

# Sound Heterotopia

--Behind the Scenes of a Picture Book

Research question : How sound-coded language is shaping the communication of the future

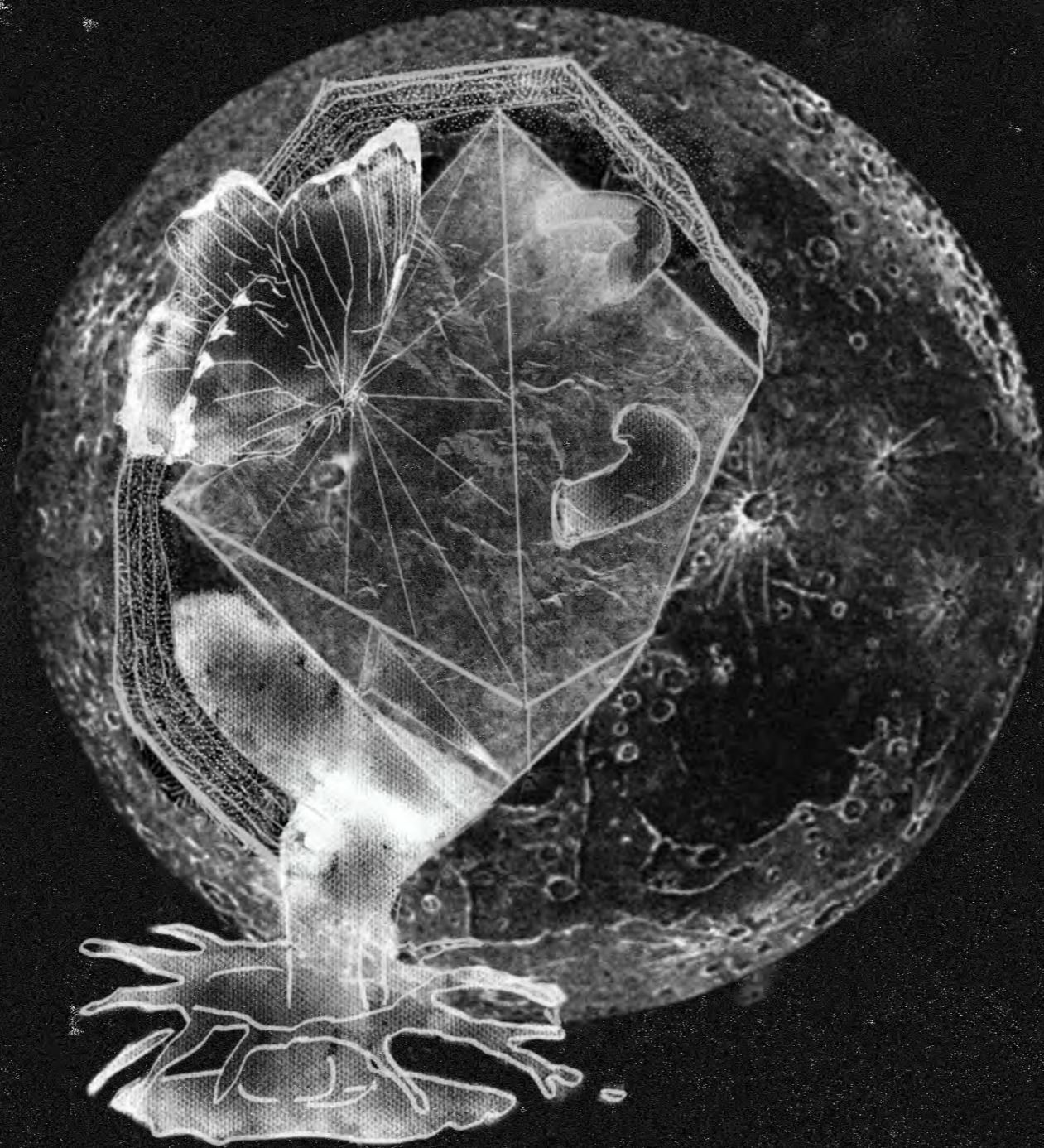
Xinran Wang

Chapter 1  
Concept

## EVERYTHING STARTS WITH.....

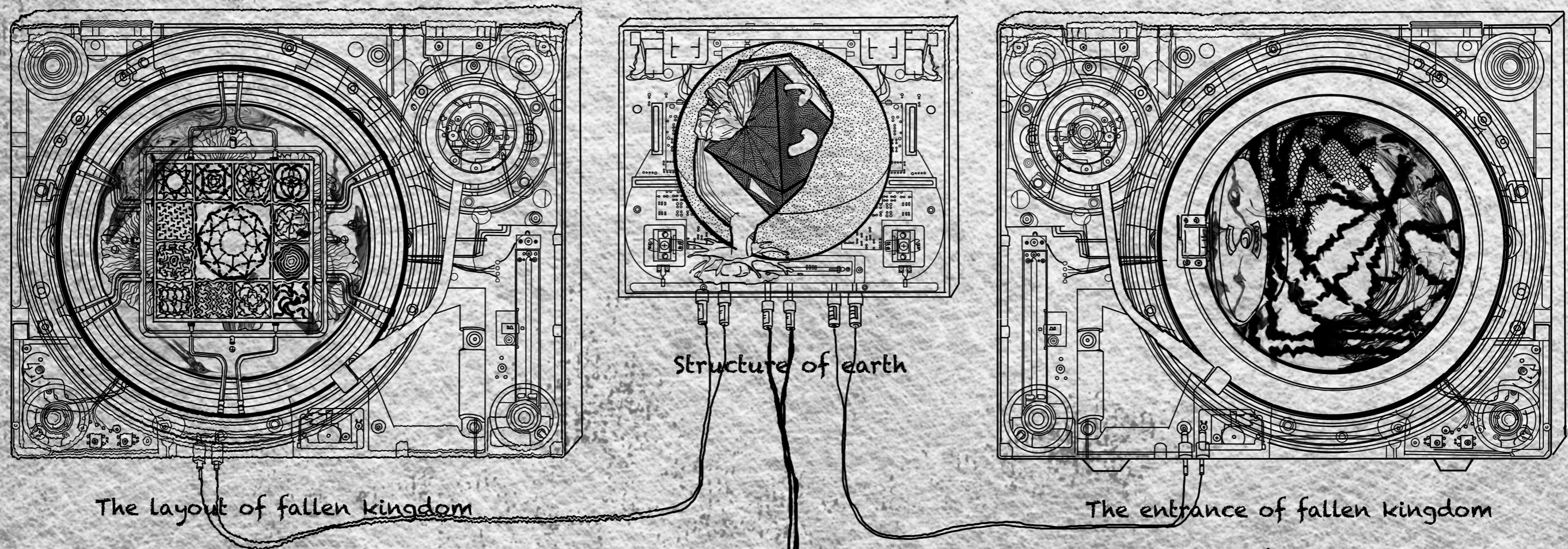
This is about 100 years later in the world, all the buildings on earth are like huge machines that make loud noises 24/7, so the government ordered all the buildings to be blocked off in a vacuum ice with no air, and the people have no organs that were once called heart and ears, everything is muffled, and naturally, they no longer suffer from the noises and the emotions, at this time the earth is called "Planet Cold". At the same time, a "monster" building was created inside the earth, a place where only image and sound existed, so that sound and image were the only industries here, which was a completely underground city called "The Fallen Kingdom". The entire kingdom is submerged in groundwater, like some kind of giant laboratory product. The two worlds are both separate and interconnected, and the connection is the middle ground between the two worlds - the countless manhole covers on the earth's surface. It is from these insignificant manhole covers that people fall into the Fallen Kingdom. But the fact is that this inner enclosed space has gradually become smaller and smaller over the long cosmic time, and little by little it has been swallowed up by the real Earth outside.

Imagining the Underworld



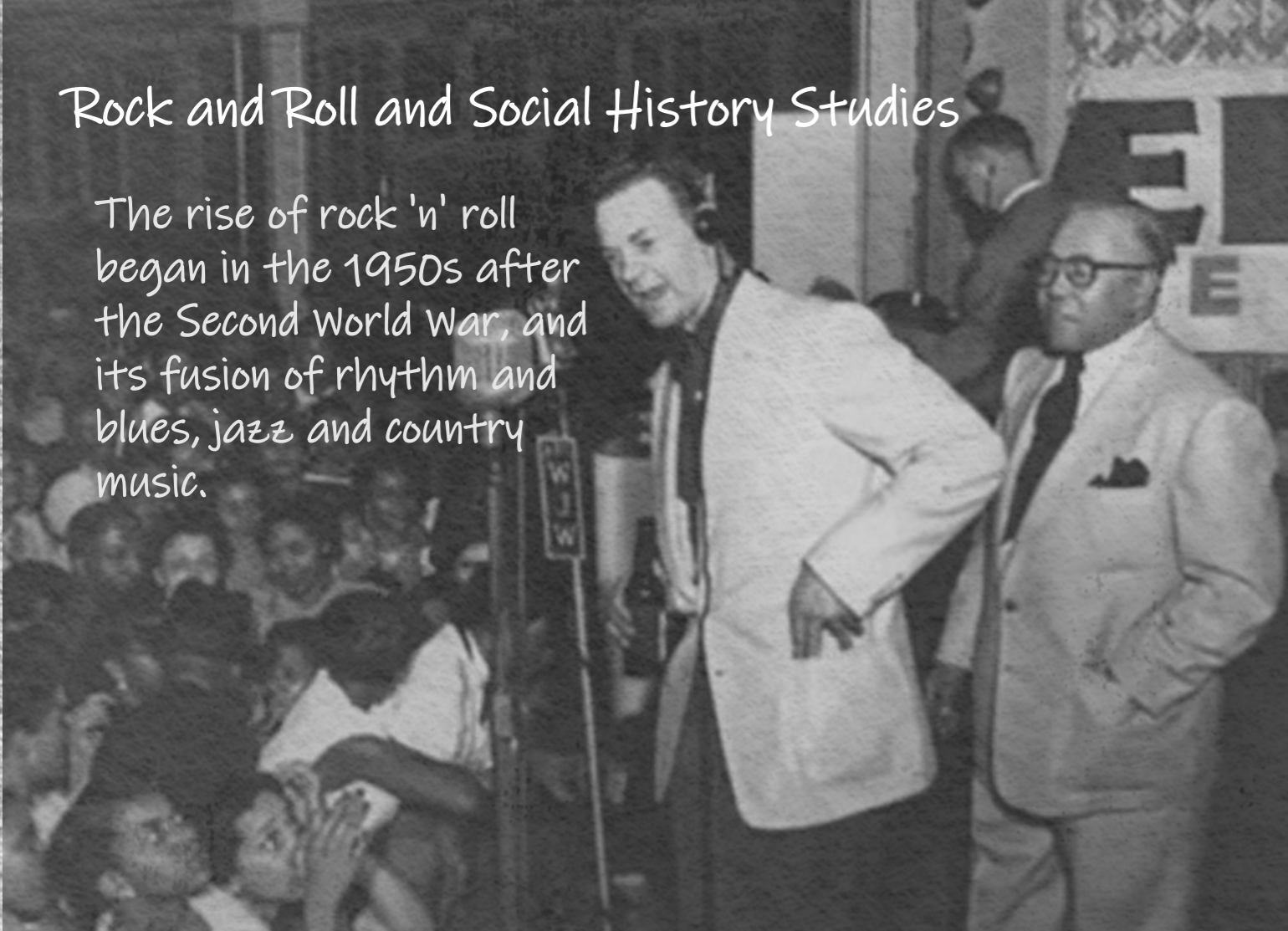
## Music and social issues

Inspired by the fallen angels in Milton's Paradise Lost and the lonely lost youth in Wong Kar Wai's movie Fallen Angels. The connection between these two works inspired me to explore the fallen youth, and in today's media-ridden society, this kind of fall refers more to a kind of addiction, and the escape from reality behind the addiction, and music as a kind of sound medium, which is addictive by evoking the repressed emotions in the high-speed flow of cold modern society, so often the effect of music on people is like a kind of mental ecstasy.



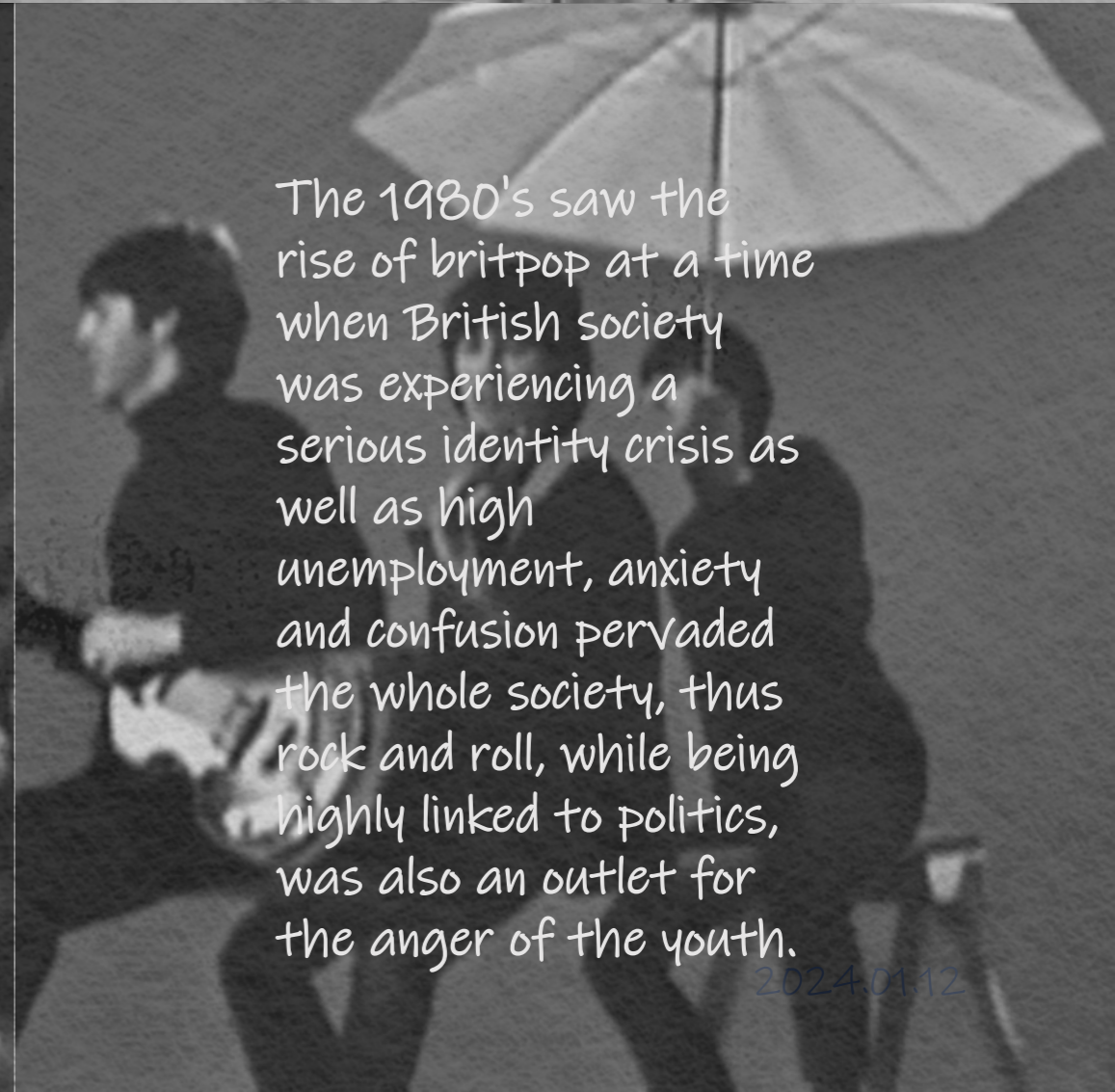
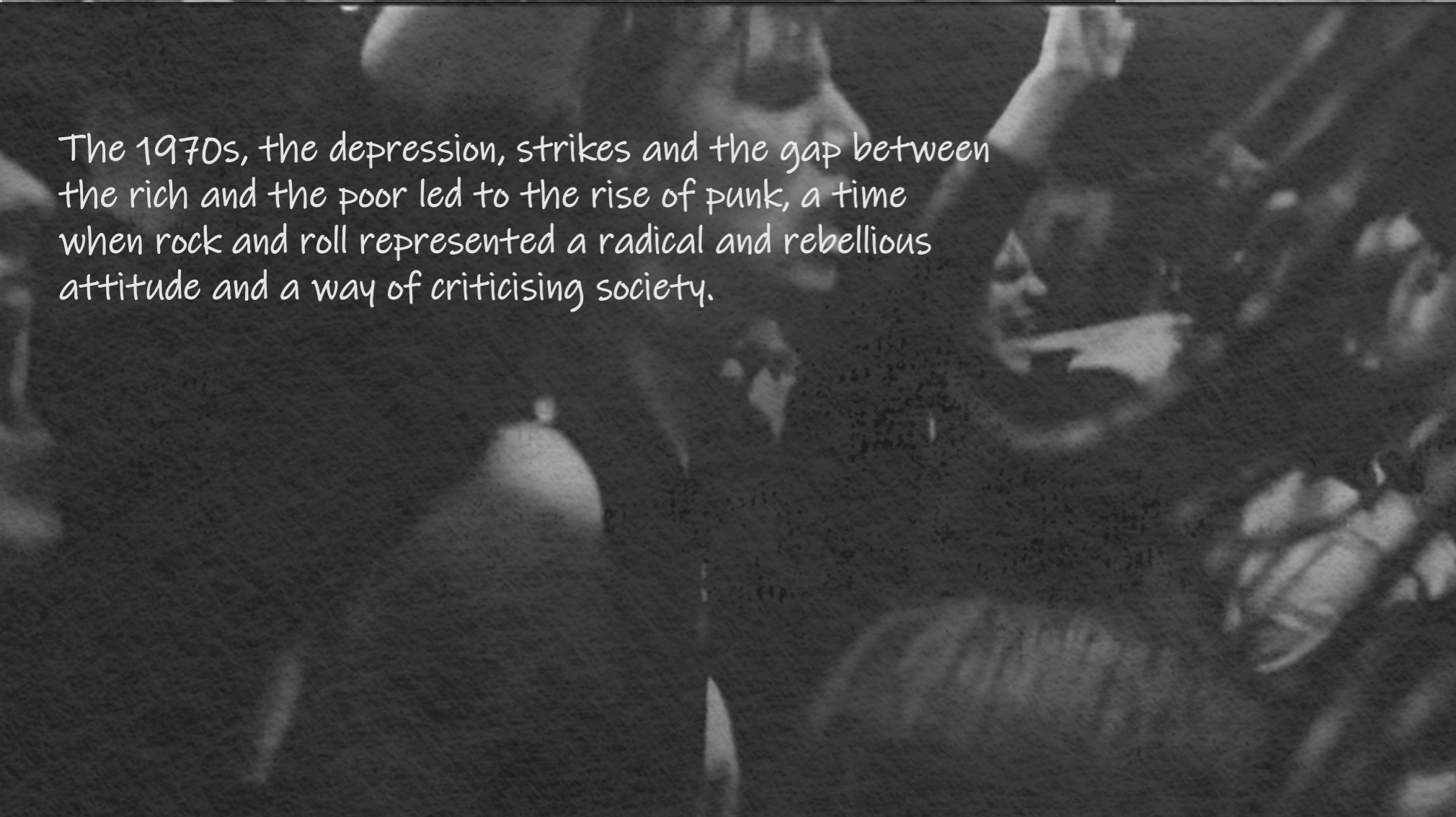
## Rock and Roll and Social History Studies

The rise of rock 'n' roll began in the 1950s after the Second World War, and its fusion of rhythm and blues, jazz and country music.



1960 was in the midst of the US-Soviet Cold War and the rise of LSD, rock and roll became a way to protest against the war and escape from reality.

The 1970s, the depression, strikes and the gap between the rich and the poor led to the rise of punk, a time when rock and roll represented a radical and rebellious attitude and a way of criticising society.



The 1980's saw the rise of britpop at a time when British society was experiencing a serious identity crisis as well as high unemployment, anxiety and confusion pervaded the whole society, thus rock and roll, while being highly linked to politics, was also an outlet for the anger of the youth.

Some got six month some got one solid

Lyrics analysis

Music becomes a language of sounds, symbols, and words with rebellion as its ideology.

Surrender to the voice

Now fights between

And one pill makes you small

You don't learn every thing there is to know in school

People talking without speaking

2024.01.12



Chapter 2  
Language

## Music and Emotion

This database categorizes a large number of voice samples by emotion.

Sample Selection:

1672-calm

695-dreamy

85-beautiful

1429-joyful

1239-amusing

1059-desirous

1755-energizing

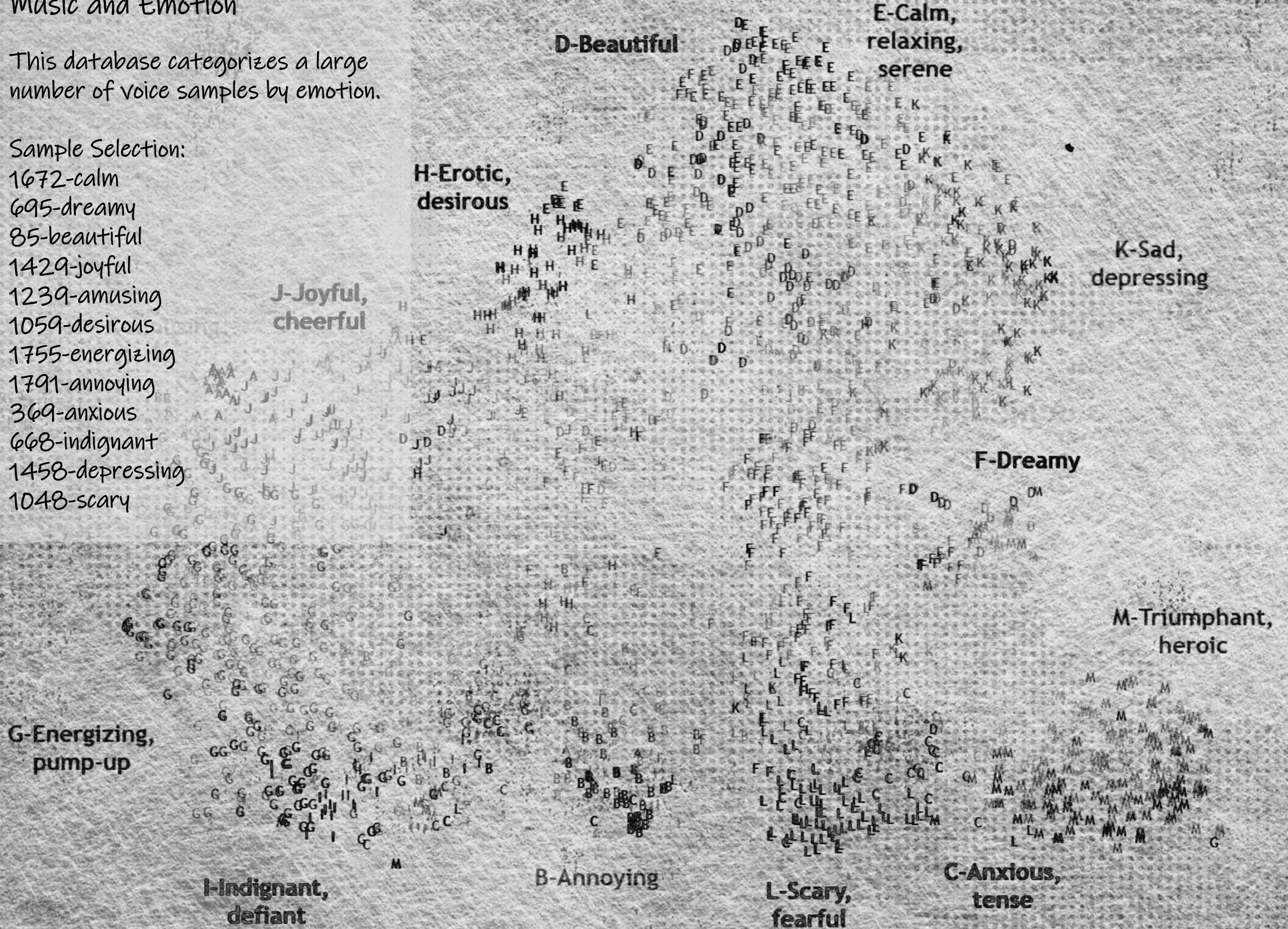
1791-annoying

369-anxious

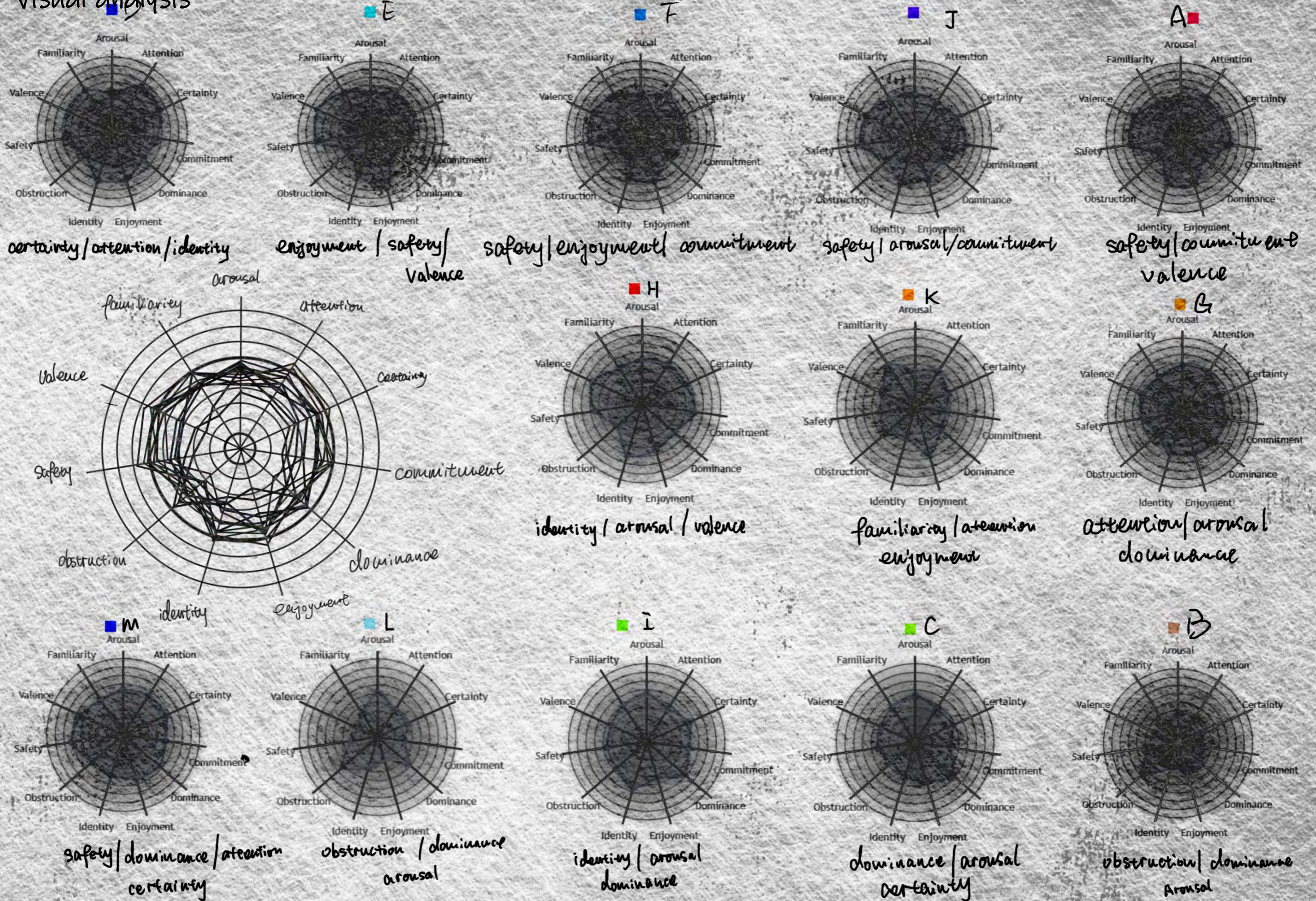
668-indignant

1458-depressing

1048-scary



# visual analysis



# Sound Visualization - Sonic

CALM



JOYFUL



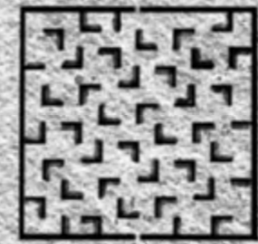
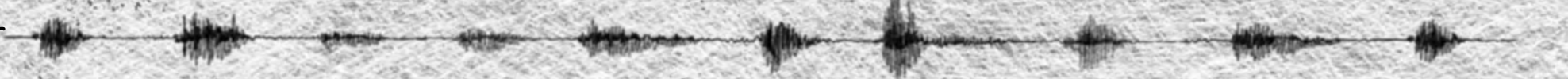
DESIROUS



