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BROWN STUDY:
AN ORIGINAL MUSICAL RECORDING

by

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A thesis submitted in partial fulfillment of the requirements
for the Honors in the Major Program in Music Education
in the College of Arts and Humanities
and in The Burnett Honors College
at the University of Central Florida
Orlando, Florida

Summer Term 2012

Thesis Chair: Professor Robert Thornton

Abstract

For a year and a spring semester, I have been in the works of a school music project. I set out to make a record of ten self-penned songs. Along the length of the project, I would discover musicians and recording artists. I notated my songs on a staff and recorded demos to assist players of drums, electric bass, French horn, and violin. I play guitar, percussion, synthesized instruments, and do all of the singing on Brown Study, the record's title. The technology used to create the songs include a Tascam 2488 (home digital recording device), computers, printers, cell phones and i-phones, amplifiers, microphones and headphones, and a drum machine. This is my first attempt at collaborating with other musicians. At the defense I will be presenting 4 songs: "Runaway," "Lonely Heart," "Topsy Turvy," and "Friendliest Advice." Each song has a particular history and story to tell containing influences and aesthetic philosophies. My gift is to be shared with whoever will listen upon completing and distributing the full-length album.

Acknowledgements

Immeasurable gratitude goes to Sarah Rogers, David Wilcox, mom, stepdad, dad, Eric Wannemacher, Jake Hintz, John Hilliard, Bryant Frye, Mr. Robert Pobjecky, J.R. Nauck, Professor Ali Korosy, Professor Robert Thornton, Professor Harry Coverston, Professor Kristin Congdon, Chris Rice, Professor Thad Anderson, Denise Crisafi, Lou of Uncle Lou's Bar, Brandon Miller, Tim Callen, Mary Eschen, Mia Morel, Shea Birney, Stephen Silber, Sophia Martinez, Ben Kassab, David Desanto, Robbie Beiling, Courtney Lester, Alex Lee, The Zula, Evan Penico, Rhea Chong, Chris Shields, Sarah Linker, Sam Myers, Sarah Parker, Rachel Hunt, Jessie Knapstein, Magen Carothers, Sara Clark, Brytton Streeter, Aunt Rita, Aunt Doreen, Uncle Don, Uncle Harv, Stephanie King, Christina King, Sam Myers, Katie Kelly, Stuart Dees, The Van Breemens and the Clarks, Chris Belt, Clara Amaral, Michael Criner

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The Written Overture

“And no more turn aside and brood upon love’s bitter mystery.” – W. B. Yeats, *Who Goes With Fergus?* (1892)

My brilliant assertions stem from terrifying doubts, as all power stems from weakness. What I speak out are the thoughts left unresolved. If I receive clarification, I am well on my way to the next worry. Choosing to delve into an undertaking, I sacrifice and neglect other cares. Desiring to be released, my alleged love affairs stall, stumble, and fall backwards into traps of leisure. Possessed by play, with a twist of fate all seriousness becomes frivolous and spites implication. How soon I forget the meaning of a struggle! Lingered unfinished, there is no completion without impending judgment. If I’m lucky, my fears remain hidden to others. I consider it ill-mannered to pronounce these morbid confessions outside of a few trusted friends and family. That I mention it now only shows my lack of principles. An irritation surges through my body as I waste hours disinterested and purposeless. Warily reflecting, restlessness leads to sleep and no more. The morning meanders as I wait for a master or a mother to tell me what to do, to demand my obedience, thus I may affirm my steps. Nothing of the sort happens. It is up to me, with perfect freedom, to measure my obstacles and set my outliers.

“But if his business is not amusement but art, the object at which he is aiming is not to produce a preconceived emotional effect on his audience but by means of a system of expressions, or language, composed partly of speech and partly of gesture, to explore

his own emotions: to discover emotions in himself of which he was unaware, and, by permitting the audience to witness the discovery, enable them to make a similar discovery about themselves.” – R.G. Collingwood, *The Principles of Art* (1958)

A revelation, a sounding epiphany, drew forth like a playful tease. Divulging a history of evaluated values marked with noted temporality, an essence reacts within overlapping centric circles, connections tying to and embellishing the manifested ego. Practice paying off, the tone in tune and timbre, too. Dialed in focus; set into gear. Thank you, inspirers; I have repackaged your gifts. Imagination with the warmth of growth, pleasure and splendor exudes. Walk a mile in baby steps. Precious nice, sweet-soft, refreshing, smooth to soothe, an echoing apparition consoles “there there” with forgiveness tender. Discovery! *Something new!* Melodic and rhythmic lines careen in a contour. Try it on. See how it fits. Trim and tailor precision cut. Write down, play back and examine the details. Fix the levels, add this extra... Ah-ha! Perennial and parental, caring wisdom carried on the shoulders of giants. The artist is but a cultural filter, a collector and editor of sentiments. I learned something while readying to record a slew of songs; experience that gives me joy to share.

Brown Study is the title of my sound recording. I learned this phrase in F. Scott Fitzgerald’s book *This Side of Paradise* (1920) to mean a state of reverie. Its earliest use in 1532, “Lack of company will lead a man into a brown study,” implies gloomy deep thought, but by Fitzgerald’s gilded age it is more often used simply for wispy daydreaming. Today the phrase is obsolete and holds very little significance to the general public.

I prefer *Brown Study* as a pun, since this project is within an academic scope. I have gathered both teachers and students of music. My studies of literature, philosophy and music are connected by analogous sensitivities, verifying where the heart resides within my crafted content. *Brown Study* is my first attempt at creating a full-length album in collaboration with other musicians and engineers. All ten songs are originals made between 2000 and 2010. I set out writing lead sheets and recording demos for musicians at the beginning of 2011. Some setbacks hindered the expected advancement of recording *Brown Study*. At this given time, 4 songs are presentable, and the rest are well underway to becoming completed. I have never before afforded myself a better opportunity to fulfill a passion. Though the means of executing the recording have altered drastically from my first conceptualized methods, the end result will indeed be what I initially anticipated.

On Writing

“The poet’s promise... is a modest one, and a mere play with ideas is all he holds out to us, but he accomplishes something worthy of being made a serious business, namely, the using of play to provide food for the understanding, and the giving of life to its concepts by means of the imagination.” – Immanuel Kant, *Critique of Judgment* (2008)

I started writing poetry in 8th grade. Soon I became obsessed with writing rhyming couplets at a frequency of one poem every two days. If I did not write a poem in the span of 48 hours I would worry irrationally, feel nervous and get perturbed. I filled a few notebooks in high school and wondered if I read back on these lines I might figure out a thing or two about my identity. Turns out I would be cynical about people, and then turn the cynicism around on myself at the end of the poem. I polarized people with biting criticisms. Or I would write lighthearted nonsense. Cheeky is a good word for the rambling. Mainly I wished to express my mood, possessed by spiteful thoughts or else aloof with my head in the clouds. John Dewey (2008) writes about all minded experiences, “Emotion is the moving and cementing force. It selects what is congruous and dyes what is selected with its color, thereby giving qualitative unity to materials externally disparate and dissimilar.”

When I got a guitar in my junior year of high school, I gradually alternated from poems to lyrics. First I learned chords from tablature sites online. I especially liked using Dylanchords.com. Bob Dylan used simple chord structures, and this site was more reliable than any other I could find on the web. Once I learned how to strum a quarter of his catalogue, as well as a few songs from other bands, I began writing my own songs.

For the first song I ever created with the guitar, I strummed the A chord for a minute singing “What’s the story Mary Jane, Mary Jane?” I could only get better from there! When I started to write songs I stopped playing other people’s songs. It didn’t make much sense to play a bad version of someone else’s music when I could play the best (also bad version) of my own music.

I had a best friend who unconditionally loved my music, and that helped me grow as a musician and a writer. When I had a new song I would perform it for my friend, and these became small events. In college I would perform at outside lunch tables when I had a new song. For the last few years I have had jam sessions with my roommates and friends. Some of these sessions have stayed with me, giving me chord progressions and melodies at their spontaneous occurrences. The song “Breather” happened in such a way. I created the repeating riff and then in the next week performed the song in an 8-minute reflective dirge.

Improvising lyrics lends me insight into what is going on with my immediate situation. Whether I am in a predicament or am coasting on past laurels, the newfound words make my angst apparent. It is not much different from interpreting dreams.

A song has no end of tweaking. Sound-wise or lyrics-wise these songs are open for negotiation any time I fancy an alteration. I usually begin a song by strumming chords on a guitar and then singing miscellaneous words and phrases. Sometimes I have a

tune in my head with a melodic phrase that I then add a chord progression to. Rarely do I create lyrics before the melody and the progression. I want the lyrics to fit the melody and the progression, or the tone of the song. I search by trial and error what other chords sound good with the ones I establish. A melody and a chord progression are not good enough unless I remember them the day after. They both have to be memorized in my head and crafted daily to realize that the song is worthy of lyrics. John Dewey writes in *Art As Experience* (2008) that, "Craftsmanship to be artistic in the final sense must be "loving"; it must care deeply for the subject matter upon which is skilled exercise." Whether the lyrics are abstract or concrete there has to be a central theme that I can hone in on. Here are some of the themes I was alert about.

"Breather"- Consolation, earnestness, networking

"Topsy Turvy"- Reflective grief, heartbreak

"Moving Boxes"- Woe, failure, loss, guilt, embarrassment, melancholy, futility

"Lonely Heart"- Resolve, unity

"Lullaby at the Tropic of Cancer"- Fleeting success

"Riff-raff Non-prince"- Adventure, growing up, reluctance

"Harbored Sighs"- Job Loss, self-congratulatory villainism

"Runaway"- Exile

"Going Home"- Home, expectation, pining

"Friendliest Advice"- Advice, wisdom

I consciously try to keep from writing the same song twice. A substantial difference needs to be prevalent from one song to the next. The songs stand alone and are without connective concepts concerning the details between them.

I always have at least three songs I'm working on at one time. In the works are a song about spite, a song about the effects of parental disappointment, and two melodies without a clear idea yet. I've been writing lyrics in fits this year. If I'm sitting down to write, I have felt that I should be working on schoolwork, including this thesis. I did complete a happy song called "Musical Man" in late November. I'm positive that I will be writing lyrics in a more steady way for these songs once Brown Study is complete.

The lyrics have been called "twisty" by a peer. These are lyrical songs and they use a lot of alliteration to glue the words together. Vowel sounds and consonants are important for fluid phrasing. I typically write more for a symbolic feeling than for concrete images- they cut deeper and still in a more subtle way, so the brain doesn't get too caught up on a phrase. These are at least my intentions, to allow the song to skip like a stone before it sinks into oblivion.

Influences

“It is performed not only by the man whom we individualistically call the artist, but partly by all the other artists whom we speak as ‘influencing’ him, where we really mean collaborating with him.” - R.G. Collingwood (1958)

The Beatles- My mother and her side of the family grew up on The Beatles. My great uncle Gerard would buy for my grandmother’s delighted daughters – of whom there are 8 in total – their newest singles on 78s. My mom would especially play The Beatles *1962-1966* (The Red Album), an early compilation disc (Lennon & McCartney, 1973). I became a fan of the later period in high school when any money that I had went to buying CDs. I would walk with a girl in my neighborhood who liked the Beatles as much as I did. We would talk about how chauvinistic some of the lyrics were, whether Ringo Starr is a great drummer or merely okay, what a jerk John Lennon used to be and if his songs justified him being an asshole, how precious McCartney’s sentiments were, and why George Harrison got the short-stick. She gave me an eight part documentary called *The Beatles’ Anthology* to watch (Wonfor, 2003). I became engrossed with the history along with the music. They never made a bad album. Their worst song is more significant to me than the number one song on the Billboard charts of today. They’re glee is infectious, and their sadness is soothing. The craft and the melody inspired me to no end. In high school I was absolutely obsessed, learning who played what instrument on what song and deconstructing the lyrics.

Bob Dylan – As vital as The Beatles were to my love affair with recorded music, Bob Dylan is my favorite character. He sneers and smiles when he sings. His fits of seriousness are snapping social commentary. His sense of humor is lighthearted and fleet-footed. His creativity is emblematic, as if he were putting purple hearts on hobos and romancing every casual friend by giving them new and grand names. They let him down with their all-too-human tendencies. He made sense to me to the extent that I wrote a paper on him and his masterpiece *Highway 61 Revisited* for an Aesthetics of Philosophy course in college. The teacher was impressed with the paper and told me to publish it. He has so much to say in his 5 to 8 minute epics; they paint pictures filled to the brim with historic and iconic personalities. His voice is like worn leather, though at this point it's more like gravel. In the sleeve of that album Dylan wrote that his songs were an experiment in “tonal breath control.” I paid attention to his words and moods in his music and interviews. I think of him in his prime as a music performer, a dandy, an artist, an intellectual, a poet, an American, a smartass, a spiritualist, a cynic and a lover.

