

Blood In My Wires, Dust In My Breath

by Tina Pearson

A set of scores for live vocal performance
with video, electronics, processed voice and recorded text.

Master timed map
with storyline texts

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Video camera and editing by Kirk Schwartz.
Video performance by Lori Hamar and Tina Pearson.
Photography by Lyssa Pearson
Second Life Machimima by Liz Solo
Electronics by Tina Pearson
Audio recording, processing and editing by Tina Pearson



Blood in my Wires, Dust in my Breath is a sonic, visual, and performative meditation that weaves intersecting realities of ancestry, migration, dream, virtual worlds, networked technologies, and the multiple possibilities posed by quantum physics. Imagining a possible non-human future, it explores what cellular information, memory or code might be carried from the past into the future, and one form of reality to another through an ancestral story of pre-industrial flax and linen, a family memory of displacement through war, and more current experiences of virtual worlds and avatar identity.


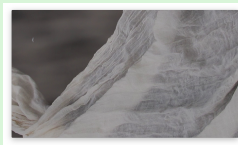
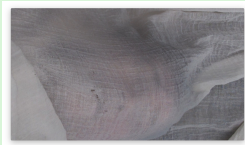

The visuals of the piece, revealed through a continuous video composition, link two worlds: One world is the area surrounding my current home in the traditional territories of the Lkwungen and WSÁNEĆ peoples at PKOLS Mountain, Beaver Lake Park, French Beach Park, and a secret lake, all on Southern Vancouver Island near Victoria, BC. Another world is that of the online environment Second Life, where my avatar, Humming Pera, creates and performs audiovisual pieces with other networked beings.

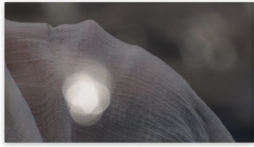

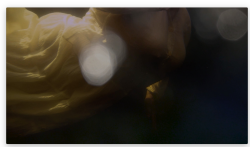
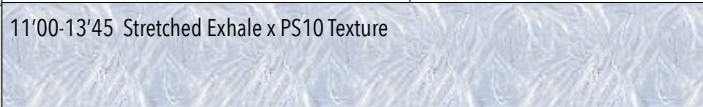
The audio portion of the piece is compromised of four elements: a mix of very low and very high sine tones tuned to create shifting beat frequencies in the room; two virtual instruments played in Second Life (the sine tone instrument of Humming Pera, tuned to the AC currents of Europe (50Hz) and America (60Hz); and a virtual mixer designed and played by the late composer Pauline Oliveros); recordings of my extended and processed voice; and a recording of voice over text.


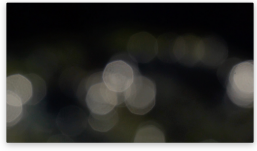


A live vocal performance accompanies the piece, using extended vocal technique, sonic mimicry, sonic meditation and deep listening practices in its realization.

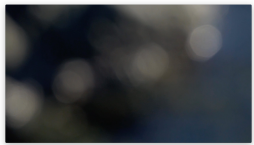


Time (min)		0	1	2	3
VIDEO	Coruscations Surf				
	Forest Tree Shore	<0'14 slow forest fade 		2'35 foot in 	
	Second Life		1'00 SL balls emerging, 1'30 visible balls jump 		
	LIVE VOICE	Score: <i>Invocation 1</i> (2 breath cycles)	Score: <i>Joik 1 – Forest Floor</i> merge into >>	Score: <i>Grandfather Breath</i> merge into >> <i>Cyber Breath Progression</i> to >>	
AUDIO	Voice Over Text	0'49-1'00 "After the dust settled ... drifting."	1'17- 2'03" She thought she might be dreaming..." "...cyberspace ... to many frontiers."	2'06 "And then reality shifts again"	
	Processed Voice				
	Electronic 1			2'37-3'56 PrimeSineLowSet2	
	Electronic 2			1'20-5'50 PrimeSineHighSet1	

Time		4	5	6	7
V I D E O	Coruscations Surf			6'00 coruscations on palm 6'44 coruscations in middle of hands	7'14 dark coruscations 7'34 fade in coloured coruscations
	Forest Tree Shore	4'43 Muslin in (right)	5'12 fingers in (bottom) 	6'00 bare hand out 6'44 muslined hands spread	7'00-7'13 slow fade out hands
	Second Life	 4'22 Humming in, 4'58 out			
	LIVE VOICE	Sine Whistle w Pwrhm high beats	(To Silence)	5'35 - 10'20 Score: <i>Weaving Song</i> (Over Soft-tone Hum) Begin after 3x <> Hum.	
A U D I O	Voice Over Text			6'26 "She remembers her grandmothers in their rustic times ..." 6'53 "Her grandfather grew flax ..."	7'23 "Her grandmother spun the flax..."
	Processed Voice		5'08 Soft-tone Hum sequence <> x Hum stretch 0 - +30%		
	Electronic 1				
	Electronic 2	1'20-5'50 PrimeSineSet1			

