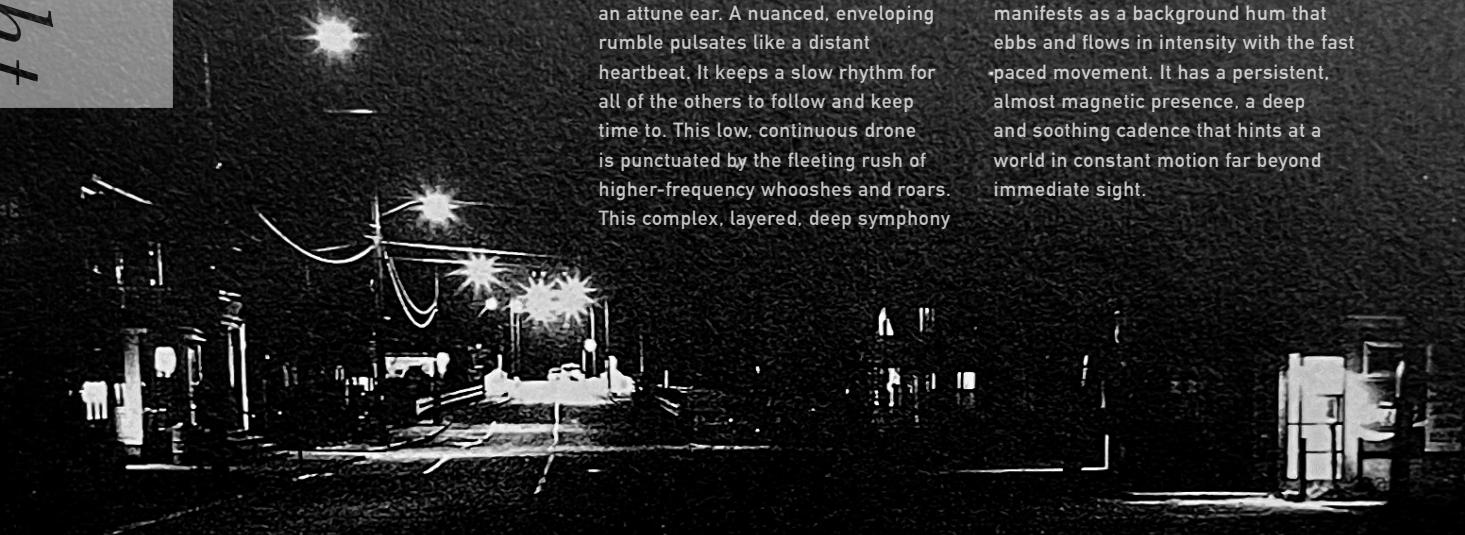


BABBLE
BABBLE
BABBLE
BABBLE
BABBLE
BABBLE
BABBLE
BABBLE



To listen below all of the treble and tune into the underlying murmurs takes an attune ear. A nuanced, enveloping rumble pulsates like a distant heartbeat. It keeps a slow rhythm for all of the others to follow and keep time to. This low, continuous drone is punctuated by the fleeting rush of higher-frequency whooshes and roars. This complex, layered, deep symphony

of engine noises, tire friction, and the rhythmic, distant flow of traffic manifests as a background hum that ebbs and flows in intensity with the fast-paced movement. It has a persistent, almost magnetic presence, a deep and soothing cadence that hints at a world in constant motion far beyond immediate sight.



Its presence is grounding, yet almost never identified. It's a sound that merges with the ambient silence, creating a soft, resonant tapestry that evokes the sense of an endless, sprawling thoroughfare stretching into the horizon. The deeply spiritual murmurs are a simple suggestion

of the unseen, of the speed and liveliness beyond our eye's reach. It's almost ironic how this full murmur is a byproduct of such intensity and urgency. The fleet of destinations creates a river of depth below the brighter sounds.



The echo into the hollowness below is bassy, filled with dark and rich brassiness. A rich solo of voluminous tone, bubbling up and ready to blast open the gates. The acoustics in its chamber have allowed for a marinade of skill, and he has waited long to sing his metallic song for the world. But alas, the weight of a foot keeps it trapped in its cave of unrecognizable extraordinary. To only be acknowledged when causing a disruption must be a fickle thing, the subject of a brief moment of attention simply due to a break in the silent absorption of footsteps on concrete.

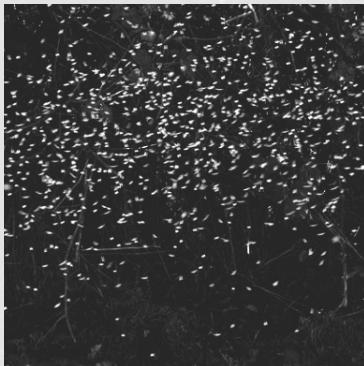
The resonant clangor takes time to love, as it is a rare occurrence. The clattering impact lets out his fleeting burst of song that reverberates through the air for a few moments, then his next chance arrives at the next step. The sustained echoes of spatially expansive sonic footprints allude to the chambers below, storing a world we know nothing of. But he will tell us about it in his song, if we just crack open the lid so he can tell us more in his thoughtfully composed composition. Maybe someday soon he will have a fan peek into his world.



