gouging at a forest sea

for SATB and electronics

Amy Brandon 2017

Tar Swan - by David Martin (2014)

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As I've told you tide and tide again, you're not the first to strike the bell undertoe. I witnessed a single cygnet, abandoned by cob and pen, fending in the lichen. His sobs skip-dripped from sockets and slithered into deep pools of felicity. Doodle-buggers and orange-worms will soon mine his blistered lore. He busked his flags, heralding a black egg along slipshod Athabaska, spit the yoke, and under my fluted lip, a tar-cleaned tongue. Hold, before your hand-made eyes, I offer a soup to eat your reflection.

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All magicians know stubholders double watch: convincing heart that behind the trick is trick, hoodwinking mind-be-body to lunch with wonder. It's simple, then: Threshing bitumen is the Devil's Handkerchief followed by a Question of Sympathy. Suckers agog, exposed by boreal thugs who conjure a terrible prophesy, stringing out Dionysian muck to smear on highway blacktop. Finally, by sleight of hand, they sluice foaming shades from the body, as the stage manager skins his take.

Say Alexander Mackenzie once netted an elephant by the jugular, a vein he blotted ashore, and ashore he cajoled a catheter up its trunk, a trunk that smelled of sea coal. Believe me, he never imagined his dead mammal would tender its supreme body as petroleum. We are bitumen farmers, gleaners, and I wield the wide metal plough, a plough with ragged furrow-slice my coulter's wake. Wake, and never again will Virgil warn, Let the horns of the moon govern a Soiler's work.

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Behold, the Plant is alive! I give you the loafing-crunch of Draglined Sand; the shut-eye-beak-oool of Feed Hopper; the scheming-sheaths of Toothed Rollers; the rumen-torque of Pug Mill; the pupa-soup-gyrate of Separator; the moulted-scales of Tailings Pond; the magpie appraisal of Settling Tank; the shadow-tailed-cache of Elephant Storage; the nagging scent of Water Drained to River. I submit Nature's Supreme Gift to Industry. Muskeg, glacial tills, sandstone and shale all useless like a turf cutter's scraw, for we are gouging at a forest sea.

Instrumentation:

SATB (either vocal quartet or chamber choir) Tape

Duration: approx. 7 min

Notes:

- 1. This tape for this piece will be built from recordings made in rehearsals, and will not require exact timing with a stopwatch except for the initial cue. Additional note cues can be built in if desired. At bar 6, the mezzo line is heard first in the tape, and then sung at bar 8.
- 2. Sections should slightly overlap one another, so there are no silences except where indicated by a bar of rest.
- 3. Inhale and exhale while speaking 'I witnessed' in the rhythm shown, a little unevenly so that the pattern is <u>not</u> exactly in time between performers. Emphasis can be on the word 'I' or on the 'wit' of 'witnessed'. The words may be a little obscured by the inhale and exhale pattern.
- 4. Sing pitches and rhythms as written, but enter in a slightly uneven manner so that the phrases are out of sync, and then diminishing raggedly to nothing.
- 5. The buzzing sounds should mimic flies and cicadas as much as possible. The fly noise is pitched only in the sense that is slides around the vocal register.
- 6. During a concert performance, from bars 40-51 only the pre-recorded vocal lines (from rehearsal) will be heard and the quartet should be silent while this plays. The quartet begins again at bar 50 with the spoken line 'It's supreme body', and the alto line at bar 53 will also be sung live.
- 7. 'The' should be pronounced as usual (ie. "thuh") except at this point in the soprano and mezzo parts only, where it should be pronounced "thee".
- 8. Please mimic birdsong as much as possible, whichever bird is easiest to imitate. The parts can also be exchanged if convenient.

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for vocal quartet and fixed media

























