

**crankshaft sans hubris
(evan parker solo set 1 the stone 10/1/09)**

the breath
again the breath
then somewhere inside
the skillside of the skull
thru the right ear
deep mutterin' voice
then the breathing again &
crankshafting the unoiled squeal
& a round tome & startling eon
almost smell the fumes of eon –
template plate plate
con temp late plate plate
shift saa maah tra mantra
falls into itself plate a shifting plate
quake fast a state of frequency now frequently wheard

 DETTRITUS *quake*
 plate scramble ribbble adrift
 cir cu la tion
con fluence / *in flu ence*

fluency \ deliverance
abandon me(a)nt controlled

“nice work if you can get it”

 relatively speaking choice cuts
promiscuous roundling
 oopsi daysical charged depth arivering
 unafraidible audiobility
solace so laced the will to -
 the skilled skull no longer a factor but facts
 prime primalitous meating
 once again a phonetic call away from contact with -
 from the other side of distance.

dalachinsky nyc 10/1/09

the duplicity of water
(evan parker / richard teitlbaum duo
set 2 the stone 10/1/09)

aswash in the pedals
unwrenched & washed
clean-clinging frame
edge-soft lines sclatter
boltin' moo-like abirdin'

voices come out of box
screen de/lights itself whirlin' &
wordlin' a long's anewdl
framelit fram soft
spitlight caged in its own girth
clean day

add mirers & mirrors of mirth
worth more 'en evers
& em yes & sry me so why not bang
the board & cry me a juicy circuit of
gullivery
circlin' even the river

movement out of 4 hands
playin' off the looker's sounds
revved in the staytion airy
perspective of hearing what are viva en momentum
elec tronic ally *projective*

battering softly
on the strings of the whirled
uncloseted & left to teeter thru a
landscape of sound –
then e(a)s(e)cape landscape & re-
make

to phrase a coin much speculated pinging
& the cracking opens wider
& the strings detach themselves from
their fingers & 20 fingers jubilate the sliding

if at all there were a thing
it would certainly be this.

steve dalachinsky

**remarking on the sweat
parker-evans-lee set 1 the stone oct 2/09)**

sonically – the floor begins to tremble
& break into a sweat

as i do

there's no reason for reason or reasoning
duplication of feelings & ideas
green lights sur face(e) ing like ragged surface of
well-worn floor
trembling - is this more like tremble than rumble?
trembling yes – precisely what my sweaty neck
perceives the floor to be doing when i am

why o wasted guillotine of shock
better to roll the head away
than have it play the roll of seductive corporeal culprit.

get past what
it is you are
facing.

personal note:

to be too low in the mix
is not like below the level of
hearing.

to fidget with the wires in
the fish bowl
can cause a burning
sensation
if submerged in
water –

rumor has it
that rumors abound
everywhere

take tonite for instance
i heard that there may be a revolution
even a bit of rain
let's wait & see where the blade will fall
if the clouds open
& who if anyone gets off(ed).

steve dalachinsky nyc 10/2/09

whirly-giggy as the colors dance
(evan parker – milford graves duo @ the stone
10/3/09 set 1)

whirly-giggy as the colors dance
up/down & sideways
the wooden sentinel a goddess if
ever there was one – goddess of soundsation
immediate concoction
without conniption
a congenial doorway into passageway

a collid-e-scopic not(a)tion of swirliferous
a stopping into the go
yet continuance of structure
structure(d)less abiding &
there there's cause & be/cause

it's all so full of
bright & massive
light & heavy

the world's in here
for now all's copasetic

i pause to partake deeper
in deeper still.

steve dalachinsky nyc 10/3/09

George Lewis – Evan Parker Duo set 2 the stone – 10-3- 09

each his own

“it’s for people” you say

“so it’s always nice when people come”

to each & lost

it’s people & lost

it’s people & each

& harvests & towns

be found

here what a time it is

& time’s a matter of

circumstance

& time’s about circumference

& crispy sometimes

too.

dalachinsky nyc 10/3/09

a slow drift
(evan parker- mark dresser –jerry hemingway-
Herb Robertson @ the stone set 2, oct. 4, 2009)

a slow drift
a certain whiteness in the space
a certain pure streaming
capturepulting loopool fixed eyes
unspoilt texts
knowing sawing sorting thru lesions
legends allegiance to legion of everyness
barrrrr AH cuuuuuda's kudos strip the *AIR*
of nonessentials lead off conundrums & all/theres

belying here where a camera can only capture
the stillness of the movement of the moment
antennae e'er alert to the oncome of onslaught
where it pours the fixed eyes staying ever fixed as even
the heads themselves begin to roll.