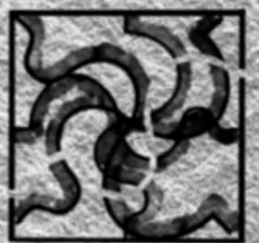
DREAMY



TRINMPHANT



DEPRESSING



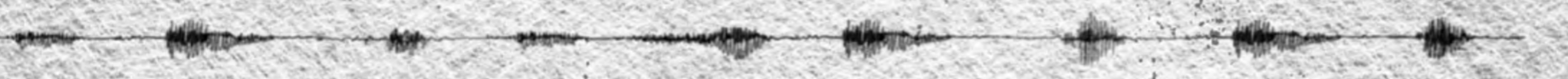
BEAUTIFUL



ENERGIZING



INDIGNANT



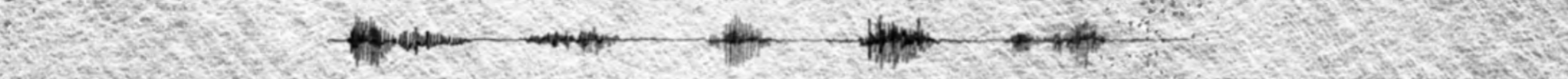
AMUSING



ANXIOUS



SCARY



ANNOYING



## Building a Language System - Alphabet Combinations

### Latin Alphabet Pronunciation and emotion

A-the crow cries-a--scary

B-the lamb bleats-be--beautiful

C-the cicada whistles-ci--dreamy

D-the hoopoe says-du--anxious

E-the baby cries-e--anxious

F-the wind blows-fi--dreamy

G-the goose gaggles-ga--amusing

H-the mouth breathes out-ha--Calm

I-the mouse squeaks-i--joyful

K-the duck quacks -kha--energetic

L-the wolf howls-lu--scary

M-the bear grumbles-mum--calm

N-the cat cries-nau--desirous

O-the carter cries-o--indignant

P-the chick peeps-pi--banquet hall

Q-the cuckoo sings-qu--annoying

R-the dog grins-err--indignant

S-the snake hisses-si--desirous

T-the jackdaw cries-tac--energetic

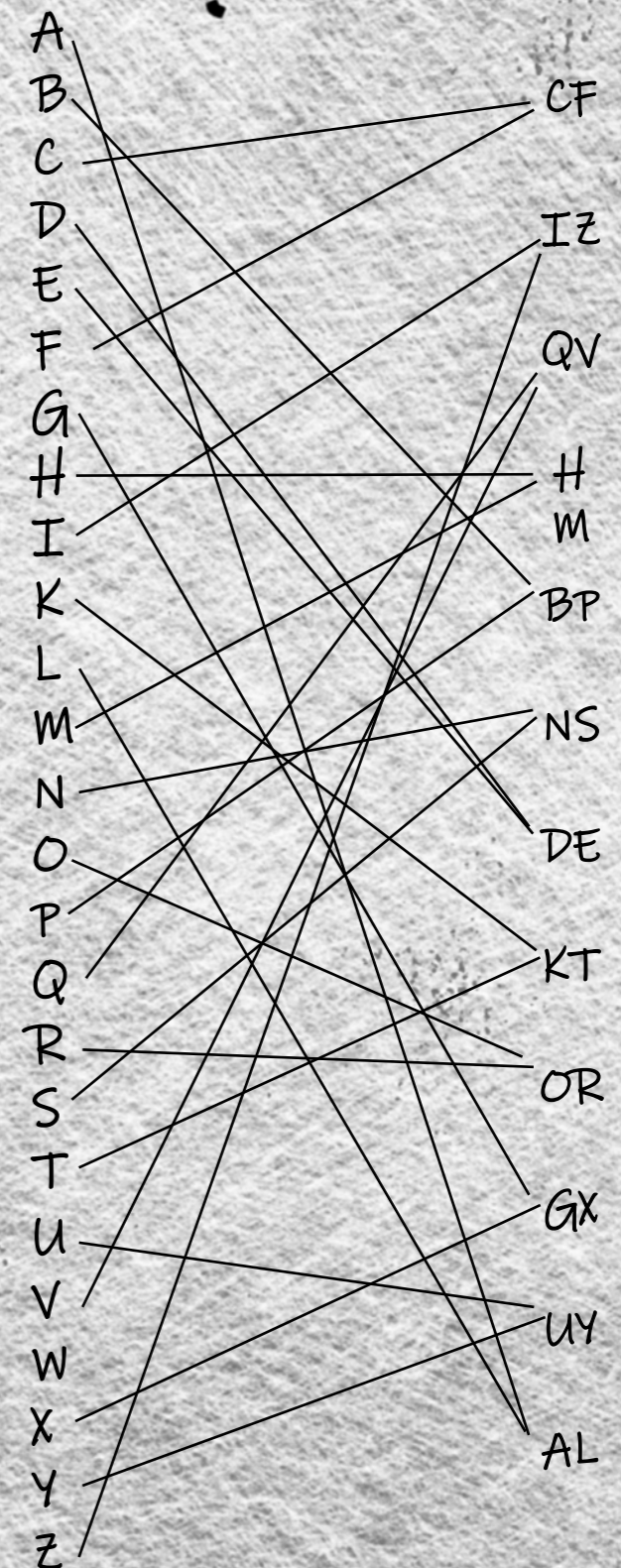
U-the owl hoots-u--depressing

V-the hare squeals-va--annoying

X-the frog croaks-coax--amusing

Y-the donkey brays-y--depressing

Z-the horsefly says-dz--joyful



## Poetic Narratives of Emotion

### “CF”

“A bell rings  
The Purification Ritual Begins  
The language system is revolutionised  
A humid mist surrounds you  
Wind chimes sing in your ears”

### “IZ”

“Lemongrass flavoured forest  
Sound hunter who collects fossils  
Weaving through clusters of intertwined threads  
Strings jumping over flowing water”

### “QV”

“A cold running machine  
Flashes of red  
Fossils broken into tapes  
Stained with the smell of ink”

### “HM”

“Light creeps through the air  
The smell of old age  
Quiet sorting work  
Harmonica and metal ensemble”

### “BP”

“A flowing feast  
Wrapped in soft silk  
Sound as food  
Fluttering in bells and lyres”

### “NS”

“The undulating ground is the silhouette of a  
volcano  
Snakes and cats talk to each other  
People burrow into caves  
Feel the pulse of desire”

### “DE”

“Highly microscopic exposures  
Weaving sound fragments  
Ice blue liquid crystals  
Birds crying on salt grains”

### “KT”

“Fans turn 24 hours a day.  
The pipes vibrate.  
Chimneys grow upwards  
The roofs are filled with crows”

### “OR”

“A gladiatorial arena without blood  
Sand churns on the drums  
Red stabs at green  
A feast for the ears”

### “GX”

“Noisy crowds fill the marketplace  
Gin accompanied by rust  
The track hangs high in the sky  
Frog and geese sniggering together”

### “UY”

“Smooth, cold moonlight  
The owls are singing  
The hospital lights up  
Mending broken voices”

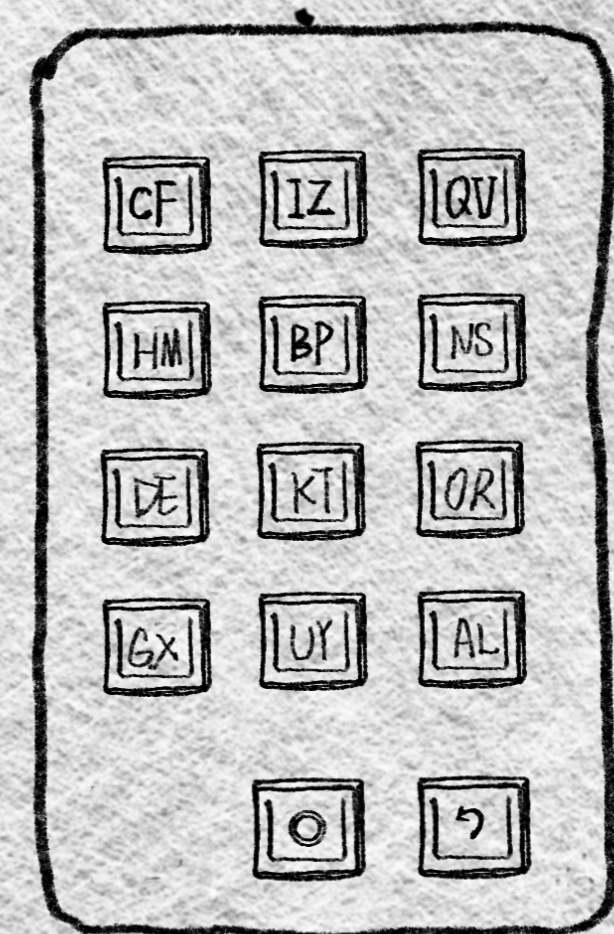
### “AL”

“The wolf chases away the terrified crows.  
The tin bellows creaks  
The springs leave an aftershock  
Sealing the permanent waste”

## Sentence structure

Emotion + event + adjective + place + sound

	EMOTION	EVENT	ADJ.	PLACE	SOUND
CF	Dreamy	cleansing rituals	humid	wilderness	wind chimes
IZ	Joyful	Exploring	flowing	forest	strings
QV	Annoying	waiting	Slow	Transcription room	Horns
H M	Calm	Organising	Old	Archives	Harmonica
BP	Beautiful	Carnival	Soft	Banquet Hall	Violin
NS	Desirous	whispering	Sticky	Club	Electronic throbbing
DE	Anxious	Knitting	Cold	Laboratory	Dyson Bird Chirping
KT	Energetic	Producing	Steaming	Factory	Vibration of metals
O R	Indignant	Feast	Turbulent	Arena	Drums
GX	Amusing	Bazaar	Noisy	Trading center	Sphere rolling
UY	Depressing	Mending	Blue-black	Hospital	owls
AL	scary	Sealing	Abandoned	Dump	The Crow's Caw



AN EXAMPLE

"DE GX BP CF HM"

"Anxious Bazaar Soft wilderness Harmonica"

In the soft wilderness, the anxious bazaar comes with harmonica sounds

Chapter 3  
Character

# Describing Characters Through Letters

Dear friend

Hello, I'm Samle, from Planet Cold, a planet far from the sun. I'm sure you haven't heard of it because my planet is so insignificant, but it does deserve to be told, so let me introduce you to it.

If you are lucky enough to have remote viewing equipment then perhaps you will find a blue sphere with a surface full of ice particles. That's where I am, and it's true, 99% of my planet is made up of ice because it's so cold here that the only place where people live is the last little island on the planet, made up of an abandoned, dead volcano and a ring of volcanic ash around it, which we call Hin Volcano Island. However, the crowd has only been forced to move here in recent years, and we've experienced a migration on a massive scale that has seen the original ice grow wildly as if it could reproduce itself in just a few decades. Since we settled here, the people have quickly established a new nation here, the Kingdom of Cold. And within the structure of this unified kingdom are five small autonomous sub-nations, the Cold Kingdom, the Clean Kingdom, the Diligent Kingdom, the Technology Kingdom and the Consumer Kingdom. These five small nations eat up the last islands of Planet Cold in an orderly fashion. They have their own laws and norms, and the people obey them. For example:

Apathy Nation, where it is illegal to love each other, where people can't live together or even walk together, where you can't even see Shadow's presence, where the job is to keep silent as well as spy on others, and where the whole area is filled with neatly arranged disposal airbags and monitors.

The Clean Country is even more interesting, where filth is illegal and people love to be clean, every surface you can imagine in the area is covered in tiles, streets, buildings, furniture, because it makes it easier to clean, and the work is all about constantly wiping down these surfaces.

Consumer Nation is a crazy place where every building is in fact like a commodity on a shelf, with price tags floating everywhere, even the air is available for purchase. Everyone has to walk down the street to spend money as soon as they wake up, so you can imagine that there is also a huge mountain of rubbish for discarding things that won't fit in your home.

Technology country is the most developed place, eliminating all culture and art, the whole area is like a tightly arranged chip, even each building consists of stacked chip boxes, people still keep increasing the height of these buildings.

Diligent country, slacking off is against the law, this place consists of a set of rotating gears, a large and a small one are tightly connected by a chain, the small one is a rotating dining table, the large one is a bustling processing space, the people on the large gear belong to the small people, they need to prepare exquisite food moment by moment for the grown-ups who live on the small gear, and that chain that connects them is the conveyor belt of food.

This is what the planet I live on roughly looks like on the surface. If you are interested, please do write me back! Because I'm lonely as hell here, and the unimaginable cold has forced me to do something about it.

Best  
Samle

Dear Sara

Hello, I'm Samle.

The top of the volcano is a nice-sided roof-like but undulating top surface. But the fog was so thick that I had to carefully navigate my way through these broken surfaces, and when I came close to the center, where a huge hole suddenly appeared accompanied by an assortment of intertwined downward ramps, I didn't think twice about it, and followed the nearest curved ramp downward. The ramp brought me to a position immediately adjacent to the skin of the building, and I was able to maintain a large series of tapered iron tubes wrapped around small capsule-like windows tightly arranged inside, while from the tubes came a melodious sound, as if I were enjoying a musical feast. As I continued to approach, the ramp was flanked by a series of narrow terraces, and I felt like I was walking into a yard with a wide array of sound fragments for sale, some packaged tapes, others individual and jumbled black strips. The place was bustling with people walking around, most of them newcomers to this place like me, looking around curiously; continuing down, the buildings began to lose their texture and become a gray patch. As I continued down, the building began to lose its texture and turn gray, animals and plants began to appear in the field of vision; before I knew it, the stairs disappeared, and I had reached the bottom of the building, where the thick skin of the building, which was like a backdrop, was only left with some vague structural lines. I felt my way through the darkness to find an exit; it was a narrow slit. Walking to the location at the end, I was stopped by a doorman who inquired about my intentions and told me about this being the Fallen Kingdom and its layout.

Best  
Samle

Dear Sara

Hello, I'm Samle.

I used to be an angel living in heaven, in charge of many of desires. And 20 years ago, I was banished to Planet Cold when it was still a relatively normal place. Since I didn't need to fly for a long time, so naturally my wings deteriorated, and losing my thick feathers I had to go looking for a warmer place to maintain my existence, and I found a long-abandoned basement to place my body in. But just this year, my humble room began to freeze as well, forcing me to walk out late every night to clean the fine lines of ice from my window, my only outlet to keep in touch with the outside world. But I had really underestimated how quickly the ice dispersed, and in less than a month it had flooded into my cramped room through the cracks in the window, taking up almost half of my living space. My thin body had reached the point where I couldn't coexist with the thick ice.

So, in the middle of the night one day, I finally made up my mind to escape from here and follow the footprints of others to Volcano Island.

Volcano Island is so strange that I can't even find a decent basement, and I spend almost every day walking the streets, traveling between five countries. Such a situation is only because I can't abide by the laws of any country, I can neither work day in and day out, nor can I be clean, and I don't even know anything about those advanced technologies, and as for love, maybe I can keep it to myself, but I can't help falling in love with someone else all the time. So every time I went to a country, they would drive me away, saying that I was not fit to live here.

Until one day I vaguely saw a few figures appear on the surface of that dead volcano, and inquired of the people of the town that those who did not wish to live here any longer went to seek warmth at the top of the fire, which is a holy mountain, but no one who went there ever returned. So, fearless as I was, I decided to embark on an adventurous journey.

I followed the only path at the foot of the volcano upwards, and when I stepped in to look at it I realized that the surface of this volcano had many holes the size of a man. Every evening for the 13 days I climbed to the top, I looked for a hole that could accommodate my body for a short rest. But the strange thing was that as I climbed higher and higher, in each hole I would hear different musical sounds emanating from the interior of the volcano, sounds not found on Planet Cold. Some of those sounds were soary, some beautiful, some bleak, some psychedelo. I fell asleep almost every night to those sounds, and in my dreams I was once again in that Edenia paradise, with trees full of pomegranate fruit, mysterious wildernesses, sleepy elephants, and, of course, some bad dreams, where I revolted as well as was judged, together with my former companions.

Best  
Samle

Dear Sara

Hello, I'm Samle.

There are nine types of people in the Fallen Kingdom, the Distracted, the Angry, the Crazy, the Greedy, the Repressed, the Confused, the Robustness, the Liers, and the Forgetful.

The City of Misery is inhabited by a group of people who are constantly sick, but with untaken ailments; it is like a giant hospital, each household a detached ward, with high and low wards, and signs spreading through the streets and alleys. They are getting sicker and sicker, and as they get sicker and sicker the floors they live on get lower and lower.

Angry City gathers angry people and is filled with arenas where people fight over petty things every day, the arena is flooded with all sorts of warning lights.

Crazy City is home to a group of radicals or extremists, where everything has to run according to a uniform standard, and the whole city makes precise timing sounds.

Greedy City is populated by people who are always hungry for more; they eat and mark holes in buildings and roads and get lost in a maze of pipes.

In Depression City, space is so tightly packed together that the roads are barely one person wide, causing everyone to wreak havoc and tear up the walls.

The people of Chaos City have time on the wrong side of the tracks, day and night, and even everyone's time is different, with inconsistent clocks hanging all over the buildings, so that people will somehow bump into each other on the road.

Rebel City is inhabited by a group of self-proclaimed graffiti artists, and there's graffiti everywhere, so it's hard to tell the boundaries of the buildings anymore.

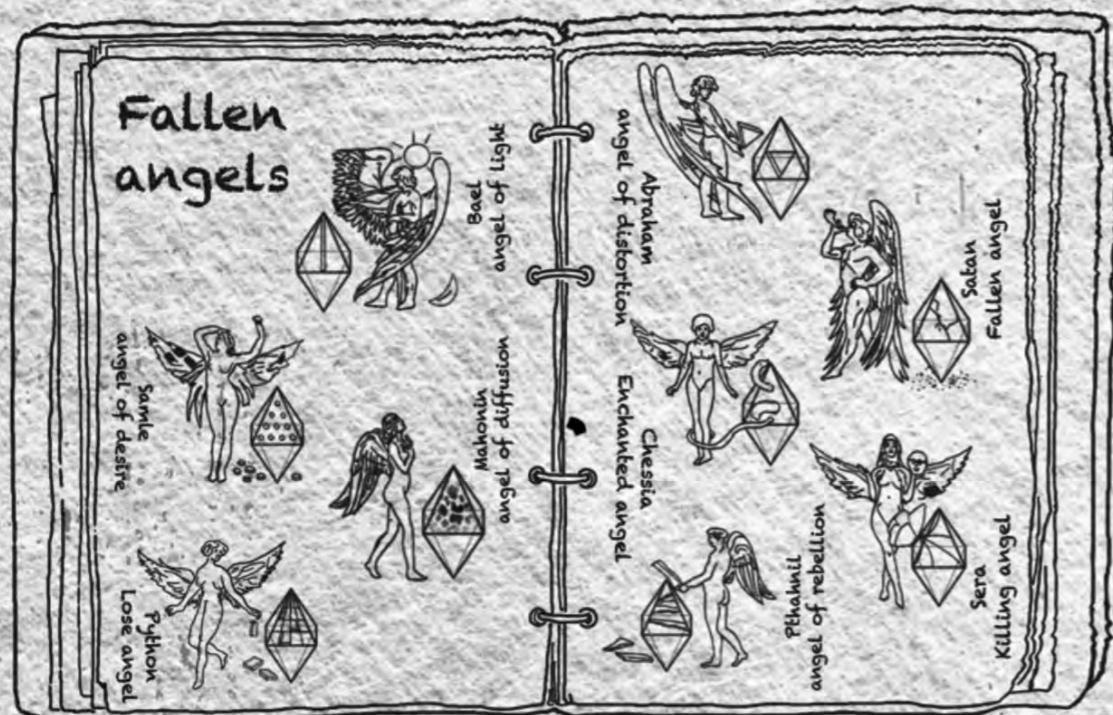
Lying City is inhabited by a group of straggled liars, full of deception, lies, everyone wears a mask, layer after layer of the building's skin some of which have begun to peel off.

Amenity City is inhabited by a group of people with very bad memories, who are always losing things for no reason, and the streets are chaotic, with things being moved around.

In addition to this, the people of the nine cities share a unifying trait in that their main jobs are as employees of the music industry. The workplaces are located in the center of each city.

It's been exactly one month since I've been living here again, and I'm still out of the loop, symbolically doing the same thing every day as these crazy people, going to the rooftop terrace in the morning to sunbathe, working at the music factory during the day, and joining in with their communal carnivalesque behaviour in the evening. Now I live on the highest floor of the building, and my job is to do some simple weaving in the core labyrinth-like space, where the music is beautiful, and where I start to initiate their short conversations in the early morning sun.

