

Amy Sharrocks + Thames River
a conversation

Throughout the recording we hear sounds of Thames splashing and Amy breathing. We also hear motorised boats pass by, aircraft, geese and gusts of wind.

Hello. My name's Amy Sharrocks and I'm swimming in the River Thames, a little bit near High Wycombe. There's a group of geese coming towards me, about fifteen of them on the other side of the river. I can see a kite high in the sky, its wings outstretched in the distance, flying round in circles.

Splashes. More motor sounds.

The vegetation is lush and green.

At all times we can assemble with the millions of molecules inside us that hold within them memory of gills and goat and tail and myriad other hybrid knowledges and existences that we have shared in, been party to and can imagine our way into.

Heavy breath out.

Swimming in the River here, I am aware of my skin,
as this (*laughs*) site of encounter - I can feel all the

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A collection of 18 wavy lines of various lengths and styles, arranged in a grid-like pattern. The lines are black and set against a white background. Some lines are single, some are double, and some are triple, creating a variety of visual textures.

reminding us of the... silliness of boundaries, of attempts to make different or other.

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So, these supercilia, 20-30,000 of them, sensitized to the different wavelengths and resonances in the world. All that extraordinary structure in order to hear every single thing we can. And how many senses in our brain and in our society, then work in order to deafen what we hear, what we know, what we see. What is the point of speaking, if there's no one to hear and to listen. And what is the point of listening, if we then do not act. If we do not pay attention. If we do not care.

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Listening, comes with it the responsibility of acting. In order to pay attention, we need to lean in, to people, beings and the world. When rocks speak and trees speak and people speak and birds speak. In order to be attendant – that word carries the sense of stretching - of stretching towards, but also stretching ourselves thin, making ourselves tender and porous in order to let the world in.

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So there is always assembly. We just have to widen who we and what we are assembling with. I came to talk, to offer this conversation with the river. Because sonic work is always in conversation with everything else in the world.

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*Splashing becomes louder.*

*Birds call.*

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We hear voices from passers-by in dialogue with Amy.

Amy: Hello!

Other voices: Hello! Found any treasure?

Amy: Always! It's the river, right?

Other voices: Is it cold?

Amy: It's lovely! It's beautiful.

Other voices: Be Careful!

Amy: I will. Thank you.

Motor noises become louder, pass by, and subside again.

Sounds of Thames splashing, Amy swimming and breathing, geese calling and chatting.

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*Fade to silence*