

Disappearance with Feedback

by M K Lord

When I was first approached by JS to take part in this project I confess that my initial reaction was one of no little concern. What kind of scene is it that loses its protagonist? A bad scene if you ask me and I made a pact with myself a long time ago to not get involved in those kind of shenanigans again. Nevertheless I pinned the three words 'Pulse Dissipate Disrupt' to my refrigerator door fully expecting that to be the last of it.

On Tuesday I woke up with a terrible headache and the tail end of a tasteless dream stuck between my teeth. In it I had been followed around town by Winston Churchill no less. He was waddling along barking "*The New World in all its power and might*" at me and when I ducked down an alley to get away from him there he was again slurring, "*That is the resolve of His Majesty's Government*" inches from my face.

Naturally I had to concede psychic defeat. JS was right, I *did* have the Sonic Insight. As much as I wanted to avoid it there was just no getting away from the fact that Joan Lyneham's experiments were under my skin good and proper.

Lyneham had made herself unpopular in the war years and that was a terrible time to do anything except smile smile smile. Clearly whatever this woman had been up to meant that her kit bag was so full of troubles she probably needed a shopping trolley to carry it?

Employing the esthetic principal of *Jo Ha Kyu*¹ and applying it to a carefully selected set of samples from the famous '*We shall fight them on the beaches*' speech² I was able to construct the foundation, the backbone if you will, of the piece I felt Lyneham was gesturing towards. For further musical inspiration regarding the larger structure of the piece I began to consider the implications of her mantra/command 'Pulse Dissipate Disrupt'. Surely this was suggesting a fractured surface over a moving interior. The vision of an Alien egg would not leave me.

Having pieced together enough fragments to build a gateway I found myself stepping somnambulant into a territory I did not recognise as my own. To speculate at the aims of Lyneham's work from the position of an ignorant musician such as myself reeks of folly, but if I was pushed to guess I would just imagine myself in a war-torn world, looking for a way out or a way beyond. Could it be that Lyneham had accessed through sound the '*cracks between worlds*' that the Toltec Shamans spoke of?

M L june 12 2020

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- 1 A system of temporal development involving the progressive mutation of rhythms. This is demonstrated most effectively during the Mandala Ceremony of the Tandai Buddhist Sect. I felt that given Joan Lyneham's propensity for depositing the secrets of her work inside symmetrical diagrams and cryptic mantras it was not an unfounded leap to look East for inspiration.
 - 2 Thanks to my neighbour's Daily Mail subscription I was granted access to a full catalogue of Churchill's greatest hits on cassette, CD, DVD and Blu-ray.



PULSE
DISSIPATE
DISRUPT

