Dream Sequence

Sonic Moments

A Companion for Deaf and Hard of Hearing Audience Members

Dream Sequence unfolds like memory itself.

Moments do not arrive one at a time. They overlap, interrupt, disappear, and return unexpectedly. Some remain vivid while others dissolve at the edges.

This companion offers insight into both the structure and emotional landscape of the sonic world. Some descriptions identify voices, music, and environmental sounds directly, while others suggest the feelings, memories, and sensations they may evoke. Rather than prescribing a single interpretation, we invite you to engage with these sonic moments in whatever way feels meaningful to you.

Many of the environmental recordings in *Dream Sequence* come from a personal sonic archive gathered by artist and performer ShaLeigh Comerford over years of living, traveling, grieving, and remembering. The dream unfolds through her voice, her memories, and places she has inhabited and returned to over time.

These sounds were not composed in a studio. Some locations are named while others remain anonymous, allowing memory to move between the specific and the universal.

Here is the architecture of this sonic dream. Here are its materials, rhythms, disappearances, interruptions, and returns. We trust you to encounter it in your own way.

Stacked Memories

What surrounds us

Environmental recordings gathered over many years and locations coexist in layers.

Indistinguishable conversations overlap with applause, footsteps, a bustling train station recorded in Brussels, Belgium, a market-like atmosphere, distant church bells from Todi, Italy, and someone softly whistling beside the Mediterranean Sea.

No single sound dominates. Like memory itself, moments drift forward, briefly asking to be noticed before dissolving into the background.

What emerges

A dancer speaks:

> "I'm walking through a busy train station.
> Strangers weaving through as if I'm not here,
> but I feel every bump,
> every breath."

A station announcement briefly rises above the surrounding activity.

> "Final call for the midnight train.
> This is the last train leaving the station tonight."

> "I'm making my way onto the train
> and finding my seat."

A simple piano melody enters beneath the environmental sounds. It repeats gently, moving slowly and leaving space between phrases.

> "My eyes feel heavy."

Another dancer repeats:

"Tickets please...
Tickets please...
Tickets please."

A handheld clicker punctuates the texture with a steady mechanical rhythm.

The repeated click may feel ceremonial, repetitive, reassuring, or insistent.

Falling Asleep

What remains

The train station sounds disappear.

The piano remains.

ShaLeigh's voice quietly counts upward beneath the melody, returning throughout the dream as a recurring presence.

A low ambient hum recorded in Asheville, North Carolina emerges, accompanied by faint movement across pavement.

The composition becomes more spacious.

Longer silences appear.

Individual sounds become easier to notice.

What moves through the dream

"I wish you were here."

"I close my eyes
as I hear the world gliding past."

"Hand after hand
I feel myself pulling away."

"Is this a dream?"

A distant voice briefly surfaces.

"missed."

Footsteps recorded in New York City run quickly across pavement before disappearing.

Two cellos enter.

One sustains low bowed tones.

The second moves above it, rising and falling.

Sometimes they travel together.

Sometimes they separate.

They remain beneath the spoken text, supporting rather than leading.

Some audience members may notice sensations of drifting, distance, release, or anticipation.

Storm of Memory

What gathers

Piano.

Counting voice.

Two cellos.

Footsteps.

Environmental recordings.

Tape-recorded choir voices.

Indistinguishable human voices.

The composition becomes increasingly dense.

Layers overlap more frequently.

At times, no single element can be followed completely.

What rises to the surface

> "Lost in the storm of memory,
> I dance beneath the waves."
>
> "In sudden bursts,
> I break from the pounding sea."
>
> "I remember you again,
> pounding your fists,
> collapsing."
>
> "I felt you all around me."
>
> "Your presence floated out of reach."
>
> "I emerged from the sea
> grasping for you,
> only for the tide
> to sweep me farther away."
>
> "My heart echoes the memory."
>
> "I kept trying to find the horizon on my own."
>
> "I danced around you."
>
> "It was heavy,
> but I kept reaching."
>
> "Oceans of tears
> are falling on my sleeves."

Tape-recorded choir voices emerge.

Their texture is grainy and reverberant, as though heard through walls, down a hallway, or from another room.

The piano becomes more active, offering fuller chords and fewer pauses.

Human voices return intermittently, appearing briefly before dissolving back into the larger texture.

Some audience members may notice sensations of crowding, persistence, searching, recognition, disorientation, or longing.

Reunion

What lingers

Most previous layers remain.

Piano.

Two cellos.

Choir voices.

Footsteps.

Environmental recordings.

A distant police siren briefly rises above the other sounds, interrupting the texture before receding.

A singular sustained tone gradually appears and remains present through the remainder of the work.

It does not move melodically.

Instead, it acts as a constant thread.

What becomes reachable

"There you are."

"You can feel my pounding heart."

"I don't know where we're going."

"Why can I only reach you
in my dreams?"

The piano lingers on higher notes while other sounds continue beneath it.

People and places still seem nearby, appearing through whispers and environmental traces that never fully resolve.

Some audience members may experience a sense of closeness.

Others may experience uncertainty, suspension, incompleteness, or temporary peace.

Fading

What disappears

The piano and cellos become the most prominent elements.

Layers disappear one by one.

The sustained tone becomes increasingly noticeable as other sounds fade.

An echoing sound appears.

An airplane takes off.

The choir briefly returns, then vanishes.

The piano slows, offering isolated chords separated by silence.

A new environmental recording emerges.

Soft whispers and indistinguishable voices become the clearest sounds in the composition.

What is difficult to hold

> "I fight the mourning
> like the tide,
> unwilling to be pulled
> from the dream of you."
>
> "The memory is fading."

One voice says:

> "Oh my God."

Eventually, only the whispers and sustained tone remain.

Some audience members may notice sensations of release, resistance, emptiness, acceptance, or awakening.

Here and Home

What remains

A cassette-recorded voice speaks clearly.

Its texture is intimate and slightly worn, carrying the hiss and mechanical qualities of analog tape.

What is asked

> "When you close your eyes..."

The tape clicks to a stop.

Silence.

The voice returns.

> "When you close your eyes,
> can you tell the difference
> between here
> and home?"

The cassette clicks off once more.

The question remains.

No answer is offered.

Only an invitation to linger inside the uncertainty a little longer.

End of Dream Sequence