Pavement – There is no band that I relate my upbringing to, no band have I declared more praise to in a drunken stupor of excitability as when speaking about Pavement. A nineties California group of suburban white kids that went to college and learned to use pretension to its fullest. Stephen Malkmus, an expert on non-sequiturs and lucid rhythm-speak, is self-aware and maintains a boyish-brat quality since I last could tell from a reunion concert in Central Park, New York 2010. The band is easygoing, but they also like to go crazy and rock out with a calculated abandon. They struck gold on their own

terms, which is why most people have never heard of them. They excelled independently from major label constraints. Their kid-art album covers and victorious distortion gave them mystery. Their first major release, *Slanted and Enchanted* (1992), had an incredible hippie drummer who was twice the age of the rest of the band and had to be let go because he was too wild. A guy named Bob Nastonovich helps out with percussion and yells exuberant rallying cries. The words are generally nonsensical, though their expression fits in sync with the music. Some of the lines I take to heart, as if they had the wisdom of mankind in their essence. Some that I have in the past mulled over and gained a sense of composure through:

“Between here and there is better than either here or there!” – “Conduit For Sale”

“There are forty different shades of black/ So many fortresses and ways to attack/ So why you complaining? Tah!” – “Elevate Me Later”

“The questions are the answers to questions in themselves.” – “Angel Carver Blues/ Mellow Jazz Docent” (I believe he’s talking about art in this case)

“You can never quarantine the past.” – “Gold Sounds”

They are the epitome of cool. It never does seem like they are trying very hard, but on one song a man yells “I’m trying!” sixteen times in a row for the chorus of “Conduit For

Sale.” This band of scholars redeems my consciousness from explicit melodrama, while encouraging longing and sentimentality.

David Bowie – Glam rock is an indulgence that nourishes the ego. David Bowie is known as a chameleon, or as a person that has no self, so he takes the form of what is the newest and most exciting trend. This is where I get the theatrics and the high drama. I create characters in singular songs while Bowie lives out whole personas over full-length albums.

Many of my own songs, such as “Harbored Sighs,” “Going Home,” and “Runaway” apply a disembodied voice. I act in a character fully unlike myself. Only on “Breather” do I try for personal sincerity, but that’s only for the verses. On “Friendliest Advice” and “Topsy Turvy” I try to sound older, and on “Riff-Raff Non-Prince” I wish to sound younger. The voice is supposed to fit the song while the lyrics stabilize the character.

The Velvet Underground – This experimental and noir-like band knew how to make the best of a simple chord structure. Their chugging rhythm guitar and talk-singing motivated my formative music-learning years. Highly versatile, they could rock with an ecstasy of spirit or tone it down with drug-addled pop ballads. The violence is amusing like a sly joke; exploitative black humor rather than a crass threat. Not only were they Andy Warhol’s house band, but they gave people an inside scoop of what The Factory was about in their observational lyrics.

Modest Mouse – I first heard Modest Mouse’s *Lonesome Crowded West* (Brock, 1997) in Oregon. I was staying at my aunt’s house for a week in my cousin Brytton’s room. He was hardly ever around, and I got the impression that he was trying his best to ignore being around me while I stayed at his place. He left the album playing on repeat on his computer. It had a stubborn lock that made sure I couldn’t log in to turn it off. I couldn’t find the speakers or the keyboard to turn the volume down. So it played on at a mid-quiet volume for a whole week. The album soaked into my brain, and I hardly had a choice in the matter. Fortunately it’s an impeccable album from start to finish, and by the end of the week I was a fan. Modest Mouse makes very long CDs, filling up the full 70-minute capacity with songs. They tend to speak of the worst aspects of people in poetic ways. Low-lives abound in the commentary, and on the later albums they seem to do a bit of soul-searching. With how much negativity and angst is brought out in their lyrics, it’s ironic that their biggest hit “Float On” is as happy and contented a song as anything this side of “Shiny Happy People” by R.E.M.

I saw them play at the Hard Rock in Universal. A guy flicked a cigarette at Isaac Brock, the lead singer and guitar player, and Brock was infuriated. He was asking the crowd who flicked the cigarette at him, intending to beat him up, but no one raised their hand or answered. His next song *rocked* with exhilarating intensity and anger. I’ve never seen anger put to such good use. When I perform my own music, I find it to be a cathartic experience.

Nirvana – My best friend in high school fell madly in love with Nirvana. He looks somewhat like Kurt Cobain. I became a greater admirer through his influence. At this point in my life I rarely listen to Nirvana, but it would be misleading to dismiss their persuasions. For one, knowing the story of Nirvana puts a concerning spin on fame. Kurt Cobain is known for verbalizing his discomfort with celebrity, and by the age of 27 his life became too much for him. His confessions in interviews come off as sincere attempts to make his misery palatable. His lyrics could make for a freaky horror film.

Radiohead – Radiohead preaches alienation and disenchantment, yet I can't help but become enchanted by them and find community around them. Their proficiency with new and old technologies is outstanding, leaping light-years ahead with every album release. Because of Radiohead, I stopped viewing electronic as a foreign and hostile musical genre and can consider testing my own digital experiments. As far as I know, they are the best rock band living.

The Kinks – Ray Davies is a brilliant intellectual craftsman. I adore his voice, which can be ethereal or a jolly mock. My own craft strives for the Kinks' clever sensibilities using pop/rock structure. They could write social commentary like no other, painting descriptive predicaments with wit and prescience. They were the first notable band to do hard rock, and then they ventured off into pastiche and concept albums. Their

sentiments are eloquent, infectious and distinguished, holding virtues that thrill and endear.

Sonic Youth – When I first heard Sonic Youth’s *Daydream Nation*, I was sitting in the backseat of a car. The music made it seem like the hills of the night terrain were crumbling as we sped along. They are the sovereigns of dissonance and chaos. Their alternate tunings create a whole new guitar experience that is focused on textures rather than chops. Their annihilation of normal protocols pushed my barriers of taste and opened my mind to what a guitar could accomplish. The most beautiful sections are almost transcendental. Gorgeous soundscapes careen between the fires of strife and strain, summoning a respite with resolute determination and poise. Though many rock groups have been inspired by them, I have not heard one band that sounds equivalent.

The Rolling Stones – The Rolling Stones are considered “The greatest rock and roll band” but for me this is not adequate. They are my favorite country band. Songs like “Wild Horses,” “Dead Flowers,” “Sweet Virginia,” and “Dear Doctor” are all I could ever ask for in country songs. Their swinging rhythm section has almost as much influence on my own rhythm as Bob Dylan’s strumming. It boggles my mind that they do American roots music better than most American bands.

Neil Young – This Canadian crooner has a clarion call of a voice that cuts through crystal clear, as if through mountain air. His music may be the most depressing I have

ever heard. It's not essentially what he says that makes the music sound depressing. It has more to do with how he says it. On his album *Tonight's the Night* his voice cracks. It's not that he can't hit the pitches; it's that close friends died and he's too bummed to sing with strength. In the song "Walkabouts" from *On the Beach* Young sings "Though my problems are meaningless/ That don't make them go away." His straightforwardness is a sign of strength that I someday wish to grasp for my own music. Neil Young did not separate his life from his music. He is deeply embedded in his songs, and I admire his authenticity.

Pixies – As perverse as the Pixies are, their sound has an undeniably physical energy. A gothic theatre, Pixies put on a punk variety show of bizarre eminence. An uncompromising force, I am stirred to awe and wonderment by their extremely dynamical relationship. Their strange and idiosyncratic lyrics encouraged me to think outside of my conventional constraints. Visceral and manic, they manifested off kilter fantasies that were harrowing, abrasive and impacting.

Other groups and solo artists who have had no small influence, and in no special order: The Replacements, The Zombies, The Doors, John Coltrane, Gang of Four, Wire, The Clash, Elvis Costello, Frank Sinatra, Patsy Cline, Hank Williams Sr., The Who, The Mamas and the Papas, Weezer, Talking Heads, Miles Davis, LCD Soundsystem, Pheonix, Frank Zappa, Simon and Garfunkel, Television, Outkast, Journey, Genesis, Madonna, Cat Stevens, Supertramp, Jimi Hendrix, Led Zeppelin, Pink Floyd, Third Eye

Blind, The Bee Gees, The Band, Sam Cooke, My Bloody Valentine, CAN, The Smiths,
The Beach Boys, The Strokes, Ray Charles, Jim Croce, The Hollies, Creedence
Clearwater Revival, Crosby Stills and Nash, Sly and the Family Stone, Neutral Milk
Hotel, Animal Collective, Brian Eno, Elton John, Grizzly Bear, The Microphones,
Portishead, R.E.M., T. Rex, Robert Johnson, Tom Petty, Van Morrison, Smokey
Robinson and the Miracles, Kanye West, Beck, The Stone Roses, John Cage, Debussy,
Queen, Marvin Gaye, Elvis Presley, The Eagles, Cream, Joy Division, Bob Marley and
the Wailers

Music as Humanity

So why make music? What's the point of an aural phenomenon that is historically of a secondary nature? According to its origins, music was not made for aural pleasure as much as it was for hunting (Lawergren, 1988). By beating a drum, a man could scare a rabbit out of his hole. With a reed he could mimic the sound of a bird, draw it closer, and shoot it with an arrow. Only after the arrow was plucked could the hunter understand that the string could create a satisfying sound, and soon enough he would become a technical experimenter. Hunters could also use the instruments as signals over long distances.

Just as music came after the hunt, so I believe this is how music is made. It is a culmination of experiences, experiments, desires, persuasions and conflicts that arise from listening.

“[Music depends] on making music as well and as much as possible and with all the intensity of which one is capable.... It gets into their legs and into their blood. That's the point and that alone. Look at the faces in a dance hall at the moment when the music strikes up after a longish pause, how eyes sparkle, legs twitch and faces begin to laugh. *That is why one makes music.*” – Pablo in Hermann Hesse's *Steppenwolf* (1927).

I have heard that music is defined as organized sounds and silences. I do not necessarily agree. I define music as sounds and silences with a humanistic intent to

engage. Though an alarm clock has the intent to wake me up, I do not consider this clamor musical because my reaction is to disengage from the cacophony. When a fellow creates clamor, and he is understood as *intending* clamor, I must be engaged by this sentiment. If we put meaning to a sound or a silence, then that sound or silence has a founded organized quality to it by its subjective meaning alone.

Arthur Schopenhauer wrote in 1883 in *The World as Will and Representation* ...

“The inexpressible depth of all music, by virtue of which it floats past us as paradise quite familiar and yet eternally remote, and is so easy to understand yet so inexplicable, is due to the fact that it reproduces all the emotions of our innermost being, but entirely without reality and remote from its pain.”

At this present moment we can recognize the surge of dopamine in a person's head while listening to his or her favorite music through an MRI scan of the brain. But this does not mean that music is fixated in the cortexes of the mind. The French existentialist philosopher Merleau-Ponty points out the mind and the body are one and the same (Solomon, 2005). Music strikes the nerves. It gets people to move. Sometimes it gets people to wobble in their seats, to tap feet, and at the other extreme it motivates us to run. Music is both physical and mental. To play an instrument a person needs to marry sensuousness and consciousness. Music is capable of affecting our whole being, not merely our ears. Though some music is mechanical, we humans experimented with those mechanics. On a psychological level, it is never outside my capacity to call something music, or to justify the opposition to calling certain sounds and noises music. This conscious effort that accords each person subjective taste is a

human effort, determined in negating and allowing for gestures to assemble meanings of sound and organized time. The meaning put to any sound is a human application. Bad music is still altogether human. At the extremes of taste and attitude, music threatens in its menace or ignorance, and it lulls or is forgotten in its boredom.

Music is implicit. Its meaning is derived from the history of what sounds have been applied. Peter Kivy wrote in 2002 in his essay "Emotions in the Music" that most music has a perceived emotional quality inherent in its structure of majors, minors, diminished intervals, and so forth. Music resembles speech, movement, and other bodily gestures. As a complex system, it changes qualities by keys, chords, articulation, or other techniques, that add to a piece's expressive value.

The repetition works as confirmation. Schopenhauer observes, "For to comprehend it fully, we must hear it twice." It is predictable, assertive and stabilizing. Many musicians harp on topical phrases to add value and urgency to a thought. Breakdowns in the structure create tension and ambiguity, or novelty. Irregularities in music cause ambiguity which we try to assimilate and clarify with the results of surrounding notes. I desire music to stabilize in the same manner as one who is homesick seeks a home. We beg for the tonal center, and the longer the musicians keep us away from that center, the bigger the reward and gain for listening once the central tone is presented.

Kierkegaard writes in his first volume of *Either/Or* (1959) that music is immediate, and then moves on to discuss the sexual and spiritual agency of music. In immediacy there is indeterminacy, or an absence of reflection. In listening to music, we fall into its form instantaneously, and this allows music to become animated. Through evolution we have preset notions for sounds and their various qualities that call upon our attention and physical responses (Kivy, 2008).

As far as sex and religion go, these in my opinion are mere manipulations of music in order to express a desire. Music can just as easily be anti-religious and non-sexual. It is up to the musician and the audience to determine the signifiers in a piece of music, deriving them from historical and cultural relating cues that reciprocate between the performer and the receiver.

