



# Welcome to tonight's show...

We've been calling these events "The Boom-Box Experiment" because we feel each concert is helping an idea, one that's been going on for almost two years now, evolve... The compositions you'll hear tonight have been part of this "evolution". Some parts of these were heard even at the first "parking lot experiment" back in October of '96, and have, in my opinion, become more musical and more unexpected as each event has happened. What will be happening tonight is similar to the "parking lot experiments" in that what you'll be hearing are pre-recorded tapes. But, instead of being in car stereos, tonight's performance is done with hand held boom boxes, forty of them, using volunteers from the audience to engage and manipulate each separate sound source. Wayne and Steven will be guiding the engaging and manipulation and Michael is the center monitor source. This is the first time some of these compositions will be heard by both the audience and the creators.. So, we hope it goes well and we hope you like it. As we are still skeptical about its "entertainment" value...



- No. **1** TEST No.1 .....apx 2.30
- No. **2** TEST No.2 .....apx 2.30
- No. **3** The Big Ol' Bug Is  
The New Baby Now .....apx 6.30
- No. **4** A Winters Day Car  
Accident Melody .....apx 11.00
- No. **5** Realizing The Speed Of Life .....apx 7.00
- No. **6** Heralding In A Better Ego .....apx 8.00
- No. **7** "Schizophrenic Sunrise" or  
"The Loudest Blade of Grass" ... .apx 7.35
- No. **8** "Altruism" or "That's The Crotch  
Calling The Devil Black" .....apx 5.30
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## Here's some news about tonight's compositions

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**No. 1 & 2 TESTS:** These tests are designed to familiarize the participants with their boom boxes and the audience with the sound separation. And also to determine whether any further manipulation of sound equalization is necessary. Test No.1 counts off boom-boxes 1 thru 40 at a moderate pace. Test No.2 counts off boom-boxes 1 thru 40 at a fast pace.

**No.3 The Big Ol' Bug Is The New Baby Now:** This is a composition that was originally intended to be part of "parking lot experiment No. 4" in Austin, Texas. Then in its second arrangement on the Zaireeka record. This was first played at the CMJ music conference in NYC in September...the sound of the barking dogs at the end of the composition was recorded using a portable 4-track while cycling down a country road. One of the dogs lunged, barely missing Steven's leg but bumping the microphone.

**No.4 A Winters Day Car Accident Melody:** A haunting sad dirge of a melody. Switching from major to minor and diminished chord base, sometimes all at once. The middle section is a trade-off and battle of eighty ambulances (sirens) vs. eighty car crashes. Here's a related story:

From the time I was sixteen 'til I was about twenty-eight years old I worked as a fry cook in a fast food place. For most of these twelve years I didn't have a car so I usually took my bicycle to work. And looking back now, aside from a handful of bitterly cold days it wasn't so bad. It was on one of these wickedly cold days that I came across this confusing car accident that I will talk about here.

It was either the day after Christmas or New Year's Day, accidents always seem worse when they happen on a holiday, anyway, I can't remember which. It defiantly had that depressive void, dead-of-winter, feel to it. There's a feeling at the beginning of the worst part of winter. A feeling that tells you it will get worse before it gets better. It will get darker. It will get colder. It will get harder- and you try to get tough to it, and try to just endure it..and hope that not too many bad things happen at the same time. So anyway I was on my bike on my way to work even though it was a holiday. And since it was a holiday and also about twenty degrees below zero there was virtually no one out. The whole scene was strangely deserted, and strangely...silent?? Maybe it was so cold that all noises were frozen. But also it was very sunny out at the same time and this especially added to the strangeness- 'cause it tricked you into thinking it was a normal winter day, but let me say it again it was inconceivably cold...

