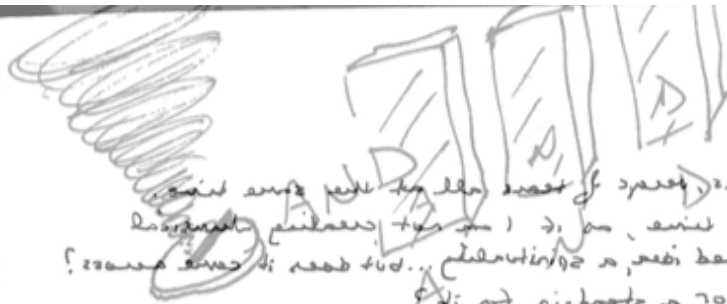
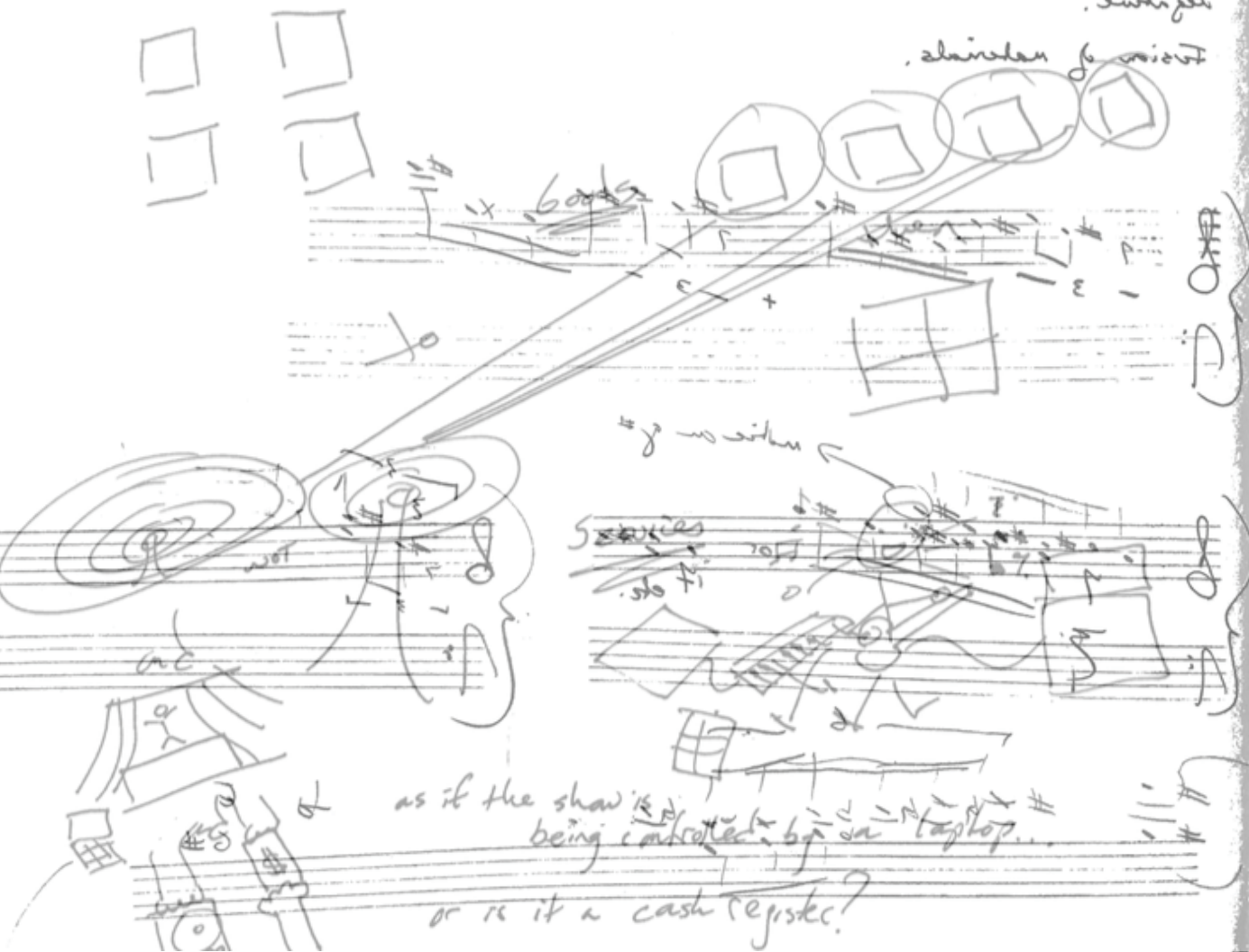