Over time we may learn and understand more about music through practice, performance, and listening. In this way music is a gradual process. This is hard to tell in listening to a finished piece because only the purposeful and redemptive qualities are kept in the score. It is better revealed in the performance of strangers who start with a few improvised and tangled notes. In time they will learn to harmonize. They will form chemistry and parallel their phrasing. The evolution of their relationship will pronounce itself musically. Music involves evolution, or a sense of history. Like a fight or flight response, we stay away from cacophony and too forceful an irritation. Musicians adapt

their palate of techniques and styles, emerging from what they are immersed in to rally their constituents and to affirm their egos.

Music is secondary to silence, which is primary. Not only is music defined by what it is not, but all pieces of music begin and end with silence. Rests within a composition tend to generate more forceful impacts once notes are performed. Though music is more enjoyable, silence is immeasurably more personal. Music can enable an escape from thinking. Silence offers no such escape. With silence we must create our own outlets of expression. With no music to guide our movements or to pacify our worries, our conscious thought has nothing to rely on but our innovative memory and our other senses. We begin to reflect on our situations, our past, present and future. We sing and hum tunes known or unprompted. Anxiety builds in silence when the ego recognizes a threat to its future being. With music we may allow ourselves to listen in on the unraveling sounds and become immersed in other people's energy. With silence we are denied a foundation to react upon. There is only empty space, or free space, where a person is independent from aural afflictions and is contained by psychological angst that must be dealt with in choosing. There are limited choices with music playing, but with silence choice does not involve strict external limitations. The possibilities are endless and without clear and immediate persuasions. Good musicians understand that a negation of sounds is as vital as what is played due to this multiplicity of wonderment involved in the anticipation of a sound. In a dry space, in a room of absolute silence and stillness, we still hear our heartbeat and a faint yet sharp ringing in the ears. It is also

easier to hear our own thoughts as they become more pronounced in quiet atmospheres. The inwardness of our being, our state, our complicated predicament that faces life and death, liberty and outlying barriers, is brought to the fore.

Talent is a myth, unless it can be replaced with a few more words. To say someone's a natural is a nicety, and it dismisses the time and effort of the will to express itself with grace. Performing talent takes hours and days and years. It takes experiences outside of the sounding confines of music and into memories and hopes, passing through presiding loves and frustrations. When I sing an improvised ditty I recognize my failures upon expressing myself. I build up an understanding of my current state of being in this world when I listen back upon its recording. There are things that I do with music that nobody has ever done before. It is my own voice and pattern of thought. This power and skill has an impressive amount of limitations, and as long as I exist, its dynamic tension will never cease.

The Songs

“Harbored Sighs”

“Harbored Sighs” was created sophomore year of college after applying for jobs during the peak of the recent recession. I received no offers or responses from the companies I applied for. The time spent filling out applications to strip malls and restaurants was a complete waste of energy. I would call and find out that employers had not so much as glanced at my resume, and then I would apply some more, reaching the same dead-end of pointless effort.

The song is about an employer laying off an employee. I sing the part of the employer, since it is more fun to play the person in power. “Harbored sighs” are the despondent grievances - emphasized at the chorus running at bars 20-34, 55-68, the minor mid-break bridge from 69-79 (with the drawn out notes and “ahs”), and 96 to the finish - held by the employee who attempts at maintaining professional composure while the employer explains, with condescension, why the employee is being laid off (bars 1-20, 35-47, and 84-95.) The conversation is fully one-sided. The employer chides his employee with snide remarks and acts as if he has no time for an appeal. His mind is made up before the meeting occurs.

The song uses many major chords- G, C, D, Bb, and a Gb. The Bb-major and Gb-major are not in the key signature that I transcribed (G) and they give the music a sinister

edge of dissonance. The pre-chorus, bars 14-20, 46-54 and 89-95, strolls back and forth between the I and the V, with a IV-V on the end of the movement. I try to convey in these parts that I as the employer have little time for this person, and that the decision to get rid of this person is merely an inconvenience to my “busy” schedule.

“Harbored Sighs” is a dance-rock song. I sing the words with an authoritative low snigger; an arrogant, self-pleasing tone. The employer is preoccupied and dismissively offers stock reassurances. He finds enjoyment in his position over another human and cannot help but reveal his self-gratifying villainy. “In opening our eyes to the rejected elements of existence,” William Barrett (1958) writes in an existential critique of modern art, “art may lead us to a more complete and less artificial celebration of the world.”

“Lullaby at the Tropic of Cancer”

In March of 2010 I went on a cruise ship in the Caribbean with my mom, stepdad, stepsister Christina and her boyfriend Tyler, and my aunt Rita and uncle Harv. The ship headed down to the Eastern Antilles and back up from Miami. We took course to be a part of my stepsister Stephanie’s wedding taking place in Antigua.

I began the last morning of the cruise journey reading the beginning of a chapter of *Ulysses* by James Joyce (1979). In the chapter the protagonist Leopold Bloom sat down at an Irish beach watching three women’s actions. He is amused by one graceful

girl, though the other two do not show the same elegance or beauty. The phrase that remains in my head is, “Art thou real, my ideal?”

That night I went with my stepsister and her boyfriend to a dance room on the ship to learn basic salsa techniques. I was paired with a beautiful young woman that I couldn't take my eyes off of while stumbling through counted steps, and afterwards we talked of our ambitions on the port's edge railing.

She went back to her sister and parents and I to my family until after dinner we met up again. By this point I was inebriated, so she took my drink and downed it quick. We ranted about a wide range of interests, from Disney to Dahmer, and we kissed in the middle of the night when we got too tired to speak. She went to her room and I drew to mine, and in the morning she knocked on my door while I was packing, dressing and heading to see my family for breakfast. She came with me to breakfast and impressed my parents with her cheerful and casual conversation. She helped me with my bags, that sweet charming California girl!

The song is about fleeting success. The beginning starts gentle and picks up momentum in light gestures venturing positive ideas of the successful attainment of a substantial goal. I arpeggiate the I and IV chords at bars 1 through 8, 25 to 32 and 49-55 to give the song a dreamy, music-box-like quality. In bars 25-32 and 49-56 I overtly sing nonsense lullaby syllables. The words are teeming with inner and outer rhymes, abstract hoping and willing to discover new possibilities through risk and chance.

The climax point is approximately where I emote, “Stamped on a postcard, I fantasize!” (56-65). This is where the short-lived sensation sets in, where fantasy

becomes reality and forthcoming will immediately afterward becomes memory for fantasies to cling on, to fall back on and forget or else expand on in reminiscing daydreams. At this point, and no time before or after, do I strike the perfect 5th E major. It makes the chord and section more triumphant than if I made more use of the chord.

The music turns to minor (F#m), mirroring the major counterpart (A). The tempo rises slightly and I act out woeful miserable me (bars 66-78.) I switch out of the woe begotten state back into fantasy (Chords I and IV throughout 79-85), and out of fantasy into bitterness (86-110). In bars 91-94 -"Hope, it sticks yet slips like sand through my hand"- the rhythm gets slick without breaks. The words become bitter, pitiful, exaggerated and despairing, the realization that whatever was so vitally attained, is lost and there's nothing to do about that exacting resolute fact. But then I get out of this state of affairs too, where the tonic chord and its perfect 4th partner D Major chord resolve slowly and lightly into reverie, while my voice gets quieter and more pleasant in its cooing over the two sturdy chords (at 118 to the finish). This implies that the end of the story goes out on a good note, though still with my head snug in the clouds.

I did send an e-mail to Mary Eschen with the words to the song, and she was grateful for them. Wilco says in a song, "Long distance has no way of making love understandable," and I shared this sentiment. Highly romantic and too unlearned to commit to a one-night fling, I thought it best to put her in the back of my mind. Except I still curse myself for being across the continent. I assume every person has that one girl or guy that captures their soul. She is my date for my cousin Desiree's wedding in

September, when I'll be heading to San Diego and performing a song that my uncle Gary wrote.

"Breather"

Breather is a slow song of yearning and solace. The repeating bass line is earnest. The first stanza was inspired by my lack of communication skills over e-mails with my aesthetics professor. Two times in a row I botched my own plans to have coffee with her. She e-mailed that we should "take a breather" from scheduling another meeting.

The second stanza is a poem I had written about acquaintances that I've met more than once. Before I thought to put it in the song, I was thinking it apt as a Facebook note.

I invited my professor to hear the song performed by Brandon Miller on bass guitar and Katie Kelly on flute, both students at UCF, at one of UCF's music forums for composition students. She liked the song, and we later met to drink coffee, which led to her leading me to the Burnett Honors building to begin this Honors in the Major business.

Compared to other songs on *Brown Study*, "Breather" has long breaks, or pauses, between each melodic vocal phrase. Right from the beginning, at the first stanza where I sing "Let's take a breather" I take pause, then sing "Let us make a break" and tack on

another pause to again let the appeal sink in. During the second stanza, I sing “For moments too quick” impatiently (bars 25-27). After that, “We’ll be done a long” (bars 30-32), the word “long” is held over measure 31, extending the word’s duration to four and a half beats. The longest note before “long” within that same phrase lasts for merely 1 beat. From 34-35 I admit “We just don’t have the time” and it takes me 10 bars to begin singing again, the point being that we do have plenty of time to rectify matters, though it is difficult to be aware of. From bar 45 to the end of the song I sing “Come all ye faithful” repeatedly in a slowly building crescendo, making this an insistent call.

I performed this song at my grandfather’s funeral at a YMCA in Encinitas, California that my grandfather co-founded. In this context, “Breather” took on an extended family-oriented meaning. I rarely see my dad’s side of the family, and the whole bunch of them will most likely never all be in the same place again, since many of them can’t overcome past insults to be reluctant enough to put up with their brothers and sisters for any future reason or occasion. As resigned as I am to this plausibility, I figured a statement of faith and inflections begging for forgiveness may reach some of them.

“Friendliest Advice”

American folk music has a deep history behind it. The stories have ancient themes of crime and death, beloved women and freedom. They have morals filled with human intentions and consequences. Biblical or mythical, they sound out the origins of human

discovery. These early experiments get rehashed in half-remembered ways. Each song has a central message that usually stems from lived experience or a social conscience.

This song sounds like a folk lamentation. Sympathetic “woes” begin the first 26 bars and are later reinstated over viola strings (110-135). At bars 43-48 the word “tribulation” plunges down a minor 7th from a B to a C#, testifying to the sensitivity of the speaker’s grief. Minor and major chords interchange every one or two bars until the end where I sing “Whenever you are ready.” That section starts with a E-minor and finishes on a A-major. This is meant to give off the impression of hope, to get out of a rut or depression of the sad minor. I sing in my lower register to give the song a heavy and commanding tone. In the lyrics, a friend lends advice to a depressed or despairing friend, to provide strength and resilient resolutions for him or her through compassion and willpower. Trust and straightforwardness are key points he’s trying to get across. In his closing statement, the one giving the advice offers to help his friend out of his or her brooding, reflective, unhappy state. The message is meant to be emotionally direct, meant to send sympathy and guidance to anyone suffering who could use another person’s consideration.

“Riff-Raff Non-Prince”

The theme is adventure. I once heard on a documentary called *180 Degrees South* (Malloy, 2010) that, “Adventure is where everything goes wrong.” I thought the film was

boring, but that line stuck with me. When I sing, “Ba-Roo, Ba-Roo...” I imagine a ship of sailors in action. “Riff-Raff Non-Prince” concerns a stubborn fool full of bombastic hubris. His inflated ego pops and he doubles back, recognizing his immaturity after behaving like a brat. It’s like that saying, “It’s all fun and games until somebody gets hurt.” It’s about a person who suddenly realizes he hurt a woman’s feelings. It’s about a child threatened to develop into a man. In the same way I attempt to portray through my voice a tone of childlike naiveté and then in the bridge (bars 136-183) an older, more serious affection. He fesses up to his fallibility, and this submission conveys his redemptive qualities.

A good amount of word painting is in play on “Riff-Raff Non-Prince.” In the chorus that begins on bar 56 (“Hold on, you’ve got it all wrong...”) I literally hold onto the first two notes longer than the rest of the notes that follow. When I ask, “Do you ever feel afraid?” (bars 72-78) after three major chord (F, Bb and Eb) the word “afraid” changes to a C-minor chord that remains for 4 bars before jumpstarting back up to the B-flat Major, as if I’m trying to bypass any lingering on reflective thoughts. In bars 83-81 - “body had dropped” – the notes dive down a Perfect 4th interval. On bar 90 I use neighbor tones to put across the word grouping “I ran back.”

This song has two Disney references. The title refers to Aladdin. The other is in the bridge and climax of the song, where I sing “Inside the snow white faith I made a mistake.” Sometimes I feel like a hopeless romantic caught up in a fairy tale of self-

absorption. It helps to understand my flaws so that I may initiate a plan to mature, or to adapt expectations.

“Going Home”

After a long time away from home, a man’s business is finished and he is excited to get back home to his loved one. The job took a toll on the man. He is ready to make up for lost time, to relinquish his position and rekindle his love. His passionate anticipation is teeming with hopeful possibilities for long-term happiness.