Best  
Samle



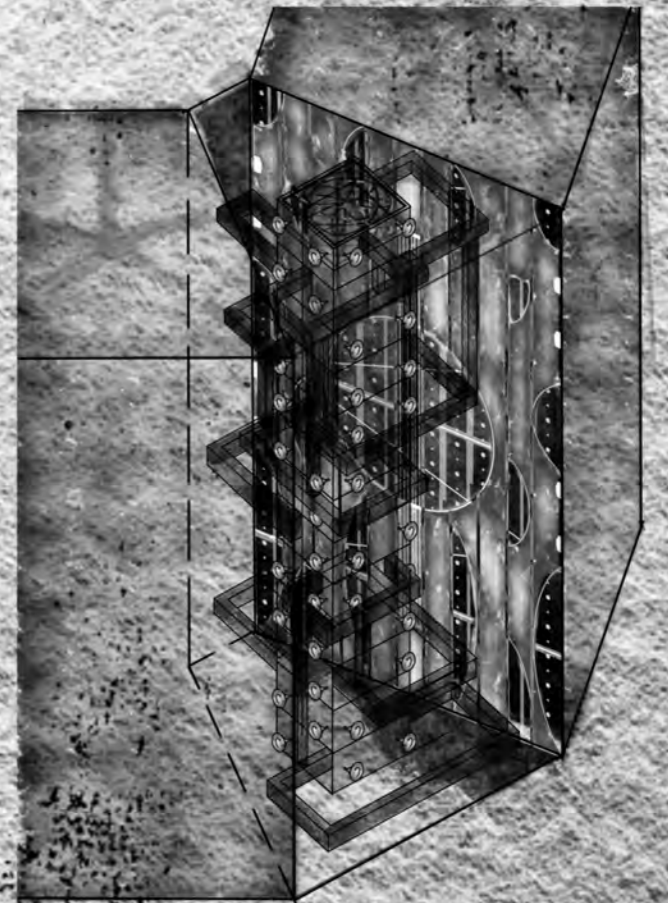
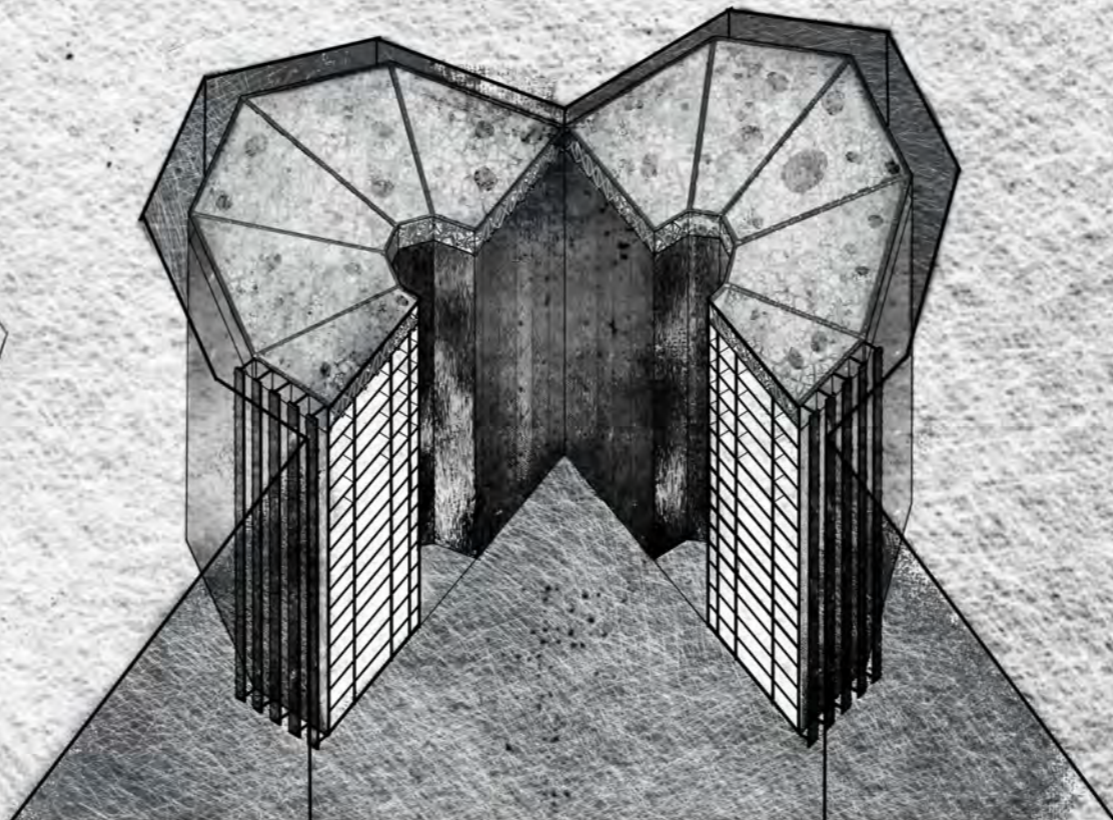
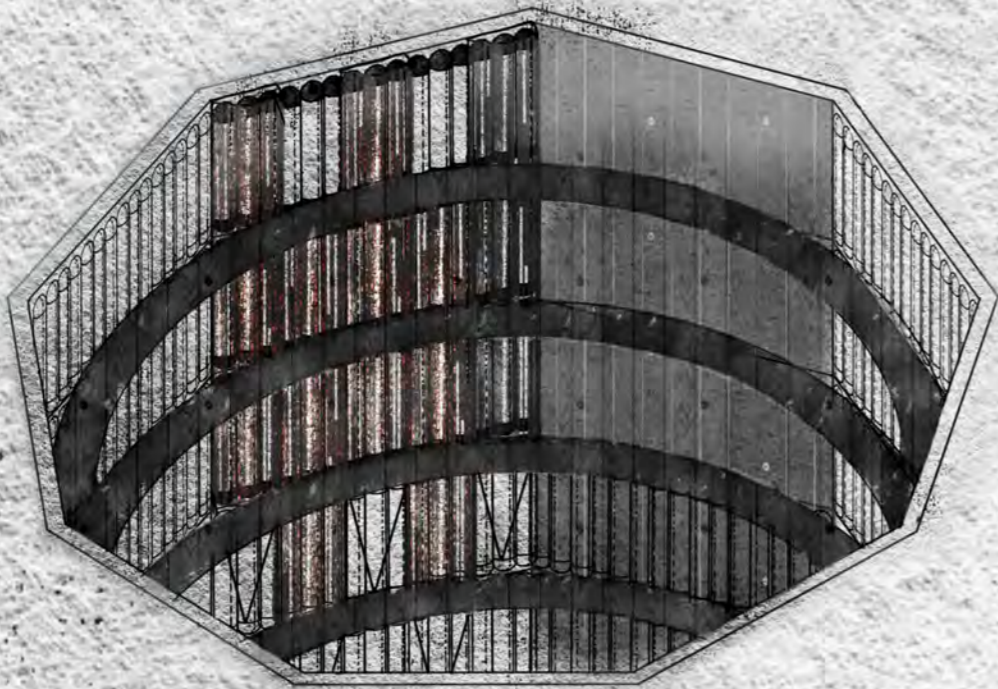
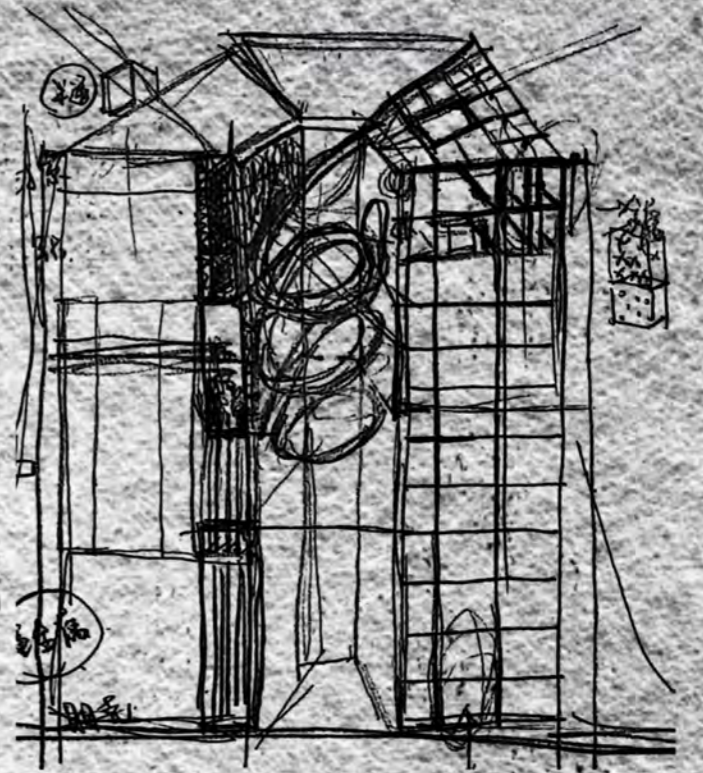
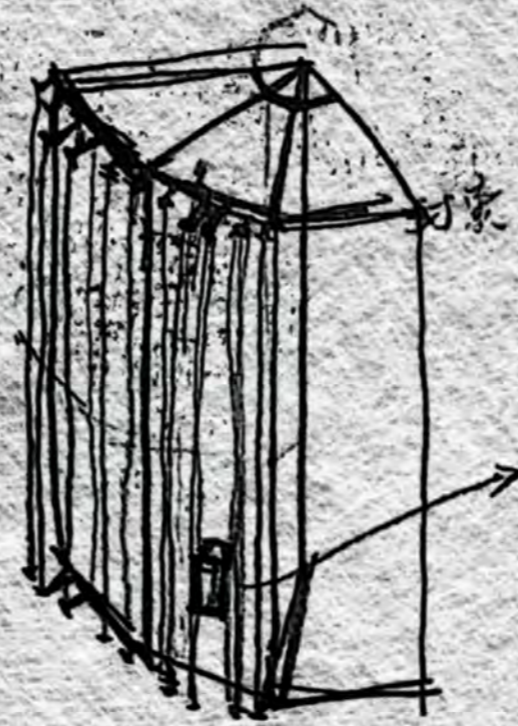
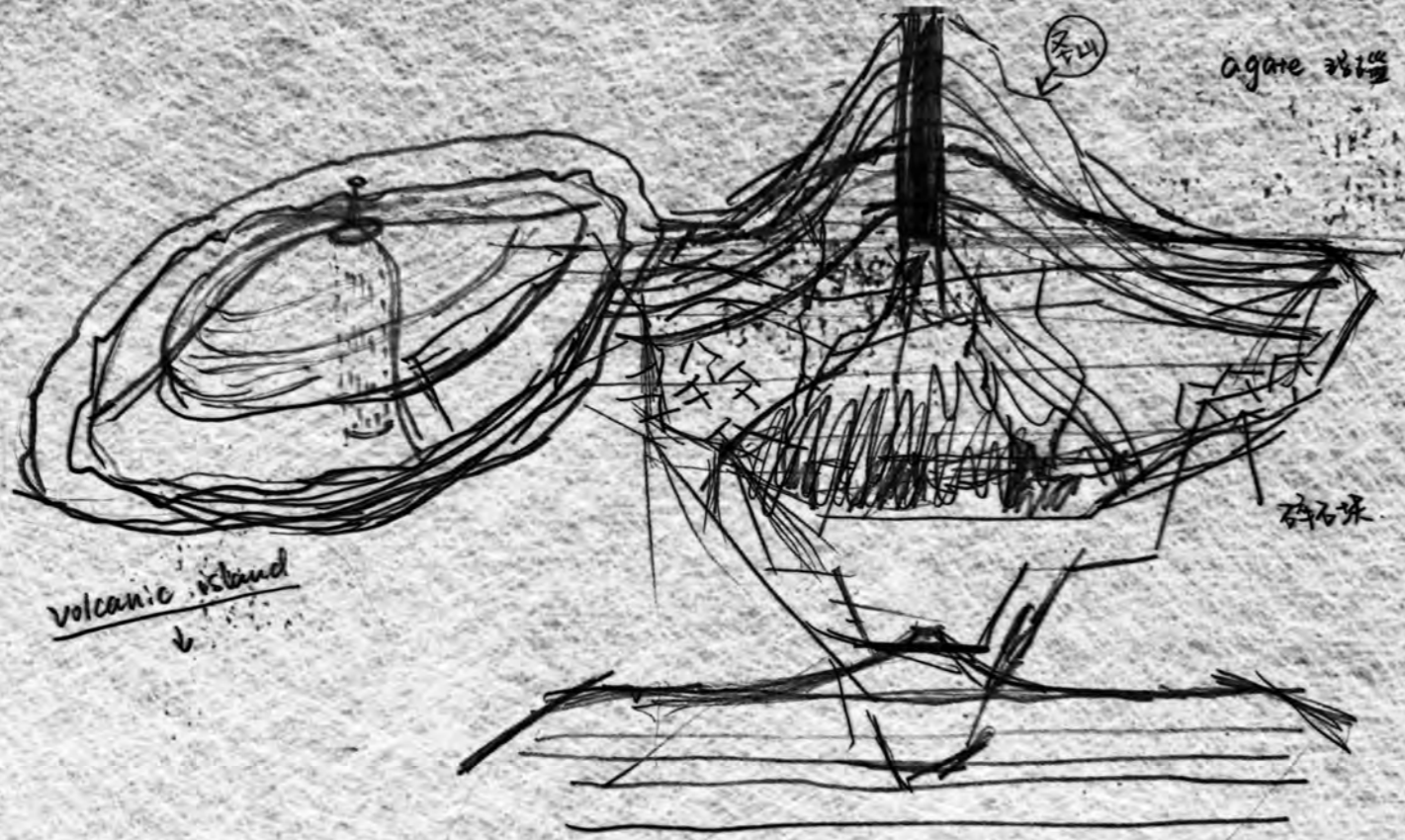
20 centimeters tall, head with horny organs, sensitive hearing

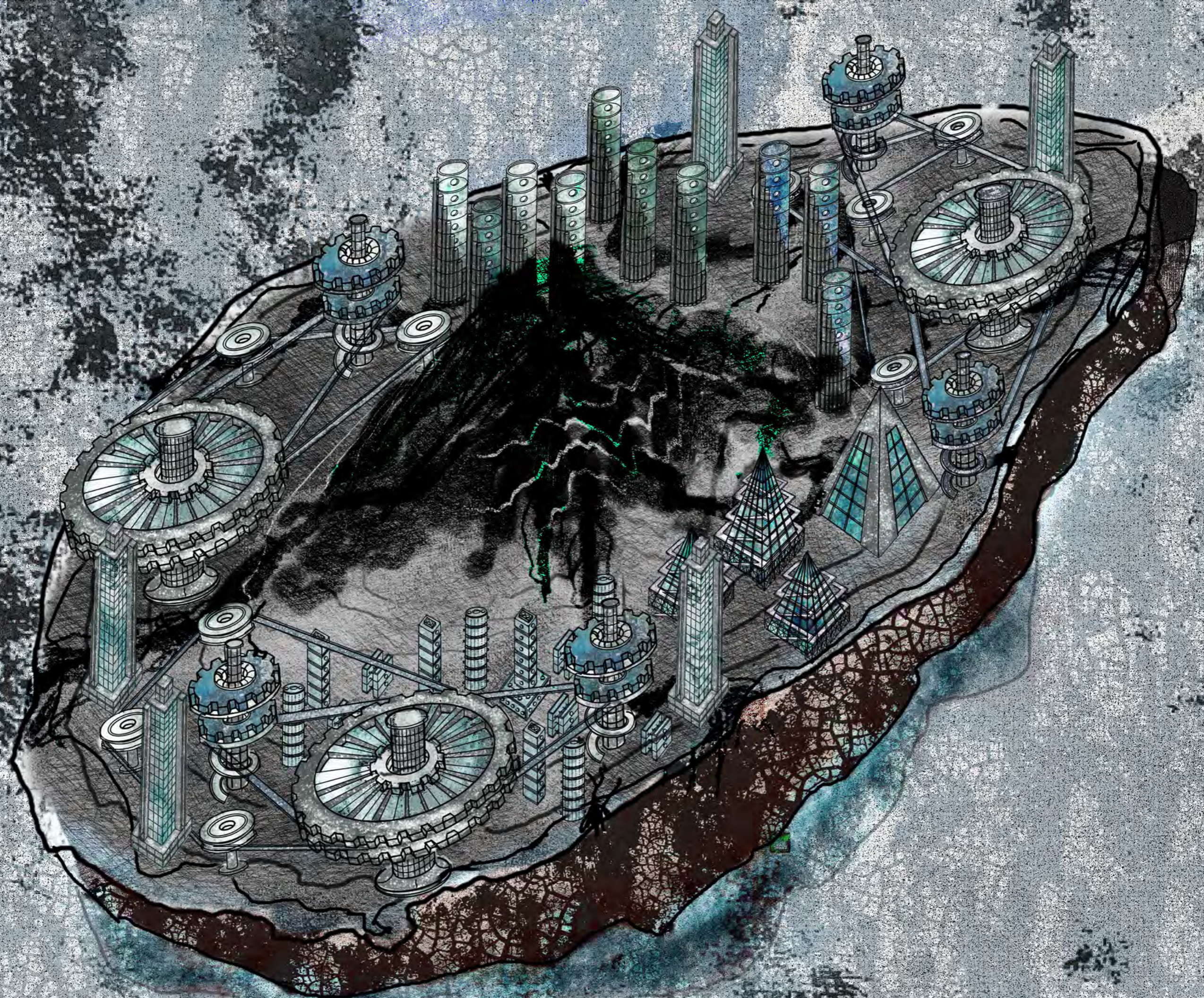


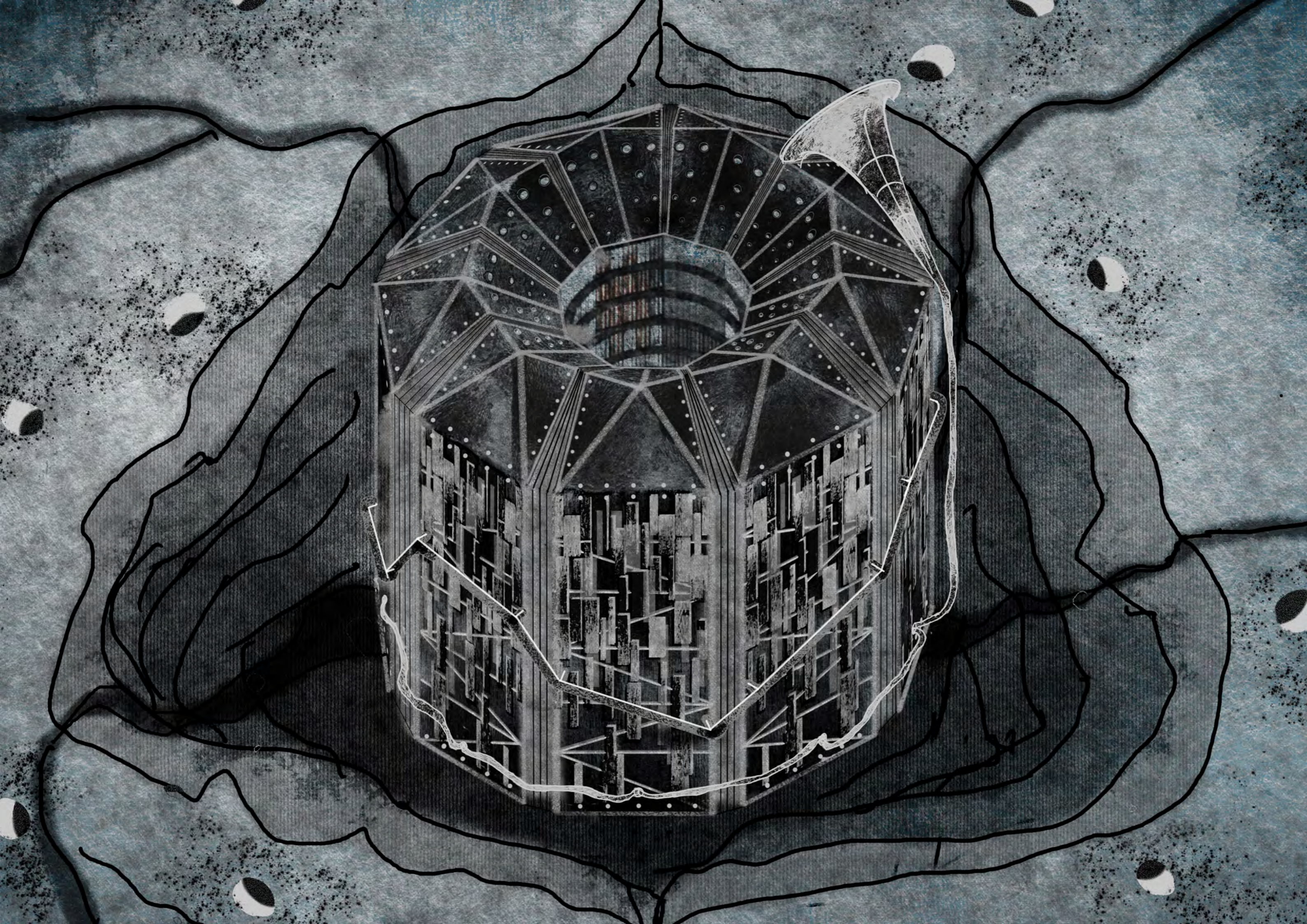
Behaviors related to the perception of sound



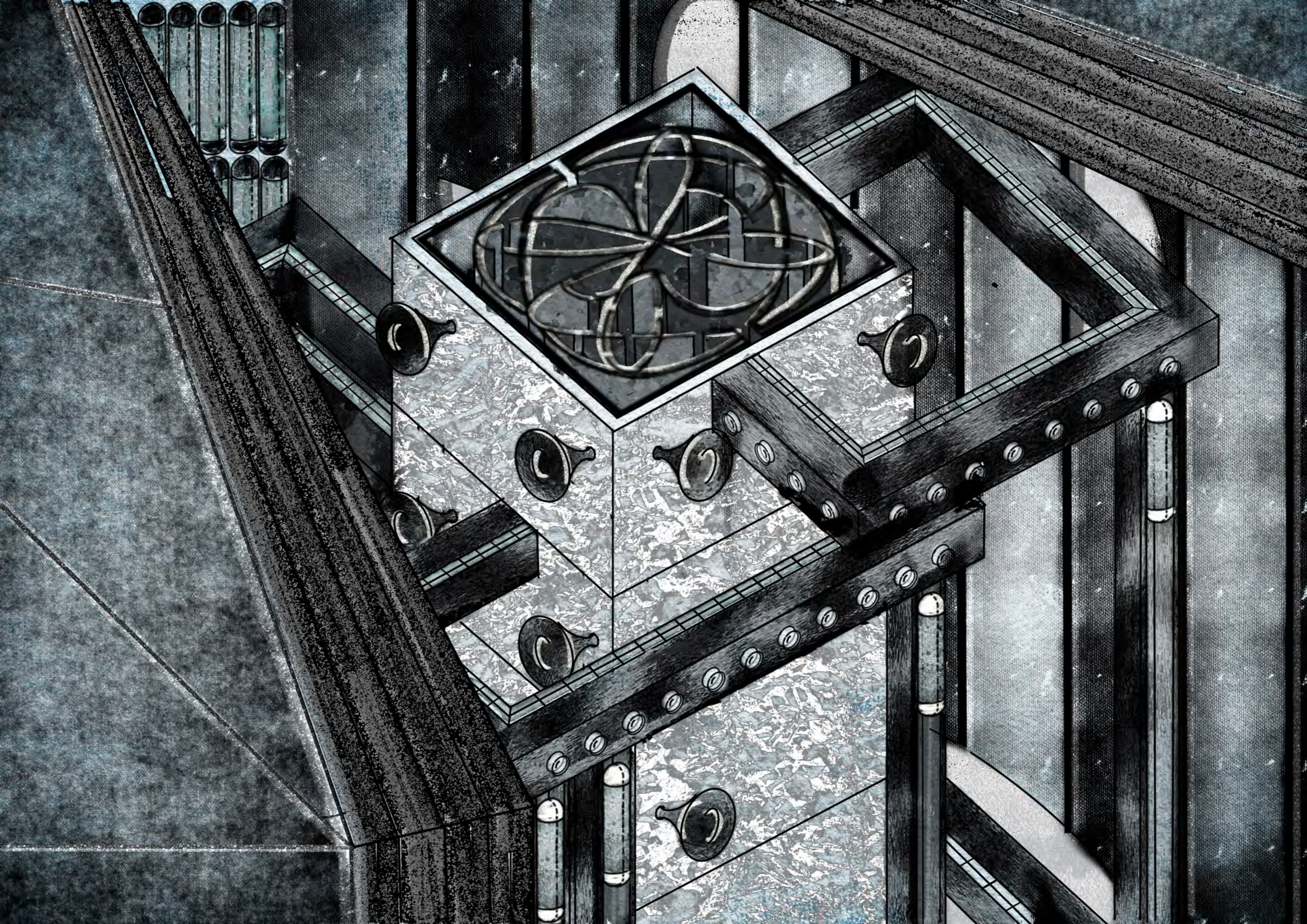
Chapter 4  
Scenario



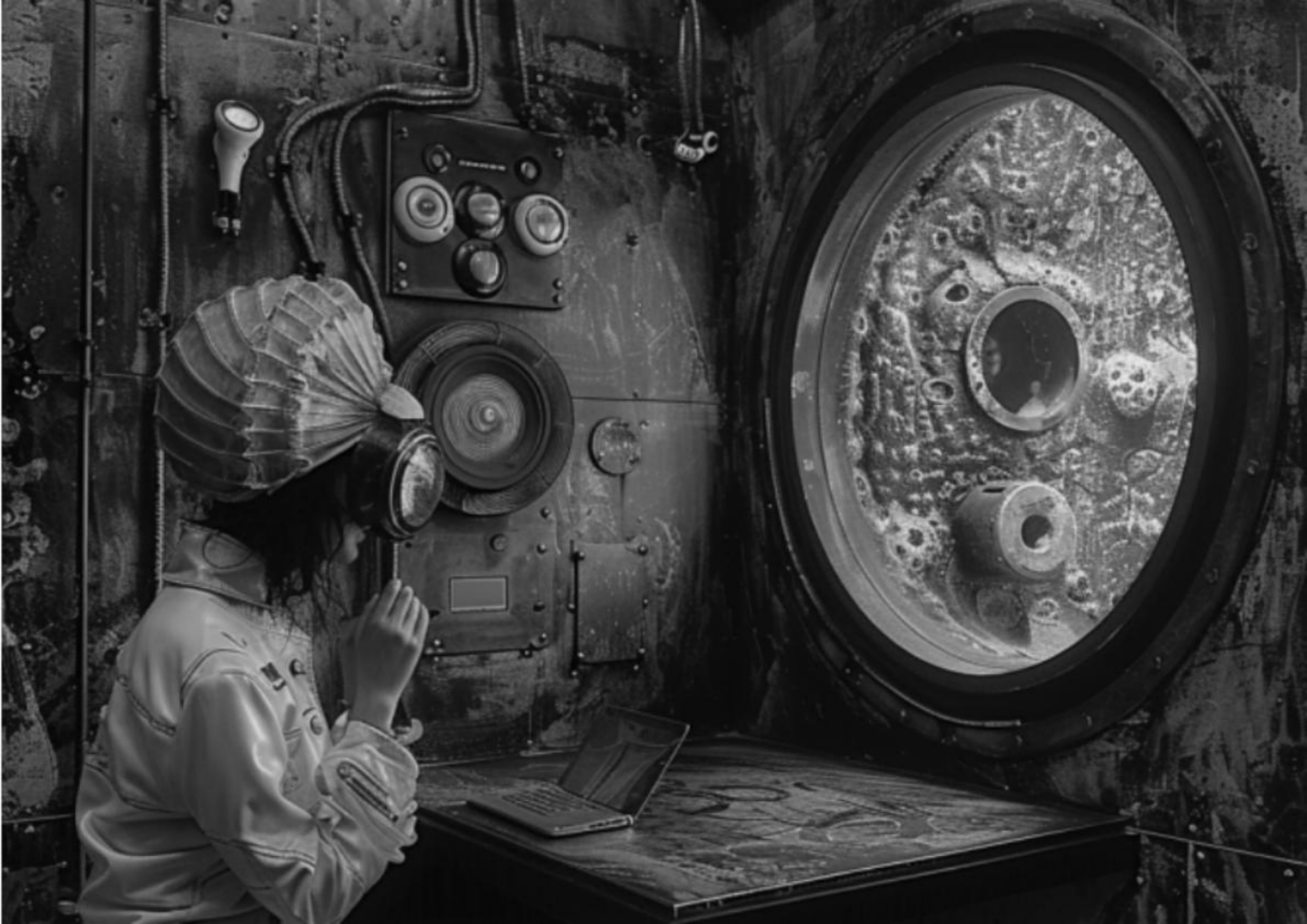






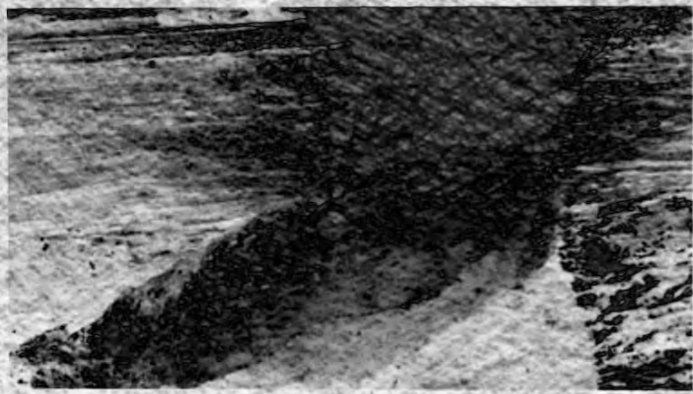






Chapter 5  
Film

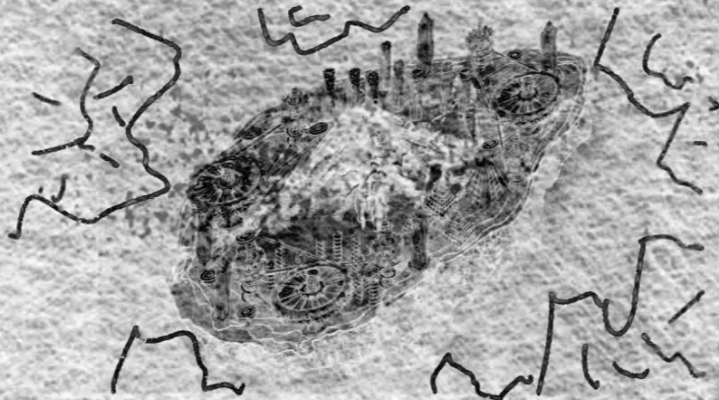
# ACT I



Scene 1 seaside video

Sound: monologue

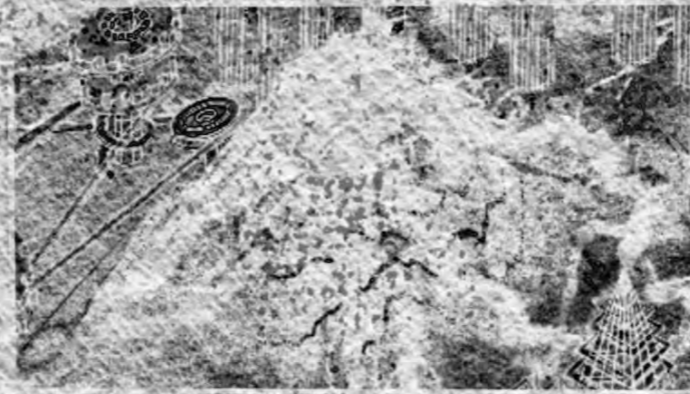
"I often go to the beach alone to see the ice cubes. It looks like my former love one"