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snow falling here. Beauty, peace, warmth, loneliness, peace of heart all at the same time.
 And the place... it seemed to be bound to simple time, and it was not creating anything
 responses, rather rising out of time and unbound ideas, or something... but does it ever pass?
 Better question... is it what I am searching for, or a stand-in for it?
 Meeting the... first out of space into the system, which always unexpected, but then the story.
 Games and... a new...
 Today is coming... it is an adventure. A cool day in every sense but the
 negative.





ONE MORE REVOLUTION
A LOVE SONG, ON VINYL.

ANDREA MAZZARELLO

the operating system c. 2018





the operating system print//document

ONE MORE REVOLUTION

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ONE MORE REVOLUTION

A LOVE SONG, ON J.N.Y.C.







Writing about music is hard. I would not say that this is because it is ineffable, describing only the motions of the soul or anything like that. In my experience, it is quite the opposite. Music is a tangible, sensory, deeply associative part of our lives. I am constantly suspicious of artists or writers who claim that music has an unearthly quality, because I guarantee that at some point in their lives there was a recording or a performance that left them in shambles or which they couldn't keep from playing compulsively. This is an everyday relationship, not a Platonic marvel.

In our current culture, I have noticed there are many writers who can wax extensively about what music means to them and to others within a social context, but who lack a deep understanding of how music really works as a craft and a means of making structures. On the other hand, there are many others with extensive technical training who struggle to make their writing seem relevant to the way most ordinary people experience music.

In this book, Andrea Mazzariello has wrestled to address both of these poles of concern, and to me it feels incredibly fresh. As I read his first few chapters, I thought to myself "yes, this is how music lives in both your body and your mind." On top of that, he addresses technology without the mind-numbing clichés that usually surround that subject. He realizes that the piano is a technology; paper to write scores on is a technology; and yes so is a turntable and an iphone.

Mazzariello strives to remain radically vulnerable to the ways in which music can surprise even the most educated listener. The simplicity of this perspective is disarming because his erudition is evident. This reflects perfectly what it is like to know him in real life, and now we can all be richer for it.

ADAM SLIWINSKI
Princeton, New Jersey
October 2017





IN GRATITUDE

It feels strange to have a grammy acceptance speech moment at the start of this little book, but expressions of gratitude help me keep the demons at bay SO:

There is no conceivable way this would have happened without Lynne DeSilva-Johnson championing the core project as well as my probably-maddening desire to rewrite everything from page 1. Our conversations and exchanges were inspiring and enabling and permission-granting in ways that have profoundly changed my thinking about what I do.

A fine enough whiskey has not yet been invented for Dan Trueman, my adviser, mentor, and friend. He supported this project from its infancy, through questionable drafts, and then wrote a beautiful paragraph for the back cover. But he's done approximately ten million other wonderful and generous things on my behalf in the past 10 years, so the whiskey people just need to keep at it.

This project has haunted Amanda Irwin Wilkins for many years, in works-in-progress sessions with the Princeton Writing Program long ago, and more recently in her willingness to read drafts and offer extensive, invaluable feedback, and even to attend live readings of the manuscript in progress for two straight summers. I'm grateful for her mentorship and for having begun to absorb her belief that writing is an act of discovery.

The McKnight Foundation Composer Fellowship was instrumental in opening time and space for this project, and in validating the whole picture of my creative work. I'm grateful to Carleton College in general, and my colleagues in the Department of Music specifically, for offering me a wonderful place to teach and learn, and for modeling kindness as much as rigor. The Princeton Writing Program transformed my thinking about writing, and the Princeton graduate program in composition (thank you Dan, Barbara, Steve, Paul, and Dmitri) transformed my thinking about everything.

Megan Gilbert held frequent salons at her Brooklyn apartments. Reading this and other work aloud to that supportive community was a formative experience for me, and helped



me think of myself as a writer. Thank you Megan, Dan Hai, Rebecca Keith, Liza Watkins, Meredith Kaufman Younger, Lauren Waterman, and Melissa Seley.

Thank you to Sarah Kirkland Snider and Adam Sliwinski for your sensitive readership and eloquent and generous responses to this work, and for your friendship.