The idea of a home is synonymous with centrality and structure. Many people, including myself, put a lot of effort into maintaining a home and family. Home, or my apartment, is where I write songs, where I play music most often, where I relax from societal pressures. It’s a base and a hub to turn to when and where there is nothing of significance left to turn to. The insides of homes mirror personalities, influence and self-respect. Home is where we are at complete liberty to create, to make what we have meaningful and matchless if we so choose.

I sing low and high to differentiate between hardship and optimistic possibility. This is exemplified within the song from bars 29-40 and 90-101 when I sing high and sweet for 3 bars, and then low and manly for the next 3. He clings to expectations of a release from his struggles to attain success and stability. Bars 41-48 and 102-108 darken the

mood when I play an Eb-minor outside of the Ab key of the rest of “Going Home.” The switch here to a Db-major key in this section starts and ends on its ii chord mark the man’s depravity. He cries out his agony as he longs for his lover, such as from bars 64-68 and 109-124. He has earned his income and now on the final mile of his distant journey is eager to receive a rich return.

“Topsy Turvy”

“Topsy Turvy” is about a young girl who recently had her heart broken by a boy. She reflects on her relationship. As she ventures outside, either to escape or in seeking answers to her newfound misery, she is reminded of their past. She cannot focus on the present, ensnared in her illusive memories, so that her future well-being remains undetermined and bleak-seeming.

The beginning of the song starts out as a fast blues rock song, moving up by sixths using only major chords to give the music a crunch (bars 1-32). The words are speedy tongue-twisters, frantic, contradictory, and dire. The first stanza I wrote before I ever picked up a guitar. The next six measures (bars 33-38) are in $\frac{3}{4}$ time, providing a clear break or turn into a reflective state. Moving back into 4/4 time in bar 39, the chords lead into a D#-minor on bar 45 which gives the heavy sad feeling for a girl out of touch with reality. The girl slows to observe her surroundings from bars 57 to 80. She is only able to observe what reminds her of her lost relationship. Her exclusive despair manifests

imaginings of destruction because her hopes for the past are impossibilities. She has not yet learned to move forward and accept her fate, but instead lingers, determining herself doomed by the fast and unyielding dynamics of her mood.

The melody I sing in bars 81-87 is intended to be folksy, like “O, Susanna” or any other traditional pepped up number, lending Topsy Turvy a ramshackle rhythm. The sections in this piece are juxtaposed, twisting the plot and altering perspective. The listener should have fun picking up folk, funk, blues, ballad, or even instances of metal veining “Topsy Turvy.”

“Runaway”

Runaway is about a Cuban man who defected from his home country due to an offense he made against Cuba’s government regime.

When I was in elementary school I collected baseball cards. My favorite brand of baseball cards were Topps. The backsides of Topps were loaded with statistics from every year of a player’s career. Red numbers would signify a player being the leader of a particular stat, such as being the person with the most runs batted in (under “RBI”) or the most strikeouts, etc. At the bottom right of the picture of the player on the backside of a card would be where to see if the player had won any awards, such as the Cy Young award for best pitcher of a season, or the Rookie of the Year award. At the

bottom of the back of the card there were some words about the player, an interesting fact or story or, if nothing interesting, his best performance in a game. This bottom section revealed where the first hints of “Runaway” began.

This song has a lot to do with the Topps baseball card of Orlando Hernandez, a pitcher who during the time that the card was manufactured played for the New York Yankees. It noted how he defected from Cuba to the United States on a raft.

At some point in my late teens my mom went to Miami and was hit on at a hotel bar by Orlando Hernandez, who referred to himself as “El Duque,” his nickname, and told her a bit about his life and career as a pitcher.

I have seen Orlando Hernandez pitch on television. My stepdad is a Yankee fan and he frequently watches the team play on television. Hernandez is a sidewinder. He throws his pitches from the side of his body instead of from over the top like most pitchers do. Batters have trouble locating his pitches, or understanding what he’s throwing because his point of releasing the ball varies widely. He also has a high leg kick, where his knee seems to nearly knock out his eye.

A year ago I watched a story on the History Channel about a man that worked for the Cuban government who avoided persecution for breaking the law by escaping through

defection. This is what made me think of the line, “Because I done mess up for the dictator.”

“Runaway” is the shortest and most upbeat song on *Brown Study*. It is the closest I have come to creating a tropical song. It has an ABA format, where A is the chorus and B is the midsection. The chords run ii-iii-I throughout the chorus, and move between the I, IV and V chord in the middle section, bars 12-28.

Robbie laid down a big drum sound for this song. Tambourine, maraca, and shakers fill out the percussion. I use a keyboard to synthesize a marimba for the midsection. I used the first take of electric bass from the recording session with Brandon.

“Lonely Heart”

This song is a confident and slow swing ballad. It can be taken either as a person embracing his independence, or as one who has finally found another that identifies with his loneliness, and as such he is no longer lonely but instead content. Either way, the person explains the decadence and childish games that people make out of sheer boredom, how these networked connections create losers. These ruminations leave him dissatisfied, and he is glad he has found a way outside of banal livelihood by discovering a present purpose, acquired strength to live and grow.

It took me half a year to be able to sing the line (bars 47-54) “Situating station.” I have heard that this is my “50’s song.” The way I sing it is my take on the Rat Pack. In the key of F#, the song generally coasts on a I-iii-ii-V chord progression for the verses and the chorus, switching chords each measure. The bridge – bars 17-24 and 71-79 – spells a I-ii-iii progression and repeats it once before coming to the chorus. When I sing on the first words, “Lonely Heart,” they are detached from the next phrase. However, in the next phrase, “We’ve got each other now Lonely Heart”, the title words are linked together with what precedes it (bars 9-14). Within the chorus, “You won’t have to carry the whole load...,” (bars 23-34) the word “load” rises, falls, and rises in pitch, and carries over two bars, emphasizing that the load to carry is great.

Robbie Beiling did the drums for this one. The recording uses Brandon’s first or second take. I worked with Evan Penico since the end of 2011’s summer. He would improvise his parts as I began to comprehend how a French horn and a trumpet could be used in the song. He never set in stone his parts, so I told him precisely what to play two weeks before the recording session. Without his improvisations, I wouldn’t have known where to start in telling him what I wanted.

“Moving Boxes”

This is my most melancholy song. It is bitter and theatrical, folksy and longing. I got the title from a passage from Bob Dylan's *Chronicles, Volume 1*. Dylan mentions that life can be summed up to the operation of moving boxes from one room to another.

"Moving Boxes" is moody, reflective, angst-driven, despairing, self-pitying, anguished and cynical. I sing as a frustrated, bitter, disgusted, exhausted man tired of himself and those that relate arbitrary fears and depressing stimuli or fantastical solutions to down-to-earth problems. The man mirrors Sisyphus's strife of pushing the boulder up the mountain just to watch it fall back down and start over his futile routine. He despises that other people's opinions get in the way of his decisions. He cringes at his own stagnation. He'd like to be relieved from crowds and groups and from his own insecurities that regulate his responses and constrict his creative capacity. He is fatigued from menial tasks, sensing that his effort goes against the grain of social function. This leaves him in a misery that paralyzes his mobility and care for others.

"The anguished melody, like the anguished speaking voice," writes Peter Kivy in *Emotions in the Music*, "shrieks and cries, leaps in dissonant intervals, and proceeds in jerks, with irregular pauses." These signifiers are prevalent in "Moving Boxes."

The first 8 bars start with an Eb major, "Moving Boxes" key, and repeat. This section declares itself once more in bars 99-114, but I'm getting ahead of myself. After those first 8 bars, the next movement begins with the ii, an F minor, and this is a sorrowful turn

of events (ii-vi-V-I in bars 9-16). In measures 17 and 19, I play this minor chord progression with one chord per beat within both measures. This vertical attack represents an anguished conflict, strife or a fight against the beast that scratches up my pretty and sterile principles. At bars 22-30, a vi-IV-V progression, I try giving up in defeat. When I get to the phrase "Moving boxes stiffens my back" the C-minor chord slows down and speeds up furiously, only to slow to a halt again. This represents intense effort measured off pointless; though it exudes pressurized angst, the chaotic struggle leads to exhaustion. Lingering on the G-minor (iii) leads into my most dramatically theatrical section (bars 43-74). From bars 75 to 92 I sing snarling blues over a IV-iii-vi progression. With an angry sneer for the next four measures, where I renounce all outside special interest groups, I finally come back to the top of the tune. With a last gasping solo on French horn by Evan Penico, the apathetic grief heaves to a disgruntled ending, stuck on the C-minor chord (vi).

Benefits from Schooling

I took two terms of music theory at UCF, and one simple online theory class through Valencia. These along with two music composition courses were the most beneficial classes I have taken for my musical agency. In music theory I learned how to write music on a staff, and this in turn gave me a firmer understanding of what I created and of how the songs are to be performed. In the composition courses I got a crash course on Logic Pro and Finale, two computer programs that came in handy for *Brown Study*. I used Finale to write the lead sheets for each song on this project and Logic Pro for recording all but a few tracks. Also, I learned about microphones, including the differences between a condenser microphone and a dynamic microphone, how to set up a good field recording, and some opinions on quality microphones and their pricing. I bought a set of Rhode NT5 condenser microphones, and they are used on the David Wilcox's drum performances for "Harbored Sighs," "Breather," "Going Home," and Michael Criner's for "Lullaby at the Tropic of Cancer" and "Riff-Raff Non-Prince."

In a music industry course I learned what it entails to distribute an album over different models. Mine is a DIY (do-it-yourself) project that has nothing to do with paid music studios or labels. After the album is made, I will distribute the album online through Bandcamp. The site offers multiple combinations for sale of product. I'll have the option of selling songs for whatever price I decide and/or to offer free downloads in various sound file formats (MP3, WAV, AIFF, etc.). I'll do both, offering small-file formats for free and large-file formats for sale, for each song. Once a person buys a song or album, the

money received will be given to all of the musicians involved in *Brown Study*. Uploading *Brown Study* to iTunes and Amazon.com will be my next step, and then Pandora and Rhapsody. The free downloadable MP3s I will send to Facebook, Twitter, Soundcloud and popular music blogs such as 3Hive and Obscure Sound. The distribution will be upon finishing the album.

Setbacks

Not every person that I asked to assist me panned out. I don't hold any grudges about it, but this paper warrants that I recall when plans fell through the cracks. I didn't pay any of the players, so I was at their mercy. I figured that being aggressive or angry would do me no good in most instances.

The first violin player I asked, Madelyn Sovern, put my project way down on her priority list. We practiced once and I had confronted her about her aloof nature. It made me highly uncomfortable not knowing if what I was doing mattered to her, so I had to let her go.

Professor Laurie Uttich at UCF accepted being the third chair, only to back off from her commitment once her schedule got tighter. It disheartened me that she lacked the courage to help me with the writing. It was at the beginning of the project when she said she could help, and I still needed to work out the details of the thesis proposal.

Chris Lin and Matt Roberts pardoned themselves from drumming on the project. For Matt it was after one practice. For Chris it was after a phone call.

Addison Viets, a violin teacher for Music After School, told me that he was moving, so he couldn't help like he first thought.

Courtney Lester is a good friend of my old roommate, Sarah Rogers. She's a good drummer and has been a good friend to me, but she was a flake in this circumstance. She wouldn't return texts or phone calls, and then she would apologize, only to repeat the behavior. She was never upfront or honest with me. For a long time I gave her the benefit of the doubt, but at some point I figured she was being lazy and I stopped considering her as a part of the project.

I asked a singer named Angel to do backup vocals. She thought it would be fun, and then I never got in touch with her again. This was the only musician where I feel 100% at fault for the effort not working out.

Sarah Rogers moved to New York to become a full-time photographer. She had an electric guitar part for "Breather" that I do my best to replicate.

Ben Kassab has a brown house with brown drapes, floors, couch and furniture, and grey cats. I wanted my roommate to take pictures of these things for the sleeves of *Brown Study*. When I asked Ben on his birthday, he got apprehensive as if I had asked him to take care of a child.

My first plan was to record material at my parent's vacant house in Winter Haven. At the time they had been living in a small apartment in Tampa Bay, where my stepdad had a

job. Unfortunately he was relieved from his position and they moved back to the house in Winter Haven before recording got underway.

In November I played drums at my apartment at 5 pm and my next door neighbor called the landlord with a noise complaint. My roommate and I had to pay a \$200 fine and sign a new contract that noted the termination of our lease if we received another noise complaint. We were not allowed to play amplified instruments or the drums, in effect making sure that I could not record at my apartment. Robbie Beiling and David Desanto would record at their respecting houses, and David Wilcox and Michael Criner would be left without a place to record their parts. I asked Robbie if I could use his setup to record for David and Michael, but his schedule had no time for accommodations. I asked Professor Thad Anderson if I could use a room at UCF, but he informed me that only percussion majors could use the rooms, and that there was limited availability to them otherwise. Fortunately, the neighbor who complained moved out in early March and I was able to record at the apartment once again. Another neighbor moved in and she allows Dave and me to play when she is at work in the mornings. This dilemma effected the timeliness of *Brown Study* more than any other consideration. Without the drums, the electric bass could not be recorded, nor could any other tracked instrument be finalized. Drums are the skeletal system for a song. They lock in the rhythm, allowing for people to play on beat with assertion.

