

can you hear
a single drop
of water?

i am lost
in the breath
of
ocean water

david farrow

DRIP MUSIC (DRIP EVENT)

For single or multiple performance.

A source of dripping water and an empty vessel are arranged so that the water falls into the vessel.

Second version: Dripping.

G. Brecht
(1959-62)

jump or pushed or submerged or feel your feet dangling above the bedrock or rain or dance between ticks or leeches or the splash or the waves or weaves between waves or skip rocks or crawl atop my shoulders as i sink down created by the cool embrace of flowing or flowering or crackling frogs eaten up by a drenched static or a mischevious cat or chat over sugary lemonade or something else i could have bought had i turned out rich but instead i paddle back and forth in this swimming hole.

and maybe that great wave that fried my recorder saw us dancing on the rocks, your camera capturing my unsure steps. and maybe the ocean cast an arched brow as we chased after birds on the sand dunes. and maybe it listened as we whispered to each other on the beach. and maybe the churning water was singing us a song. and maybe all there is is crashing certainty.

4 bodies

crawling down into the cavern e loomed over me. her head surrounded by a shimmer halo, warming a story about her lover. i burrowed deeper into cave, splashes pinging across the cracks and fissures. i felt the ocean inside, or, at least, the slime dancing around me. arrogant whistles from rockaway beach cops spoiled our fun--some rocks aren't meant to be climbed on.

i'm falling backwards into a shallow creek. the faint patter of gunshots, hushed conversations, and quick steps. holding my recorder close, i try to hear a lonely peace reverberating within. can you fall asleep in a running stream? i never tried. insect risers and curdled schemes left me anxious in bed. a bee slinked in while i wasn't looking. but try to listen for what rattles down a flowing river. maybe a lullaby.

the sound of water liquid texture

water invites change. its inherent instability captured in movement. form tumbles into new ways of being, vibrating with a new tune.

fluxus pioneer George Brecht identified water as an endlessly iterable artistic medium. Brecht's Drip Music centered the sound of water within an open field of experimentation. The openness of the event score, presented to the left, allowed future artists to experiment with context and concept to imagine novel ways to let water drip.

The myriad interpretations of Brecht's event score highlight how experimental music ought be accessible to all skill levels.

Creativity flows.

This performance reflects on the percussiveness of water. Grounded in field recordings from streams, swimming holes, and the Atlantic Ocean, I interweave rhythms, bass lines, and synthesis to blur the distinction between organic and synthetic.

In turn, these sounds vibrate a bowl of water to create surface textures harnessed by my collaborator s0fthardware to build immersive techno-natural visuals. Coil's work invites us to get lost in the mosaic of digital and ecological feedback.

How do we see and hear technology within nature? What value does the distinction between nature and technology hold within environments shaped by human activity?

an ocean
for single or multiple performance.

rattle the overstretched iron
until it yawns

hum into
the expansive mouth
failing to swallow
a waterlogged song

on the beach

collapse
one ear
in the sand

water slips
from the body

loose voice
in the sound

a stream
for single or multiple performance.

how close
would you have to get
to slip

underwater

to submerge
yourself

in everything

that isn't
you

record the sound
as you become
part of something else

What follows is a series of event scores and poems to reflect on these questions. The scores may serve as a guide to composition, performance, or meditation. The poems give voice to the bodies of water employed within this music.

A babbling brooks speak nonsense as truth.

a single drop

compose with your life
an orchestra of waves
of ripples echoing
past puddles overran by pebbles

sound is nostalgic
recordings ache for where they were born
listening falls back
on how i once listened
what noises pricked my ear
which hums caressed my head
focus
disappear

i want to hear the sound
of a single drop of water
running through a stream

i listen for the moment
the blur overwhelms

a drop

for single or multiple performance.

stumble around, getting lost
in the path that you were already on
only to arrive
at where the stream
was ushering you

record the sound
of your reflection
in water