Time		8		9	10	11	
VIDEO	Coruscations Surf	8'07 fade in blurry surf,	fade out coruscations by 8'24				
	Forest Tree Shore	8'42 fade in muslin log 	9'32 crossfade log with muslin #42 	10'35 crossfade #42 w frontal face muslin 	11'25 frontal face fades out 11'30 slow zoom out+right of shroud face		
	Second Life						
	LIVE VOICE	5'35 – 10'20 <i>Weaving Song</i> (Over Soft-tone Hum)				(To Silence)	Score: <i>Marching Breath</i> (progression)
AUDIO	Voice Over Text	8'08 – 8'50 sequence "Her grandmother wove the thread..." "... unfurl in the river."	8'58-9'53 sequence "washing the fresh sheets of linen..." " ... fight in the resistance army."	10'07-10'23 "Her grandfather was not there ... burned by the retreating soldiers." 10'34-11-03 "Her grandmother and the three children ... mysterious destination."			
	Processed Voice	5'08 Soft-tone Hum sequence <> x Hum stretch 0 - +30%					11'00-13'45 Stretched Exhale x PS10 Texture 
	Electronic 1				10'27-11'05-25-30Prime		
	Electronic 2						

Time		12		13		14		15		
VIDEO	Coruscations Surf		12'25 coruscations in, cascading		13'22 more blue coruscations from right	14'22 more blue +green corus. fill screen 14'34 turns darker				
	Forest Tree Shore	12'14 reveal shroud 		12'42 shroud out			14'34 Hand sweep 	begins swim	15'12 body floats to right, top of screen 	
	Second Life				13'28 Humming enters from below right 13'52 Humming floats right	14'22 Humming out				
	LIVE VOICE		Scores: Invocation 2 and Displacement Rising Progression low to high, weaving to static							
AUDIO	Voice Over Text	12'07-12'25 "In her fragmented mind ... never to see her again."			13'46-14'03 "Bodies merged ... into new codes."					
	Processed Voice	11'00-13'45 Stretched Exhale x PS10 Texture 								
	Electronic 1			12'45-16'07 Med-High 50-60 HarmonicsBeating+Pwrhm						
	Electronic 2									

Time		16	17	18	19
VIDE	Coruscations Surf	16'30 blue green transition to darker corus. 	16'36-17'11 corus solo 	18'04 corus active + bright	
	Forest Tree Shore	16'34 swimming out with handsweep 	17'12- field begins 	18'27 greener muslin field, detail	
	Second Life				
	LIVE VOICE	Score: Visitation of the Hummingbird: 16'00 - 20'30-Inhale ultra high LT tuning / Exhale variable glottal clicks: Tuning with mixer D292, brain waves, heart beats.			
AUDIO	Voice Over Text		17'15-17'28 "She once had a teacher ... her teacher's ears."	18'17-18'26 "These dreams too ... into new coded fragments."	
	Processed Voice				
	Electronic 1				
	Electronic 2	16'00-20'15 Mixer-Thump-50-60Texture			

Time		20	21	22	23
VIDEODESCRIPTION	Coruscations Surf	20'04 darker blue corus. 			
	Forest Tree Shore	(20'00 muslin field fades out to corus)		22'25 swimming	23'26 swimmer floats to surface, bubble, 23'36 white skirt fades in 
	Second Life	20'36 Humming fades in 	21'12 Humming floats back then forward 21'48 Humming out 21'57 Humming in	22'20 Humming out	
	LIVE VOICE	(end <i>Visitation of the Hummingbird</i>)	<Low Breath Weave w 50-60Hz tones, transition to breath only low weave, transition to score <i>Wave Breath</i> ->	Score: Wave Breath Breath Cycle 1 – Regular 10" in/ex, glissando up in / glissando down / ex to 23'50, end on inhale	
AUDIO	Voice Over Text				23'50-24'15 "By the time ... dragon fly wings ..."
	Processed Voice				
	Electronic 1	20'00-21'30-50-60HzHigh-MedHarmonics+PwRHm		22'00-23'44-PrimeSineLowSet3	
	Electronic 2			21'30-23'00 PrimeSineHighSet2	

Time		24			
VIDEO	Coruscations Surf	24'08 green reflections cross fade w skirt Green pans to left 			
		24'44 green out			
	Forest Tree Shore	24'01 hand dips	24'24 skirt out		
	Second Life				
	LIVE VOICE		Score "Prr" + High Hiss Whistle (long breath) to black out 24'44		
AUDIO	Voice Over Text				
	Processed Voice				
	Electronic 1				
	Electronic 2				

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by Tina Pearson

Storyline Texts for Voice-Over recording (June 10, 2018)

I Forest Landing

After the dust settled

After the dust settled

A f t e r

She found herself drifting

D r i f t i n g

Suspended

ssssuuussss

in many places

Unable to form words

U n a b l e t o f o r m

Dissembled

Scattered

Scrambled

Her thoughts

appeared in distinct bubbles,

in disembodied fragments.