RED ALERT RED ALERT - the engines arrive
the plinging piping barreling & barpoling
have set the house afire
& now regroup themselves adrift mid-stream
unda-loopool dark that is – the whiteness of their
eyes.

dalachinsky nyc 10/4/09

the heat

(evan parker- sylvie courvossier –
ikue mori – set 1 the stone 10/6/09

1.

already enter
work broad sidled slowly as dirge
perhaps flowering
the heat so intense
the particles come together & separate
rippling cascading
no difference in touch
a serious lecture / dialogue
dip(h)thong
no careless maneuvers
brief light in the passage
for a moment
continuous pilings on
all's worth this sophistication
of un-denied reflection of thing
re/collecting energies dispersing
angularities no artifice
 imparting of notestones
then a long solo moan from horn
 & an exchange of necessities
 from inside the night's hand-me-downs
routines conversations
 then you enter *ALL*.

2. ikue enters

 Hellzapoppin
roamin nomo-chromatics
 & the woman on the laptop
 potpals the poisson
 ream-of-notestones
 & the music always genderless
 arguments
 log ins photoned forward
 arile –a-witon.....zephyrious.

steve dalachinsky nyc 10/6/09

train

(evan parker – joe mcphée duo

@ the stone 10/7/09)

Immediate train caught thought fully full – here there is no buried treasure –
no ruinous voice – no mere reading of the score but as naked as the lunch I digested
so long ago – devoured – piloted by the dead where the living cover us in stone, worn parch,
shoe lace & loafing en fran chise ment. These can tell us what they'd thinking without hoarse or
placid word-for-wording. Common knowledge prevails – saxophone su(b)mmmit to ringspring or
grins' aspirin' unjacketing. Soft climb & back to step-by-reeding step & such delivered. & then
again a navigated solo occurrence.

Here's an interaction before even the release occurs & the as thus stated & released. How instinct
takes over. How listening begins even before the notes are played. Before the very sounds
appear. One hears the other before the other's spoke. These duly respectful, maturely offered
off'rings breathing circles 'round their selves.

And such unique breaths, indeed.

a hard walk
(evan parker – john zorn duo @ the stone
set 1 10/8/09 – ned rothenberg sits in for last tune)

1.
a hard walk to the opening
space so full of bodies
 track down survivors caught
here
 in the obsession with found objects
lit surface & sirens come gone
 no more surrounding

ned sits near dressed in black waiting for his turn
listening intently

what criteria is left
where does the ball park end?
where's the other side of the fence
the stretch?

ned's listening so well
soon it's his turn
a different sort of emergency

he steps up they all sit

2.
 you have these 3 guys up there
now/later duplicating different patterns
 the leaves & branches make on the brick
 so exquisitely

time was the elixir ever flowing
was very hard to reach
now it's bottled in plastic for everyone
to taste - spring offered in cheap plastic
bottles that get caught in the tide
a slow trot becomes a cakewalk for masters
cheeks belie expulsion breath
 a seed is neither born in a week nor an hour
 a seed disappears as soon as it appears.

evidence

(evan parker-matt shipp- william parker

@the stone 10/10/09 sets 1&2) - for baraka & monk

germination

& the upper side

@ first dis en chant meant

chant as to sing

a slinking about core all sizes amonkerip(plin')

from solidities to amorphous blues line

fragmented & re-defined

low action plays diminished pianissimo

a rhythmic dynamic

reinventing the shuffle

as before gesturing hitched again

only the glisserials different & filtering

re-read demon/ends & kindly killers

a-boilin'

the progno an almost perplexed hesitation

& tremulous though not fearful

more thoughtful rapture

pluck upward the upright

& i'm waiting for explosions

sensation inseparability ratification

re-boost (sometimes we listen too well)

age(nts) of hearing / responding

jelly-hellos descreet indiscretions

hey where's the whachamasyndromes?

what keen pinch work almost snazzadrople slapstring

upended granules / shepherding

& retinue of unwinds & playoffs

& again monkering toward the finish line

the evidence of histories combined

a second arrival

what others view at breakneck speed across the small expanse

i'm so weary of my language this reworded miscellany

as the trio re-invents their lives on this day of the birth of 2 masters

i will take me down some

carry this weight to the river

turn on the gyrorator underscore reality bites

& try to be less conniptious

but first i must listen to the sound of the music

(the music in the words)

& bring that sound closer to my heartbeat.

dalachinsky nyc