I don't want these obstacles to come off as excuses, nor to reflect regrets or grudges.
All help and support has been a benefit and I find myself fortunate with what has followed through.

The Musicians

I started this project from scratch. I thought that the project was possible because in 2010 a friend (Ben Kassab) of a friend (Chris Rice) produced an old standard of mine (“Havanna”) and it sounded almost professional. Also, Kristin Congdon, my sophomore year philosophy of aesthetics teacher, heard the song “Breather” played by Brandon Miller and Katie Kelly (flute) at the university’s rehearsal hall. A few days later we had coffee at the bookstore on campus. I told her that all I wanted to do was to make records and she led me to the Burnett Honors building.

Around this time I had read a journal article defining music in the post-modern era as collaborative, for all we know. I thought a good deal about this simple statement. Before this project I rarely ventured out to play my music. I would jam and improvise with my roommates Sarah and Dave at our apartment, and this would lead to nothing concrete. I never tried to hone in on any specific tune we created. I just wanted to be able to play the most diverse music that came readily to my head, so that eventually I’d be able to create remarkable music on the spot with whoever I played with.

The only musician I paid was Chris. He told me he was broke and that 10 bucks every so often would be a big help for him financially. I paid for some dinners and lunches for a few, but that was the extent of my expenses. I told many of the other musicians that I could negotiate pay, but they all declined the offer.

I practiced either at the house of the musician or at my apartment. We would have a session whenever people had time and I wasn't working. I was able to practice on average three times a week. I had the musicians improvise over my playing, and then I would butt in about what made sense and what did not. In later sessions, for each musician I would record our operative renditions on my iPhone or through the computer program Audacity.

I usually worked with each musician individually. Sometimes there would be overlaps, such as Brandon Miller playing with David Wilcox, or Evan Penico practicing with Robbie Beiling. I would make it a point to call and schedule at least two sessions a week. If a musician could not work a particular week I did not fret. I instead would call or text the next person down the line.

Texting was a major benefit, since the messages are to the point, people more or less have their phones on them at all times, and the messages can be viewed at any time so that a person has less of an excuse forgetting dates and times. E-mail and sometimes Facebook was used in sending guide tracks, lead sheets, and other vital information such as BPMs and scheduling.

Brandon Miller – I met Brandon Miller at UCF through my music composition course at UCF under Dr. Thad Anderson. I asked him and to play “Breather” on electric bass guitar with another friend of mine, Katie Kelly on flute, for a required project for the

class. Not too long afterwards I asked him to play his electric bass guitar for all ten songs of Brown Study, and bless the guy for consenting. He told me at the start, “I want to be macro managed, not micro-managed.” Brandon is a student of jazz, funk, and modern classical music. He’s got a massive heart and an earnest commitment to his instruments (bass, bass guitar, and piano). He’s a composer of music and a writer of poetry and experimental prose. Whatever he focuses on, Brandon has exceptional emotional expression.

David Desanto – I met David Desanto by teaching through Music After School. He taught piano and I guitar at Stone Lakes Elementary last year. He is calm, collected and kind in his disposition, and that drew me to asking him to work on the recording. After playing a few songs with him, he felt most comfortable on “Topsy Turvy” and “Friendliest Advice.” The metal music he usually plays involves more meticulous math than my songs, and more speed. David is a pleasure to work with. We got excited about figuring out drum parts during the sessions. He was able to write out his parts upon what I expressed verbally. He was always professional, coming by for an hour or so to practice and then being on his way. He was able to record the drums for “Friendliest Advice” at his home late in December, about a month after I sent him the guide track. By late February he finished “Topsy Turvy.”

David Wilcox – David Wilcox is the best roommate a friend could bargain for. I’ve lived with him for over two years now. He is one of the smartest and most rational people I

have come across. I have better musical chemistry with him than any other musician, having spent more time coming to know him than any other friend. I recognize to a degree what goes into his practice. We have performed many improvisations at our apartment, with him on drums and me playing the guitar. He's a good go-to guy since he always is willing to work out logistics and execute objectives with keen focus.

Dave recorded two of the guide tracks, "Harbored Sighs" and "Going Home." He made simple drum beats on his drum machine for all ten of the songs. We have recorded drums for "Harbored Sighs" and are soon to start for "Going Home" and "Breather."

Chris Rice – Chris used to be my boss at Music After School. He hired me on as a teacher for guitar classes in September of 2009, and I've been a part of the after-school program teaching guitar and piano to elementary school students since. I have tremendous respect for Chris. He's an intelligent and fluent communicator, and a genuine and considerate friend. We started recording guide tracks in November. He recorded the guide tracks to all but two of my songs, recording the rhythm guitar and then the vocal part. He helped set up the drums with David Wilcox at my apartment so that they were good to record. To my delight, any instance that I needed to edit a specific instrument track - i.e. elongating a note, changing the tempo in the middle of a song, etc. – he knew how to make it happen. He would send me the songs that we worked on using e-mail and Dropbox.

Chris has been unemployed since he quit Music After School early in the summer of 2011. I've gladly given him small donations to help him out, since I know he's struggling to make ends meet. On top of this his mother has needed to be placed in a nursing home. Her state has caused him considerable stress, and Chris has been great about working around this situation.

Robbie Beiling – I came to know Robbie through a college friend of mine, Jake Hintz. Robbie is a good friend of Jake's, and they grew up in Titusville together. I asked Robbie if he wanted to drum on a few songs and he immediately said yes to the proposal. He played drums on "Lonely Heart," "Moving Boxes," and "Runaway." His drums on *Brown Study* sound big and full.

Robbie works at Guitar Center and often spends his time off working on his own musical material through Logic. We would practice my songs and then he would show me the newest epic of a song he was creating through Logic. He was nice enough to let Dave practice drumming at his place after I got too many noise complaints at my apartment.

Evan Penico – Evan was a classmate of mine during the summer in a music technology course at UCF. When the class finished I asked him to play French horn on a couple of songs. I've never met a more relaxed and easygoing person as Evan. He is a big appreciator of music, and after our practices we would listen to performances from John Adams and Bill Evans to Talking Heads and Curren\$. We would practice the songs

“Lonely Heart” and “Moving Boxes” on Sundays at his house around 7 o’clock. I have very specific melodic lines that I ask for him to play. All of them are on the French horn except for the middle climax of “Lonely Heart” where I have Evan play trumpet. When he had the time, he was always willing to practice, and I much appreciate his candor.

Clara Amaral – Clara was in my conducting class in the spring of 2012. I liked her long curly hair and her composed yet nonchalant demeanor. She mentioned to the class that she played the violin, and after class I asked if she could become a part of the record. She said she was willing to check it out, so I sent her a sampling of lead sheets and home recordings. It took a couple of weeks to find time for practice. Since she was a complete stranger, I was extremely cautious as to make sure I didn’t lose her before we started. We first worked on “Topsy Turvy”, and then “Lullaby at the Tropic of Cancer.” We typically held practice on Saturdays around 7:30, or in the morning on Thursdays. She picked up the feel for “Lullaby at the Tropic of Cancer” very fast, and “Topsy Turvy” she understood in a few sessions. She’s a smart young woman with affecting audacity. It’s been a pleasure.

Michael Criner – Michael graduated as a percussion major. I met him through my roommate’s girlfriend Katie Ballew. He listened to one of my earlier recordings in a car ride and said that he would be willing to help me out on *Brown Study*. We worked on “Riff-Raff Non-Prince” and “Lullaby at the Tropic of Cancer.” He was easy to work with because he knew precisely what he was doing on the drums, and his hits were clean

and on time from the get-go. This made it simple to tell him what worked and what did not, and where to put in fills. Michael beats himself up when he doesn't hit the groove. I could tell by his facial expressions when and if I had to mention an alteration. Thursdays and some weekends were common days for a session.

Recording

Chris and Robbie both used Logic Pro at their respective houses to record, mix, and produce the sounds used for *Brown Study*. I sent each musician the lead sheets and the guide tracks through their e-mails.

David Desanto recorded his drum parts for “Friendliest Advice” and “Topsy Turvy” at his house. I couldn’t keep the drums for “Friendliest Advice.” Since his timing was off, the drums plodded and stepped on the rest of the instruments. I asked him to redo the drums, and he gave me a radically changed drum take. What before was dawdling toms was now all hi-hat and kick drum. I had to scrap that one, too, and have Chris Rice work the drums for the song on his electric drum kit.

Robbie recorded drums for the songs that he worked on (“Runaway,” “Lonely Heart” and “Moving Boxes”). The first attempt at recording “Lonely Heart” and “Runaway” did not succeed because the kick drum could not be heard in the drum mix. On that attempt he set up the drums in his living room. For the tracks used on the recording he had the drums set up in the smaller music room. He sent me each song through a Dropbox folder that I set up between him, Chris Rice and me. His drums sound full and grand, and I am tremendously grateful for his contributions.

Chris put in more time than any other in producing *Brown Study*. At his house I recorded my voice and the guitar and also used the synthetic instruments that are built into Logic.

David Desanto and Robbie would send their drum parts in an e-mail that would then be synced back up to the guide track and metronome. I would set up a time for Brandon to play his bass part at Chris's on the weekend. Once the drums and bass were laid down I would redo my vocals and the guitar part. Then I would get creative with the keyboard synthesizer to fill out the rest of the sounds.

After laying down the guitar, drums and bass for "Topsy Turvy" with Chris, I discovered difficulties in singing at 150 beats per minute (BPMs). I had Chris slow the tempo to 147 BPMs. This dilutes the quality of the tracks altered in a similar way as taking calories out of a soda. The tracks become thinner. Before normalizing the guitar, it sounded as if it were played from the other side of a spinning propeller. It amazes me that technology enabled me to change the tempo without having to redo each instrument.

When Dave first tried to play the drums while listening to the guide tracks on headphones, his playing was sluggish. He's not used to playing with a click track or a metronome. Since he was not comfortable with the click, his playing resembled the mechanical beat along with my recorded guitar playing and voice. To fix the problem, I played air guitar and mouthed the words as if I were playing with him. Dave noticed my body movement and was able to perform the songs with a sense of musicality.

Similar to this, when Brandon Miller played bass for the recordings of "Friendliest Advice," he had good moments, but he would always lose the groove at some point

within the song. After a couple of takes with minor improvement, I began to move my arms to the beats and bang my head. Brandon could tell that I was getting into the song, and he wanted to perform for me. That is the take that we kept. For the third take of bass on “Topsy Turvy” I danced to the song, and that was the take that we kept. Chris, Brandon and Dave all learned from this experience how powerful bodily gestures can be for a good performance. “For us,” Merleau Ponty insists, “the body is much more than an instrument or a means; it is our expression in the world, the visible form of our intentions” (Solomon, 2005). My movements can be compared to a physically challenged conductor who knows the music perfectly. Music is not completely auditory; visual aids help. I agree with John Dewey’s idea of art in *Art as Experience (1934)*, that aesthetic enjoyment, defined as one without an ulterior purpose, is not clearly detached from any other enjoyment (economic, political, familial, etc.) gathered from our attention to a piece of art.

With David Wilcox’s and Chris Rice’s aid, I set up recording for drums in my apartment once my neighbor moved out. Chris Rice suggested a Glyn Johns microphone setup (Alexander, 2012), in which we put a dynamic microphone at the back of the kick drum and next to the snare drum, and a condenser microphone above the kit and another to the side by the floor tom. We strung the XLR cables through my home-recording device, The Tascam 2488. David Wilcox was able to drum while our current next-door neighbor Kim was at work. With basic conducting skills taught to me by Professor Laszlo Marosi, I assisted David in keeping time with the guide track.

In recording, I am able to hear my own voice. Michael Criner asked me during a session whether listening back to my voice annoys me. I answered that it used to, but not anymore. When I sing, I tend to exaggerate. It's important that I don't overcompensate on my phrasing, lest a shortcoming present itself. Janine Antoni, a contemporary artist, learned how to tightrope walk to shoot a video installation (*Touch*, 2002) that gives the impression that she is walking on the horizon. The way she talks about maintaining her balance is the same as how I think of "good" singing...

"As I was walking I started to notice that it wasn't that I was getting more balanced, but that I was getting more comfortable with being out of balance. I would let the pendulum swing a little bit further and rather than getting nervous and overcompensating by leaning too much to one side I could compensate just enough."

Adjournment

Just before *Brown Study* began, I had never done more than jam out spur-of-the-moment music. I wrote songs on average every 2 to 4 months. I had about 50 songs in my repertoire to choose from. Having yet to write a single lead sheet, my songs were no more than a blueprint of lyrics, voice and guitar. Hardly defined, I was still loose on tempo, pitch, and timbre. Also prior to *Brown Study's* scholastic commencement, I acquainted myself with no other musicians besides a slew of friends.