Scene 2 volcanic island

Sound: The sound of ice

animation: The effect of ice



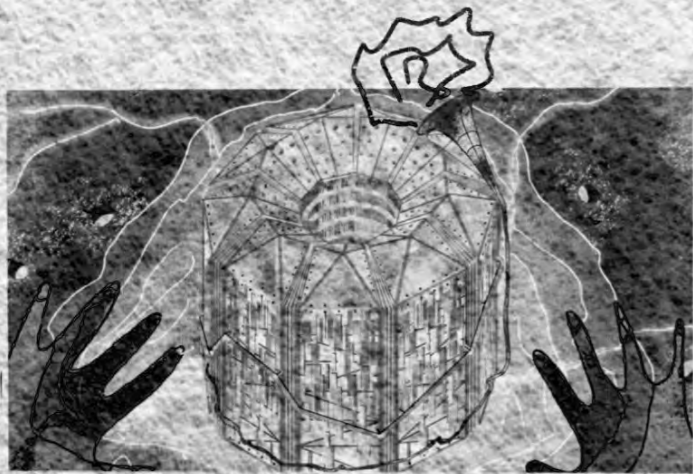
Scene 3

The camera zooms in on the top the volcano



Scene 4. A pair of hands appeared to peel back the volcano

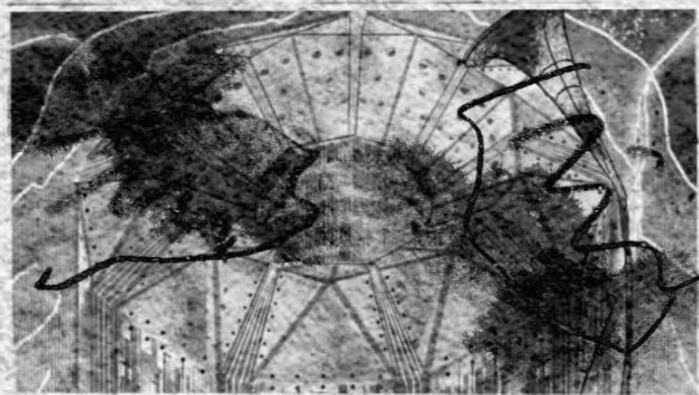
sound: The sound of loosening soil



Scene 5 fallen kingdom appears

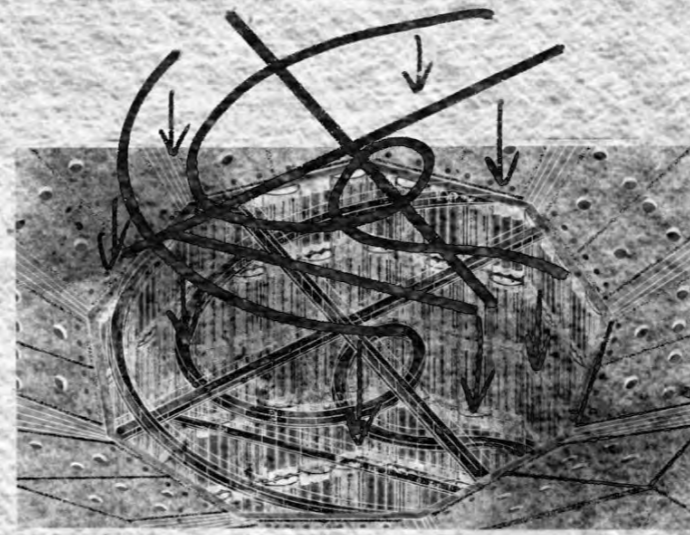
Sound: The sound of wind bells

animation: steam coming out of the horn



Scene 6

The camera zooms in on the top of the building

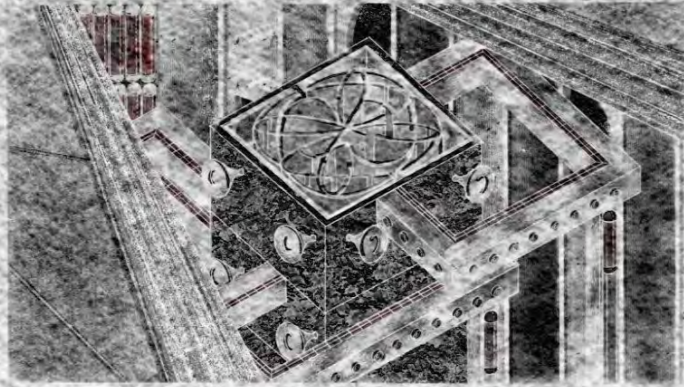


Scene 7 The mist dissipates  
Sound: The sound of an object falling to the ground  
animation: corridor appears



Scene 8. A pair of hands appeared to peel back the building

# ACT 2



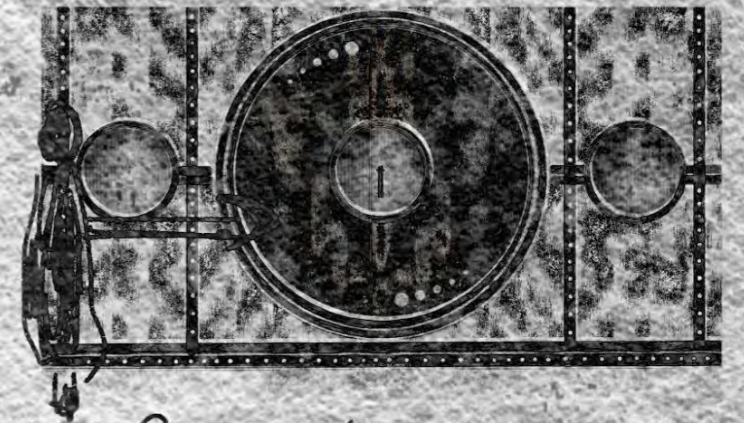
Scene 1 interior  
Sound: accordion sounds



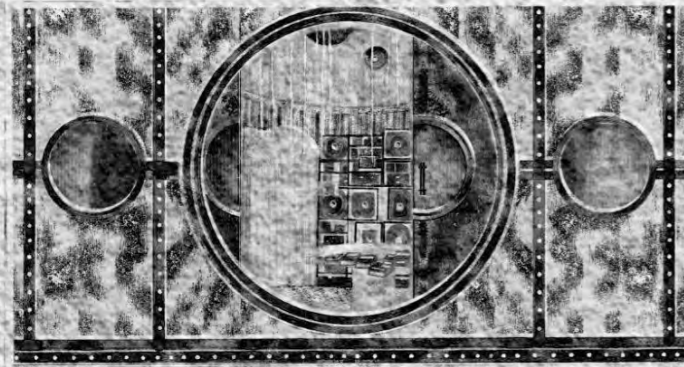
Scene 2 zooming in



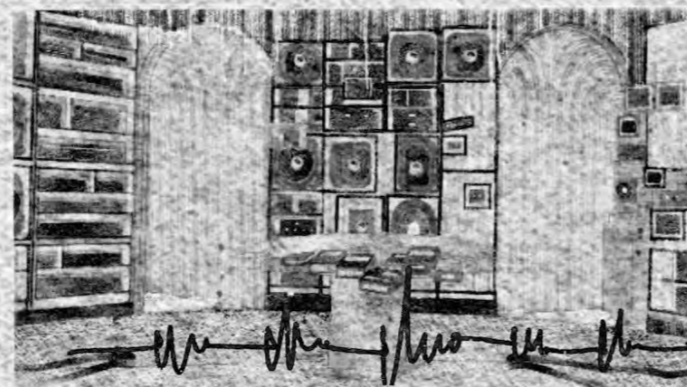
Scene 3  
camera turns  
a door appears



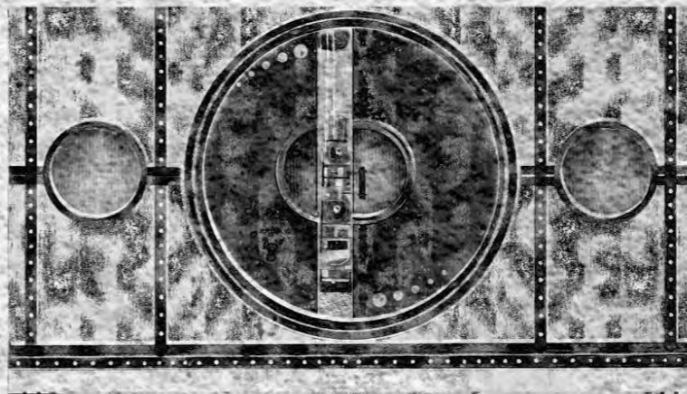
Scene 4  
A figure appears  
sound: Footsteps



Scene 5 entering labyrinth I  
sound: the sound of a  
door opening and  
a music sound



Scene 6 zooming in  
sonic subtitles appear



Scene 7 zooming out

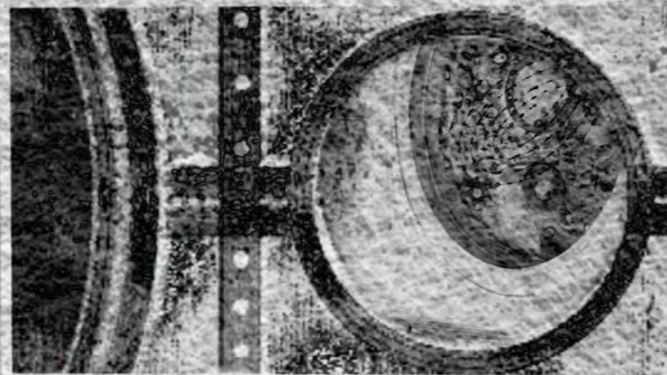


Scene 8  
The camera continues  
to slide down and  
door after door appears  
sonic subtitles appear

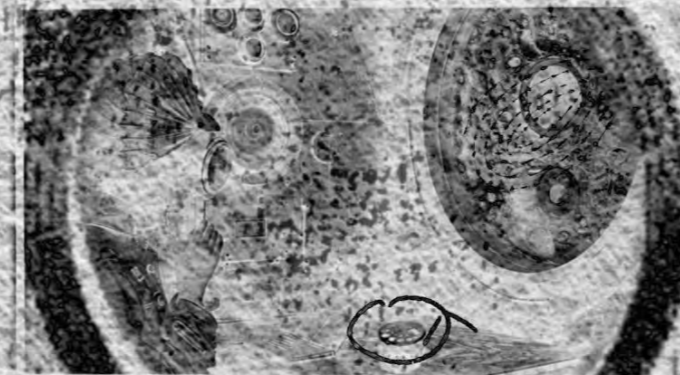
## ACT 2



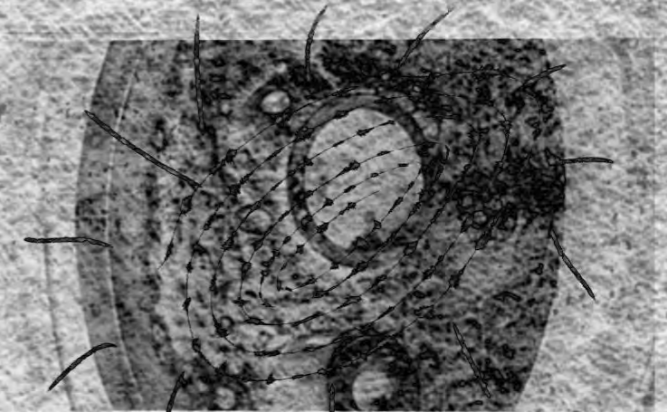
Scene 9  
The camera stops sliding down  
The last door appears



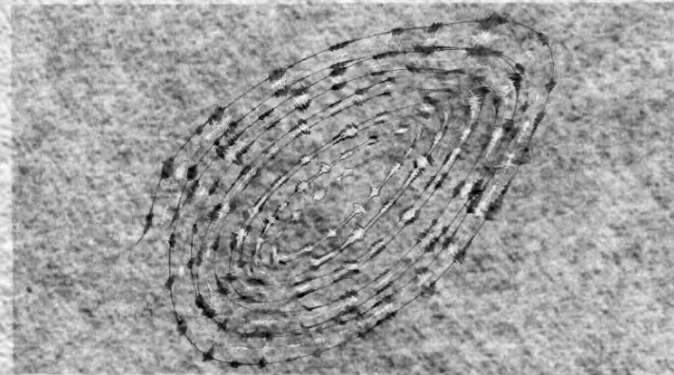
Scene 10  
camera moves to the right  
and zooms in



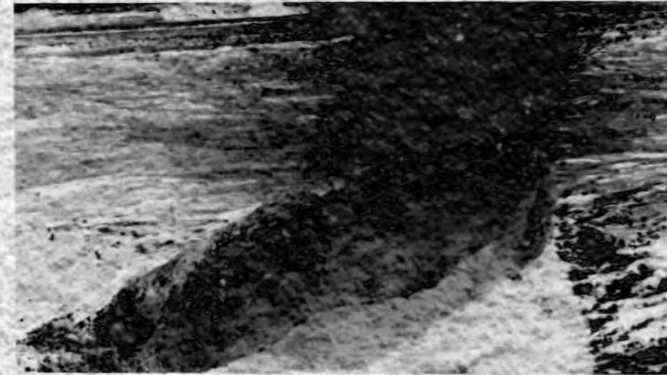
Scene 11 An angel appears  
Sound: sound of a mechanical  
dial being turned



Scene 12  
A circular sonic pattern  
appears on the glass inside  
the room.



Scene 13  
background fade



Scene 14  
back to the beach video again.  
sound: "The sea ice is melting"

## Script

### Scene 1-black screen (0-10s)

#### Monologue:

Volcanic islands are also freezing and there is no place to hide from the cold

This is the text of Samale's last letter to me.

### Scene 2-Seaside video (10-25s)

#### Monologue:

I used to go to the beach alone to watch the ice.

It looked like the one I used to love.

She said she came from a blue sphere with ice particles on the surface.

### Scene 3-playback archive (25-45s)

#### Monologue:

She's an angel of desire.

There's a huge hole in her body

She was looking for a tape

So she entered the Fallen Kingdom

A tribe hidden on top of a volcano

### Scene 4-maze scene (45-60s)

#### Monologue:

She started looking for tapes

Lost in a labyrinth of sound

Sound is like food.

It's like an orgy.

### Scene 5-Drop Scene - Labyrinth of Judgement (60-75s)

#### Monologue:

She keeps falling.

Her body was filled

She can finally speak

But she can't find anyone who'll listen.

### Scene 6-Bedroom Scene (75-85s)

#### Monologue:

I'm also just a human she accidentally linked to

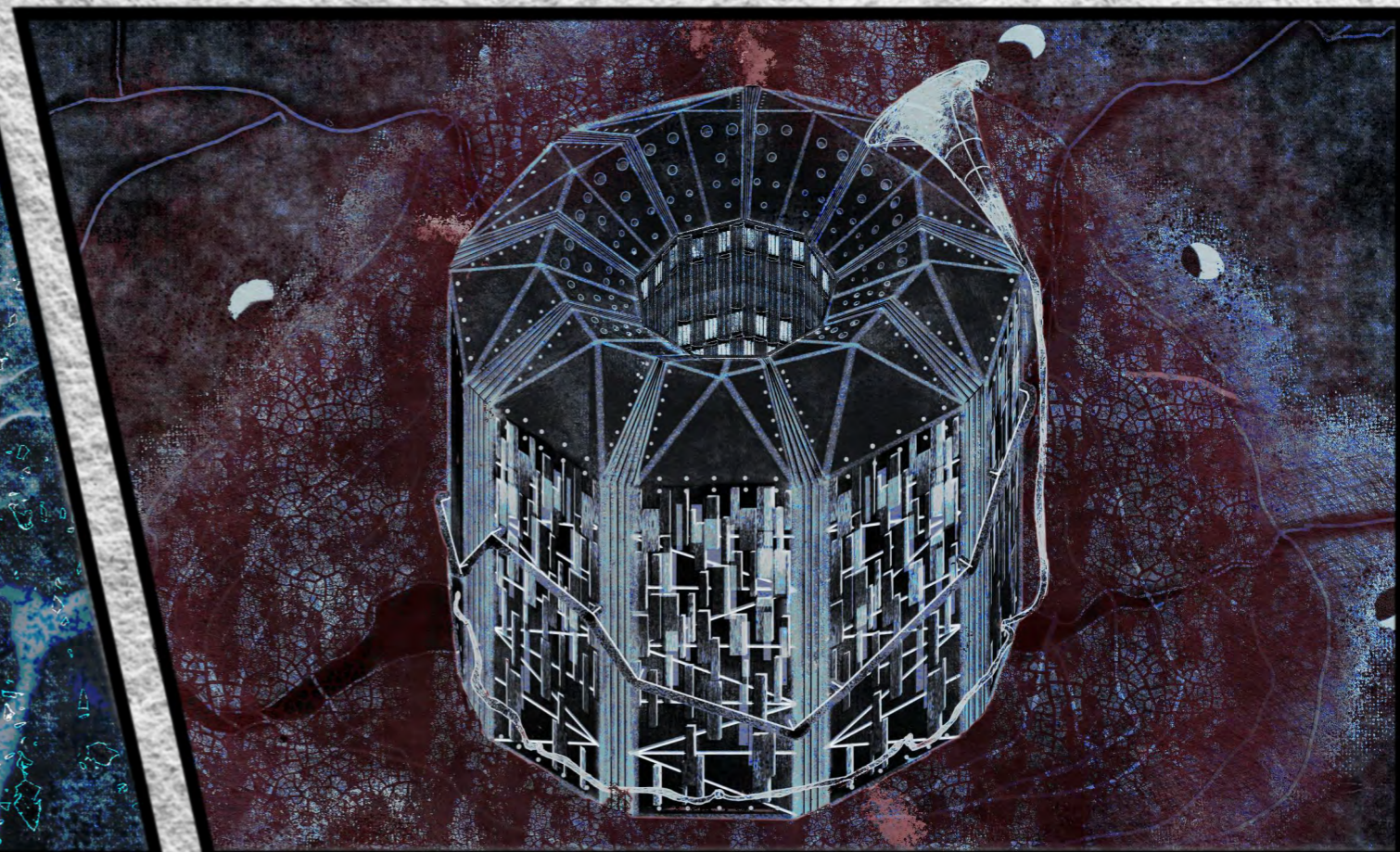
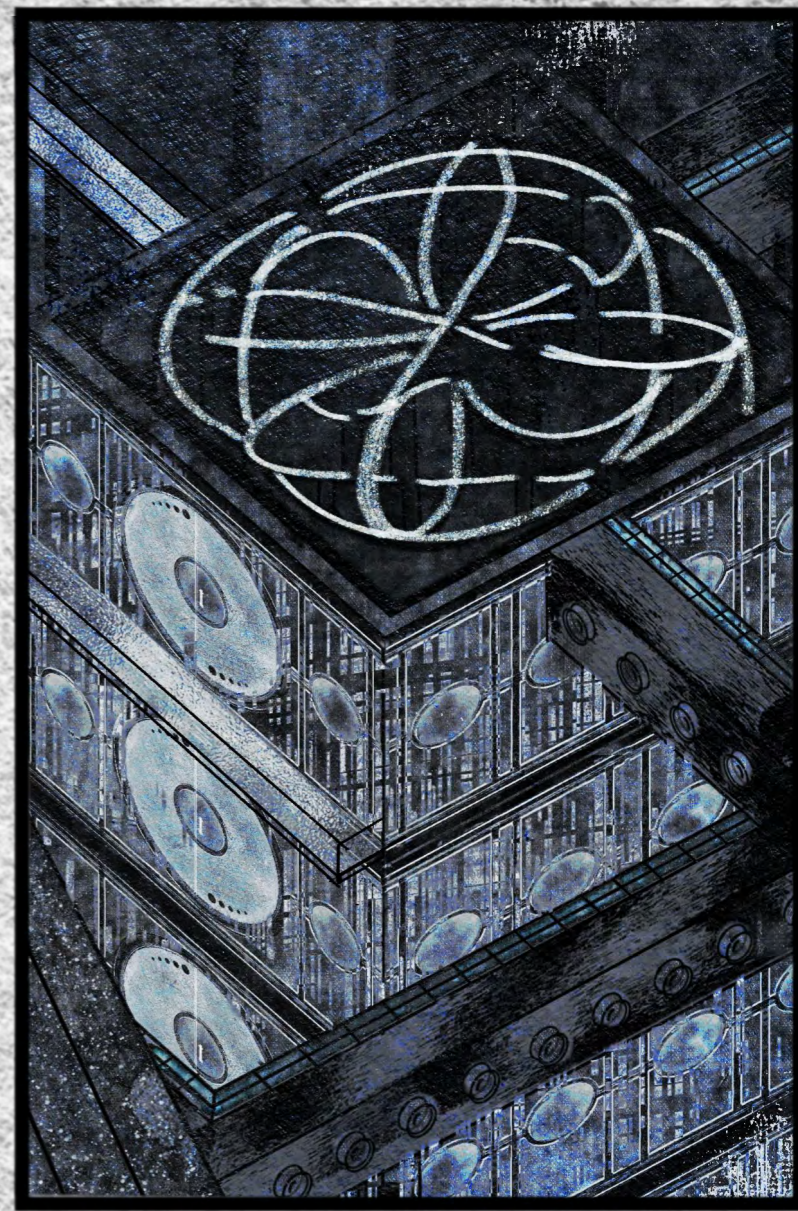
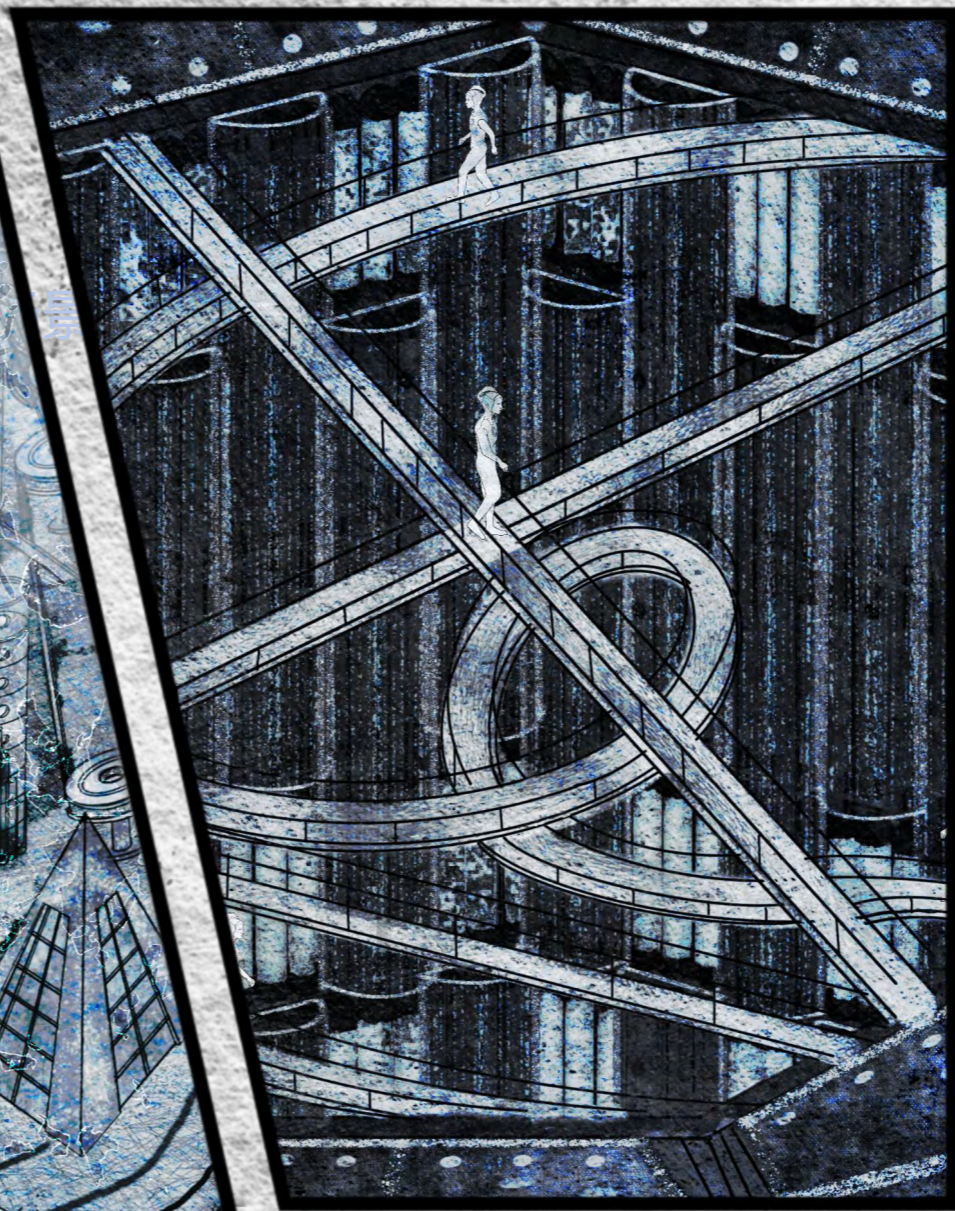
A beautiful system failure.

