

I once sat and listened to this recording in a kitchen whose walls were covered in reflective silver mylar (the fallout of an Andy Warhol/Factory themed house party, don't ask...) with all the lights out during a lightning storm. On acid. The evening concluded with some friends and I running around in the graveyard of the church across the street, during the aforementioned lightning storm, nude. If you hear this record you will know why.

—Drew Daniel on architect-*cum*-composer Iannis Xenakis's *La Légende d'Eer* (re-issued on various labels with names like Mode, Naïve, Auvidis, Rundfunk and, of course, Montaigne; recorded in... '77? '78?), from DD's "Musique Concrète Smash Hits," *Pitchfork*, May 1, 2003

{high sines' skirling: our enclosing}

dutifully setting forth across the deserted dews of Cold Harbor Elementary School's recess fields, the sober promise of 8:07 a.m.'s chill glistening fens. (When: '17? '18?) First, howe'er, three chain-linked fenssing-ups – from my chaparral lips to who knows whose wide-eyed ears

{lessee if we kin synch mmmmm}

**andatory** that I tell this  
story, so – sorry – you must  
know: it involves animal  
cruelty. A free and wild

being, one possessed of a  
consciousness and a will and  
a terrified jack-rabbit  
pulmonary pump. I – I

alone – visited cruelty upon  
this animal. Ear this  
promise: I'd never meant to.  
No; couldn't believe it;

regretted each tick; sunk  
slow-mo sick as it all  
unreeled... But, until our  
intimate alien land-locked  
ordeal concluded, every step  
I took only made its  
suffering **worse**.

*usique nouveau's* yr groove?

Then you must know: "*Le  
Jean Deer*" is a legend  
indeed, a wall-to-wall  
wallop, a force of ~~recording~~  
nature you just gotta  
experience, a totally

mammoth and inhuman  
mindfuck which should be  
approached with caution and  
respect. So DD says. I've  
always found it rather...  
"meh." Hmm. Why?

Dunno. I think b/c I've  
never really been able to get  
*inside* it. No purchase.

**Opaque.**

e? 43. Ne'er been drunk  
tho. (Buzzed: OK. Never  
puked the stuff. I still don't  
know what a "hangover" is.)

And I've never even  
considered touching pot,  
cigar/ette/s, acid, et al.  
Now you might say it's  
because I don't have any  
friends, so that lack of  
persistent promising peer  
pressure presents an unfair  
advantage. But I know the  
real reason: it's all cuz of a  
man my eyes-and-hears –  
but never lips – encountered  
only e'er twice, that dear  
dude Jeff **Thaxton**.

{ca. 7-8" in, the textures – and, I guess, "we" – utterly sink. Thwacks, **thax**,  
thrakattacks – multiple, simultaneous – sudden decisive plunge – maelstrom-  
locked, (s)lashings o'ton, **opaque** – worse –}

an honor. A privilege. I should know; I regularly volunteer at CHES as a Watch  
D.O.G. ("Dad of Great [Student]"). Au vidzits, O d'ay! Partyking in the teachers'  
lot; escorting my beaming son into the civic learning factory; donning the sacred  
reflective mylar safety vest; offering my (sub)servi(en)ces to (obsequiously polite,

shame-inducingly grateful) educators; shadowing my boy's shandying from class to class – Warhol in art, srsly? – running boxes of obsolete textbooks to the dumpster; ~~peyton~~ manning Automatic QB during recess; quelling inhuman thrakattacks in the cafeteria's kitchen-line; commandeering lucky "reading groups" of (seven or eight) wide-eyed body-minds whom I can, thru *masterful* command of lipharmonic architexonix, positively RUNDFUNK. O yeah: rite after the final a.m. bus disgorges its skirling minions, I g[o/e]tta perform a "grounds survey" 'round the property's perimeter. You know: collect yesterday's forlorn sweatshirts, verify geodesic jungle-gyms' structural integrities, and just generally ensure that everything's "safe," from the street out front – 25 MPH – all the way to where Mechanicsville, VA, John Deers fear to tread, i.e., the piney heathy no-man's land leering just beyond CHES's backyard, smack rite up against that infinite arc of mute implacable

{ C H A I N - L I N K F E N C  
E }

bristling, binding, iconic sonic ions swirlin' my steppin'. Some from the CHES teachers' lounge, lil linguistic slippies like "Platonic forms" and "we had this Socratic dialogue..." Highlights from David Toop's liner notes, tracing *La Légende's* nameless hero into Plato's Underworld: "ritual without religion," "a pitiless monism,"