Her thoughts
seemlessly drifted toward the sound of a caterpillar,
Scratching across a decaying leaf,
The sound
telling her how its legs
moved
bit by bit to pine bark
bit by bit
how it burrowed
Inside

She wondered about language
How words came to be formed
How they were birthed
From a leaf, a grain of sand, the waters of a stream, decayed bone,
wanting to voice themselves

Still disconnected

She thought

She thought she might be awake

And she thought she might be dreaming
d r e a m i n g

She thought
“Am I imagining this, or am I still caught in the wires”

(They always knew what would happen.)

II Coded Realities

She knew she was carrying code

She started to wonder if she had always been here like this.
And then reality shifts again.

She seemed to be in many places at once, ancient memory molecules rolling into the ones and zeros of cyberspace and beyond to many frontiers!
[Start Trek Voice]

"I can breathe in all the stardust of the word, the ashes of all the bones that ever were, all the bones that will ever be.", said God, said Mary, said Allah and Thor, said Aphrodite, said Dorja, said me.

"My breath follows the dust through air, cloud, water, wires, networks,

My dusty breath travels on gusts of wind, oceanic currents, trains, planes and satellites
My dusty breath travels into small dark places, into the membrane of a jellyfish, into the hard brittle white quartz that lines granite."

She knows how to migrate her mind through electrical waves, weaving through past, present and what is coming and already will be.

III Grandfather Flax, Grandmother Linen

She thought she could taste the memory of her grandmother
among the many disconnected bubbles

She remembers
Listening
Sensing
Feeling seeing
Smelling
Tasting
moving

She remembered her grandmothers
In their rustic times before electricity, before vehicles, before telephones

Maria and Martha weaving cloth from flax
Maria and Marta churning butter
Maria and Marta kneading dough for bread

Her grandfather
grew flax in his fields
He harvested and dried and processed the flax for its fibrous stalks

Her grandmother spun the flax into thread.
Her grandmother wove the thread into sheets of linen cloth.
She carried the rolled cloth to the river to clean it, to beat it soft
She rolled out the cloth on the wild grasses in the sun, to bleach dry.
She rolled them up and brought them home, then brought them back again to unfurl in the river, to float against the rocks until clean, then beat against the wood plank to soften, then spread out on the grasses in the sun. To bleach and to dry.
washing the fresh bolts in the rushing stream, stretching it out in the sunny summer fields to dry and bleach white, bleach white, press play, repeat.

Maria, weaving the linen into coverings of bodies, coverings of tables, of treasures hidden from the invaders.

The wolves in the birch and pine hills, howled in the night.
As the children slept on skins and fleece on the stone shelf above the large stove in the kitchen.

Her grandfather pinned small squares of Maria's linen cloth to the inside of his uniform jacket when he went away to fight in the resistance army.

IV Displacement and Rising

Her grandfather was not there when the house was burned, with all its furniture and implements and bedding and linens and tools, by the retreating soldiers.

Her grandmother and the three children, two girls and a boy, were marched with the other villagers, along a dirt road, with just their clothing to a waiting train car. They were loaded into the crowded, dark, train.

The train slowly rocked them through many hours maybe days to its mysterious destination.

In her fragmented mind, she sensed the feel of the gunny sack on her mother's seven year old skin, after she was stripped, hosed down, her head shaved, barefoot, suddenly separated from Maria, and never to see her again.

Her grandfather's small squares of linen, pinned to the inside of his suit.

Bodies merged, their silent voices rising.

Forming and floating, forming and leaving, forming and evolving, carried into new code

V Dancing Into the Wires

She remembered that some of them sang and danced among the wires,
listening deeper to the alternating currents,

the twitches

The buzzes

The drones and roars

The intricate harmonics that graced electricity's essence

Tones dancing inside these wires that amplify me, that connect me to you

Waiting to be listened to

Waiting to be heard

VI Visitation of the Hummingbird

[Video: After Field emerges 14'-16'. Audio: After Mixer begins]

She once had a teacher who listened across time and space.

Hummingbird visited and deposited secrets inside her teacher's ears

I imagine that it sounded like moths reside there

Waiting to be listened to
Waiting to be heard

These dreams too, forming and leaving, evolving and carried into new coded fragments,

The Woman of the Future
Travels through time and space, through waves and particles.
She Remembers her blood
And the code it carries

Waiting to be listened to
Waiting to be heard

Bone House
Whale Road
Sky Candle

VII Dragonfly Dreams

[Video: after swimmer emerges to surface 22-23']

By the time she arrived,
It was clear that she would not be reassembling to what she thought she was.
This was a new place with new codes.

She remembered that before she lost consciousness, the songbirds had been mostly silent, the ladybirds gone.
Here in this new place, they were already singing, already dancing.

She felt the dragonfly wings
As they rippled the air right through her.