I was about halfway to work and I heard a couple of sirens in the distance. But I didn't think much of it, maybe a firetruck, seems a lot of houses catch fire when its so cold. And as I turned on to one of the busier streets I was struck again by the emptiness...here was six lanes of main thoroughfare and not a single car on it...As I pedal on, a couple of ambulances come into view up ahead. These must have been the sirens I heard earlier. And as I get closer I can see I've come across an accident that has just happened. And here again the scene is strangely deserted.? Usually there are at least a couple of spectators at any car accident, you know, folks just hanging out watching. But as I pull up I notice I'm the only one and I think to myself how there was really no traffic at all, that these were the only cars on the whole street and they crashed into each other...but the strangeness seems to be embedded in this next moment especially. As I look at the scene, and try to figure out what happened, it occurs to me that one of the ambulances was actually involved in the accident.. and a second ambulance was there to pick up the patient and the drivers of the first ambulance. Paramedics work on other paramedics?? A child who is bandaged around his head and is very bloody is taken from the back of one ambulance and put into the other. This short "out of one, into the other" exchange is full of panic. And the interruption in the usual emergency type ride has left some of the people with the child, parents I assume, frustrated to the point of insanity. Helpless to this unusually bad turn of events, from what I can tell, the uncrashed ambulance now needs a jump from the crashed ambulance. The whole scene reeked of the kind of clumsiness that is so true of reality.

And there I was, the lone audience to this terrible scene and my imagination turns to the worst. And an overwhelming sense of bleakness seemed to settle over my whole life, kind of slowly realizing just how wrong things can go, how evil nature can be. And as if things could be worse, I notice one of the "assumed parents" hasn't even as much as a jacket on. But you know..they didn't even seem to notice. And then, as to suddenly awake out of a light sleep, I am aware, once again of how brutally cold it is. And this sudden noticing of my own physicalness seemed to snap me out of this downward trance. Somehow renewing my usual sense of optimism. The child is put into the uncrashed ambulance and it finally speeds off. I pedal on to work and have an otherwise unmemorable day.

A couple of days later as I tell the story to my mother she remembers reading an account of the accident in the paper. Apparently the child had gotten bit in the face and neck by a usually friendly, family dog. While being rushed to the nearest hospital an elderly couple pulls out in front of the speeding ambulance. Causing the crash I pulled up on..another ambulance is called to the scene to further transport the child and newly injured drivers and paramedics... ..the child dies.

**No.5 Realizing The Speed Of Life:** The lyrics are a section from a suicide note; **See, I thought I wasn't mad...but I lost what I had...realizing the speed of life as it passed...oh.** A short melodrama about a depressed psychiatrist who is driven to suicide, from hearing, through his thin apartment walls, the endless cries of a neighbors baby. Here's a related story from USA Today:

### **ALSO THURSDAY . . .**

► **BABY DIES:** A jailed New York City prostitute, who told no one she had a baby at her apartment due to fear of being arrested for neglect, faces a murder charge for leaving the boy to die, police say. Neighbors heard 2-month-old Angel cry for days while Lora Pitoscia, 34, spent eight days in jail on drug and prostitution convictions.

Notes on the positive effects of depression on music by Steven. I've often read about "artists" who claim that DEPRESSION is an effective catalyst for the spark of creativity. I'm not so sure this is true. With every human being there are varying degrees of depression, the most SEVERE cases obviously resulting in SUICIDE. I've never been that far DOWN THE HOLE, or maybe I was so depressed that actually doing anything seemed impossible. Know what I mean? Well, the point I'm trying to make is that being depressed did not inspire me to create music. That is to say that grabbing a guitar or sitting at the piano and trying to use the depression as INSPIRATION does not happen. Maybe it works for other folks. You know, say if you were a writer you could sit down at the typewriter and just start...uh...typing. Then I thought that if the depression were brought on by some real thing- loss of a loved one, a failed romance, withdrawing from HEAVY, mood altering drugs- something tangible, then writing about it, or through it, could prove to be successful in both the creation and the getting over it. Does that make sense? Well, the depression I'm talking about is not brought on by anything tangible. I might just wake up one morning and realize that well, uh, mmm...Or, say you are driving home as the sun is going DOWN on a day like today when the sun goes DOWN at 5 o'clock. Something prevails that seems hopeless and pointless. This is the sort of depression that is harder for a person to get over, at least it is for me. Only when the FOG is lifted, the misery diminished and I feel half alive again- that's when even the slightest desire to create music returns. As the depression itself seems to get farther away, it turns into a pleasant MELANCHOLIA. As I remember this, I realize- AND THIS IS WEIRD- I like it. So, though I don't like being depressed, I certainly like making depressing music, especially when I'm no longer mired in the actual depression.....phew!

