

Poetry Film by Lee Campbell

Text that reads "Crown Jewels" is on top of a sketchbook with black and white drawings. On top of this text is white text that reads 'what you choose to see is up to you...' on the top line.

On the bottom line is the title of the poem and author's name: Postcards, A Poetry Film By Lee Campbell.

Noise and applause. The sketchbook is flipped open. There are drawings of children in front of the sea and at the docks. Text with moving images appears over the sketchbook.

Audio: When the weatherman forecast sunny spells and the day was when trains ran on electric rails...

The letters spell out the word HOT and within this word is footage of people at the beach.

Audio:... British rail carriages filled with diesel smells.

The text HOT is replaced with the word SMELLS. This word also is drawn with footage of people at the beach.

Audio: I love that trip to the coast from my hometown, Tunbridge Wells.

The text SMELLS is replaced with the word WORK, again drawn with footage of beach goers.

Audio: In between swimming and beach picnics...

A white hand flips the page of the scrapbook. On the new pages are more black and white drawings of people at the beach.

Audio: I was at work with my pencils.

The word WORK appears on top of the sketchbook pages, the word filled with footage of people at the beach.

Audio: Graphite sticks. As I was drawing on postcards I could hear the clicks...

The text WORK is replaced with the word CLICKS, again drawn with footage of beach goers.

Audio:..of my grandad on his camera taking pics.Grandad up to his latest photographic tricks.

The text CLICKS is replaced with the word PICS, the same footage of beach goers inside.

Audio: Me, deciding what scene the next back of my postcard depicts.

The text CLICKS is replaced with the word TRICKS, the same footage of beach goers inside.

Audio: Splish, splash. But my vision impaired.

The same hand from before flips the page of the sketchbook again to reveal more black and white sketches.

Goggles on, my sight slightly repaired. I wish I could see the sea. Just abstract shapes of blobs passing in front of me.

The text TRICKS is replaced with the word BLOBS, the same footage of beach goers inside.

Audio: It's the feel and sounds of the sea that keep me excited.

The text BLOBS is replaced with the word EXCITED, the same footage of beach goers inside.

Audio: It's the thrill of its chill that keeps me strangely delighted. I went beyond vision and embrace the seaside slapstick haptic.

The text EXCITED is replaced with the word SLAPSTICK. The hand flips the page again.

Audio: There is just as much pleasure in what's heard as what's seen. Sounds of the contemporary now evoking the sights of what's been.

The text SLAPSTICK is replaced with the word PLEASURE.

Audio: Soak up those sounds all through the veins of your bod, then the world won't seem so scary as a visually blurred blob.

The text PLEASURE is replaced with the word JOLLY.

With your mates having a jolly, the joy of seaside laughter paired with the sad melancholy of a dog,

The text PLEASURE is replaced with the word MELANCHOLY.

Audio:...barking, looking out to sea, looking for his master.

The word MELANCHOLY is replaced with the words SKINNY DIP.

Audio: Quick trip, skinny dip, as I come out of the water. Quickly cover my crown jewels with a towel.

The words SKINNY DIP are replaced with the words CROWN JEWELS.

Audio:If I can see then maybe others can too. I guess what you choose to see, it's up to you.

Two hands close the scrapbook. The book's cover is black with the text Lee Campbell Summer 2023 printed on it.