Soundscore Introduction

*(un)important, today is* by Danielle Mackenzie Long

The sound accompanying the four minute and forty eight second film *(un)important, today is* combines the natural noises produced in the space throughout the capturing of the work, along with an original melodic sound score consisting of a trumpet and a bass drum.

As the film begins the white noise of the space fills the air, for a moment light footsteps walking a top a creaky bench are heard, followed by the faint sound of wind rustling objects far away. Both of these sounds are insignificant and merely occupy the space the same way a shadow does, standing next to its real life companion. That is until the breeze picks up until it is a powerful gust that closes in on you. A rapid constant pulsing of low pitched electrical static sneaks in and sustains itself for the rest of the film. A calming siren fades in to register among the pulsing, softly calling out to the space. It is a moan of longing met in return with a single ethereal note of trumpet coming from a distant place, sustaining itself for many moments. The slow paced percusivise heartbeat of a drum meets the trumpet’s call, which gradually expands its range of tones, some higher, few lower All build in richness and confidence, charging the space with the desire to be together, which is drawn out by the breathe in between each percussive drum beat. The interaction between these three entities is maintained for the duration of the work.

Whenever hands meet in a clap the single hollow noise of that clap is perceived. Gusts of wind sporadically sweep in to be heard for a brief second, and just as quickly disappear. A soft clash of symbols resonates on occasion.

As the protagonist becomes caught in freeze frames depicting herself gasping the trumpet becomes stuck in a looped moment of time. It echoes the same note, softening its grasp on the sound each time it repeats, dwindling away in a span of ten seconds. Soon after the trumpets regains its footing and calls out with the repeated melodic calling of earlier. Disjointed bouts of applause are invited into the air as the film nears its end. As an apparition of the protagonist appears the trumpet calls out one last time in its greatest act of desperation, though it receives no answer in return. Gravel quietly crunches beneath the feet as a distraction to the trumpets final sustained melodic burst. It is interrupted by a snap. Again a snap. A final snap is the only sound to fill the space. All other noises are abruptly cut off.