

Please note, this transcription only transcribes the audio parts of the installation with words, lyrics or speech.

Audio	Visual
<i>Transcription begins</i>	
[background music]	[text on page]
<p>{the entrance}</p> <p>If I were the desired human, would you take me in? I'd Light in my skin, graceful in my words. Forever blending in</p> <p>If I was the undesired human, would you still take me in? I'd Dark in my skin, graceless in my words, Never blending in</p> <p>If I was everything that you wanted me to be, would you love me more? Would you set free? Hug me till I couldn't breathe? Place a thousand kisses on my cheek?</p> <p>If I was everything you didn't want me to be, would you love me less? Would you imprison me and hold me hostage until your look of disapproval imprinted itself on my cheek?</p> <p>If I was hurting, would you give me the support that I need? Or the support that you think I need? The support that you wanted to give me?</p> <p>If I was at my lowest, would you help raise me to my highest? Show me my potential? Make me feel invincible</p> <p>If I was at my highest, would you take me to my</p>	<p>Liquid ... in black and white</p> <p>A close up of a pink rose in black and white</p>

<p>lowest? Tell me that I am unworthy? Make me feel defeated</p> <p>I guess what I'm trying to ask is</p> <p>I guess what my question is...</p> <p>No matter/Regardless of who I was or who I may be</p> <p>Would you still love me? Would you always love me?</p> <p>Would/Could you unconditionally... love me?</p>	
<p>[no sound]</p>	<p>[text on page]</p>
<p>{the family dinner}</p> <p>Sointu Saraste: It's interesting to live this time of getting more independent, loosening the attachments I have to my family. I spent the whole lockdown at my family's home, but instead of getting closer with them, I feel like the time in there just illustrated my growth out of that place. I felt like a guest and not like at home when in there. This feeling is only highlighted by the fact that my brother has taken over my room and I lived in the guest room. It feels hard to concentrate on doing my own things; school work, dance things, reading, etc. when I'm in there. There's so much hassle going on all the time. It's hard to keep myself organised. Even now that I'm back in London, I'm keeping less in touch with my family. I guess this is a phase in getting more independent and on my of seeing my family more like friends. More like people I don't have to depend so much on to.</p>	<p>Text "Family dinner" in the middle of the page</p> <p>An image from above of a dinner table full of food and people eating .</p>

<p>[no sound]</p>	<p>[text on screen]</p>
<p>{the silent room}</p> <p>Is it a home, or a shelter? Am I an ennemi, or a daughter?</p> <p>You said "I gave you a shelter" But still don't know my name, So you can hit harder, When you think I'm insane, For being different</p> <p>Than what you thought I'd be</p> <p>It's your car at the door, That I'm scared of seeing, And if you let me go, You know I'd start riding Far away</p>	<p>Black screen.</p> <p>A video appears.</p>

<p>And build my own home</p> <p>Far away</p>	
<p>Welcome to the green room press. I'm your host, Reuben Arthur. The Green Room press is an audio editorial newspaper, bringing new pieces from young black voices in the UK. In this show episode, grave danger, I want to talk about that is something I generally avoid talking about. But it's a reality for a soul and opening a dialogue is needed because people tend to die a lot, you get dialogue. I'm sorry, I shouldn't make bars out death. Funnily enough, I use death to make bars to imprison myself. Let me explain. I don't have a lot of fears. The average thing just doesn't scare me. But I've had a fear of death for the longest time I remember most of most recently, but in my early childhood, there will be nights where I would lie motionless in bed, petrified by the possibility that I could close my eyes for what should have been a sweet dream, only to be trapped in a never ending nightmare of a world beyond the limit. Growing up, my bedroom was next to a cemetery with a huge tree. And in the winter, the streetlights would cast a shadow on the branches I made it seem as though death herself was reaching through my window in an attempt to claim my soul. I vividly remember pondering where it would be like to wake up in a coffin. When nobody can hear my screams. I said wait for the suffocation to send me to sleep. Often, I would debate whether I prefer to drown or be burned alive. Here I am. I wasn't the most fun nine year old to be around. I was just a product of my environment. One day included walking into my living room to see my father dead on the floor Don't worry, the irony isn't lost on me either. That was nothing compared to seeing him at the open casket. to see someone you once knew, laughed with, cry to, love. In that state, suck drive or vitality. Like a husk</p>	<p>16mm film footage layered on top of footage of a dark forest.</p>

without a soul. To Quote Little Simz? Do you want to see a dead body?