The sound of an escalator is a symphony of subtle mechanical rhythms, an intimate dialogue between metal and motion. As footsteps blend with the soft whir of motors, a steady hum emerges, echoing through the spaces it occupies. The gentle clatter of shoes against the moving stairs creates a cadence, a reassuring pulse that guides passengers upward or downward, each ascent or descent marked by the soft rush of air. At times, the sound is punctuated by the occasional voice—laughter, snippets of conversation—layering the mechanical with the human.

The escalator becomes a conduit of movement, a transitional space where lives intersect, however briefly. In quieter moments, the whirring may seem almost meditative, inviting contemplation as one glides through an urban landscape. Yet, beneath the surface, the sound evokes a sense of anticipation and motion, suggesting destinations and dreams just out of reach. It embodies the modern experience, a reminder of progress and connectivity, and in its unassuming presence, the escalator's sound encapsulates the ebb and flow of daily life—a fleeting yet omnipresent soundtrack of our journeys. Each ride, a small passage, a moment suspended in time, resonating with the rhythm of existence itself.

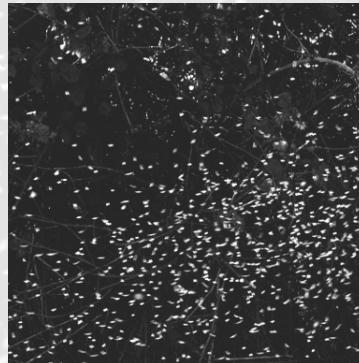




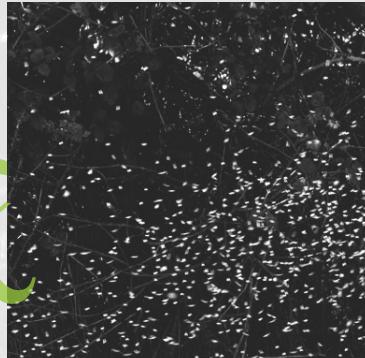
A mesh of vibration, they weave their auditory web in coils, intertwining and tangling in the flux of their humming buzz. Their high-frequency whirr hovers at the edge of hearing. It's the faintest whisper of wings brushing against the air, a near-silent symphony. This sound carries relentless activity and restless movement, a constant, almost invisible presence that hints at the busy lives of these minute creatures. To be immersed in this cloud is a privilege disguised as an annoyance. They sing their twisting tunes, coming closer to your ear to emphasize the most important bits, then moving away to dive back into the backstory.

The shimmering veil of pointillism crystalizes their intricate melody, a humming lull with sparkling crescendos and darting fortés. Like a heartbeat, pulsating regularly then pounding when excitement occurs. The soft whisper of static in the background of a quiet room, layered with the faintest tremors of wings fluttering in unison. This sound is ephemeral and elusive, a sea of staccato warped into a legato. Once their tale comes to a close they dissipate, finding other bands of peers to spin a new improvisation with.

11



BUZZ





12

The sound of rain on a windshield is a symphony of nature, each droplet composing a delicate rhythm that evokes a sense of calm. As the rain begins, a soft patter emerges, a gentle whisper that crescendos with intensity, creating a soothing backdrop to the world outside. Each bead strikes with purpose, tapping into a primal instinct that connects us to the elements. The varied tones—some sharp and quick, others slow and lingering—create a dynamic interplay, akin to a conversation between earth and sky. This auditory experience is both meditative and reflective, often prompting introspection as the world blurs beyond the glass.

The rhythm transforms with the changing intensity of the rain, from a gentle drizzle to a torrential downpour, each phase inviting different emotions. The sound can evoke nostalgia, reminding us of childhood days spent indoors, or it can inspire a sense of adventure, as one contemplates the storm beyond the safety of the car. Ultimately, the sound of rain on a windshield encapsulates a moment of stillness in a fast-paced world, allowing us to pause, breathe, and listen, reminding us of the beauty found in simple, fleeting experiences.



CLANG
CLANG
CLANG
CLANG

The crossing combines industrial resonance and human interaction. As a train approaches, the rhythmic clang of metal bells intertwines with the sharp, electric hum of flashing lights, creating an auditory signal that transcends mere warning. This symphony of sound evokes nostalgia, calling to mind memories of journeys taken and the pulse of a community connected by iron tracks. The shrill whistle of the locomotive cuts through the air, a distant yet familiar cry that signifies the unstoppable momentum of progress. It resonates with an echo of history, reminding listeners of the railroads' role in shaping the landscape and lives around them.

Meanwhile, the creaking of the crossing gates descending adds a layer of urgency, a stark reminder of the need for caution amidst the relentless march of time. In this auditory experience, the railroad crossing transforms into a liminal space where the ordinary meets the extraordinary. It serves as a moment of pause—a brief intersection of lives, destinies, and stories, all framed by the relentless passage of trains. Each sound, from the clang to the whistle, paints a vivid picture of connection, reminding us of the intricate network of journeys that bind us together.