"glistening, granular minutes," "the experience it unleashes within us," "there is a man, and there is the universe: nothing else." Also – always – thunderous Thaxton-lightning. The main one today, gotta ask... what the Hades *was* that one word he kept stressing? "Uh deer" – huh? "Idea" – with a *really* bad NYC accent? Oh. Got it. I think. "OD-er." As in, one who overdoses. Yeah. This'll make sense. Rite, **rite**

**up** against the chain-link stands wut/"off" o wow a *deer!* Cool! Not fully grown. Just chilling. Nude. Naïve. Solo. So... shit. If, later, it's not gone... won't gleeful recess minions *harass* the poor thing? It hasn't seen me yet. I should shoo it away. G'oh, deer. Begone. I start steppin' toward it. Yeah, this'll work. Watch the

Watch DOG, inviz citizens. How it's *done*. **as** in a ritualistic architecture of acceleration from the purest of high frequency sine waves to a totally unhinged and massive wall of processed ethnic instruments scraping in vast tidal arcs of quivering, microtonally "off" **glissandi**. **wherein** we young fawns sat in the cafeteria of Land O'

Pines Elementary School, Howell, NJ – '87? '88? – awaiting our guest speaker. & wowza who *dis* OFF specimen? (O dear, my only idea-kins were, like, a beefy Richard Pryor cross-bred with a really... *fervent* street church preacher.) LOP principal: "Now Mr. Thaxton, boys and girls, is here to talk to us about **drugs**."

{potential here, frozen-yet-teeming, pregnant rapt minutes of en-glistened granular **gliss** – **and I** (?) – **done drugs**, which, ladies and gentlemen – can I call you that? okay? – you should ne'er E'ER e'en *try*, because if you just listen to me, I mean with your ears, your whole body – can you do that? – just listen with your entire

*soul*, the *family* God gave you, this is more important than math class, you're so lucky, ladies & gentlemen, so blessed, don't even realize, I know you **understand**}

to approach w/ caution,  
respect. But my deer –  
sober, insensate –  
LAUNCHES itself – *smack*  
*rite into the implacable*  
*fence* (which whiplashes—  
*thrak*—like Hades' harp).  
Wut?? WHY??? I'm so  
unthreatening! So... OK...  
try a gentler angle... Eerie  
kamikaze smash hit! Again!  
And again!! *Minutes* of this.  
Look: bleeding, heaving,  
lying down... Please, dear,  
just walk away!! Only—  
where? O God, this fence  
*has no visible end points*.  
Horror, zero-hour.  
**Paralyzing.**

**dichotomies** of... Descartes?  
Pascal? Montaigne? Body *v.*  
Culture. Physical *v.*  
Language. Man *v.* Nature.  
Xenakis grasped how such  
aforementioned, despite  
our best intentions, can  
shatter. Gradually? Utterly.  
It happens so subtly and  
inevitably over the course of  
an hour, you don't notice the  
transformations until,  
riptide-like, you've lost all  
sight of the **shore**.  
**a** brand-new word, he  
warns. He's right: I'd had  
utterly zero notion of this  
novel concept called  
*Addiction*. "Then, slowly, so

surely, you will *lose* your  
friends." (He means *he*  
did...) "You gonna lose your  
house. All your bank  
accounts. You will beTRAY  
your wife an' children."  
Heaving, beseeching.  
"Nothing. Matters.  
*Any more*.  
Ladeezingennelmin, that's  
what addiction *IS*." O God,  
why? Smack some evil wall,  
utterly in thrall, really wanna  
lie **down**.

{77, 78% down. **Paralyzing, sure**, but I'd counter with *paralyzed*... Experiential  
divides: uncanny}

