

JON HASSELL ROYCE HALL FIRDAY FEB 13 2009: SEE REWRITE BELOW
2013

Snatches of glimpses of fragments of hypnotic pianissimo artifacts hang
suspended in articulate^d air like
fluttering shards of 5000 year old memories hovering around the tomb of a
mummy exhumed from the sarcophagus of Jon Hassell's half-remembered
dream.

He waits - his trumpet pressed to his lips head facing down eyes closed
eyebrows alert - he is at once insanely focused and insanely fragile - utterly open
to what is Possible - suspended above an invisible threshold a man on a wire
totally aware totally still.

From his perch his stillness attracts the artifacts to open a Moment for him. The
first tropical wave of harmonic, steaming, quarter tone melismas hisses through
his volcanic mouth piece. Our ears flush with the intimate warmth of sleeping
pygmy girls breath - a sound as diffused as the light thru the Rian Forest trees at
sunrise, as wide as the creators of the Jebel El Quamar - The Mountains of the
Moon. The space- time continuum inhales

Is he awake or has he hypnotized himself?

Is he leading a band or is this an arcane contemplative mystery perched on the
edge of the event horizon where all Pandora's abstractions are magnetized by
Eros;

a subtle force field of erotic fixation where the shadow world is
alchemically transmuted into a burnished majestic gold:
the distilled essence of trumpet

In this state of suspended animation a muted muteless transmutation is taking
place at the edge of Hassell's peripheral vision. The music is a slowly revolving
prism of subliminal desire; his trumpet traces elliptical pathways through a galaxy
of minute pantomime gestures by human hands gracefully
stroking strange boxes full of unfinished phrases.

Elemental particles seduced by psychic plasma and nano- overtones shatter
fractiles at our highest octaves crystalline edge.

The air is charged with the spirits of Memphis of Stockhausen of Pandit Pran
Nath

This ritual always points to the unknown

This is where subconscious and sublime meet in coitus

Where poise is suspense

The pleasure principle is the pulse

Shifting soft spectral spasms intimate intimate rhythms.

A low slow throbbing libido in limbo seduces the bass line.

JON HASSELL ROYCE HALL FIRDAY FEB 13 2009: re write March 2013

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suspended in articulate **d** air like

Fluttering shards of **5000 year old** memories hovering around the tomb of a
mummy exhumed from the sarcophagus of Jon Hassell's half-remembered
dream

He waits - his trumpet pressed to his lips head facing down eyes closed
eyebrows alert

An insanely focused and insanely fragile shadow suspended above an invisible
threshold

A man on a wire totally aware totally still

Possible

From his perch his stillness attracts the artifacts to open a Moment for him
The first tropical wave of harmonic, steaming, **quarter tone melismas** hiss
through his volcanic mouth piece

Our ears flush with the intimate warmth of sleeping pygmy girls breath

a sound as diffused as the light thru the Rain Forest trees at sunrise

as wide as the creators of the Jebel El Quamar - The Mountains of the Moon

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Is he leading a band or is this an arcane contemplative mystery perched on the
edge of the event horizon

A subtle force field of erotic fixation where the shadow world is
alchemically transmuted into a burnished majestic gold

the distilled essence of trumpet

Psyche is speechless Echo is spurned by Narcissus and torn asunder by Pan

In this state of suspended animation a muted mute-less transmutation is taking
place at the edge of Hassell's peripheral vision

The music is a slowly revolving prism of subliminal desire

his trumpet traces elliptical pathways through a galaxy of
minute **pantomime** gestures by human hands gracefully stroking **strange** boxes
full of unfinished phrases.

Elemental particles seduced by psychic plasma and nano- overtones shatter fractals at our highest octaves crystalline edge.

The air is charged with the spirits of Memphis of Stockhausen of Pandit Pran Nath

This ritual always points to the unknown

Where subconscious and sublime meet in coitus

Poise becomes the square root of suspense

The pleasure principle is the pulse

Shifting soft spectral spasms *intimate* intimate rhythms.

A low slow throbbing libido in limbo seduces a vanishing bass line