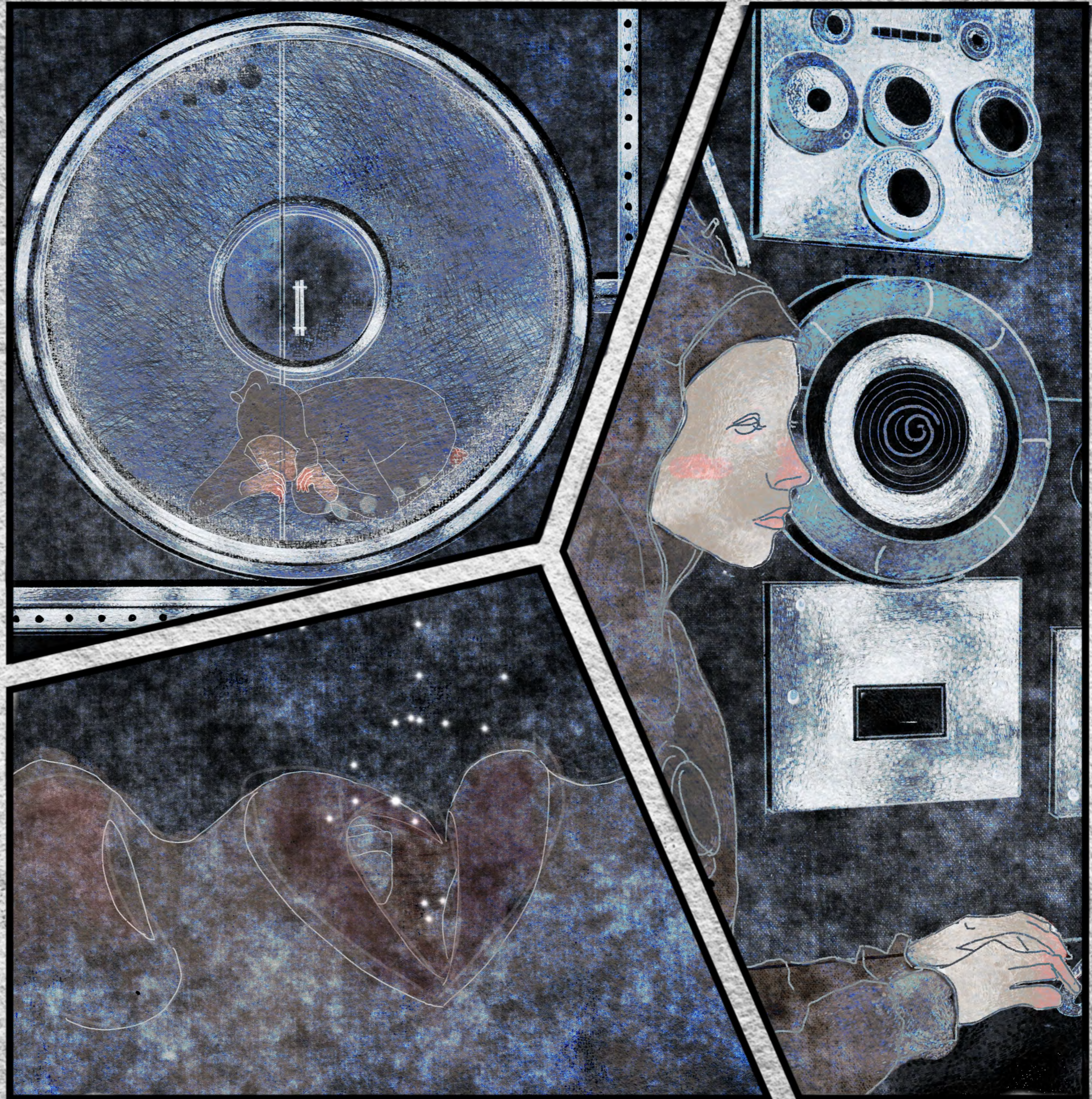
### Scene 6-Seaside video (85-90s)

#### Monologue:

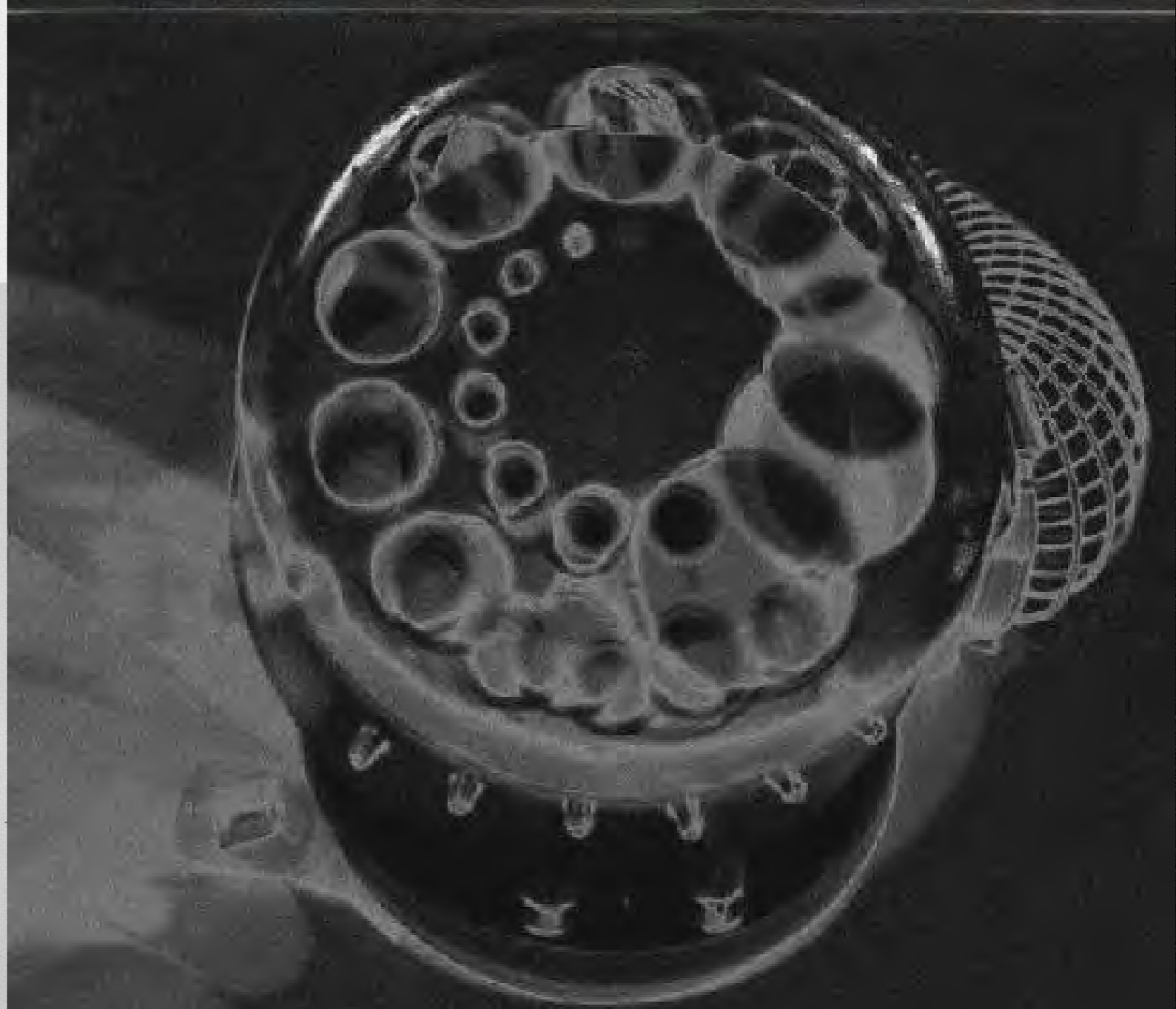
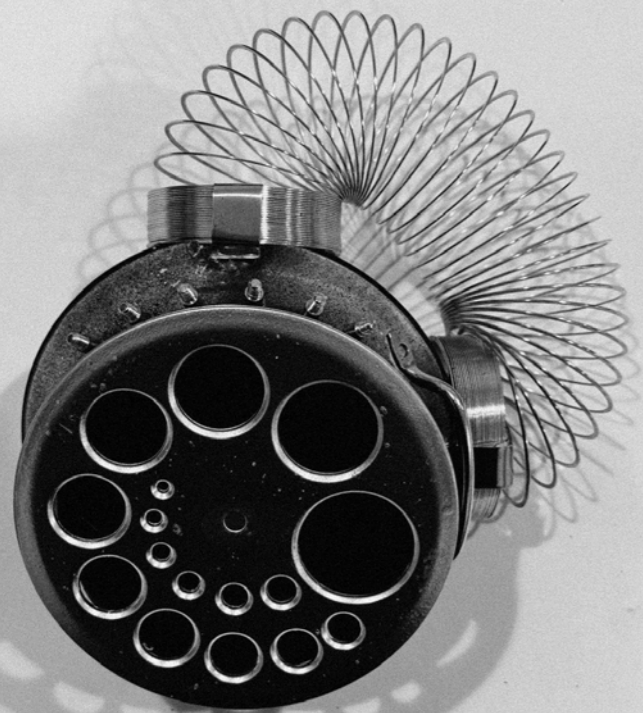
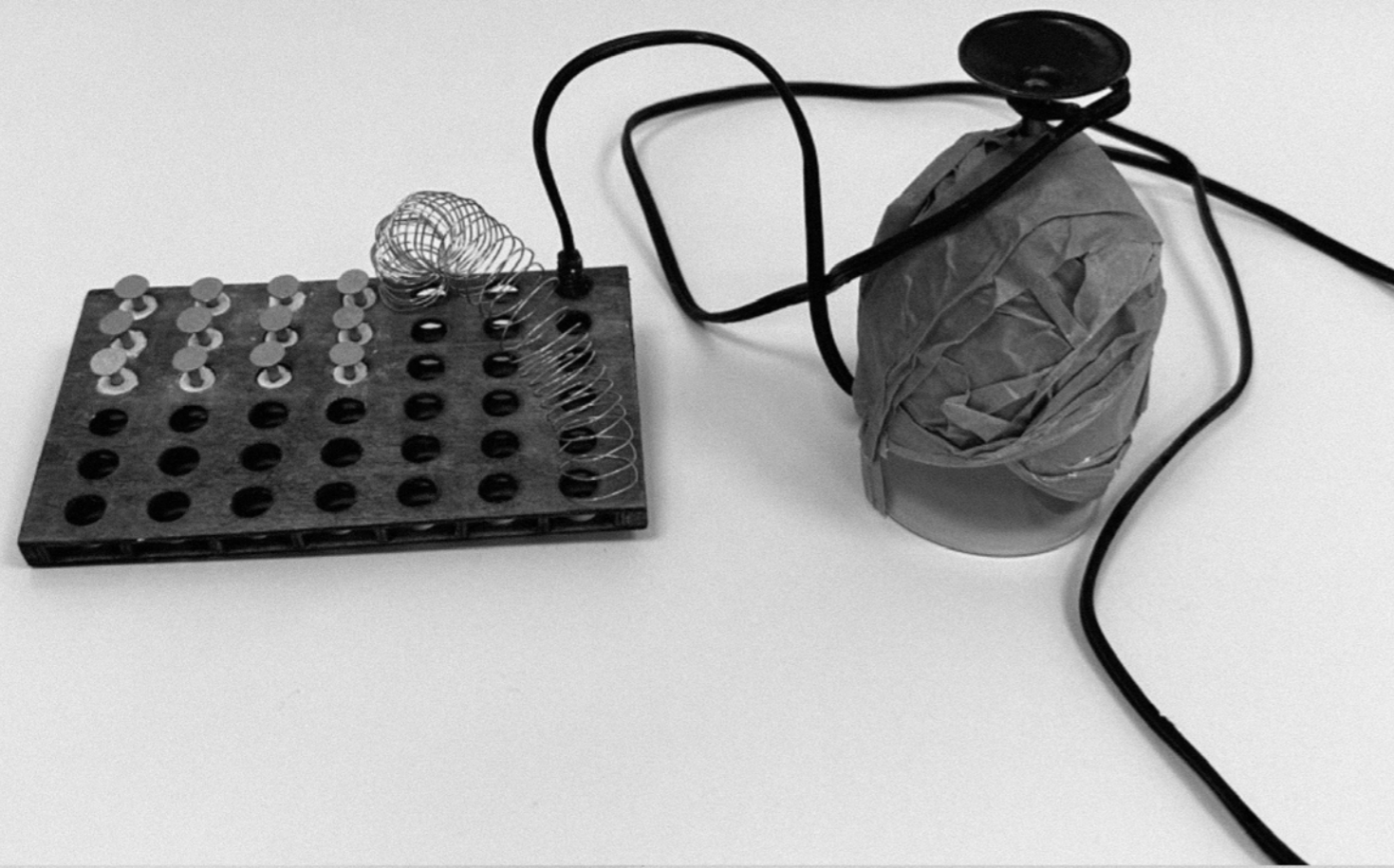
The ice on the beach disappeared.

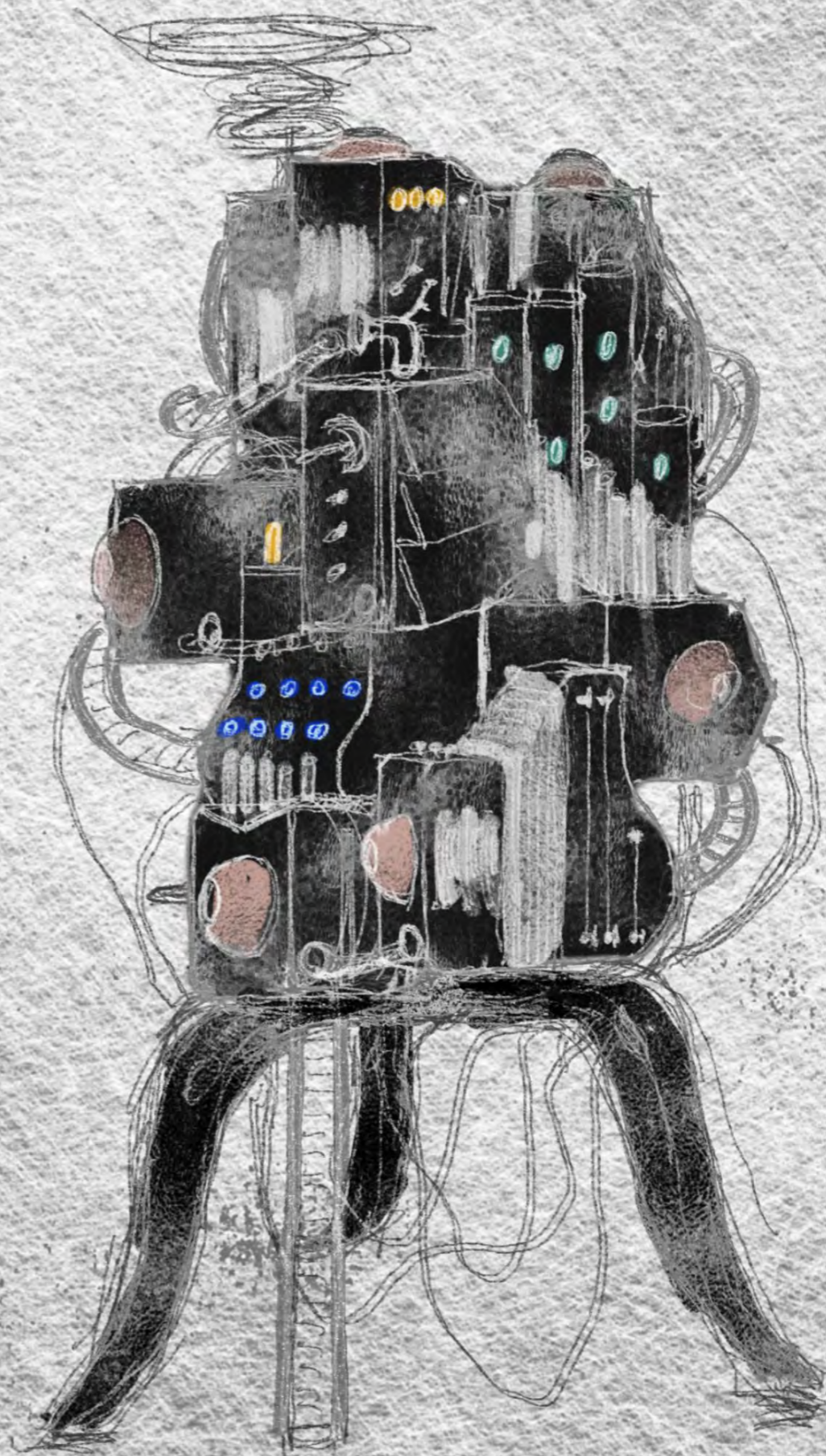
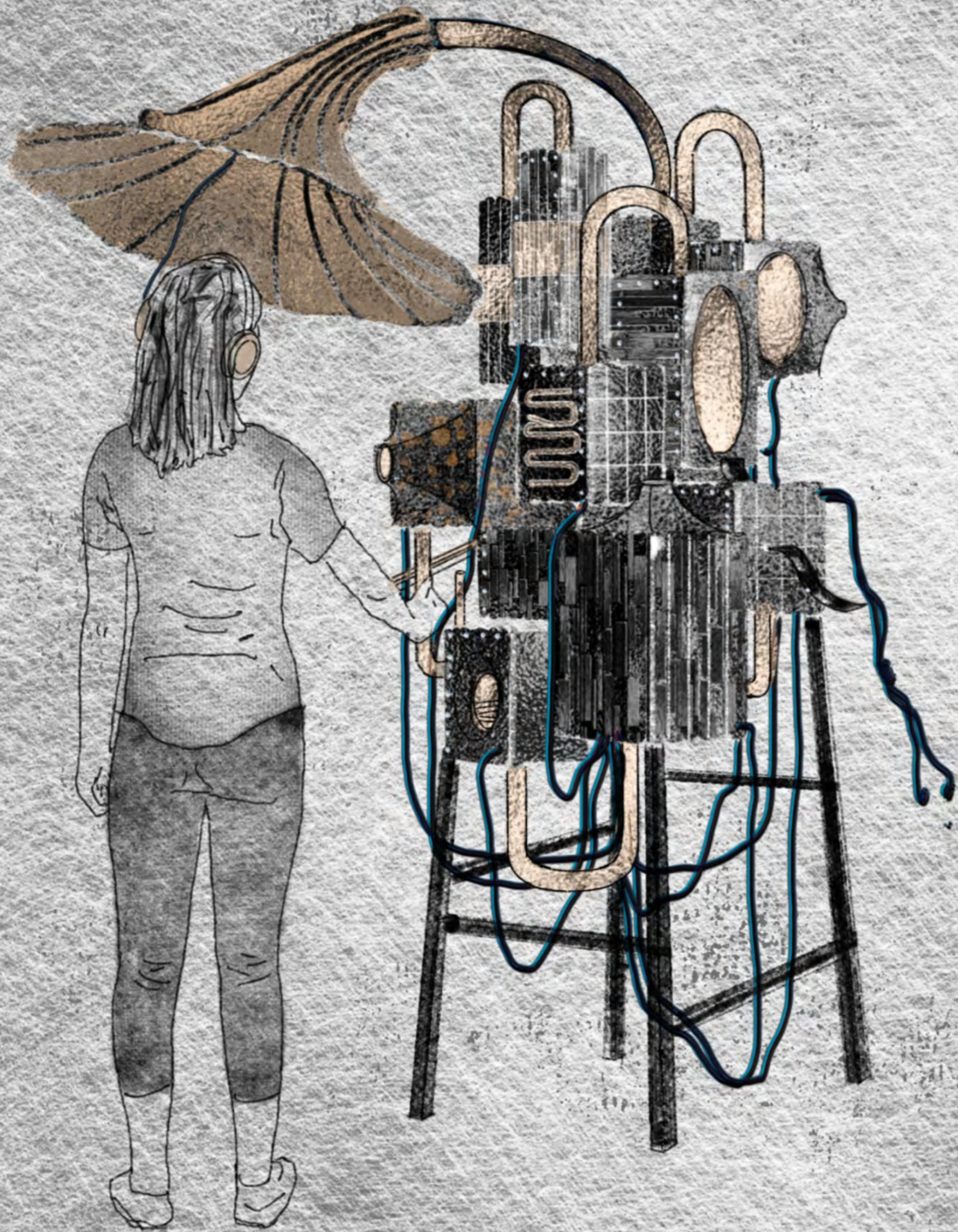
I never heard from samale again.



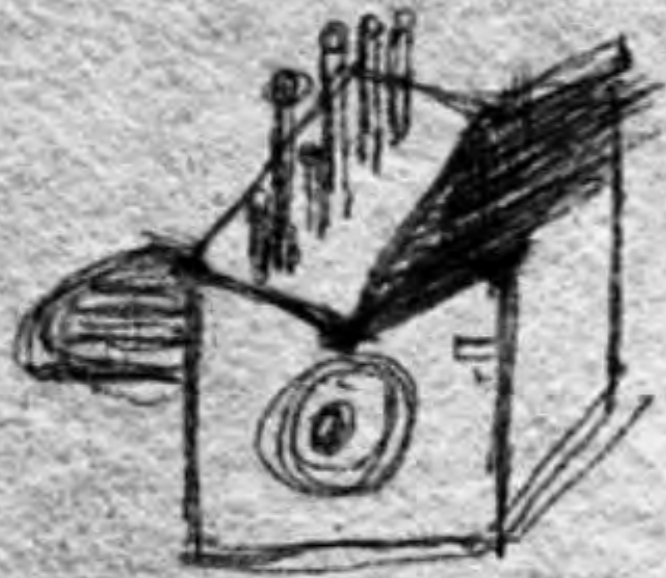


Chapter 6  
Production



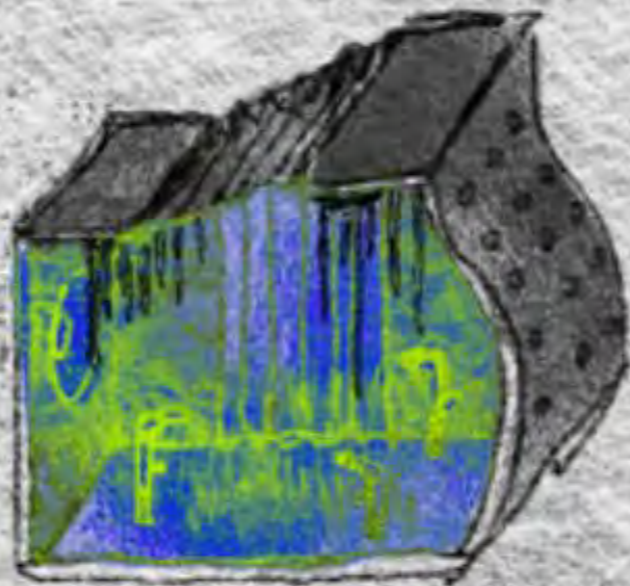


1. space: wilderness  
emotion: Dreamy  
scene: wet air  
instrument: theremin piano  
light: pebble dusty blue

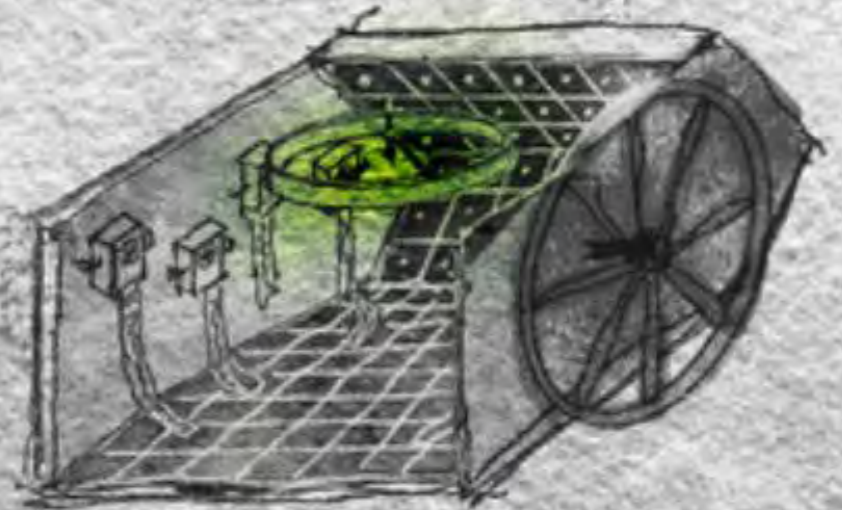


mirror mirror

2. space: forest  
emotion: Joyful  
scene: sun + grass  
instrument: accordion + guitar  
light: green + purple



3. space: transcription room  
emotion: annoying  
scene: wavel + mechanics  
instrument: electronic keyboard  
light: red + green



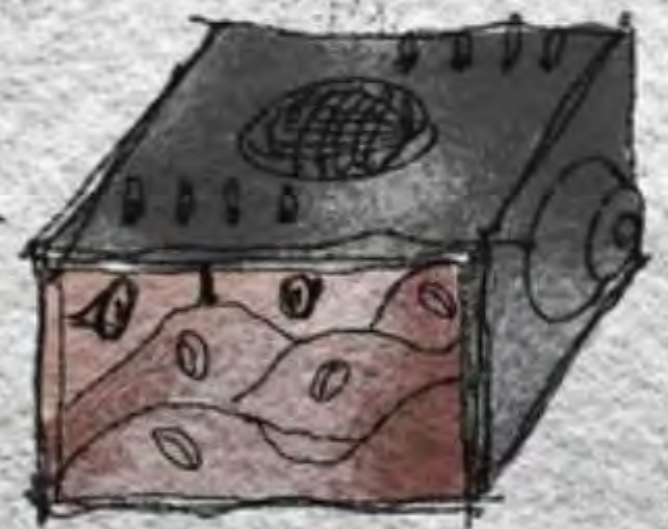
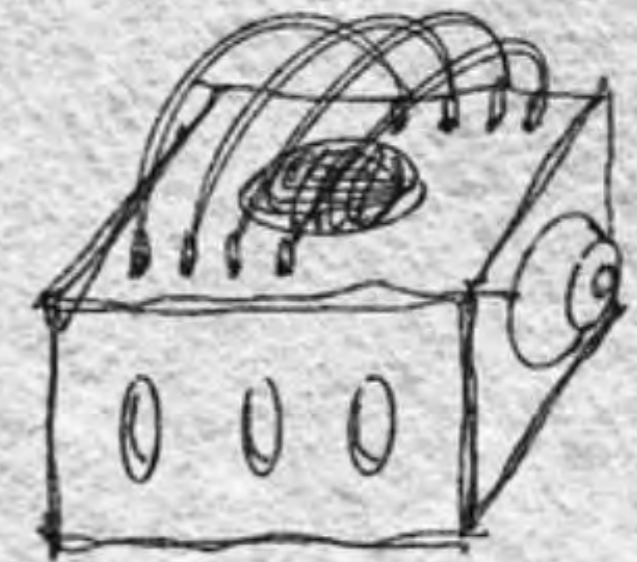
4. space: archives  
 emotion: relaxing  
 scent: wood  
 instrument: piano  
 light: yellow + blue + green



