

To NMCE Oct. 24, 1972

"Of all the waters of the world, none is as great as the sea. Ten thousand streams flow into it - I have never heard of a time when they stopped - and yet it is never full. The water leaks away at Wei-Ti (said by some to be a huge fiery stone against which sea water turns to ~~water~~^{steam}) - I have never heard of a time when it didn't - and yet the sea is never empty. Spring or autumn, it never changes. Flood or drought, it takes no notice. It is so much greater than the streams of the Yangtze or the Yellow River that it is impossible to measure the difference. But I never for ~~that~~^{this} reason pride myself on it. I take my place with heaven and earth and receive breath from yin and yang. I sit here between heaven and earth as a little stone or a little tree sits on a huge mountain. Since I can see my own smallness, what reason would I have to pride myself?" Chuang Tzu - Autumn Floods (The Basic Writings Translated by Burton Watson)

The Metal Fist (Caps)

Visit to NMCE rehearsal this morning. The entrance - Vibrations: Identity search, role and game playing, not fitched but some yaw and maw. Dust mop. Clean up the space. Hey Linda, you missed a lot of cigarette ashes over in front of my chair. Moving chairs, stands, out of the center. It's time to begin.

WHERE IS GABURO?

Grand moment the second time: long attack time on F, sustain drawn all around the space good transceiver / remitter relationship.

you must become the receiver in order to transmit at the threshold of audibility.

you must become the transmitter in order to receive at the threshold of audibility.

you need Confucian commitment to the rule.

MUTATIS MUTANDIS

you need a receiver in you ass. O.K. Do it without no tricks. But me no butts. Thighs of the wounded! I listened with my eyes closed, heard the marks on the wall. What a rumpus.

next,

We close with Howard's instruction piece. Eyes closed. Sense the room and each other. I join in, moving north, slowly through the cluttered auditory space. What if all environmental sounds were confined to the threshold of whose audibility? THRESH HOLD. Olfactory.

old factory. TOBACCO. Smell of tobacco. Nicotine tropisin.

I turn East. Tobacco is like love. A good song.

I move along the north wall going East. Thumb rolls on the Wall board. (Going East Mister?) Ancient textural feel of wood railing. Grain. Arrive at corner. Sharp edge of board sticking out. What's this? An encounter. Somebody has my foot. Feeling up my toes. I re-

fuse to do a touchie-feelie number. I freeze, my body relaxed. I, a limpid statue. The back of my right hand contacts a face. I feel new whiskers poking through the skin. I leave my hand at the point of contact letting it follow the face as if magnetized. Left hand still contacting the sharp corner of wood. This becomes a nice long phrase of moving non-movement, a steady state or arrested touchie-feelie. There is a melting gentleness. Toes feel nice. No one up man slip or (I have more barriers down than you do, yahi'yahi'yahi!) The hand and face part company ever so gradually. The point of release only defined by the cool air rushing over the skin. I make my way back west through the cluttered auditory space. I turn south gently brushing against the piano. I reach a chair, not at my starting point. I sit. There had been a cadence. Someone started over, or did the environment trigger it by continuing? I meditate. Someone presses on my shoulders. Nice. I meditate. I go deeper. Flowing continuity, but vague low level knowledge that my 12 o'clock student has already been waiting for 25 minutes. (So having absolute time worse than absolute fitch?) (On many occasions, just as negative certainly, especially if you have learned a particular tuning.) I meditate. Deceptive cadence. On. Finally, theta. I hold the image of a METAL FIST, upright. Dull metal. Coming out is pleasant. Eyes closed and right vibration

is entry to high amplitude internal vision.

THANK YOU VERY MUCH!

Instruction piece offerings:

1. Become performers by not performing.
2. Enhance or paraphrase the auditory environment so perfectly that the listener cannot distinguish between the real sounds of the environment or the performed sound. Keep eyes closed.
3. Sit in a circle. All smokers smoke. All non-smokers watch. Make all thought or action secondary to the act of smoking. Allow no distractions or divisions.

Pauline Oliveros

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THE METAL FIST

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WHERE IS GABURO?

Shall we begin something anyway without Gaburo? (After all, there are visitors present, strangers too.) Milling around. Mumble, mumble. I meditate. The annex resounds.
Crash! Fumble. Gaburo arrives.

ATTENCION!

The threshold exercise. What is the threshold of audibility? For whom? Transmit at the threshold. Feed back. O.K. I am sitting nicely, brushed by sounds. On the way to THETA.

Head jerk. Sounds have risen above my threshold.
Head jerk. I am awake. I hear distinct soft sounds.
Head jerk.

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HOLD. Olfactory. Old factory. TOBACCO. Smell of tobacco. Nicotine tropisim. I turn East. Tobacco is like love. A good song. I move along the North wall going East. Thumb rolls on the wall board. (Going East, Mister?) Ancient textural feel of wood railing. GRAIN. Arrive at corner. Sharp edge of board sticking out. What's this? An encounter. Somebody has my foot. Feeling up my toes. I refuse to do a touchie-feelie number. I freeze, my body relaxed. I, a limpid statue. The back of my right hand contacts a face. I feel new whiskers poking through the skin. I leave my hand at the point of contact letting it follow the face as if magnetized. Left hand still contacting the sharp corner of wood. This becomes a nice long phrase of moving non-movement, a steady state or arrested touchie-feelie. There is a melting gentleness. Toes feel nice. No one-up-man ship or (I have more barriers down than you do, yah! yah! yah!) The hand and face part company ever so gradually. The front of release only defined by the cool air rushing over the skin. I make my way back West through the cluttered auditory space. I turn South gently brushing against the piano. I reach a chair, not at my starting point. I sit. There had been a cadence. Someone started over or did the environment trigger it by continuing? I meditate. Someone presses on my shoulders. Nice. I meditate. I go deeper. Flowing continuity, but vague low level knowledge that my 12 o'clock student has already been waiting for 25 minutes. (Is having absolute time worse than absolute pitch?) (On many occasions, just as negative certainly, especially if you have learned particular tuning.) I meditate. Deceptive

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