

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 greeted 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's software 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 brook speaks 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