Probably not. I wasn't fond of my reality. And so I looked for ways to escape it. I think that's how I found anime and why I'm such a huge fan of it today. There is one adaptation of a manga is called Full Metal Alchemist Brotherhood. It's a great show. And if you're into that kind of thing, I definitely suggest watching it if you haven't already, by bringing it up, because it was the first piece of media that adequately represented my experience of dealing with death. You see in the show...I don't want to geek out right now. But basically, people have these amazing abilities. They can manifest almost anything in their imagination, provided they have enough resources. Key word, almost anything. One thing they can't do is bring back the dead. In fact, in universe, characters who attempt to do so are punished and have to pay a toll of some sort. Like they use an arm or a leg or in one case, an entire body. But at the same time, they're also weirdly rewarded by coming face to face with the truth of their world. Giving them a deeper understanding of the laws of the universe and thus, a better understanding of how to progress going forward. Now probably wondering, what does that have to do? Anything Reubs? Always. It's almost exactly how I felt about seeing my father die. Losing such an influential figure in my life for seemingly no reason. Felt like a punishment from above. And the toll I paid in order to attempt to advance in my life were my emotions. Not all of them my life. I definitely kept the angst, the rage and the sorrow but for a while, my joy, my hope and my love. Felt sealed off in a realm beyond my reach. Only after some time, a lot of time passed. My eyes were really open to the truth of this world as I now understand it. You see myself was in pain towards the end. And his death well it ended with that mean Yeah, it still hurts sometimes, that he's not here. But, you know, at least he wants was. He lives on through what he left to me and everyone else has like

Video transitions to hands painted with glow in the dark paint. One hand is blue, one hand is red. Both hands attempt to meet in the middle but keep bouncing back until they reach and cling once and for all.

<p>touched. And once I understood that my priorities shifted a bit. Of course, keeping oneself in the light is a task much easier said than done. We can find ourselves engulfed in darkness before we're even able to comprehend situation. On January 26 2020, Kobe Bryant died in a helicopter crash alongside his daughter Gianna, and their seven friends. My whole life I've been looking for meaning in something, meaning in anything meaning in me, what am I here for? Why do I specifically exist? What can my life do for the world and those who exist in it? Because I was trying to dedicate my life to something bigger than me. I strive to use my ability to create a situation that's better not only for myself, or for just my family or loved ones, or for anyone who needs it. I want to be a paragon of success. An example of excellence, someone who toiled endlessly to sow the seeds so that one day, we can all enjoy the fruits of my labor. In short, I just want to speed up quite a bit. So when I heard the news, it was hard for me to not have this overwhelming feeling of for what? . But an entire lifetime, dedicated to perfecting a craft, inspiring a generation. And he's gone in a blink of an eye. It's like what am I even here for? I don't know, I think I looked to a good life to protect me from death. Somewhere in my mind, I was convinced that if I lived a good life, if I did good things, if I maximize my potential, I would be allowed in some way to transcend death to beat it to win. So when I see a man lose his life, a man whose entire life was committed to scoring points. Forgive me for having a moment or two or so my own life is pointless. Living a good life didn't protect Kobe. It didn't protect my dad. And it won't protect me understand that the legacy of the dead for me exceeds their lives. The Mamba mentality he lives on in a generation of people call me left on. So I guess my real fear is I won't to have a worthy one.</p>	<p>Video ends</p>
<p>[no sound - unless unmuted]</p>	<p>[six submission videos sit a grid like structure]</p>

*Outlaw Ali:
Motherless Child*

Mayday mayday, I've been shot dead
I can tell the future like Mystic Meg
I make tunes, not buggin I'm looney
My life looks like a real life movie
How many times do we need to fight?
How many knives do we need to hide?
Dressed in black and they're dressed in white
Another black sheep, left in the wild
Snakes in the grass with a venomous smile
Run away kid, run many miles
Pistols out in the West it's wild
Rest in peace to another middle child
Somebody please, answer me
Why do I come from a family tree
Full of so much toxicity
Maybe it's time I finally leave...

Never will the devil ever win this battle
With the heart of a lion, I've never been like cattle
Face the pain, embrace the change
So far ahead they ain't in my lane
Please, I don't want sympathy
Leave me to me my injuries
I'm done being under arrest
The heart in my chest can't take another test
Settle down kid and don't let them phase you
They had a chance but didn't wanna raise you
Now I'm a villain but its time I blame you
I said it to your face, said it I hate you

Raising heathens, raising demons
I was in the yard blatantly bleeding
If I explode, would that be a treason?
Let me explain, I have my reasons...

Never done crack it never got that bad
Still I do drugs to release my dad
You taught me to be a liar
You can burn the bridge, I'm used to fire
Meet messiah, pray to the lord
The lord told me don't follow all the laws
We can get Raw, I could do the Van Dam
Smoke another opp then finish with a handstand

Colourful smoke moves in vertical motion on the screen. Beginning with red, it becomes multicoloured.