**No.6 Heralding In A Better Ego:** This composition has four sections. The first is the sound of 2 and 3 trumpets echoing each other, brought in one at a time, building from boom-box 1 thru 40, culminating in a grandstand of over one hundred trumpeters blaring. The second is a backbeat randomly inserted just before the down-beat using up to 40 drummers. The third is a gliding pitched changed melody pattern of the first trumpet section only this time each tape

consists of 12 trumpets culminating in the sound of 480 speed manipulated pre-recorded trumpets. The fourth is a Cm7th chord and a Fm7th chord trading off from one side to the other, changing the contour and mood of the final fanfare.

**No.7 “Schizophrenic Sunrise” or “The Loudest Blade of Grass”:** Upon his leaving the band, Ronald Jones, our former guitar player, I got the feeling was searching for some purer way of thinking. He had become increasingly paranoid and, I felt, was looking for something simpler and more certain than life in a weird rock band. And without getting into it too much, seemed to be getting into a sort of “new age” lifestyle.. Some of his behavior, when he was in the band, while it seemed odd, I didn’t think much of it. But since his leaving I thought, perhaps, and this is just my own speculation, could have been the beginning stages of schizophrenia.

I remember a couple of times while staying in the same hotel room together he would wake up in the middle of the night thinking someone was in the room with us. We’d turn on the lights and even look under the bed, but somehow I don’t know if he was ever really convinced. Incidents like this, coupled with stories of him thinking he can “heal” people and, like I said earlier, an ever increasing paranoia, sometimes makes me think, though I know these things alone are no proof, maybe there is some underlying psychological cause for the way he has become... So anyway, it got me thinkin’ about hearing voices in your head, and wondering if Ronald could hear things in his head...?? He always had an over sensitive awareness of sounds. Once while driving through some busy, city traffic, he was listening to the different car horns all beeping and determining their pitch... Another time we were recording a song and he seemed bent on having a sound he was calling “mosquito wings” accompany the rhythm track. To me it was and still is unaudible in the song, but I think he could always hear it clearly.

So this song, though not directly about Ronald, is about a man with a similar talent or affliction, depending on how you look at it, who, over the period of one summer, goes from being normal to schizophrenic. He finds he is more and more aware of the sounds around him. As he sits at his bedroom window watching the sunrise he hears every bird chirping, every insect buzzing. As the summer rolls on his sensitivity is exaggerated. He hears flowers growing, and even the sun itself rising.. By late August he is, like Ronald with the car horns, trying to determine which blade of grass is the loudest.

Wayne’s side is made up of four competing rows of rhythms. Using birds in one row, insects in the next row, and the sun and flowers represented by a low and high choir all taking a breath at the same time in rows one and two. Steven’s side, the grass side, is twenty harp players delicately plucking a different note chord in the major scale sequence only to be obliterated by twenty lawnmowers.

**No.8 “Altruism” or “That’s The Crotch Calling The Devil Black”:** A recording of Meg Ryan’s fake orgasm scene from *When Harry Met Sally* is lengthened and slowed so that her voice now resembles Kim Gordon’s moaning on those early Sonic Youth records. A pulsating synth-bass loop builds behind her, gaining momentum and pitch until she climaxes. Wayne and Steven guide the melody that accompanies Meg’s thrust. Using up to 28 different notes to create the compositions oppressive melody. The combination of moods arrived at by the performance leaves one feeling sad that the lust has been satisfied...what now?  
...Thanks, Wayne