to be *powerful*, writes Richard White in *The Organic Machine* (Hill & Wang, 1995), is “to be able to turn the energy and work of nature and humans to your own purposes.” Doesn’t that maxim make sense? Doesn’t it enclose *any* body within an endlessly lithe – nay, harmonically oscillating – explanatory fence? I used to think so. Now? Within the Possible Modes of Earthly Experience, I know: other powers lurk, too. Those inhering in art, for instance. The power of an ode d’E.R., of a *Prelude to the Morning of a Fawn* [sic]. Drugs, too, surely possess power. Invisible beast-ions hi-jacking neurons – how much influence must they exert over “free will”? Speech(es) can be powerful. How to reassure to this dear animal – tenderly, desperately. How much power to grant one man who is trying, via emotional language alone, to hi-rund-jack-funk the remaining fallout of these sentient lives. Skin – boundaries, colors, meanings: power. Roiling nausea: power. Time, teeming, freezing: power. Freedom: power. The very idea. The power over one’s own body/fate that comes from giving up – forsaking – certain experiential modes. The freedom lying juuuust beyond that fence. It’s not a concrete barrier; we can both see right through it. Yet those invisible ions comprising its lil lithe wires – O, they’re powerful. Trust. Extremely powerful. Do you trust the critics, the eloquent advocates, the Orpheuses who have returned? Are you missing out? Do you trust yourself to get high? Do you trust that the person that highness “should’ve” (by now) uncovered is a person you can still respect and maybe even love? *Which* fences. Which alternative paths – formerly powerful, now foreclosed. As the creature – turf-sunk, dead-eyed, utterly exhausted – eyes I, I make my final

approach. Its body/fate now lies wholly within my power. Does it really trust me, does it have no choice

{what does it mean to give up, here, at the still center of the storm, the very **eye**}

s: onyx abysses. So close – yet not. That evening, I tell my children this: “So I picked. Up. The deer. I was *holding* it, guys. I could see its *lips*. Then—no purchase, so just I kinda... bench-pressed it, sunked it over the fence.” As I dopily lugged it, it kicked – vicious instinctual (sp)lash that missed my testicles by the eyelash width of a chain-link wire. (I share this detail with my kids.) It didn’t land on its feet; it just thudded – *thwunk* – onto its side. (I lie to them about that.) After a while, it got up, walked, of its own “free will,” deep into VA chaparral... So. Woe. Were we now **kin**?

of such lived-crucible moments is precisely when music deserts us. You can, *ex post facto*, lip-synch all you wish. You can be ~~cowardous~~ **[BOLDS AS SILVER FENCE POSTS]**. But there is no sound. Within wild whiles like these, whatever Nature *really* registers is not any music that any earthly body can hear. We are utterly alive – inside a frozen graveyard. We are connected – yet not. *Chain* means *link*, *concrète* means *opaque*, O I desire that alien-intimate *both-*ness, but the experience itself remains ungraspable implacable mute **[.....]**

**balls**. That’s what clinches it. When Jeff Thaxton (sp)utters, “After a while, you got nowhere else to go. See, you use up all the veins in your arms. So you sink to your legs, your ankles... I seen people shoot up into their necks, their eeeeers, their EYE BALLS...” And everyone coos a comforting lascivious *Ewww*, like they’re reveling in a slasher-themed Hollywood flick, while I, invisibly, vomit wire-shrapnel. *Focus on his lips*, I prayed. *Just watch his lips move...* Maybe I *should’ve* puked and/or fainted. But no. That would’ve chapped attention away from the deep >whoa< that’ll always **matter**.

**Kin matter.** That, ultimately, was his *coeur abyss* message. I know. I was there. I was the one who, after thoughtlessly architecting its torment, embraced the beast. I was the one who, to no perceived psychosomatic effect, kept visiting sonic hell. I was the one who, agape, astonished, utterly amazed, sat rite thru the final sine waves of Mr. Thaxton's performance. His *first* performance. For he would return. White: "It was as if deer came walking through town every November." Or, as Jeff himself promised, "Now, I'm gonna come *back* next year, but before I do..." [titillated twittering] "...ladies and *gentlemen*... Before I do, you all need to promise me something." A promise! Woah. Mammoth. I knew: *never* break a promise. "I want you to hug and kiss your mother and father, and tell them, 'I love you.' *Every. Single. Day.*" Wut. *Ewww*. No. I'm eleven, dude. I won't make a promise I can't keep. "Can you *do* this. Say it with me. Evvvv-reebody: 'I promise...'" And my peeps, like deer snared by Xenakis'd strobes, actually recited the oath. I couldn't believe it, sunk slo-mo sick, etc. Well... sure as Persephone... the very next year, Mr. JT indeed returned. But would he say it? Would he accuse us? *He would!* "Now, ladies, gentlemen... Last year, you all *lied* to me. You all made a promise, you didn't keep!!" O, but he'd erred. At the core of his accusation howled a mute abyss. *I* hadn't uttered any such thing. No, uncanny sober un-naïve me had composed the most powerfully courageous smash hit of all, utterly foreclosing *that* lil fence-path of body-mind violence. Ha, Jeff Thaxton! You see, while my dear peers had duly sounded their promises, I had merely lip-synched mine.

{skirling, once more, desolate}