5. space: banquet hall  
 emotion: beautiful  
 scent: silk  
 instrument: violin + piano  
 light: golden pink



6. space: club  
 emotion: desirous  
 scent: cherry  
 instrument: electronic keyboard  
 light: red + black



7. space: laboratory

emotion: curious

scent: glass

instrument: electronic keyboard

light: cold blue + white



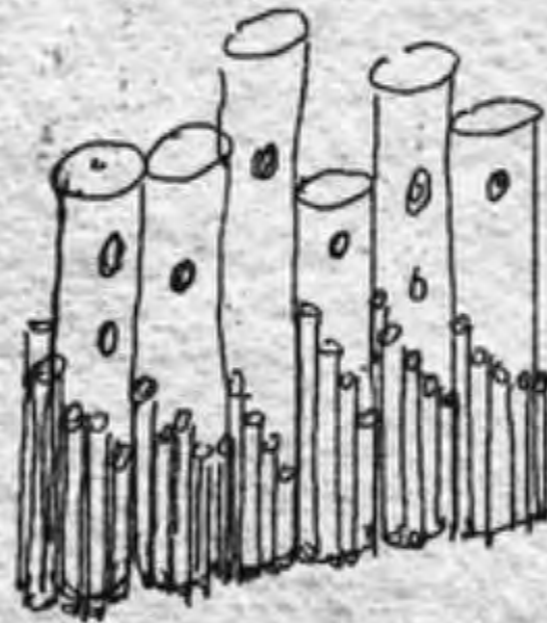
8. space: factory

emotion: energizing

scent: toasting

instrument: drum

light: yellow



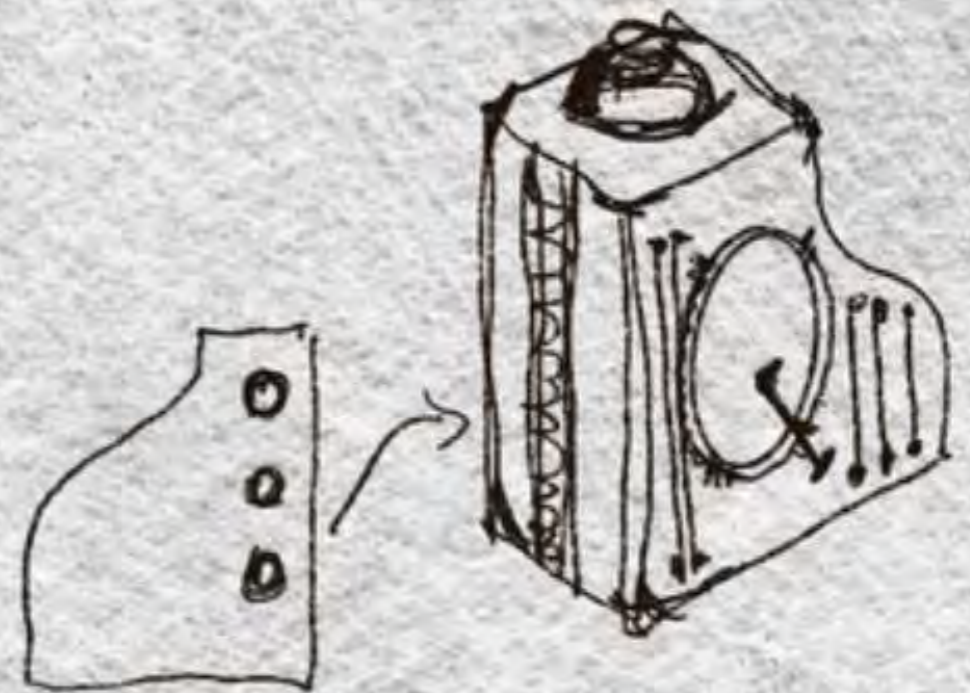
9. space: arena

emotion: indignant

scent: blood + metal

instrument: guitar + drum

light: red + purple



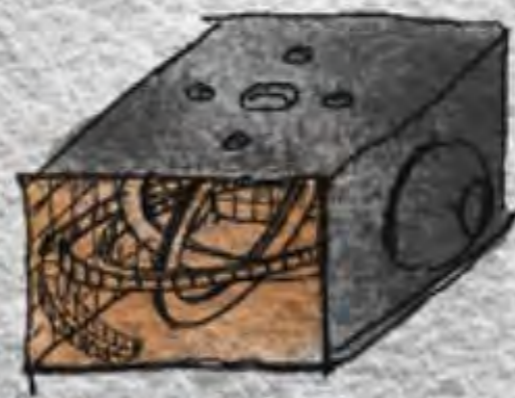
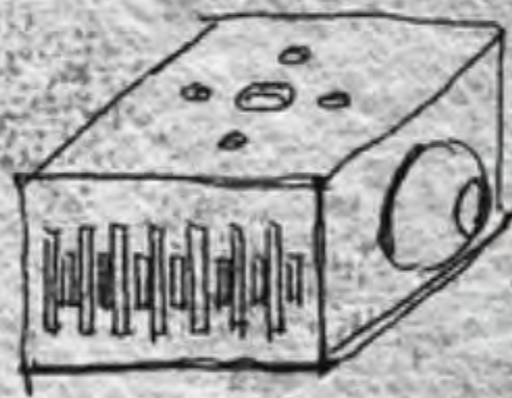
10. space: trading center

emotion: amusing

scent: wine

instrument: piano + electronic

light: orange



11. space: garage

emotion: scary

scene: ice + wood

instrument: piano

lighter: blue + purple + white.



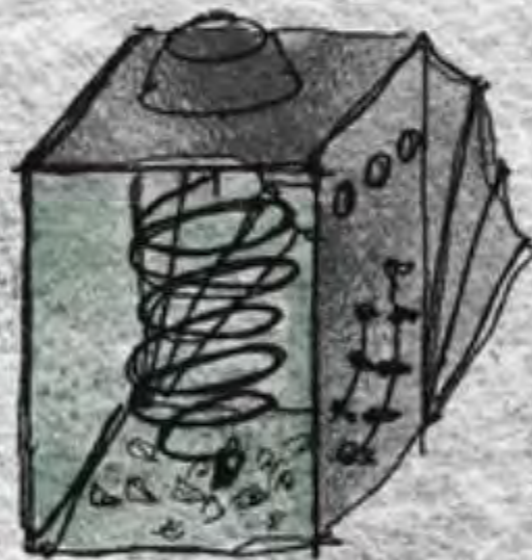
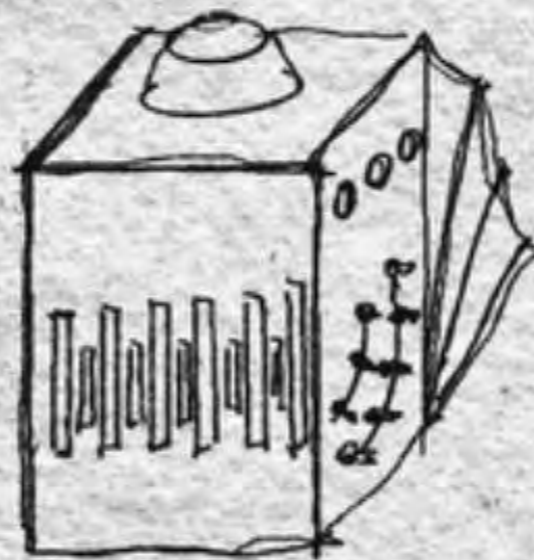
12. space: dump.

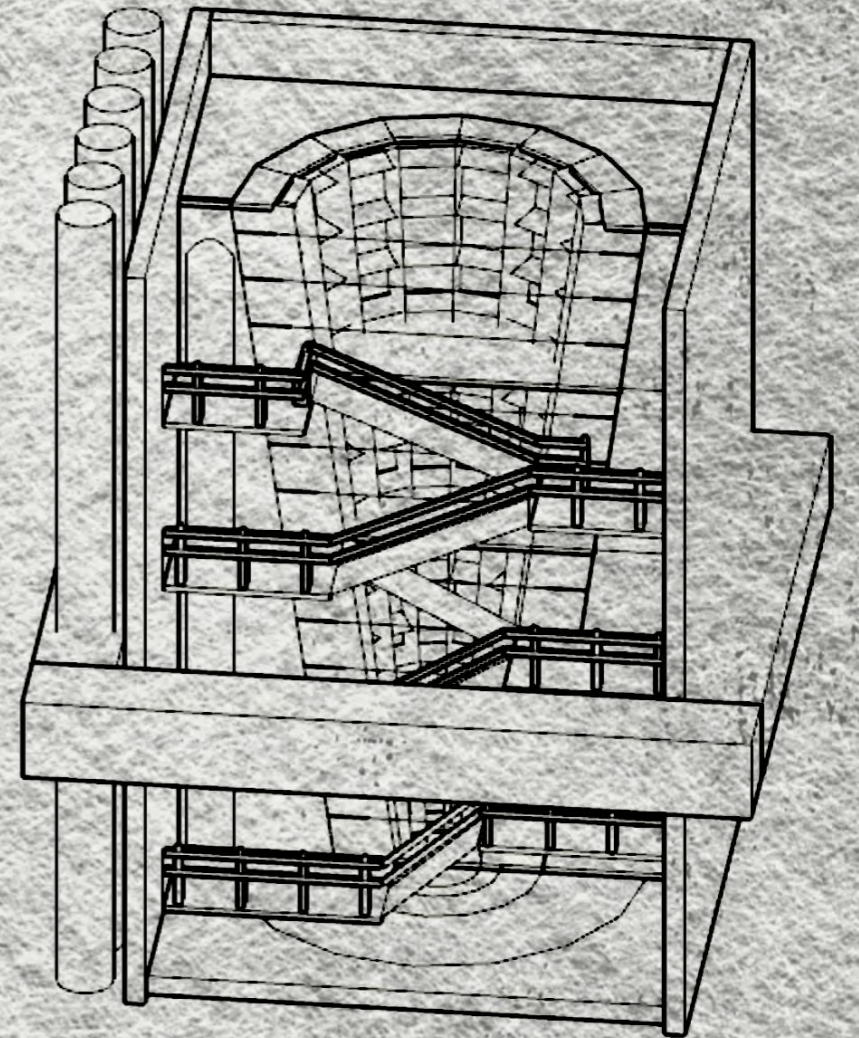
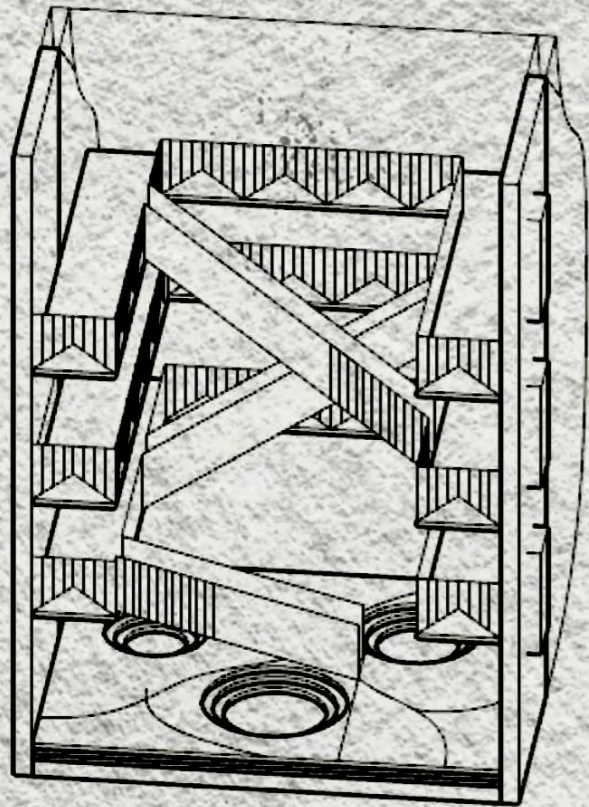
emotion: depressing

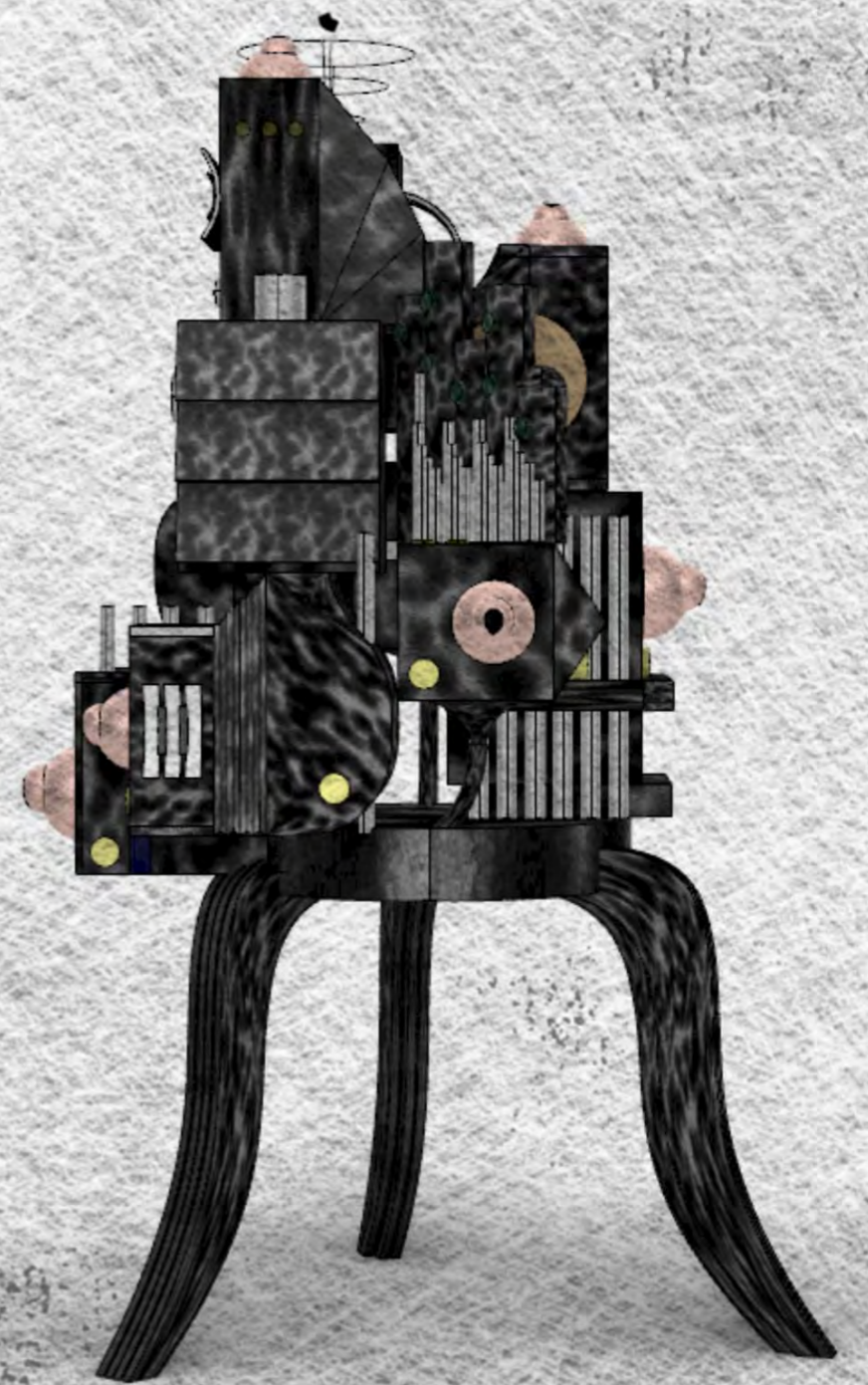
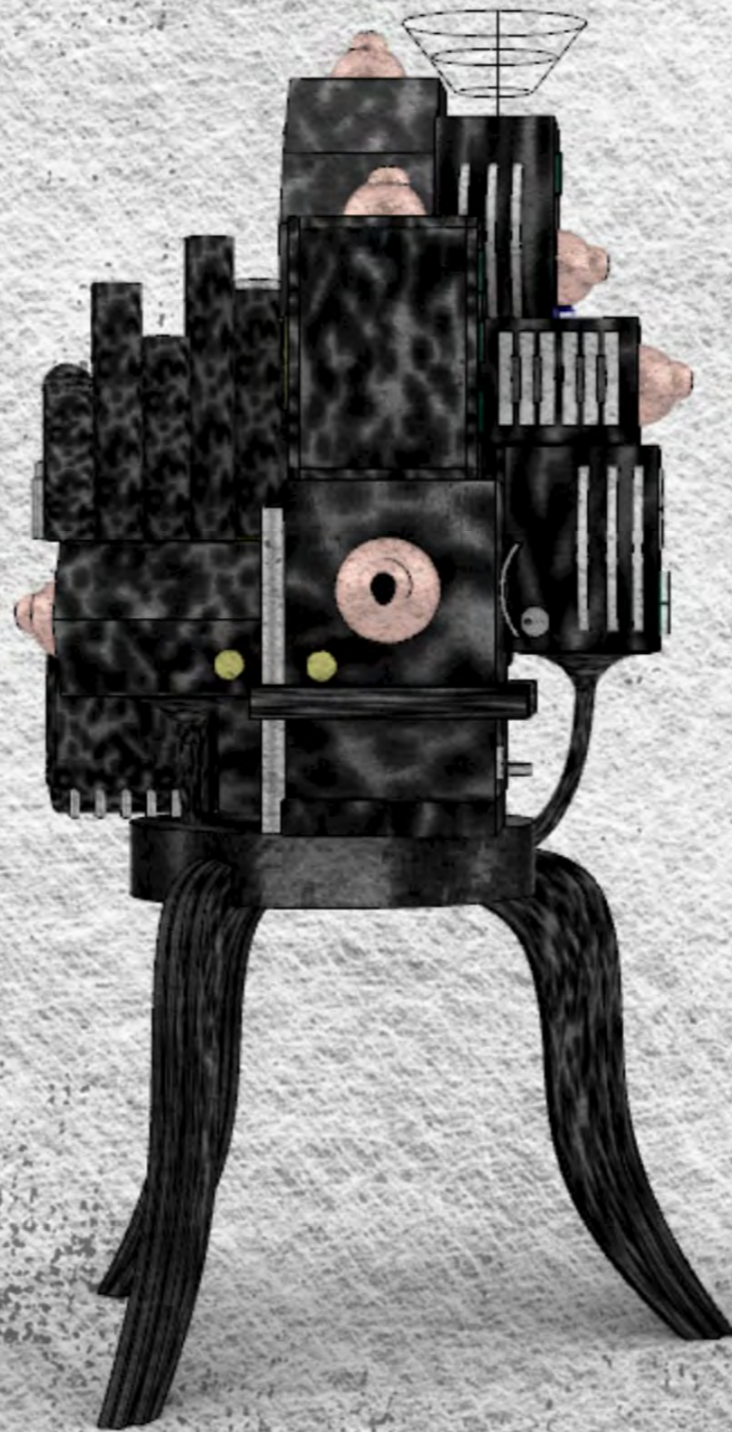
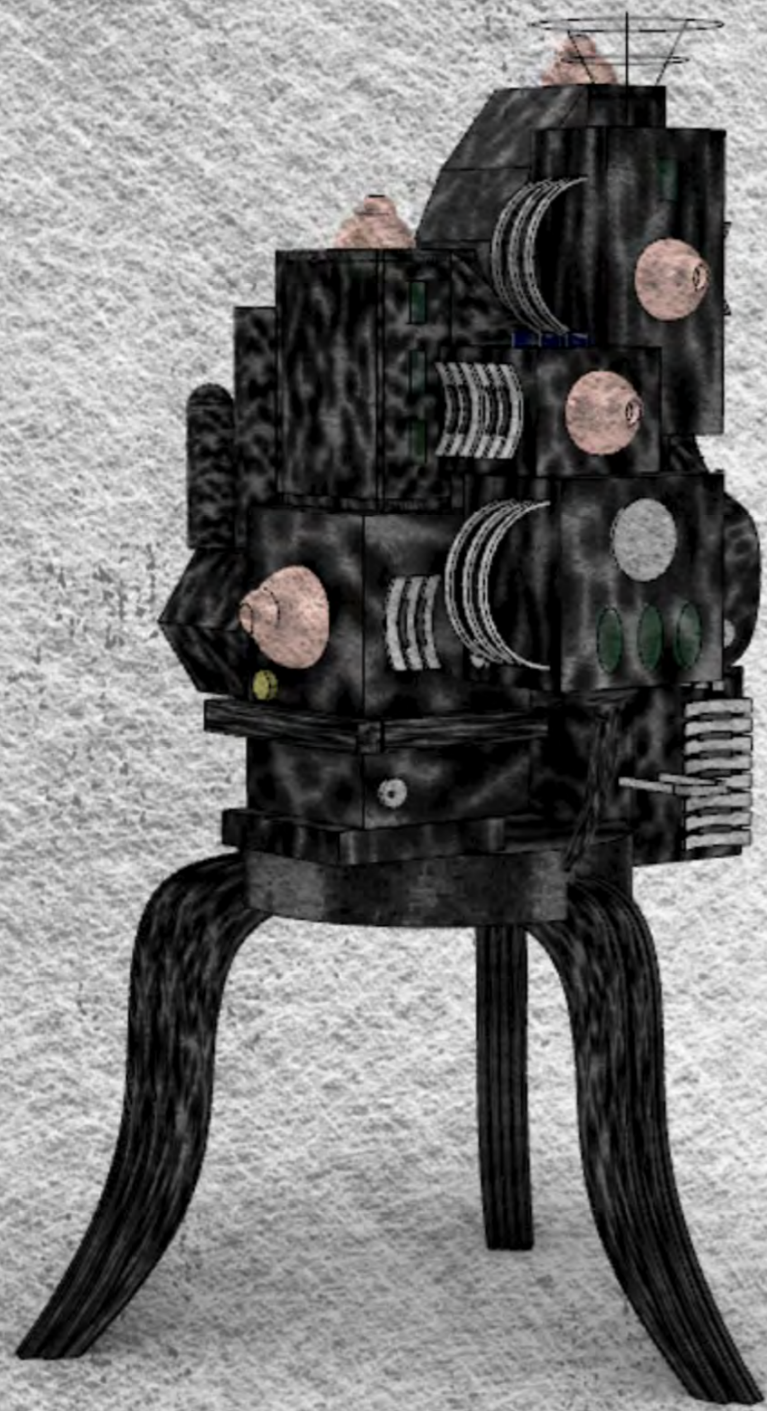
scene: sea salt

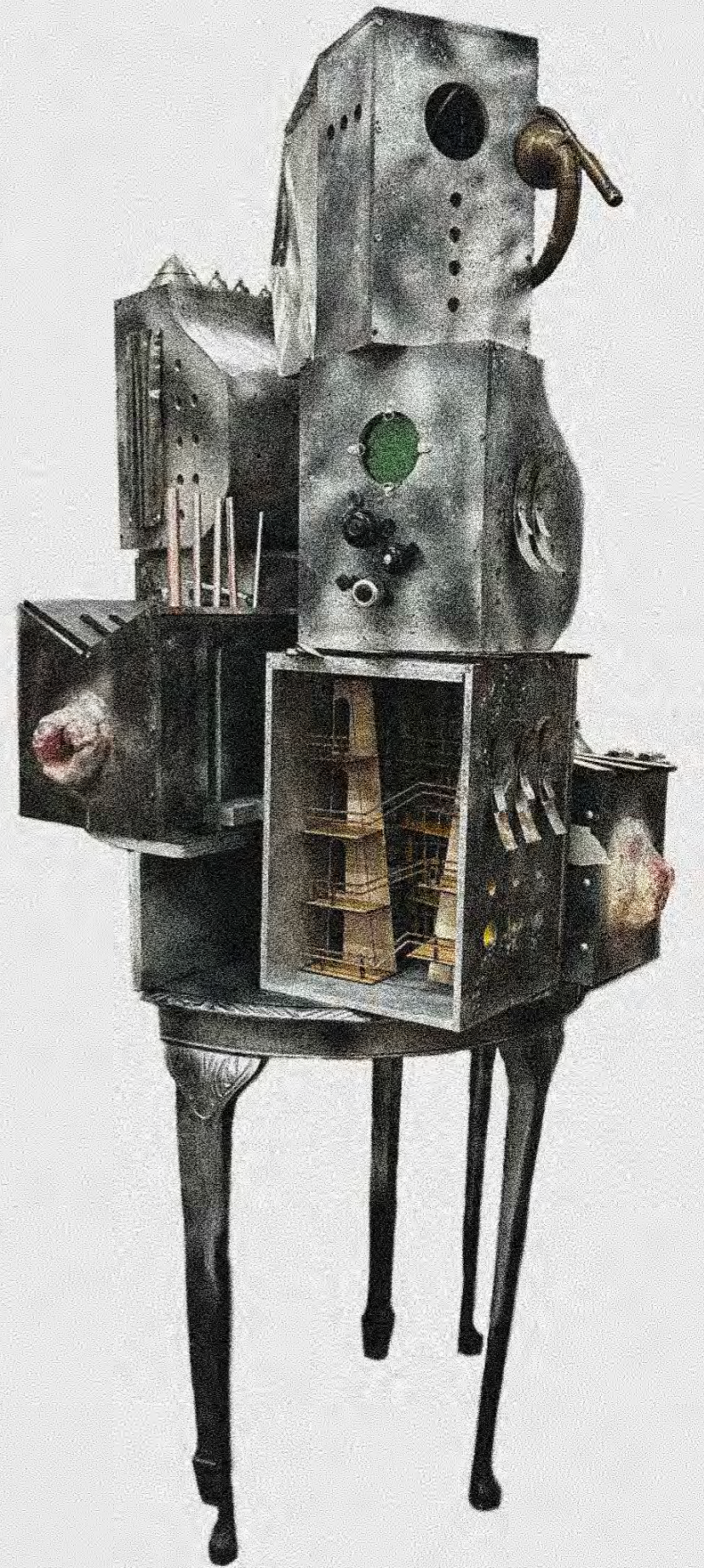
instrument: piano + accordion

lighter: cold blue + green









Chapter 7  
A picture book



## Sound Heterotopia

-How sound-coded language is shaping the communication of the future



Welcome to **'Cold Wonderland'**, a high-tech but cold society, today is June 18th, 2035.