For this project I have worked on lead sheets and lyrics. I have practiced with more than ten musicians, having let go of some in the process. I've asked around campus to understand how to best go about recording an album racked with schedule and equipment limitations. Without exception, I took the time allotted by the musicians to practice and refine our instrumental parts. The musicians would improvise their parts until the ideas became more permanent. If a musician could not find it within him or her to concretize their parts, then I would do so for them. When I learned that my vision was impractical or impossible, I would talk over alternatives and find a compensatory solution.

At this point in time, *Brown Study* is still in the works. Robbie recently completed his drum part for "Moving Boxes," and Dave finished drums for "Harbored Sighs." The next step is for Brandon to play electric bass on these tracks. "Lullaby at the Tropic of Cancer," "Riff-Raff Non-Prince," "Going Home," and "Breather" need drums recorded. I

will be able to record the drums at my apartment from morning to noon on the weekdays.

With over a year's worth of practice on each song on *Brown Study*, the music flows with ease and assurance. My voice and guitar rhythms have been polished. What was once completely style has since been backed up with able technique. My stage presence has crawled out of a hole of shy performance and is beginning to develop charisma. The words for "Topsy Turvy" no longer twist my tongue in a knot. I can hit the high notes on "Lonely Heart" without acknowledging anticipation. I used to speed up at the end of "Lullaby at the Tropic of Cancer," and now the rhythm has settled its pace. Every song has matured.

I remain transfixed on finishing the recording of *Brown Study*. When I give this love project over to the internet highway, I will know it to be the best stabilized rendition of my songs. I'm too deep into the venture to settle for anything less.

Appendix: Brown Study Lead Sheets

Riff-Raff Non-Prince

Alan Clark

mf

Soprano

$\text{♩} = \text{♩}^{\text{♯}}$

B^b D E^b B^b E^b B^b E^b F

9 B^b D E^b B^b E^b B^b E^b F

17 B^b E^b D E^b B^b E^b B^b F

So man-y__ gold flakes were w - ashed on the b - each but with - in my

25 Gm E^b F F B^b E^b B^b F

reach was a cloud__ I could touch__ and right be - neath I could h - old a__ whole fleet un - der my

33 Gm E^b F F F Gm E^b F

tongue bra - zen ar - till - er - y__ Sud - den - ly__ the back - drop falls to the floor warn -

41 F Gm E^b F F Gm E^b F

ing signs ap - pear - ing__ ev - ery - where gal - ore just how to get back__ to how things were be - fore drifts

49 Gm E^b F F B^b D Gm E^b

fur - ther and fur - ther aw - ay Hold on you've got it__ all wr - ong I'm

Riff-Raff Non-Prince

57 B^b E^b D E^b B^b E^b Cm F

one who's su - ppo-sed_ to be ap - ol - o - gi-zing to you ba - doo ba - doo ba - doo ba-ah-

65 B^b E^b Cm F B^b E^b Cm F

do_ you

73 B^b E^b Cm Cm Cm Cm B^b E^b

ev - er feel a - fraid? _____ When you said no my whole bo - dy had

81 B^b F Gm E^b F F B^b E^b

dropped like a Child_ I Pout-ed un - til you gave_ Then I_ was happy be-cause_ I_ had

89 B^b F Gm E^b F F F Gm

won when I ran back I for - got what I_ had done I tried to see_ un - der - where

97 E^b F F Gm E^b F F Gm

your head had dr - opped But your face was cov - ered by your arms a - loft_ I'm try - ing real hard_ but it's

105 E^b F Gm E^b F F B^b D

hard_ to be soft on - ly sor - I_ got caught Hold on you've

113 Gm E^b B^b E^b D E^b B^b E^b

got it_ all wr - ong I'm the one who's su - ppo-sed to be ap - ol - o - gi-zing to you ba - doo ba -

Riff-Raff Non-Prince

121 Cm F B^b E^b Cm F B^b E^b

doo ba - doo ba-ah

129 Cm F B^b E^b F F F F

- do you ev - er feel a - fraid? I have-n't

137 Gm Gm E^b E^b B^b B^b F F

a - ny prac - tice your ways are e - pi - phan - ies while I'm still

145 Gm Gm E^b E^b B^b B^b F F

learn - ing the lan - guage My mov - el - ties are your rom - tics o oh

153 Gm Gm E^b E^b B^b B^b F F

in - side the snow white faith I made a mis - take yeah

161 Gm Gm E^b E^b B^b B^b F $\delta_{\frac{2}{7}}$

in - side the snow white faith I made a mis - take yeah

169 $\delta_{\frac{2}{7}}$ E^b B^b F

in - side the snow white faith I made a mis - take Yeah

Riff-Raff Non-Prince

177 ^(Gm) Gm E^b E^b B^b B^b F F

in - side the snow white faith I made a mis - take Try - ing to -

183 Gm Gm E^b E^b F F F F

take like it's ea - sy peace of cake

193 B^b D Gm E^b B^b E^b D E^b

Hold on you've got it all wr-ong I'm the one who's su - ppo-sed to be ap-ol-o - gi-zing to

201 B^b E^b Cm F B^b E^b Cm F

you a-po-lo-gi - zing to you

209 B^b E^b Cm F B^b E^b Cm Cm

do you ev - er feel a - fraid?

217 Cm Cm B^b B^b

Ev - er - y day


Breather

Alan Clark

Electric Bass



5



Let's take a breather Let us make a break

9



It just might be easier if we can't make

13



mis - takes Let's make a mis - take

17



On purpose make a mis - take

2

Breather

21

Ghost peo-ple. You I so-cia-lize with

E.B.

25

For mo - ments too quick that when we

E.B.

29

are done we'll be done a - long but it's

E.B.

33

not what we did not we just don't have the time

E.B.

37

E.B.

41

E.B.

45

All ___ come All ye faith - ful

mp

E.B.

49

All ye faith - ful All ye faith

E.B.

53

All ye faith - ful All ye faith

ff *ff*

E.B.

57

All ye

mf

E.B.

Harbored Sighs

Alan Clark

Voice

Bm C C G G B^b C

You are young and you are a - ble you've helped me out so much

5 Bm C C G G B^b C

No-thing's left un - der the ta - ble to take you out to lunch

9 Bm C C G G C C

As you plead all your needs I feed you lines of time I do not

13 Bm C C G G D D G

have As you catch the pneu-mo - nia that I loan ya I've been weed -

17 G D D C C G G

ing out my bego - nias been a plea - sure sure I'll phone ya har -

21 B^b C G B^b C G

bored sigh sigh sigh Har bored sigh sigh sigh Har -

25 B^b C G Bm C G

bored sigh sigh sigh oh har-bored sighs there ain't no-thin' I can

Harbored Sighs sheet

29  do___ for you son har-bored sighs_____ there ain't no-thin' I can


33  do___ for you huh?_____ You lost___ me___ at hel-lo

37  _____ no I don't take this light - ly_____ I will have___ to___ let you go

41  _____ no I smart you'll keep fight-ing_____ As a rule___ of thumb when the bull-

45  - do-zer comes it is best___ you bett-er best you bett-er move be-cause soon_____ I will make

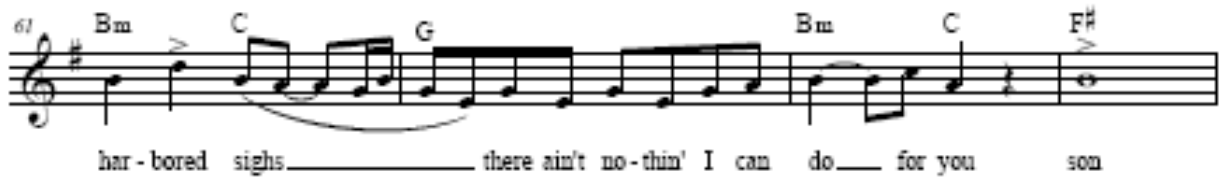
49  _____ you or I'll break_____ you I'll do what_____ it___ takes to shake_____ you so let's make

53  _____ this___ quick and sim - ple___ Har - bored sigh sigh sigh Har -

Harbored Sighs sheet

3

57 
bored sigh sigh sigh Har bored sigh sigh sigh oh_

61 
har-bored sighs there ain't no-thin' I can do for you son

65 
har-bored sighs there ain't no-thin' I can do for you huh?

69 
Ha - r - bored sighs

73 
ha - r - bored sighs ah

77 
ah let's go!

81 
Hard times

Harbored Sighs sheet

85 C G G C C Bm C

_____ har-der mea - sures see the tren - sure has a sign says 'Do Not Touch' _____ I've been good

89 C G G D D G G D

_____ I thank you so much for ask - ing while I'm busy mul-ti-tas -

93 D C C G G Bb C

- king here's my card why don't you fax me har - bored

97 G Bb C G Bb C

sigh sigh sigh har - bored sigh sigh sigh Har - bored

101 G Bb C G

sigh sigh sigh har - - - bored sighs

Lonely Heart

Alan Clark

F# A#m G#m G#m C# C#

Horn in F

5 F# A#m A#m G#m G#m C#

Hn.

9 F# A#m G#m C#

Hn.

Lone - ly heart We've got each oth - er now lone -

13 F# A#m G#m C#

Hn.

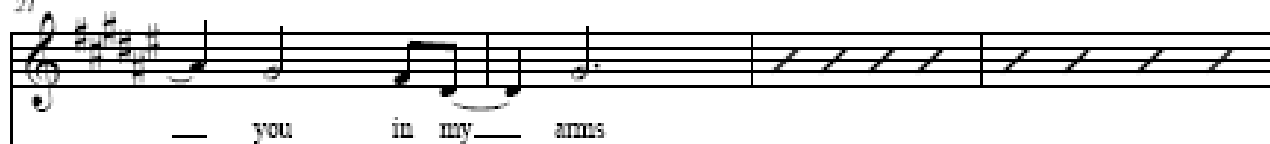
- - ly heart Let's stick to - ge - ther I could hold

17 F# G#m G#m A#m

Hn.

- you in my arms I could hold

2 F# G#m Lonely Heart G#m A#m



— you in my arms

Hn.



G#m G#m F# A#m




You won't have to car - ry the whole Load your -

Hn.

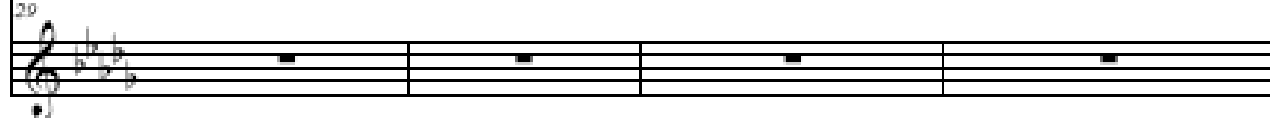


G#m C# F# A#m

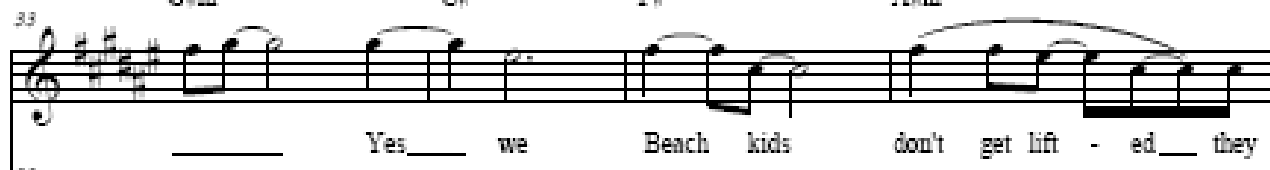


self we'll be Two - fold

Hn.

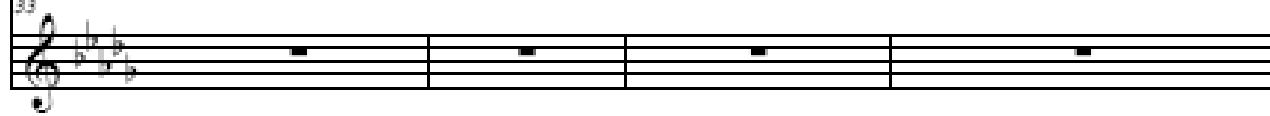


G#m C# F# A#m



Yes we Beach kids don't get lift - ed they

Hn.

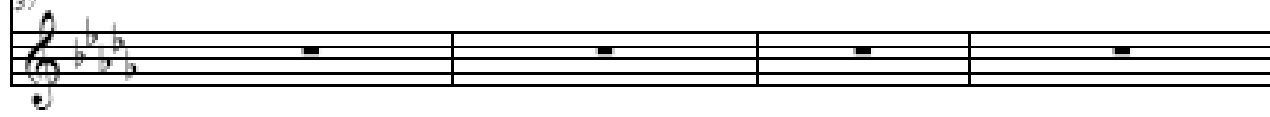


G#m C# C# F# A#m



sit back and get baked for not cre-at-ing art Form those se-cu-lar cir - cles to

Hn.



Lonely Heart

3

41 G#m C# C# F# C#

see who's the slow-est__ tur - tie in a game of duck duck goose do__ the run a-round

Hn.