<p>Goodbye, it's over for now When I get rich don't wonder how Do you hear the noise? Do you hear the sound? That's my people singing out loud.</p>	
<p><i>Saffron Mustafa & Renée Bellamy:</i> <i>A portal that is the time we have shared</i></p> <p>*Birds*</p> <p>Multiple voices:</p> <p>S:Silky N:I'm sinking R:Twinkling Z:So</p> <p>R:Looking down at the hill Z:Everybody else</p> <p>R:I'm coming towards the end I'm going to run N:Around R:I'm going to run through it</p> <p>*Birds*</p> <p>R:And I'm running through N:Clutching R:Grainy like my memories N:There's stopping Z:And counting the leaves N:I'm trapped I'm going further down Z: When I think about it It was so calming N: into R: Resting my hands, resting my feet N: And it's been feeling</p>	<p>A dance video: Two people dancing outdoors, the sky, trees and plain buildings alternating as a background.</p>

pretty
strange like
the sand Z:
Watching
the light
coming
through the
trees

*Sounds of children

playing in the distance

and wind in the trees* S &

R: A line across the page

S: I'm thinking about the tree and it's turning out

R: Noticing my hands,

S: I was never really good at climbing

R: through the light,

S: A line

R: in the trees

S: Across the page

R: Sinking

S: A line

R: So I could go in there forever

S: Across the page

R: A line across the page

R: It looks like a trap

S: With everyone it feels like

R: Sinking

S: Home

R: So I could go in there forever

Sound of feet on pavement

R: It's reaching me and looking down the hill

Sound of feet on pavement and birds

S: I've got some waves, just like squiggles, indicating water on the right hand side
R: It looks like a trap
S: With everyone it feels like home
R: And it strikes
S: Beginning to look like tufts, kind of like grass, but I know
R: I'm trapped
S: It's sort of not grass and that it is sort

of like a head on the beach at the end of

R: Holding all the sand, the way it feels

under my toes

birds

R: These sandy figures

S: There's lots of layers, focussing on music, I don't really know what I'm drawing, thinking about in relation to, not being hopeful, there's a little bit

A stage, really interesting textures

R: A line across the page

S: Need some ice cream, hide in this,

R: I'm thinking about the tree

S: sound

R: And it's turning out I was never really good at climbing

S: I'm drawing lots of circles

R & S: I'm drawing lot's of circles

S: Sinking in so

R: I've got some waves

S: Could go in there forever

<p>R: Just like squiggles indicating water on the right hand side</p> <p>S: It's reaching me and looking down the hill, it looks like a trap</p> <p>R: With everyone it feels like home</p> <p>R&S: Beginning to look like tufts, kind of like grass but I know it's sort of not grass and R: and, there's lots of layers, neon genesis, focussing on music, I don't really know what I'm drawing, thinking about in relation to not being hopeful,</p> <p>there's a little bit</p> <p>A stage, really interesting textures, need some ice cream, hide in this</p> <p>S: Are we good?</p> <p>R: Sound</p> <p>R&S: I'm drawing lots of circles</p> <p>*Sound of distant sirens and metal clunking, distant voices, the sound of feet stepping on the ground*</p> <p>*the sound of feet moving through gravel*</p>	
<p><i>Sana El-Wakili:</i> <i>Let's talk about parents</i></p> <p>Blood is thicker than water Can you see me? You see i can't live without my Parents i cant live without my family Cos i've always got them to come back to In difficult days and tiresome nights Ive got them to come back to To cry to To spread my joy with To celebrate and express my concerns to Blood is thicker than water Cos no matter what happens What happens</p>	<p>The footage changes between a close up of a person talking, then dancing on a street, in front of a building and dancing in a room.</p>

Through the years through the
past Through the childhood
Through the adulthood
No matter what happens
I've always got them
To come back to
Because no matter what
happens It's them that worry
about me
Them who bare my pain with me
Them who got my back if i fall

Its them
Its them
Only them
Them only them
And
No matter what happens
Them that ultimately worry about me
Them that ultimately care the most about
me You see. Do you see what i mean Do
you see what i mean

In their hearts secretly cry for me
In their hearts secretly pray for
me In their hearts worry for me
In their hearts laugh with joy for
me And they share my pain all
the way From the beginning till
the end

Come with me
Switch

In their hearts want the best for me
In their hearts want the best for me
They want the best and only the best for me They
want to see me smiling they want to see me thriving

<p>{the exit}</p> <p>[soundscape instrumental plays]</p> <p>Family is a place Family is a smell Family is a memory, nightmare and dream It's a big field of crossing pathways It's lost moments and future hopes Shared and unshared Between you and your people</p>	<p>[text on screen with colourful background]</p>
<p>Blood makes you relative, not family</p> <p>Blood makes you relative, not family</p> <p>Blood makes you relative, not family</p> <p>So am I only relative to your relativity or are you relative to mine?</p> <p>Water always nourished me, hydrated me</p> <p>Blood always suffocated me, consumed me</p> <p>One cut and the blood runs right out of me, never to return to me</p> <p>It may stick to my skin like a veil of false security but one splash of water and it departs from me</p> <p>Funny how my body is more water than blood</p> <p>But you want me to be more blood than water</p> <p>You'd rather I bleed or maybe you're saving me from drowning</p> <p>But what you don't realise is that your constant state</p>	

of deformity is now deforming me and so I collide
with the walls of your walls now containing me

Still I need both to stay alive

Without either I, I barely survive

[background music]

[text on screen]

Transcription ends