A very loose and now-defunct artmaking collective called, among other things, Thank You Campaign, came together in the mid-2000s in New York. Thank you to the core of that group, Josef Martonyi, Matthew Pilarski, and Andrew Short, for all of the electricity. The flitch has, in fact, been swipped.

As a voracious listener and searcher, Michael Williams often came to mind as the ideal reader for this book. I thank the real you as well as the imaginary you that occasionally read drafts over my shoulder.

Speaking of family, mine is the greatest and they will be at the launch event for this book in droves and I have been able to count on that since the first time I ever did anything.

This book is dedicated to Christine Williams, as the cryptic salutation around page 1 suggests. Meeting her began a radical opening up to music, to language, to what I could maybe someday become and to what I am hopefully becoming.

Max and Miles: I want to make things like you make things. It's a great privilege to live among your drawings and stories and songs.

ANDREA MAZZARIELLO
October 2017





Christie,







I.





14





Saint Dymphna

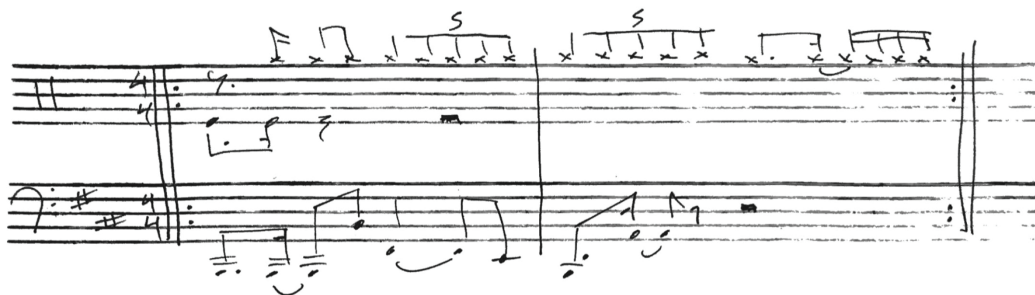
My father ruled the records. I never knew about the etching near the label, A or B, so guess where to begin. Which side looks more like a beginning? Start somewhere.

Damon, her father, the mad king, sends spies. They discover Dymphna in Gheel, near Antwerp. Damon arrives in haste, begs Dymphna to return with him to Ireland, as his bride. Repulsed, she withholds her hand. Enraged, he takes her head.

Drop the needle onto *Saint Dymphna*. Begin a more protracted violence. Agonizing, no swift beheading. A million ridges scratching smooth, turn by deliberate turn. Sanctify this sound in cutting it down.

Or trying: cycles of machine-noise flood the headphones. I've undershot the groove, the stylus stuck in blank space. This is what happens when you miss. Lift the tonearm and try again. The same sound. No music.

Move to lift the arm and try yet again, until something changes: a wooden tap, close to my ears, a stick against the rim of a drum? Then a woman's scream at a distance, faint. The mechanically repeated snare convinces me: these sounds are really there, pressed into vinyl, intentional. A vocoded voice, the center cut out, a splash of electronics, and the song takes off. The same sound? No. Music:



"Inners Pace" begins *Saint Dymphna* if you begin on the wrong side. It sounds like what you are doing: boring a spike into tiny grooves on a surface spinning on its axis. Loops keep coming round, as you'd expect from music. But lack of coordination between glitchy unidentifiable treble percussion and murky kick/bass rumble scrambles your relationship to the downbeat, as you'd expect from sonifying a spinning disc. The experience is tactile, objects in space colliding in a particular way. The way a record and a needle collide, the record purchased on a whim, the needle attached to a library turntable.





This short chain of coincidence—purchasing this particular Gang Gang Dance record, accidentally beginning on side B—shows a way that music means. What I hear confirms what I know is happening in the room: a spinning disc with a needle pressed into its surface maps hard onto the cyclic repetition in my headphones. The record sounds like this particular kinesis, these particular bodies in contact.

I used to watch my father's hands as he tore the keyboard apart. My first impression of music, standing beside his Baldwin upright as he played Chopin, was sight as much as sound. Then, the “Revolutionary” etude meant an elastic left hand. Now, “Inners Pace” means a spike and a ring of ridges. Not a laser reading a disc, not a computer converting digital to analog; neither process calls a sound, inherently, to mind. But I can hear what I can see: a needle's contact with a slab of rotating contoured plastic. It sounds like this.