45 F# C# F# G#m C# C#

find__ why you're not hap-py now with your sit - u - ate - d__

Hn.

49 F# G#m C# C# F# G#m C# C#

sta - tion__ sit - u - ate - d__

Hn.

53 F# G#m C# C# F# A#m

sta - tion__ oo__ oo wah wah wah

Hn.

57 G#m C# F# A#m

__ wah wah wah oo - oo__

Hn.

4

Lonely Heart

61 *G#m* *C#* *F#* *A#m*₆₄

_____ Lone - ly heart _____

61 Hn.

65 *G#m* *C#* *F#* *A#m*

We've got each oth - er now lone - ly heart _____

65 Hn.

69 *G#m* *C#* *F#* *G#m*

Let's stick to - ge - ther I could hold you in my arms _____

69 Hn.

73 *G#m* *A#m* *F#* *G#m*

I could hold you in my arms _____

73 Hn.

77 *G#m* *A#m* *G#m* *G#m*

_____ You won't have to car - ry the whole _____

77 Hn.

Lonely Heart

5

81 F# A#m G#m C#

Load _____ self _____ we'll _____ be _____ Two -

Hn.

Detailed description: This system contains the first four measures of music. The top staff is a vocal line in treble clef with a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#). The notes are: F#4 (quarter), G#4 (quarter), A#4 (quarter), B4 (quarter), A#4 (quarter), G#4 (quarter), F#4 (quarter), E4 (quarter), D4 (quarter), C#4 (quarter). The lyrics are: "Load _____ self _____ we'll _____ be _____ Two -". The bottom staff is a horn line in treble clef with a key signature of two flats (Bb and Eb). It contains a whole rest in each of the four measures.

83 F# A#m G#m C#

fold _____ Yes _____ we _____

Hn.

Detailed description: This system contains the next four measures of music. The top staff is a vocal line in treble clef with a key signature of two sharps. The notes are: F#4 (quarter), G#4 (quarter), A#4 (quarter), B4 (quarter), A#4 (quarter), G#4 (quarter), F#4 (quarter), E4 (quarter), D4 (quarter), C#4 (quarter). The lyrics are: "fold _____ Yes _____ we _____". The bottom staff is a horn line in treble clef with a key signature of two flats. It contains a whole rest in each of the four measures.

80 F#

Hn.

Detailed description: This system contains the final two measures of music. The top staff is a vocal line in treble clef with a key signature of two sharps. It starts with a whole rest in the first measure, followed by a whole note F#4 in the second measure. The bottom staff is a horn line in treble clef with a key signature of two flats. It contains a whole rest in both the first and second measures.

Moving Boxes

Alan Clark

E^b B^b C_m A^b



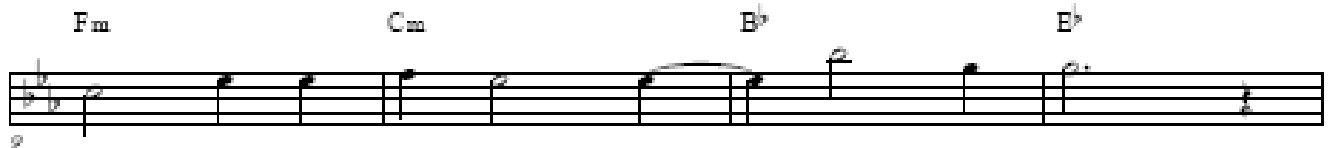
All my love___ and all my pic - nics___ are rock - a - bil - ly moun - tain high so___

E^b B^b C_m



___ high I won't be___ to reach 'em___ to - night___

F_m C_m B^b E^b



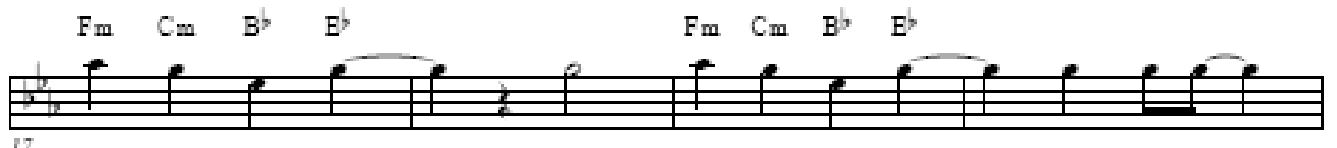
O in my weak - ness I'm___ so___ soft

F_m C_m B^b E^b



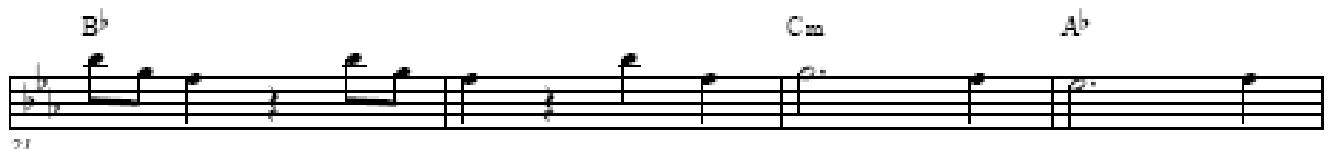
O in my weak - ness I'm___ such___ junk and

F_m C_m B^b E^b F_m C_m B^b E^b



I don't know why___ I stop to drop by___ and pick it___

B^b C_m A^b



up___ up___ Oh___ ne - ver mind it's

Moving Boxes

B \flat Cm A \flat

25 stu - pid _____ I'm clogged__ syr - up - y

B \flat Cm

29 fu - id _____ yeah _____

Gm Cm

33 Mov - in' box - es stiff's my back

Gm Cm

37 Stacks is tax - ing tacked and tracked _____

Gm

41 Pic - kin' _____ up slack can't hack flak

Dm

45 Lost _____ pow - er _____

A7 B \flat Gm Dm

49 too dark _____ to find the can - dles some - thing out there _____

Moving Boxes

3

A7 B \flat Dm F

55 stole all _____ the lights and han - dles much _____ too _____

C G Dm F

57 much _____ of wind re - sis - tance ears _____ can't _____

C G Dm F

61 pop _____ pre - ssure dis - o - nant noise _____

B \flat Dm F

63 _____ Noise _____

B \flat Am G

69 _____ Al - most as if I had _____ a _____

D A \flat Gm

73 _____ choice _____ fin - gers po - king _____ my _____ chest

Cm A \flat Gm

77 _____ I'm soak - in' it up _____ man I'm gett - in' soaked _____ in di - rec - tions they know best

81 Cm A^b Gm

I hear ya damn it I hear ya Up side-down shatt-ered snow-globe

85 Cm A^b Gm

I'm soak-in' it up man I'm gett-in' soaked ci-garrettes burn down homes

89 Cm A^b Gm Cm

I hear ya damn it I hear ya I'm not sear-ching for peer groups

93 Gm Cm Gm

re-li-gious sects or ma-gic flutes I just want gar-bage pi-les

97 B^b E^b B^b

moved O All my love and all my pic-nics are

101 Cm A^b E^b B^b

rock-a-bil-ly moun-tain high so high I won't be to reach 'em to-

105 Cm E^b B^b

night All my love and all my pic-nics are

Moving Boxes

100

Cm Ab Eb Bb

rock - a - bil - ly moun - tain high so _____ high I won't be _____ to reach 'em _____ to -

113

Cm Fm Cm

night _____ O in my weak - ness I'm _____

117

Bb Eb Fm Cm

_____ so _____ soft O in my weak - ness I'm _____

121

Bb Eb Fm Cm Bb Eb

_____ such _____ junk and I don't know why _____ I

125

Fm Cm Bb Eb Bb

stop to drop by _____ and pick it _____ up _____ up _____ Oh _____

129

Cm Ab Bb

ne - ver mind it's stu - pid _____ I'm

133

Cm Ab Bb

clogged _____ syr - up - y fu - id _____

6

Moving Boxes

E^b B^b C_m A^b

130

(Solo)

E^b B^b C_m

141

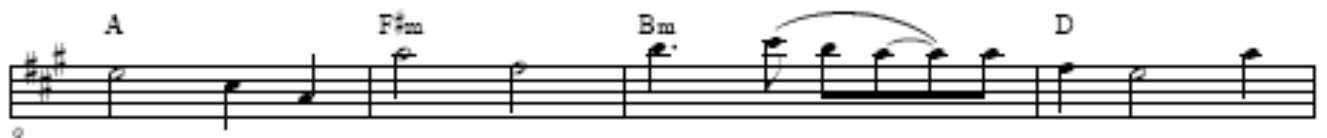
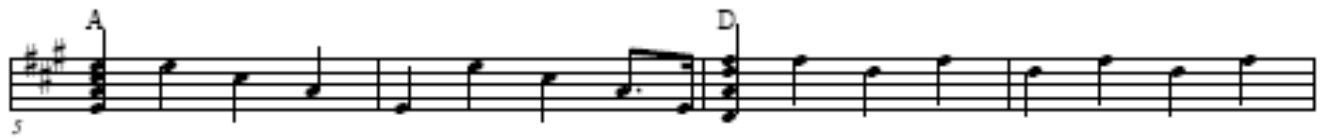
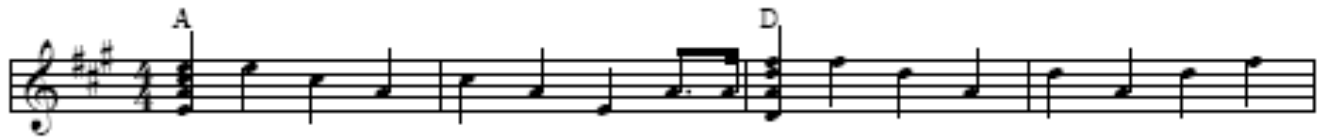
(grunts

145

149

Lullabye at the Tropic of Cancer

Alan Clark



Light as po - lite - ness shy but for_____ a cri - sis to



pry When the slight - est in - clin - a - tion drops from the



sky on a limb for a whim - sy out - side my con -



trol al - right fine you've con - vinced me_____



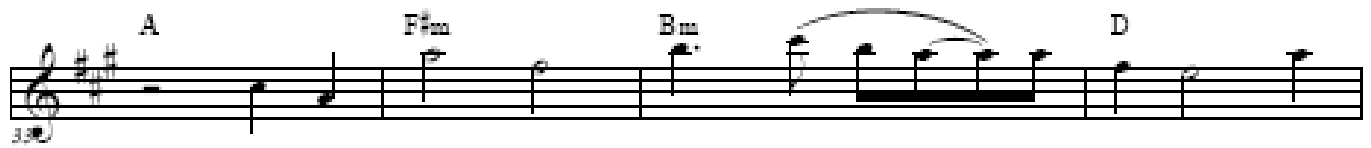
Lye Dye_____ dee dye de dye dye



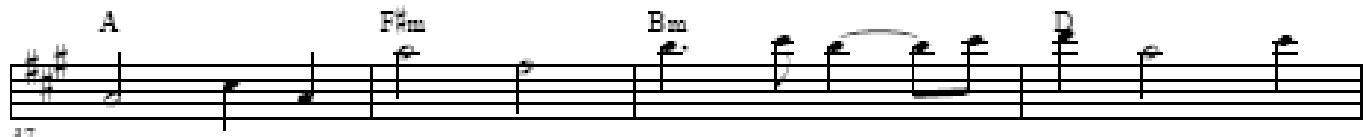
Lye dye dee dye de dye dye

2

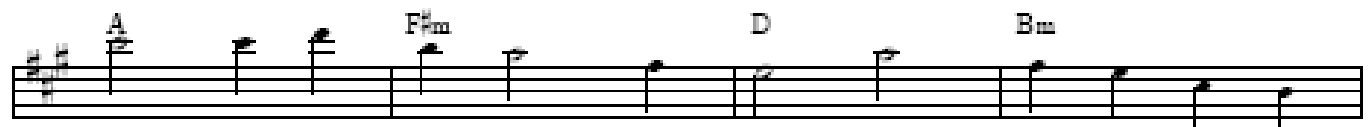
Lullaby at the Tropic of Cancer

35 

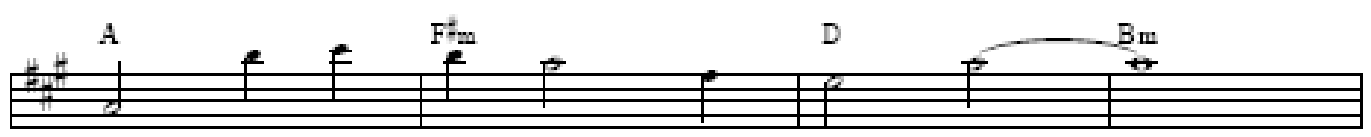
felt com - pelled wet spell would well _____ a - void then sub -

37 

side to a dry dell dig - ging un - der - neath seize the

41 

spice roll - ing dice height - ens no - tions this one will con -

45 

sole that I can change its mo - tions _____

49 

Lye dye _____ de dye de dye dye

53 

Lye dye _____ de dye de dye dye Stamped

57 

on a _____ post - card _____ "I fan - ta-size" _____

61 

I fan - ta-size _____

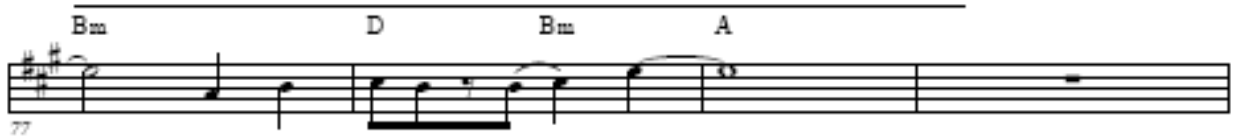
Lullaby at the Tropic of Cancer

3

67 

69 

73 

77 

81 

85 

89 

93 

97 

Lullaby at the Tropic of Cancer

100 A Bm F#m D

How I long___ for lush to last Fu ture's past_____

105 A Bm F#m D

___ packed her bags___ va - nished nah it's a drag_____

109 A Bm A

that I can't___ get back_____

113 D A

I fan - ta-size_____ I fan - ta-size_____

117 D A

___ oo whoa oo whoa___ oo whoa oo whoa..._____

121 D A

125 D A

129 D A

133 D A

Friendliest Advice

Alan Clark

Chords: D Em Bm G G

Voice: Woe

Viola

Chords: F#m D Em Bm

Vla. *mf*

Chords: G G F#m F#m D

Vla. *f*

Chords: Em Bm G G F#m

Vla.

