

Ripples

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A small group of people sits around a single performer. The performer also sits: at an impromptu workstation of an inverted cymbal resting on its bell on the head of a floor tom set up like a table. The player's hands rest on the head of the drum, fingertips close to the bell of the cymbal, moving in small, controlled gestures. Listening closely I hear them swish and brush against the skin, manipulating its tension, and then, suddenly removing, hold still between the quiet ringing-out of the complex system of vibrations formed between the metal and skin discs. As the performer continues the process, I realize that they are trying to build a standing resonance between the two objects. I'm not sure it can be done.