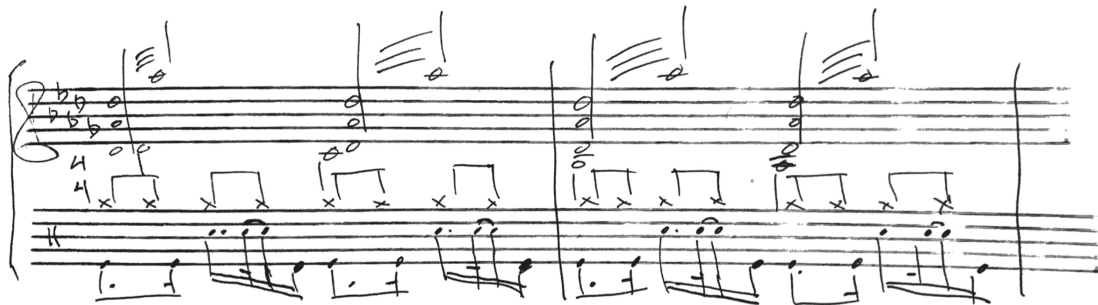


Body Sympathy

Growing up I didn't go to shows, ever. The closest I got was a Peter Gabriel concert in high school, and even that felt too rebellious when I saw some people my parents' age passing a joint. After that I retreated to safer spaces: jazz clubs, signaling my membership by knowing when to applaud, and recital halls, signaling my membership by knowing when not to applaud.

I was wholly unprepared for what I would find at my first show, Rainer Maria playing one of many small venues that a band could interconnect in order to make it across the country in a van. Someone was air drumming, wildly, to "Artificial Light" and I laughed, felt cooler than him. Except the air drummer was Mike Kinsella, a.k.a. Owen, who was on tour with the band. So my attempted triangulation—I am more connected to the music than he is, his misbehavior shows it—had the actual effect of further locking me out. *I don't know how to be at these things.*

Because everyone was moving: ecstatically drumming invisible kits or swaying in time with air guitars, eyes closed, devotional.



Years later I discover Godøy and learn about ballistic and sustained musical actions, bursts of activity versus continuous effort. That night I saw it, in real flesh and imaginary instruments.

The band moved to play moves the audience and the audience by moving moves the band. It feels like a glorious communal making of music, together, recursive. You see this at a distance at a rock show, and you see it up close in a laboratory: what we detect, in terms of event codes in our nerves, feels like what we are doing. I see you play the drums and I feel like I am drumming. So who really is to say who makes this music?





Impossible Worlds

I see drumming and my neurons fire as though I am behind a kit, sticks in hand. I hear singing and I feel the tones in my throat, or my distance from a microphone that isn't really there. Music is an invitation to experience its own human making; we feel it, sympathetically, in our bones. Or, more precisely, in our nerves. Even when, perhaps especially when, our motor-knowing fails, when we turn on in an effort to mimic gesture for which we have no preexisting program, for which we have no internal code. My father plays Chopin Op. 10 No. 12 and I watch, and I feel in my fingers some approximation of the sensation of playing it myself. But it's always only a fantasy. It is out of my pianistic reach and that is the precise perverse pleasure in it.

There is music that knows this, playing its audience by offering impossible bodies to inhabit. Metal blast beats played lightning fast so individual hits become a wash of sound, ballistic made sustained, strikes becoming texture. Or drum n' bass patterns that divide time across electronic drum kits at speeds so great that the idea of playing them becomes laughable. And yet we can feel these figures, we move without moving, as though we are responsible for making them. After all, the tunes begin innocently enough, baiting us with figures that feel performable. Gradually the cycles intensify until our performing body could not possibly—and yet it does—move.

The turntable knows this. "Inners Pace" sounds like pressure and rotation. Our neurons fire at a show; they turn on even when we are listening to impossible musical worlds. We have an internal map for analog systems, too. Reels of tape, vinyl. We can sympathize with this technology because it is transparent, because it makes sense as corporeal experience, as bodies colliding in space. Drop the needle and light up.