2

Friendliest Advice

21 *F#m* *G* *G* *F#m* *F#m*

26 *A* *A* *A* *A* *A*

My *mf*

31 *Bm* *Bm* *A* *Bm* *G*

friend how you've been a - ba -

36 *G* *Em* *Em* *A* *Bm*

- - - - - ted. My friend

Friendliest Advice

3

41 Em A Em G G

touched by tri - bu - la - tion.

Vla.

46 Em Em A F#m G

tion.

Vla.

51 D Em F#m G D

Ask an - y one. Tell them what you

Vla.

56 Em F#m G D Em

want Di - rect - ly this time

Vla.

Friendliest Advice

61 *F#m* *G* *G* *G* *G*

They will wrap it in a

Vla.

66 *A* *A* *A* *A* *A*

bag and give it straight to you for cost

mf

Vla.

71 *Bm* *Bm* *A* *Bm* *G*

Trust you are loved

f *ff*

Vla.

76 *G* *Em* *Em* *A* *Bm*

and love

mf

Vla.

Friendliest Advice

81 *Bm* *A* *Bm* *G* *G*

love will lend you trust

Vla.

86 *Em* *G* *G* *F#m* *G*

a

Vla.

91 *D* *Em* *F#m* *G* *D*

cyn-ic's dis-gust is lay-ered in -

Vla.

96 *Em* *F#m* *G* *D* *Em*

lust put-ous put us off

Vla.

6

Friendliest Advice

101 *F#m* *G* *G* *G* *G*

Vla.

106 *A* *A* *A* *A* *D*

Vla.

111 *Em* *Bm* *G* *G* *F#m*

Vla.

116 *F#m* *D* *Em* *Bm* *G*

mf

Vla.

Friendliest Advice

7

121

G F#m F#m D Em

mp

Vla.

126

Bm G G F#m F#m

Vla.

131

G G F#m F#m A

p

Vla.

136

A A E7sus A A

Vla.

8

Friendliest Advice

141 A E sus Em Em G

When ev - er you are rea - dy

Vla.

146 G A A A E sus

mf *f* *mf* *f*

Vla.

151 Em Em G G A

When ev - er you are rea - dy

Vla.

156 A A E sus Em Em

mf *f* *mp* I will be more than hap - py to

Vla.

161 G G A A A

help you *mf* *f*

Vla.

Friendliest Advice

166 *mp* *f* *mf* *f* *mf*

E7sus *Em* *Em* *G* *G*

I'll be more than hap - py to help you

Vla.

171 *mf* *f* *mf* *f* *mf*

A *A* *A* *Em* *A*

Vla.

176 *f* *mf* *f* *Em* *Em*

A *A* *Em* *Em* *Em*

When - ev - er you are

Vla.

181 *G* *G* *A* *A* *A*

rea - dy

Vla.

Topsy Turvy

Alan Clark

F# B F# A B F# F#

What a sad day to ride a bike up on a bridge where she talks to her-self a

Violin

F# B F# F# A B A

tree etched out by ar-row and heart the ice in her eyes has mel - ted she's the

Vln.

F# E A B F# E A B

turn of a cen-tur-y Time used to be kind now it de - plores yet

Vln.

F# E A B F# E A B

etched in her me-mor-y's a beau - ti - ful scene worth fight-ing for She

Vln.

F# B F# F# A B A

pace-s through a haze in a maze of face - s ad - mires the wrin-kles that criu-kle my soul she

Vln.

Topsy Turvy

F# B F# F# A B A

21

trace-s out the place-s she fell from grace - s she lets her e-mo-tions go she's the

F# E A B F# E A B

25

turn of a cen-tur-y Time used to re-wind but now it's in fast-for - ward Yet

F# E A B F# E A B

29

etched in her me-mor-y's a ter - ri - ble scene she can't ig - more

F# A F#

33

Oh

A F# A

36

21

25

29

33

36

Topsy Turvy

F# B C# F#

Vln. 30

B C#

She's been seen slow

Vln. 43

D#m B C#

dm - cing in a bur - ning

Vln. 45

D#m B C#

room smoke bil - low - ing

Vln. 49

D#m B C#

can't see She's con - sumed

Vln. 53

Topsy Turvy

D \sharp m A \sharp m G \sharp m F \sharp

57
 And now you'll see di - rect - ly to your right side

Vln. 57

D \sharp m A \sharp m G \sharp m B

61
 a cou - ple figh - ting in - cit - ing one an - o - thers li - mits

Vln. 61

D \sharp m A \sharp m G \sharp m

65
 and to the left you will see the

Vln. 65

B B F \sharp B F \sharp

69
 ru - ins rem - nants of the past

Vln. 69

F \sharp B F \sharp F \sharp B

73
 that last to this day for good gone

Vln. 73

Topsy Turvy

A#m A#m G#m B

77 bad is brought up in dis - may

Vln.

F# B C# F#

81 Top - sy Tur - vy she can - not sleep so well with dis -

Vln.

B C# F# A

85 trac - tion curse her head hurts like hell In a lye dee dye

Vln.

F# A F# A

89 oh In a lye dee dye oh In a lye dee dye

Vln.

F# B C# F#

93 oh

Vln.

The image shows a musical score for the song 'Topsy Turvy'. It consists of six systems of music. Each system includes a vocal line with lyrics and a violin (Vln.) line. Above the vocal lines, guitar chords are indicated: A#m, A#m, G#m, B, F#, B, C#, F#, A, F#, A, F#, A, B, C#, F#. The lyrics are: 'bad is brought up in dis - may', 'Top - sy Tur - vy she can - not sleep so well with dis -', 'trac - tion curse her head hurts like hell In a lye dee dye', 'oh In a lye dee dye oh In a lye dee dye', and 'oh'. The systems are numbered 77, 81, 85, 89, and 93. The key signature has three sharps (F#, C#, G#) and the time signature is 4/4.

6

Topsy Turvy

B C# D#m

She's been seen slow dan - cing _____

Vln.

B C# D#m

101 in a bur - ming room _____

Vln.

B C# D#m

105 smoke bil - low - ing can't see _____

Vln.

B C# F#

109 She's con - sumed

Vln.

109

Runaway

Alan Clark

O right on right on a - way - we

'Cuz I'm a run - a - way run - way Yes I'm a run - a - way run - a - way

And I be throw - ing my life a - way 'Cuz I'm a

run - a - way run - way well I'm a - from Cu - ba but I de -

- fec - ted be - cause I done mess up for the dic - ta -

21

o - o - my lit - tle la - dy does

25

what - ev - er my lit - tle la - dy wants to do oo

29

O right on right on a - way - we 'Cuz I'm a

33

run - a - way run - way Yes I'm a run - a - way run - a - way And I be

37

throw - ing my life a - way 'Cuz I'm a run - a - way run - way

Going Home

21 E^b E^b A^b D^b

prise _____ And I'll find _____ the time

25 D^b $B^b m$ E^b E^b

to give you all mine _____

29 $B^b m$ E^b E^b A^b

In - side I can - not ex -

33 D^b D^b $B^b m$ E^b

plain It's like

37 E^b A^b D^b D^b

an o - pen ter - rain Of

41 $E^b m$ A^b A^b D^b $E^b m$ $E^b m$

all _____ my years _____ of search - ing for what

Going Home

3

E^bm A^b A^b D^b E^bm E^bm



will _____ make due _____ what we have be - got

E^bm A^b D^b G^b



49 She can't wait _____ to show and tell _____ I can't wait to see _____

G^b D^b G^b G^b



53 Can't wait _____ to hear _____ the

D^b E^bm E^bm D^b



57 worst of her fears _____ wi -

E^b B^bm B^bm E^b



61 ping her _____ tears _____

E^b B^bm B^bm E^b



65



I'm go - ing home



I'm go - ing home



Where I will re - side

the

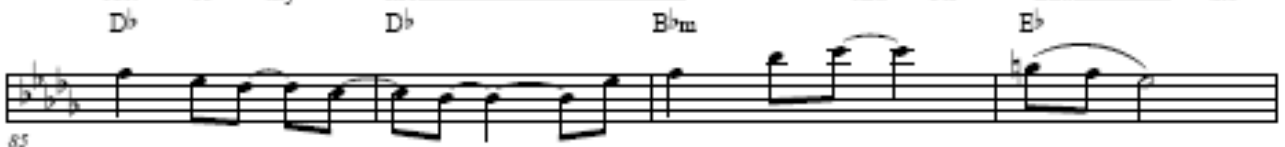


rest of my

life

and I'll

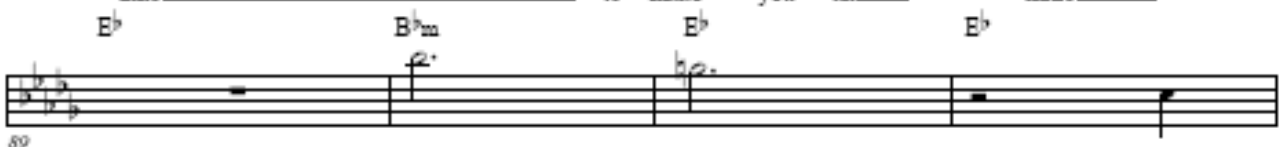
find the



time

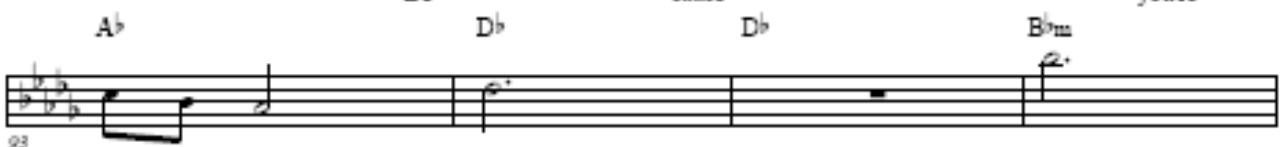
to make you all

mine



Be - cause

you're



all that I

have

be -



loved

I

miss

you so

bad

Going Home

105 D^b $E^b m$ A^b A^b D^b $E^b m$

work is o - ver rea - dy to leave

$E^b m$ $E^b m$ A^b A^b D^b $E^b m$

106 to where I will best be re - ceived

$E^b m$ $E^b m$ A^b D^b

107

108 Out - side I learned to hold my own but what is to

G^b G^b D^b G^b

109 hold What is to hold

G^b D^b $E^b m$ $E^b m$

110 but buck - ets of coal An -

D^b E^b $E^b m$ $E^b m$

111 oth - er side show

E^b E^b $E^b m$ $E^b m$

112

E^b E^b $E^b m$ $E^b m$

113 I'm go - ing home

6

Going Home

Musical staff 1: Treble clef, key signature of two flats (Bb, Eb), 2/4 time signature. The staff contains a melodic line with a slur over the first three notes (G4, A4, Bb4) and another slur over the last four notes (G4, F4, E4, D4). Chord symbols Eb, Eb, Bbm, and Bbm are placed above the staff.

Musical staff 2: Treble clef, key signature of two flats (Bb, Eb), 2/4 time signature. The staff contains a melodic line with a slur over the first three notes (G4, A4, Bb4) and another slur over the last two notes (G4, F4). Chord symbols Eb, Eb, Ab, and Ab are placed above the staff. The lyrics "I'm go - ing home" are written below the staff, with a horizontal line underneath.

Musical staff 3: Treble clef, key signature of two flats (Bb, Eb), 2/4 time signature. The staff contains a melodic line with a slur over the first two notes (G4, F4) and a single note (E4). Chord symbols Eb, Eb, Ab, and Ab are placed above the staff. The lyrics "to - night" are written below the staff, with a horizontal line underneath.

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