

All R. Artist 90

Chapter 90: Recording Songs and Unmasking

Lin Yuan curiously asked, “By the way, System, what do you plan to do with the money I pay to customize songs?”

Would the System upgrade with money?

Of course, the answer was no and it took Lin Yuan by surprise. “Donate to those who need it in this world,” the System replied.

So, it was for charity.

Lin Yuan nodded and didn’t comment further.

The following days were business as usual until April 18th. It was a double weekend when Lin Yuan finally notified Sun Yaohuo, “Get ready to come to the company. We’ll start recording today.”

“On my way!”

Sun Yaohuo was on his way to go out with his girlfriend, but when he received Lin Yuan’s call, he instantly turned his car around without hesitation and rushed to the company.

“Are you feeling unwell?”

Lin Yuan, while waiting at the entrance of the recording studio, saw that Sun Yaohuo arrived panting. It seemed as if he had vigorously exercised.

“No...problem.”

Swallowing hard, Sun Yaohuo managed to squeeze out a smile. He wasn’t about to admit that, to prevent Lin Yuan from getting impatient waiting, he had sprinted all the way after arriving at the company.

“Have you learned the song?”

Lin Yuan opened the topic. A few days ago, he had handed over “Red Roses” to Sun Yaohuo, who should have practiced it sufficiently during these days.

“I know it by heart,” Sun Yaohuo said sincerely.

He had received the lyrics, music, and sample of “Red Roses” a few days ago. After listening to the sample, his only feeling was:

Amazing, Xian Yu!

If he couldn’t make such a good song popular, he’d never sing any songs by his “junior” for the rest of his life!

He was unworthy!

Lin Yuan nodded and entered the control room of the recording studio. The staff in this room was already in place and expertly wearing their headphones. Through the glass.

Sun Yaohuo, inside the recording studio, signaled to Lin Yuan with a nod. After the equipment was adjusted, he started his first vocal test, “I dream of dreams that cannot awaken, the red that was home-bound within the red line, all stimulating leftovers are left fatigued with feeling unable to move...”

Lin Yuan did not interrupt,

Not until Sun Yaohuo finished singing the entire song. The recording engineer then gave some suggestions for the first round, and Lin Yuan supplemented some ideas, “You have mastered it accurately, but your vocal resonance is too open. The overall tone of the song is pretty suppressed, simply evoking the feeling of sadness is not enough. You can withhold a little more while singing. Let’s give it another try.”

Sun Yaohuo nodded.

During the second performance, he used a more restrained style, but Lin Yuan stopped him again, “The feeling of this song is indeed quite suppressed, but there are different levels of being suppressed. The beginning of the song, you can interpret as lament.”

“Lament?”

Sun Yaohuo nodded again.

When he sang to the part of the chorus lyrics, Lin Yuan proposed his requirements for the third time, “What you can’t get is always stirring, and being privileged means you are fearless. This is the second layer of suppression in the song, it belongs to the lament following the sadness.”

Some of these suggestions came from the System.

Some came from Lin Yuan’s own understanding.

In past recordings, Lin Yuan would adopt this approach. He didn’t need Sun Yaohuo to completely mimic the original singer. Each person had their own appropriate style of singing. In the past world, Zhang Bi Chen had also sung “Red Roses” with totally different feelings from the original version, but it was equally pleasing to the ear. Although Sun Yaohuo had a close vocal range to the original singer, he didn’t need to purely imitate.

The recording afterward followed the same pattern.

Lin Yuan and the studio alternately made requests, while Sun Yaohuo absorbed and understood these suggestions, continuously adjusted his singing. The studio and the live scene were different. The most influential version after release was basically the studio version.

“Next is the third layer of suppression.”

“When you hug her from behind, you foresee it as her face instead. Combining the lyrics and the singing, you’ll find the emotional expression of the work is a slight self-mocking. No need to be too strong, in this way, it helps to change the inhale and exhale time.”

“You don’t need to use too many techniques.”

“Most of the songs need to be sung with a mouth, and emotions are assisting; this song has to be sung with emotions, your mouth is assisting. Start from whispering and gradually meet the tune, but remember not to pitch, instead let the singing gradually turn into an exhausted lament...”

The suggestions from the recording engineer were plenty in the beginning.

But later, it was mostly Lin Yuan’s explanation.

The recording engineer explained more from the technical aspect, while Lin Yuan did so from the song’s aspect. The former was more objective, while the understanding of emotions was more subjective. As such, the hardest part for Sun Yaohuo was getting Lin Yuan’s approval.

“Again...”

“Another...”

Lin Yuan wasn’t satisfied with only explaining. Occasionally, he would demonstrate the singing. Although his voice prevented him from becoming a professional singer, demonstrating such a low-pitched song was pretty easy for him.

After he demonstrated his voice,

Lin Yuan said, “Did you notice that? Take a breath before singing, press down your breath. You can breathe after each sentence, inhale and exhale based on the actual situation. If your emotions reached, I can accept your imperfect breath.”

All Sun Yaohuo could do was nod.

Most composers wouldn’t be as strict as Lin Yuan. The opinion on the singer’s performance goes mainly to the recording engineers. However, Lin Yuan was different from other composers because he had taken vocal training for many years. If his voice had not suffered an accident, he would be an excellent singer, so his demands and understanding on performances surpassed those of most composers.

In a sense,

Everyone in the recording studio was just a tool.

There were very few composers like Lin Yuan who wrote both the music and the lyrics, mastered the arrangement and performance. If all composers were like Lin Yuan, many people in the recording studio would probably face unemployment.

“Let’s stop recording.”

After several hours, Lin Yuan eventually suggested a break. At this moment, Sun Yaohuo still couldn’t perform a version up to Lin Yuan’s standards, but this was something Lin Yuan had expected, “You can intensively practice for a period.”

“Alright.”

Sun Yaohuo was ready to “grind the shed”.

The so-called “grind the shed” meant practicing in the recording studio for a long term.

He could practice at home and could practice all the time, but the effect was best in a studio.

Because the studio’s equipment could reflect many details of the voice, and there were monitoring teachers in the studio to provide singers with feedback on their performance at any time.

But Lin Yuan left directly.

The following days, he didn’t manage the recording anymore.

The recording of the formal version was to wait until Sun Yaohuo had completely understood the song. After all, Lin Yuan wasn’t in a hurry on time.

And at this time,

As time approached the end of the month,

The result of this competition among 30 writers in the literature section of the Tribe platform, all armed with their short stories, was about to be decided!

Someone even jokingly called it:

The moment the king reveals his face!