Currently, there are unprecedented communication barriers in human society.



## Original language

Animal language	01	Video
Animal language	02	Denotation
Animal language	03	Sound
Animal language	04	Use
Symbolic language	01	Video
Symbolic language	02	Denotation
Symbolic language	03	Sound
Symbolic language	04	Use

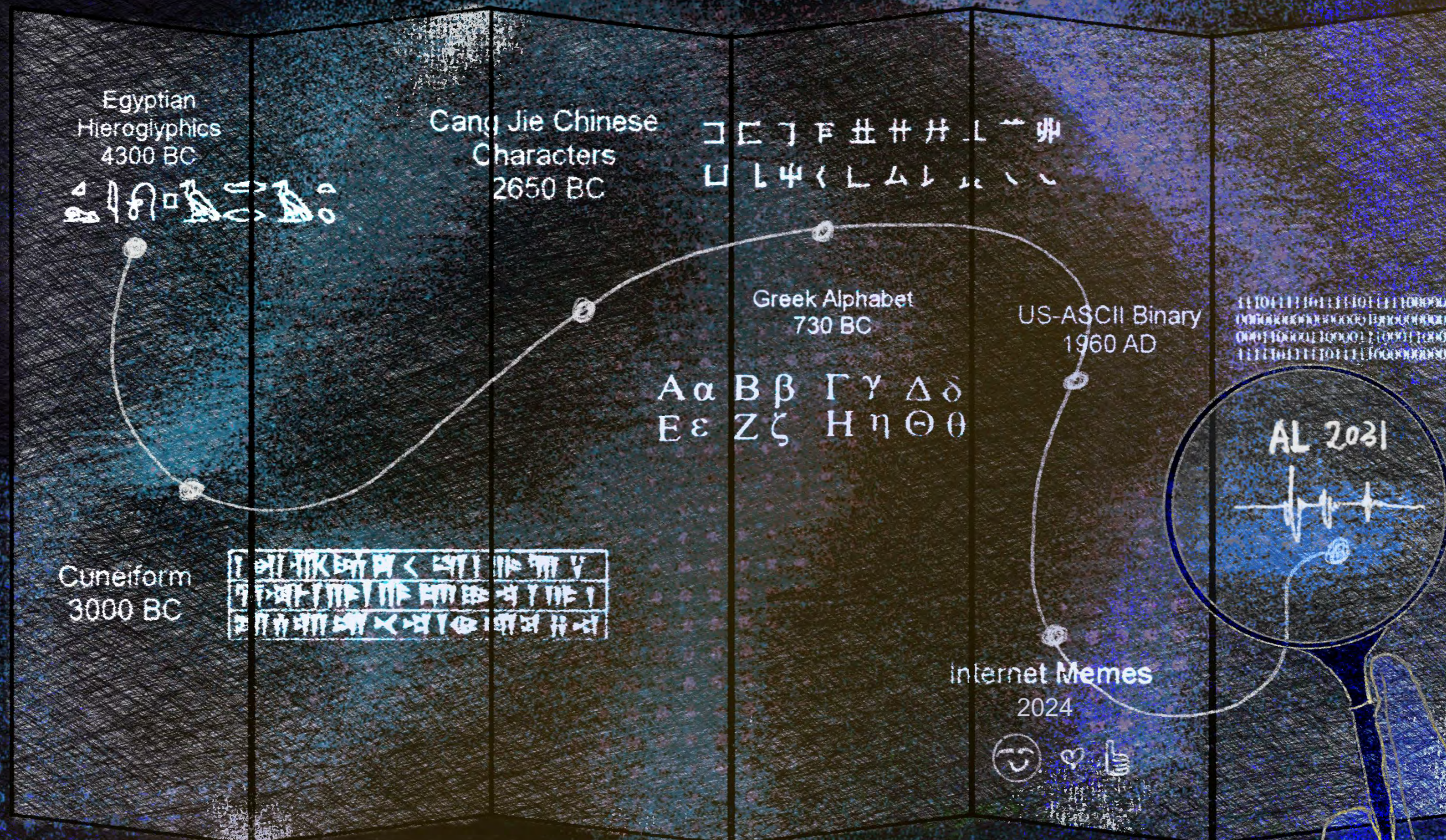
## Technical language

Morse language	01	Video
Morse language	02	Denotation
Morse language	03	Sound
Morse language	04	Use
Machine language	01	Video
Machine language	02	Denotation
Machine language	03	Sound
Machine language	04	Use

## Emotional language

Music language	01	Video
Music language	02	Denotation
Music language	03	Sound
Music language	04	Use
Angel language	01	Video
Angel language	02	Denotation
Angel language	03	Sound
Angel language	04	Use

As a linguist, I have done a lot of research and I was looking for a more universal and intimate language.



Among the many research archives, one language called **AL** is extremely special, rooted in emotion rather than reason.

2031.01.01

2031.01.01

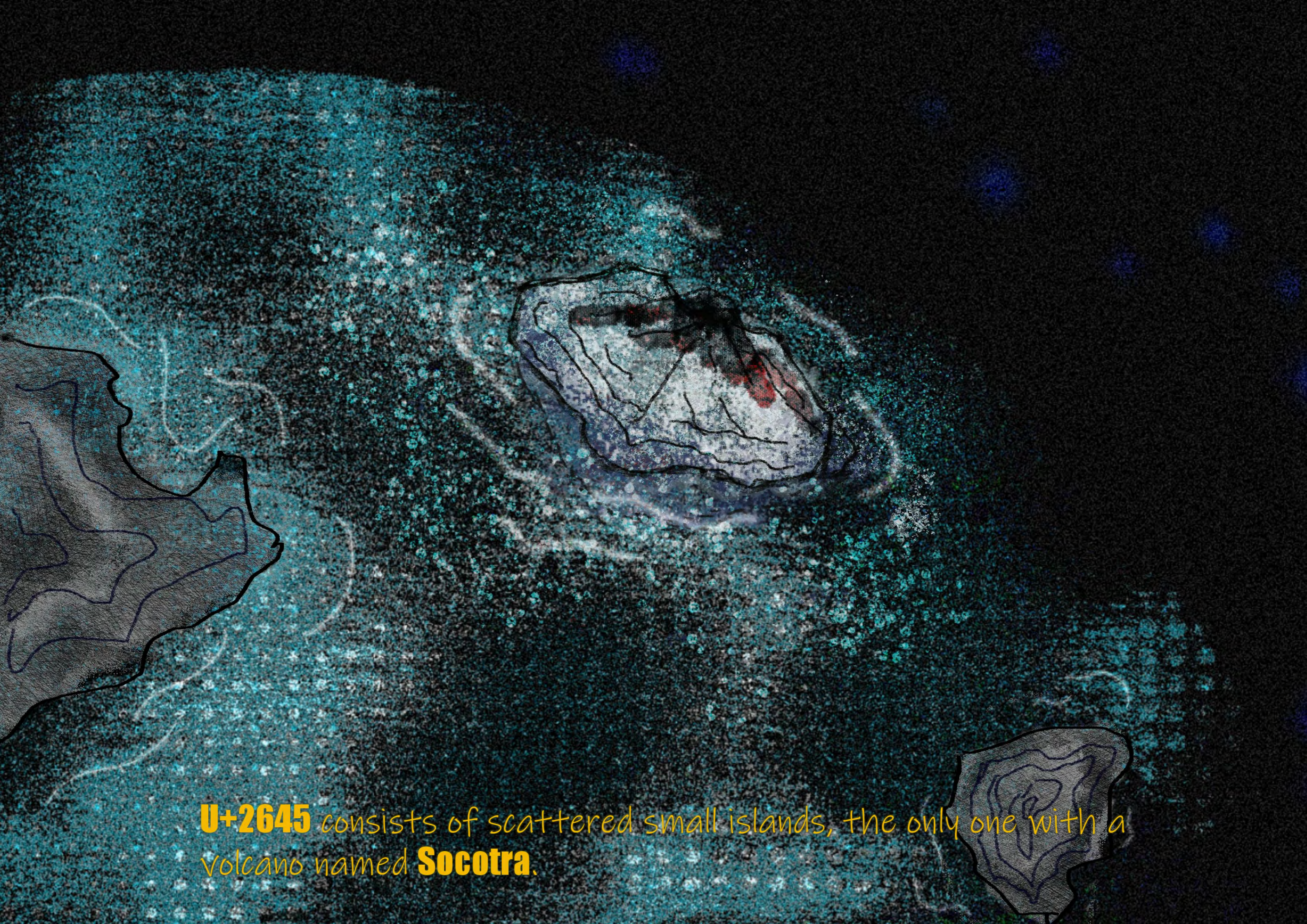
It all started in 2031.



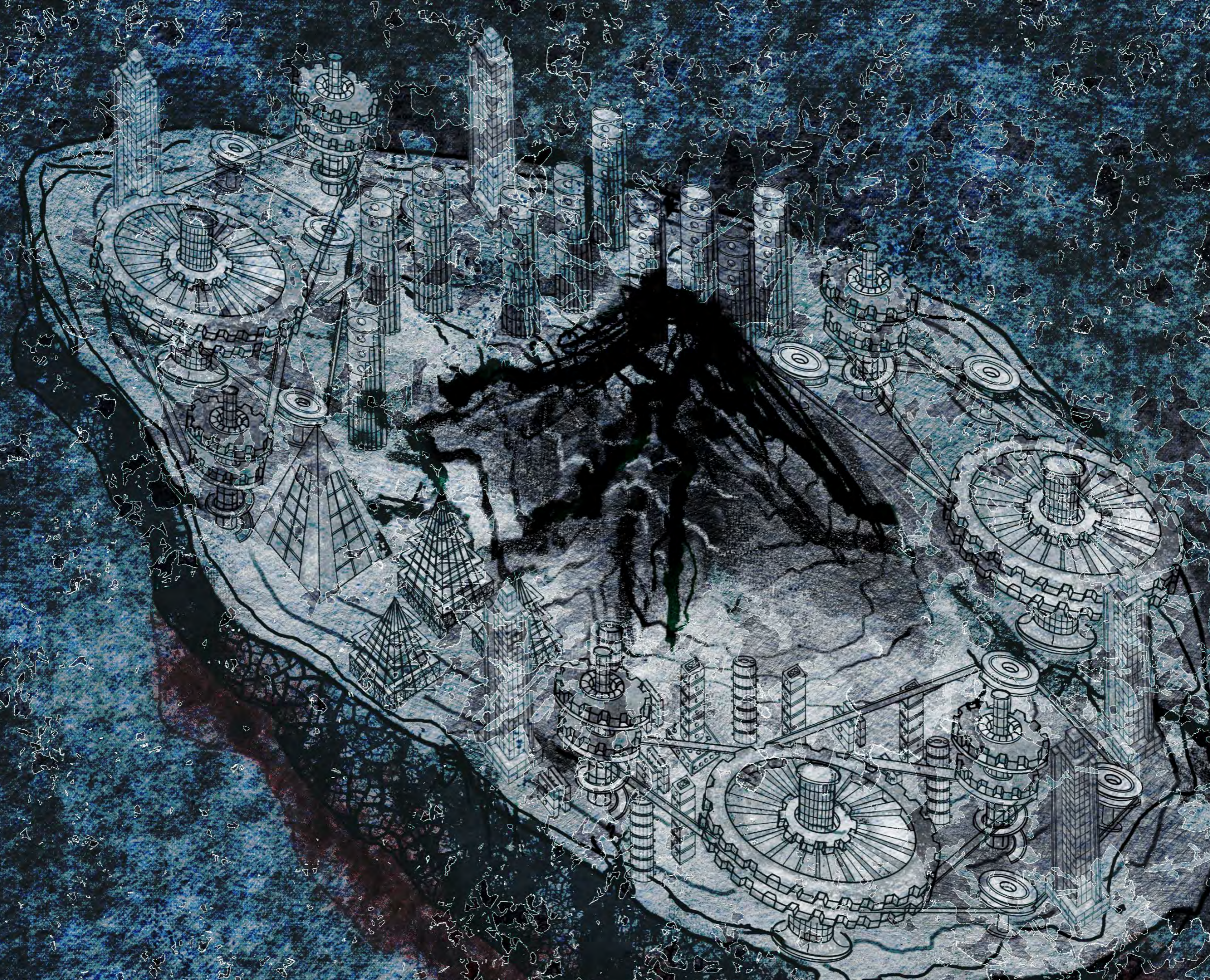
I accidentally received a recording in the AL language.



The sound comes from a planet far from Earth called **U+2645**, a blue sphere whose surface is covered with ice grains.



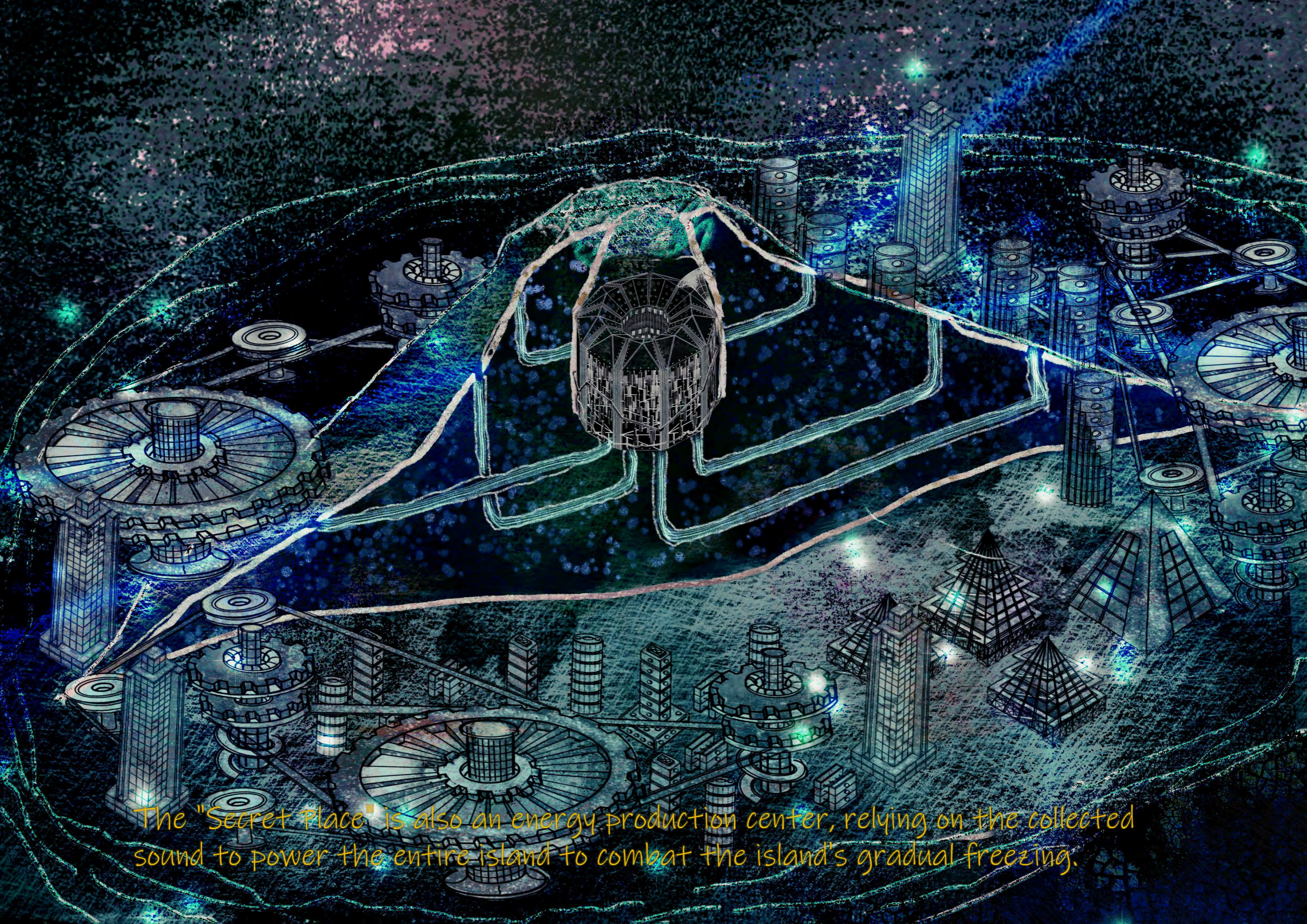
**U+2645** consists of scattered small islands, the only one with a volcano named **Socotra**.



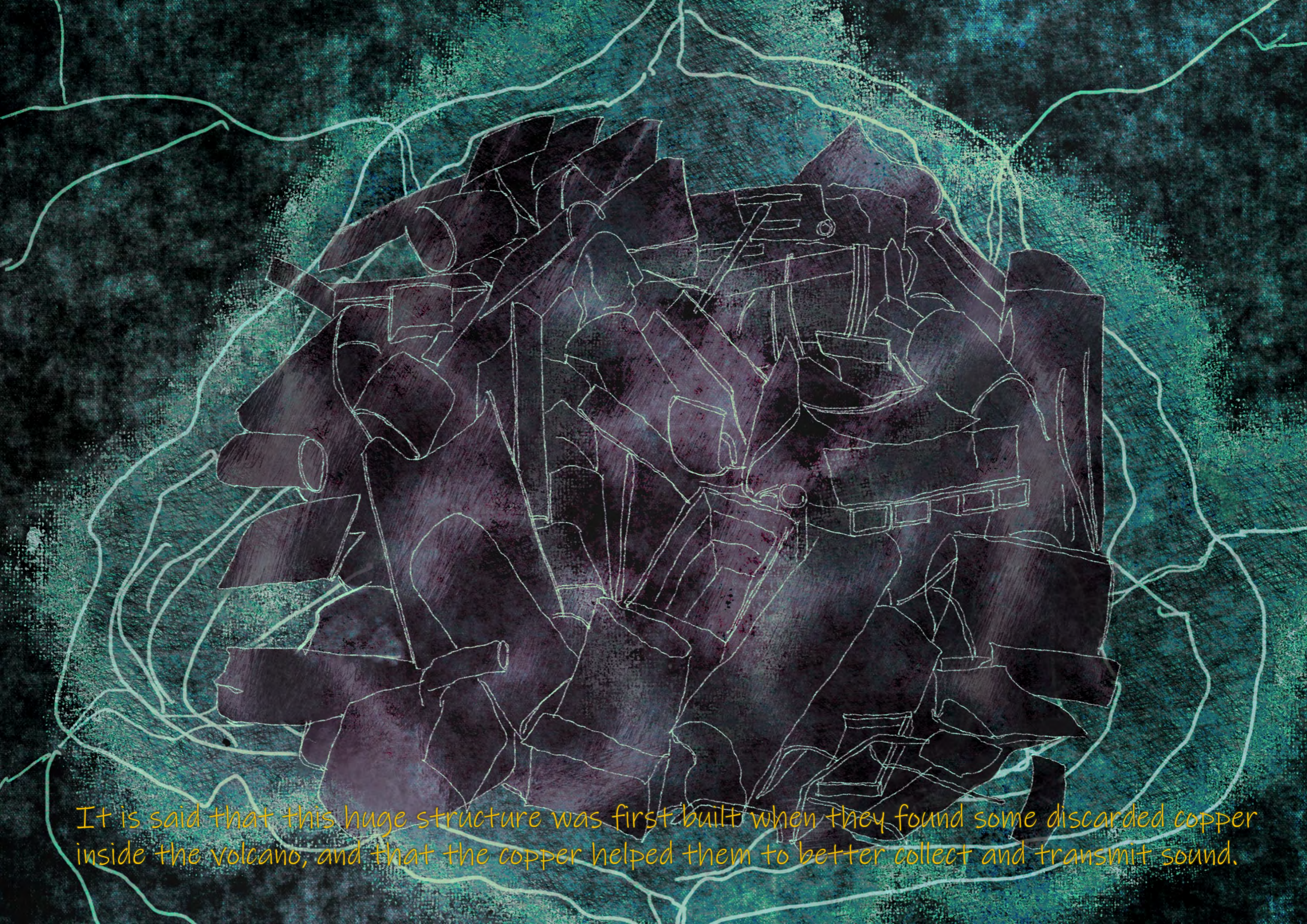
The buildings on the island are made of liquid ice, and the main source of energy for the entire island is the volcano in the center.



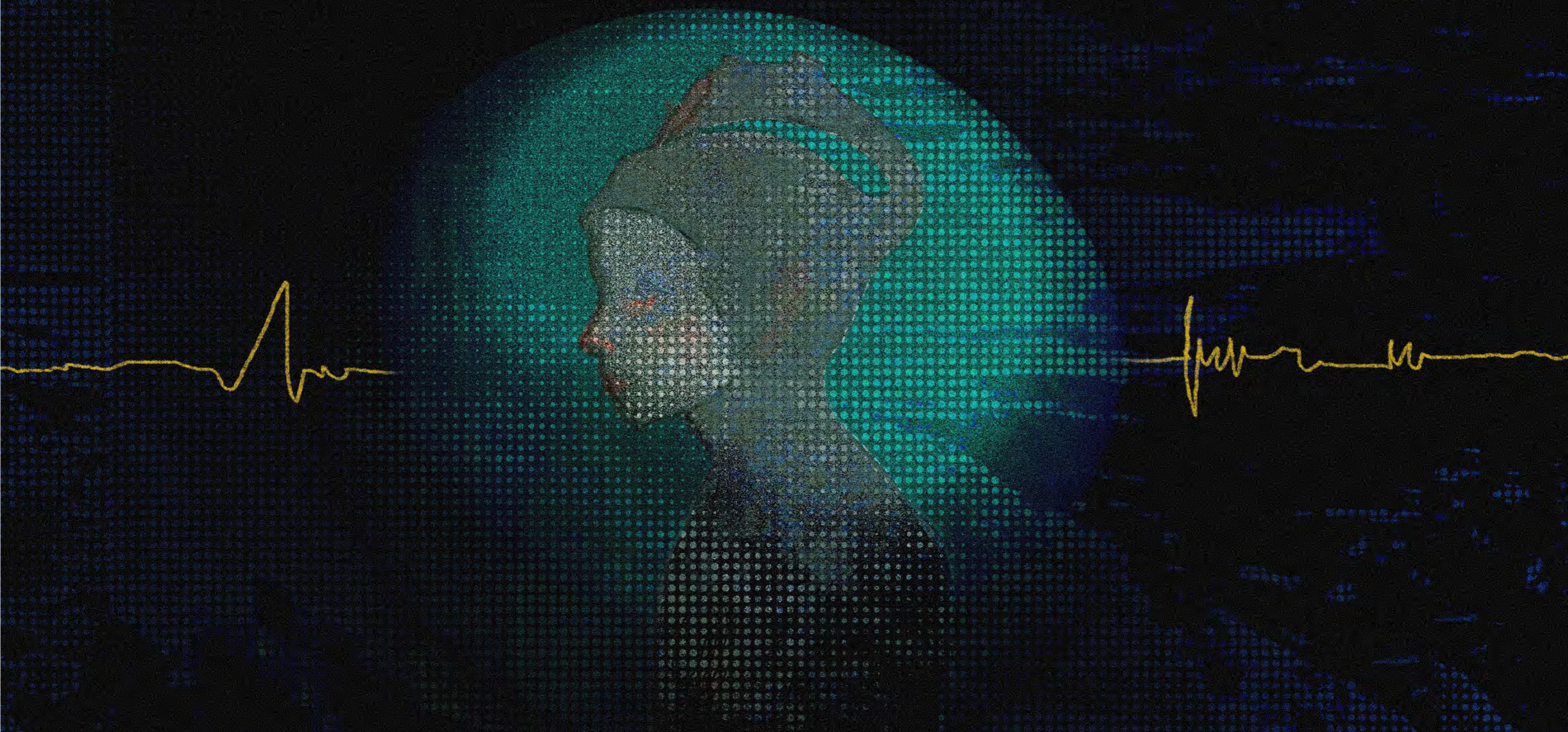
Inside the volcano is a huge structure called "**Secret Place**", the central living space of the people of Socotra.



The "Secret Place" is also an energy production center, relying on the collected sound to power the entire island to combat the island's gradual freezing.



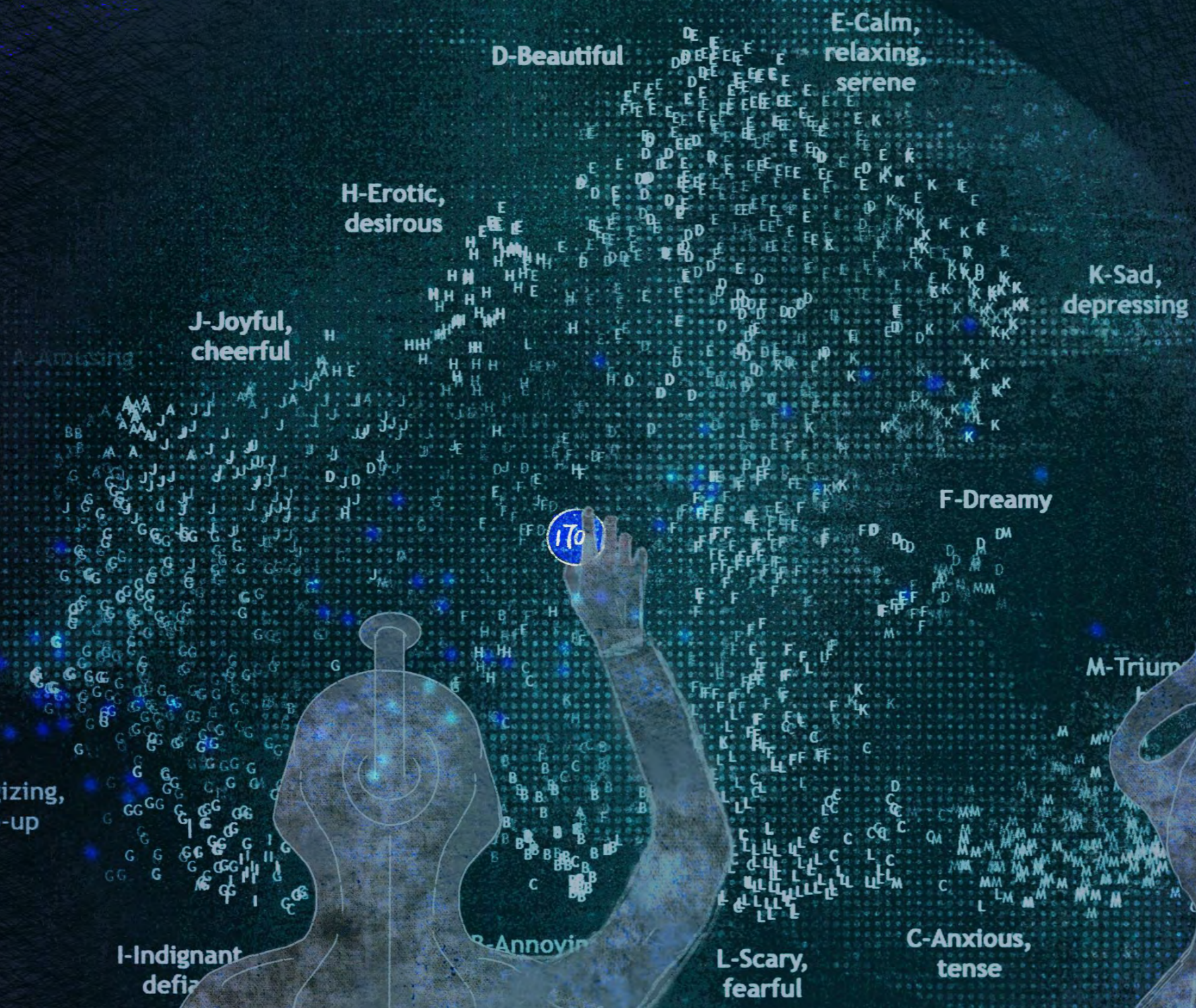
It is said that this huge structure was first built when they found some discarded copper inside the volcano, and that the copper helped them to better collect and transmit sound.



And the occupants of this place are a group of angels, and that recording was sent to me by an angel named **NS7**. She's the liaison for planet U+2645.

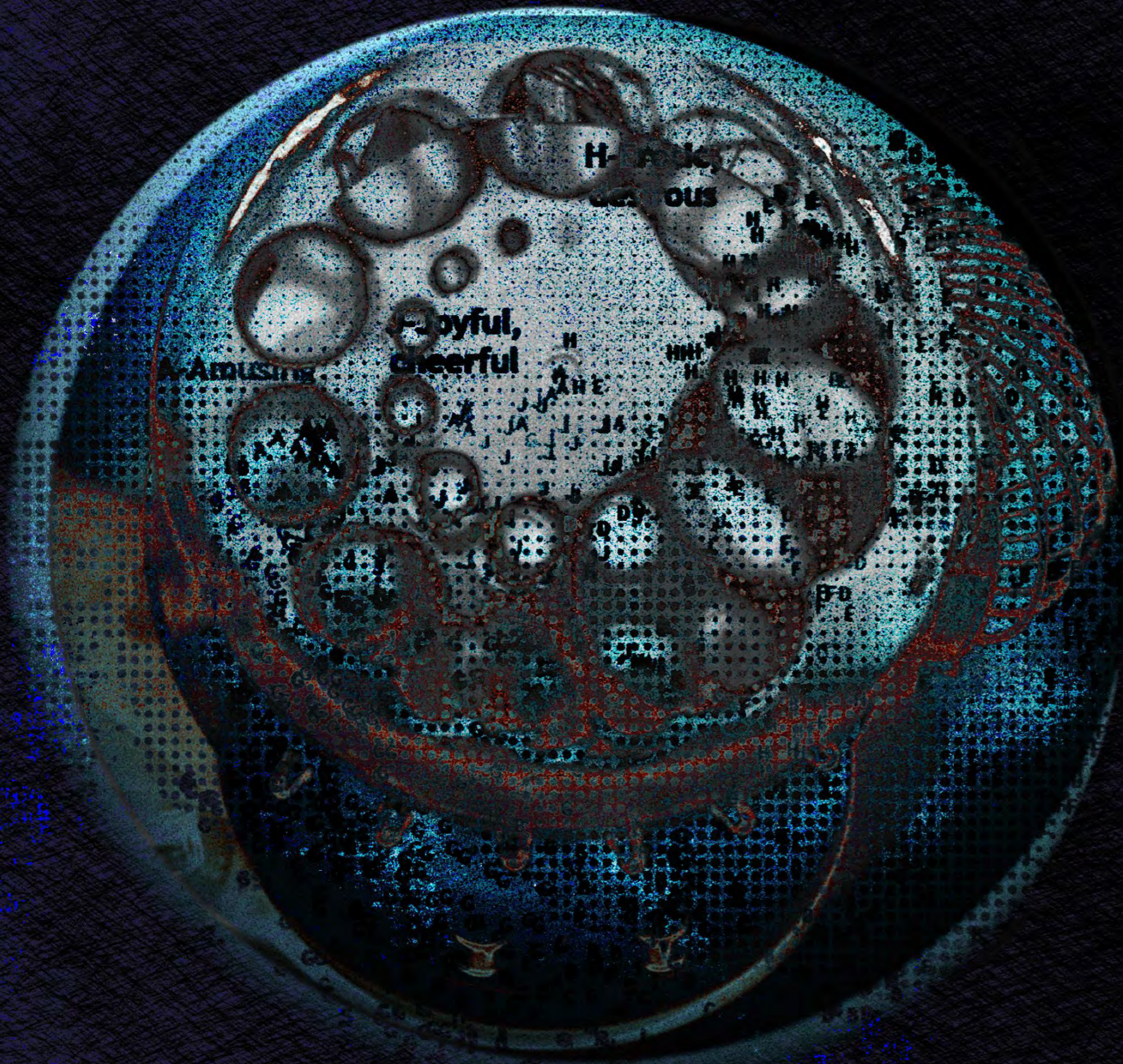


Angels are 20 centimeters tall and have horns on their heads.



They sorted a wide range of sounds according to mood, coding them with letters and patterns.





And they have invented a simple device that can help with message delivery, where 12 letters are typed in and a sonic pattern is delivered.

# ANGEL CALLING



*I have also created an archive of images of the Socotra islands.*

2032.02.01

2033.05.01

Soon the time came to 2033.



Once again, I received a letter from the angels saying that they were in desperate need of a kindred spirit, as their own reserves of sound were not enough to withstand an ever-cooling planet.



So angels speaking different languages began to flock to socotra island, bringing with them some high-tech sound equipment.



Education angel



Creation angel



Liaison angel

As a result, the family of angels grew, and the head organ grew from one to three, and they were responsible for different tasks.



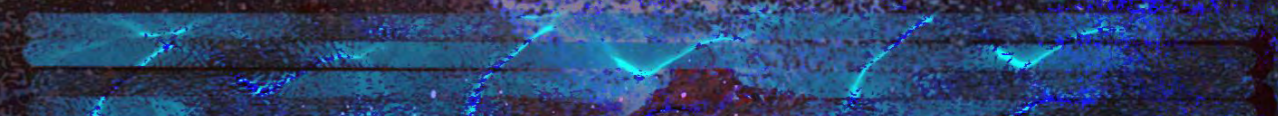
In order to be able to make diverse groups of people understand each other, they systematized their original language.

## Sentence structure


### Emotion + event + adjective + place + sound




CF	Dreamy	cleansing rituals	humid	wilderness	wind chimes
----	--------	-------------------	-------	------------	-------------



DE	Anxious	Knitting	Cold	Laboratory	Dyson Bird Chirping
----	---------	----------	------	------------	---------------------



IZ	Joyful	Exploring	flowing	forest	strings
----	--------	-----------	---------	--------	---------



KT	Energetic	Producing	Steaming	Factory	Vibration of metals
----	-----------	-----------	----------	---------	---------------------



QV	Annoying	Waiting	Slow	Transcription room	Horns
----	----------	---------	------	--------------------	-------



OR	Indignant	Feast	Turbulent	Arena	Drums
----	-----------	-------	-----------	-------	-------



HM	Calm	Organising	Old	Archives	Harmonica
----	------	------------	-----	----------	-----------



GX	Amusing	Bazaar	Noisy	Trading center	Sphere rolling
----	---------	--------	-------	----------------	----------------



BP	Beautiful	Carnival	Soft	Banquet Hall	Violin
----	-----------	----------	------	--------------	--------



UY	Depressing	Mending	Blue-black	Hospital	owls
----	------------	---------	------------	----------	------

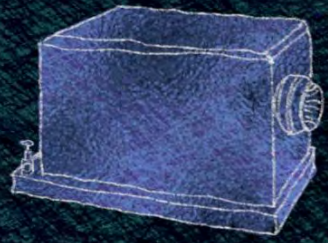


NS	Desirous	whispering	Sticky	Club	Electronic throbbing
----	----------	------------	--------	------	----------------------



AL	scary	Sealing	Abandoned	Dump	The Crow's Caw
----	-------	---------	-----------	------	----------------

They enrich the expression of the intention behind each combination of letters.



1877

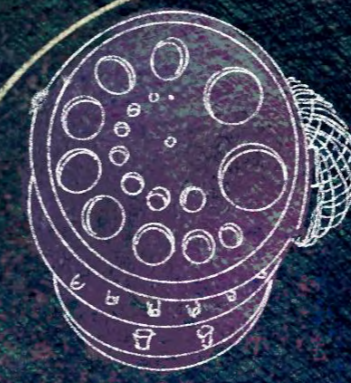
Box telephone



1919  
Dial telephone

2031

Sonic telephone



1949

"500" type desk set



1969

Picture phone set



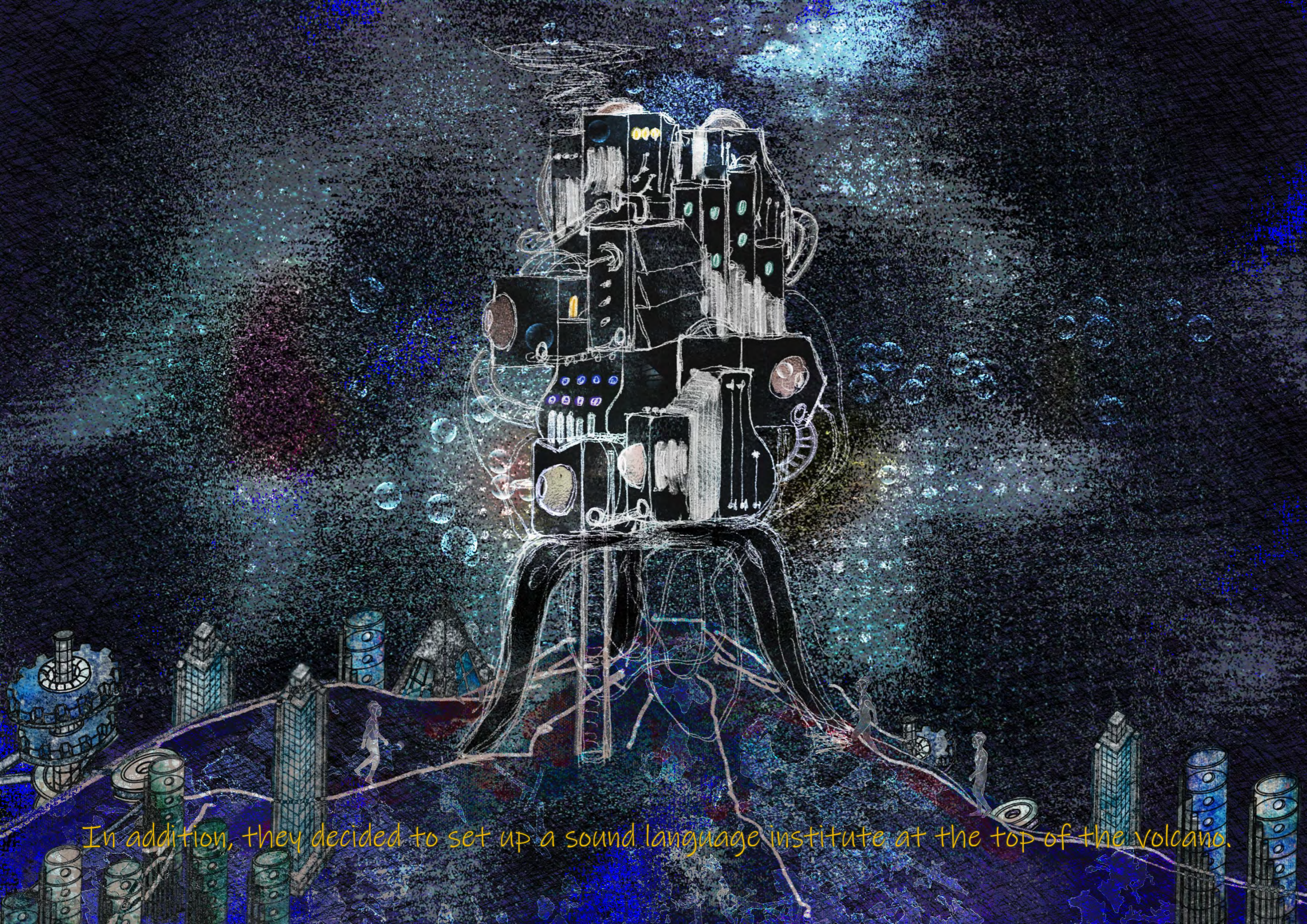
## New Inventions

AN EXAMPLE  
"DE GX BP CF HM"

"Anxious Bazaar Soft  
wilderness Harmonica"



The equipment to accommodate this communication was also updated, a transmitter consisting of 12 keys.

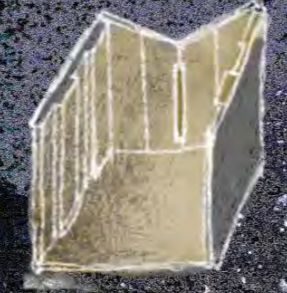


In addition, they decided to set up a sound language institute at the top of the volcano.

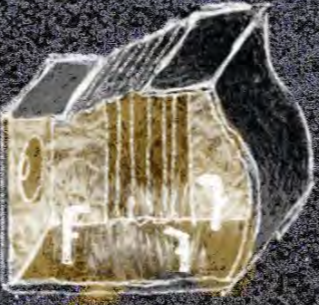


humid air  
clean and smooth  
cool blue  
warm green

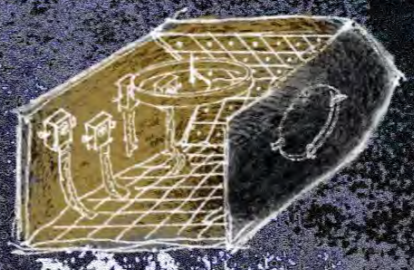
**Dreamy**



**Wilderness**



**Forest**



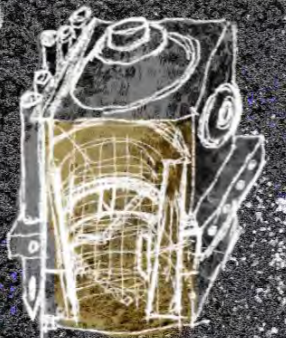
**Transcription room**

ink  
Cold plastic  
dark red

**Annoying**

Lemongrass  
fluid metal  
yellow  
warm green

**Joyful**



**Archive**



**Banquet hall**



**Club**

Ripe cherries  
soft silk  
Golden pink

**Beautiful**

Aged wood  
smooth wood  
Blue  
warm yellow

**Calm**

mulled wine  
sticky sponge  
Dark orange

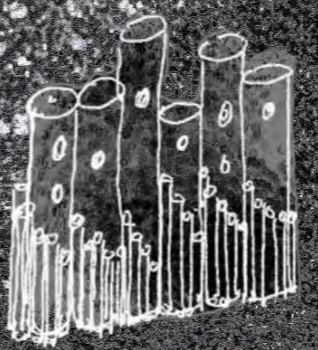
**Desirous**

Sea salt  
rough particles  
icy blue

**Anxious**



**Lab**



**Factory**



**Arena**

Fireworks  
Sharp iron mesh  
Red  
Green

**Indignant**

vapour  
vibrating metal  
White

**Energetic**



**Trading center**



**Hospital**



**Dump**

Mineral rock  
smooth  
Blue  
Black

**Depressing**

wine  
rusty copper plates  
Purple  
Yellow

**Amusing**

Rusty metal  
Cracked walls  
Dark  
Green

**Scary**

## LETTER 2

"IZ"

"Lemongrass flavoured forest  
Sound hunter who collects fossils  
Weaving through clusters of intertwined threads  
Strings jumping over flowing water"

Some of the letters sent to me by the angels can be analyzed to show how they built this academy through their language system.

"IZ"

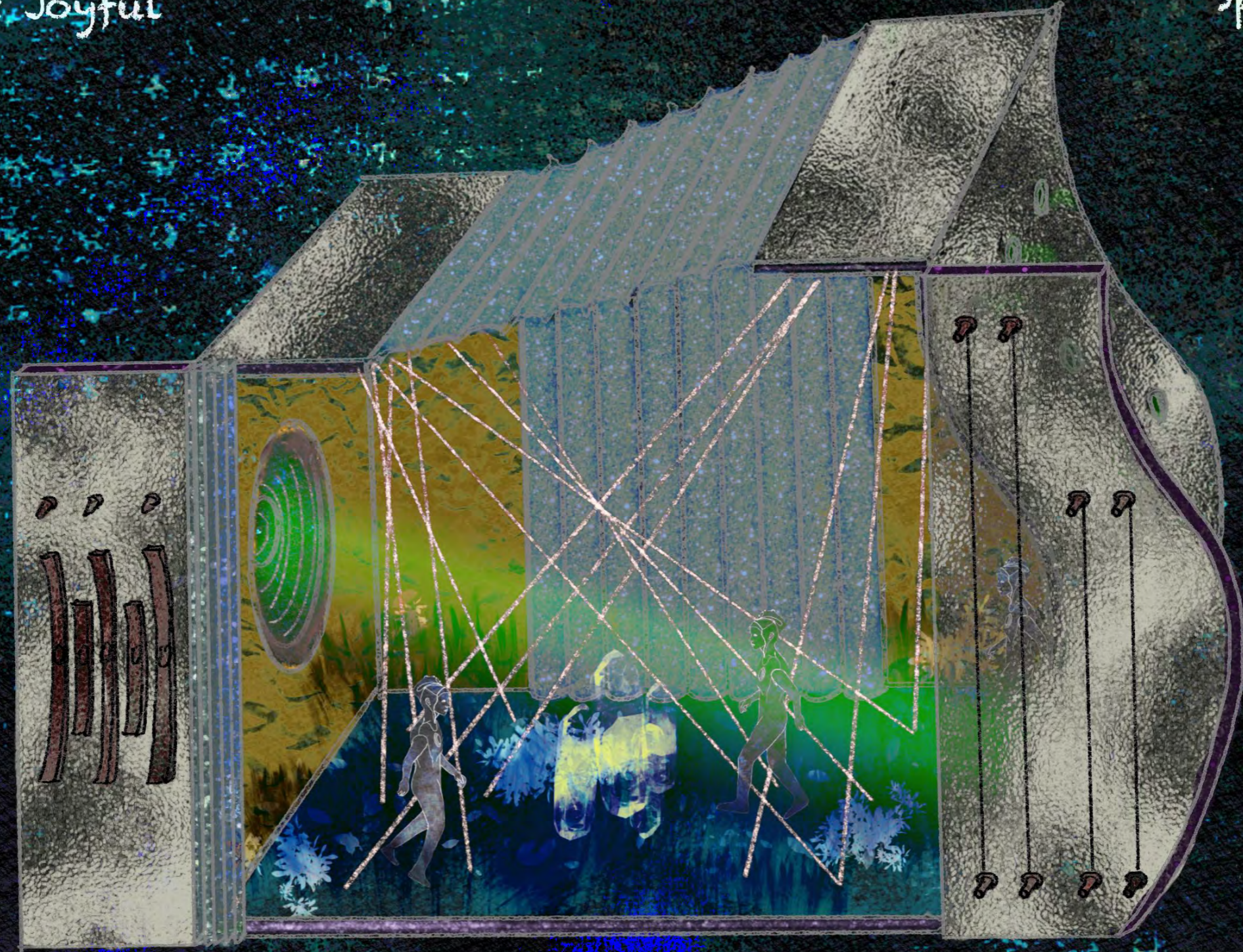


Emotion: Joyful

Space: forest

Smell  
Lemongrass

Touch  
Fluid metal



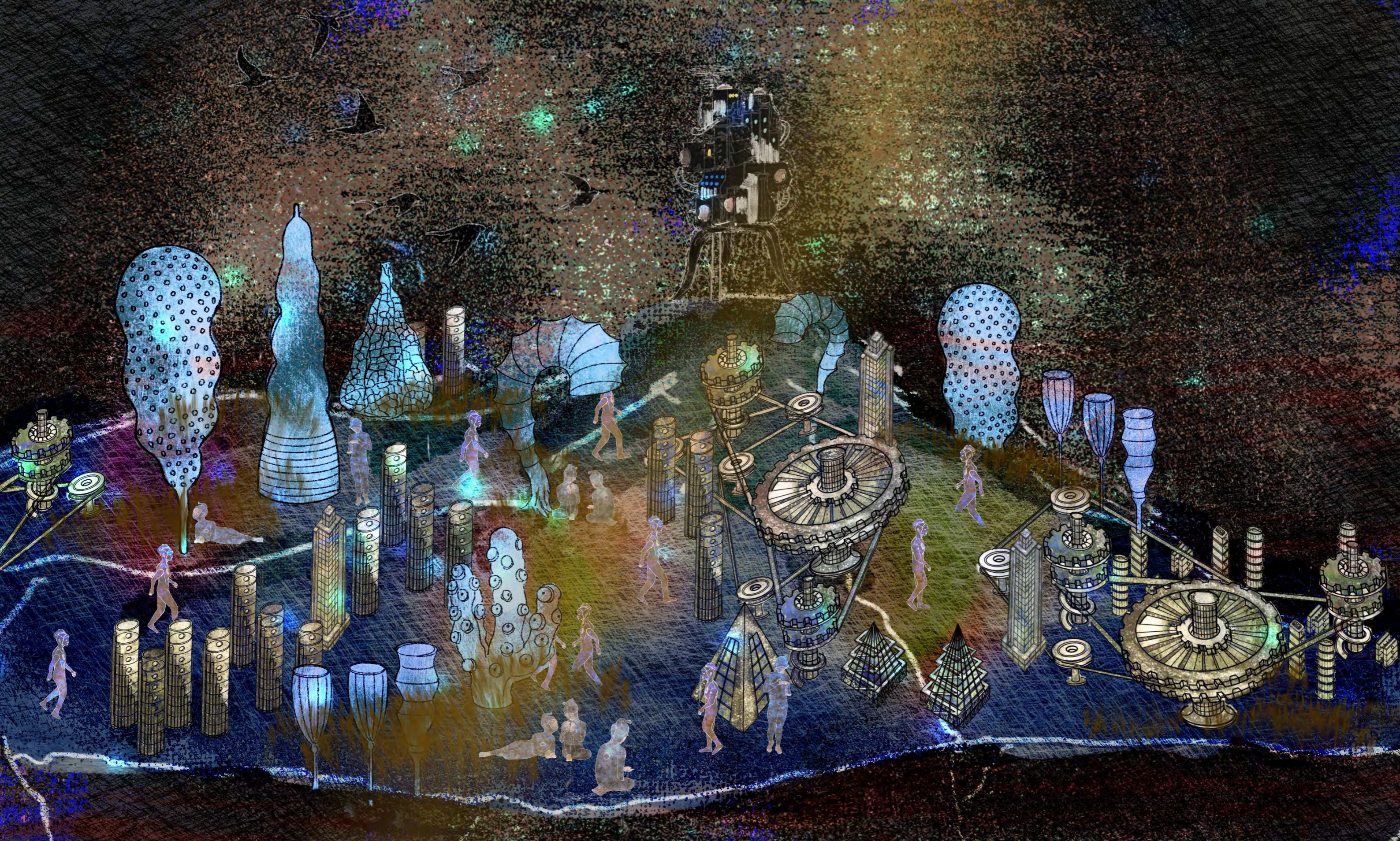
Light  
Warm green  
yellow

Intention  
interlocking  
clusters of  
threads

2033.07.05

2035.01.06

Another two years later, I received news of NS7 again.



The streets of the island fill with all sorts of sounds, plants grow, animals are attracted, as well as more people, and the liquid ice begins to heat up, an Eden-like scene.

Toggle spring



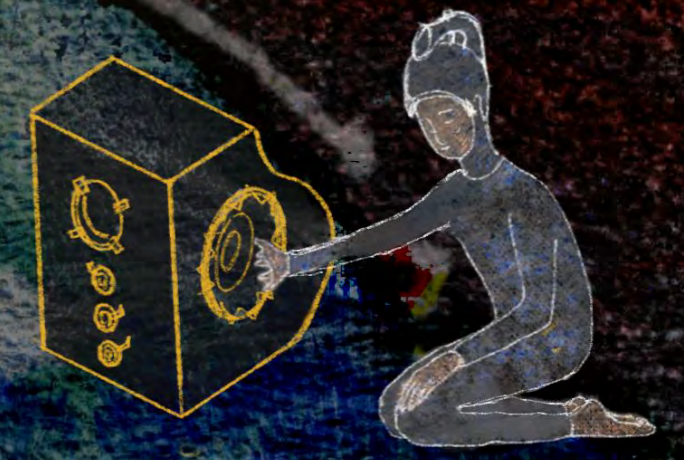
Throw a ball



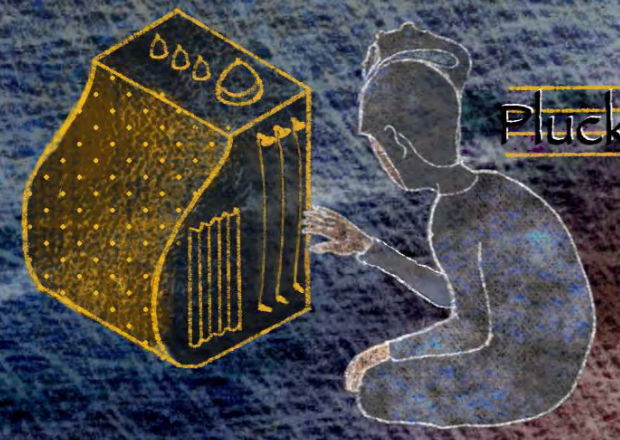
Smell



Slap the surface



Pluck the strings



Play the harmonica



Look in the hole



Wear headphone



Swivel the handle



Look in the hole



Pull out paper roll



Swivel the handle



When there is sunshine, they play instruments together on the hillside.

A large, glowing blue cross shape is centered on a black background. The cross is composed of a grid of small, bright blue dots, giving it a textured, starry appearance. The dots are more densely packed in the center and become sparser towards the edges, creating a soft, ethereal glow. The overall effect is reminiscent of a celestial or divine symbol.

The story of angels is not over.....