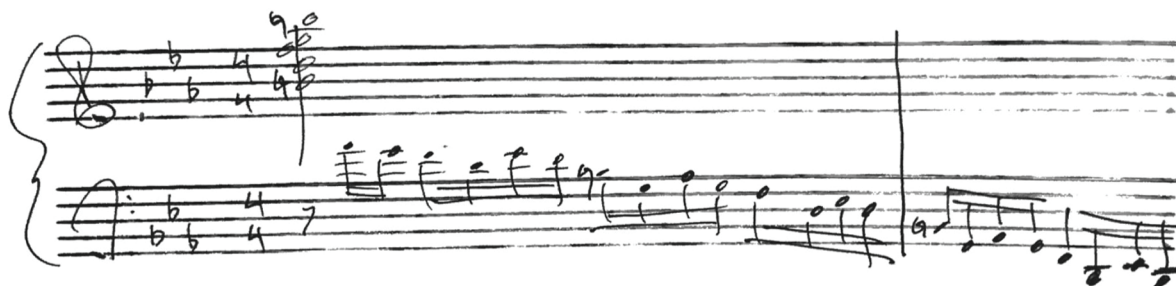




Castles Made of Sand

But colliding bodies bruise and break. Playing records is a delicate business that can't go on forever. Eventually the needle scratches out the sound; the very means of making music destroys the vessel that carries it. As in the story, *Saint Dymphna's* days are numbered. I won't play the LP while cleaning the house, and I'm thankful I can't take it with me on a morning walk. Listening has consequences. Pay close attention because it will sound worse next time, and eventually, if we are persistent enough, it won't sound at all.

My father would rarely play the piano. The experience of watching him was limited, sacred, a privilege hard won. I would beg and if I was lucky enough or persuasive enough he would oblige. I had friends over once and put him on the spot, in front of their parents. The social contract was powerful and he played:



Explosive, laced with anger at my having forced his hand. That may have been the last time.

Listening this way is a special occasion because every session implicates us in the violence of contact. Forcing his hand or, in the case of playing a record, stabbing its surface, the music disappearing before our ears by virtue of sounding at all. If this is the last time then I am going to listen, really listen. I imagine this was the default posture before recordings were readily available, that the loss of this kind of listening is some of what theorists and academics are really grieving when they complain about their eartraining classes, their composition students, kids these days. The stakes are lower if we can listen again without consequence. Refresh, re-click. No need to pay attention at all; the standing offer for another identical experience means we don't ever need to engage now. The present tense need not exist.





Ownership and Knowing

Imagine listening before recordings. The urgency, the intense desire to form a lasting impression, to possess, somehow, this unpossessable entity. Except that this projected, anachronistic posture was wholly historically impossible; without any concept of music's ability to persist would we have lamented its impermanence? Playing a record now, degrading it in so doing, creates a novel listening practice: we quietly protest our newfound ability to clone a sound and keep it forever. The playback system makes the latter impossible, the intentional violence of contact ensuring the music's degradation over time.

Your records are dying but the needle plays two parts. As the machine overtakes the music in the physical world the memory overtakes the machine inside the body. The stylus flattens the record's grooves but etches them into memory, into new neural pathways, musculatures, autobiographies. Scraping the record flat might be reconceived, erasure in the room as the byproduct of inscription in the inner world. Our practice of listening transforms; we reclaim a posture that recordings made obsolete. But we do so by our own volition, with full awareness of the alternatives, even in response to those alternatives. No one has ever listened like this before.





11.







Draft 7.30

Before *Saint Dymphna* there was another. My friend Baldur gave me Autechre's *Draft 7.30*, which he finds virtually unlistenable, in a transparent plastic bag, straight off the shelf where he keeps his record collection. That night I carried it prominently on the subway, gave it its own seat on the New Jersey Transit, wore it like a badge. I can lecture you at length, this display signifies, about how much warmer music sounds on vinyl, through expensive tube preamps and diamond-tipped needles.

Except that this record is digital through-and-through. Why spend twenty-three dollars on this brittle, inhuman music? How is this not a vanity pressing? Or is this some deep hipster irony, a Trump hat at a punk show, Make Vinyl Great Again? This object marks my mode of acquisition and that mode of acquisition marks me. I'm cooler than you, it sneers, or I'm a poser, it reveals. This is not so simple an iPhone with earbuds attached.

I first came to know this music on CD; I found the record on the shelf because I recognized the cover. But seeing it blown up struck me.

"Blown up." My point of reference is betrayed: it's a gigantic CD in my account, an enlargement of my native medium. I imagine a roomful of suits arguing with the visual artist, that is has to "pop" on a four and a half inch square and in the iTunes artwork window. "We are not in the business of selling canvases," they might have said. "Work smaller."

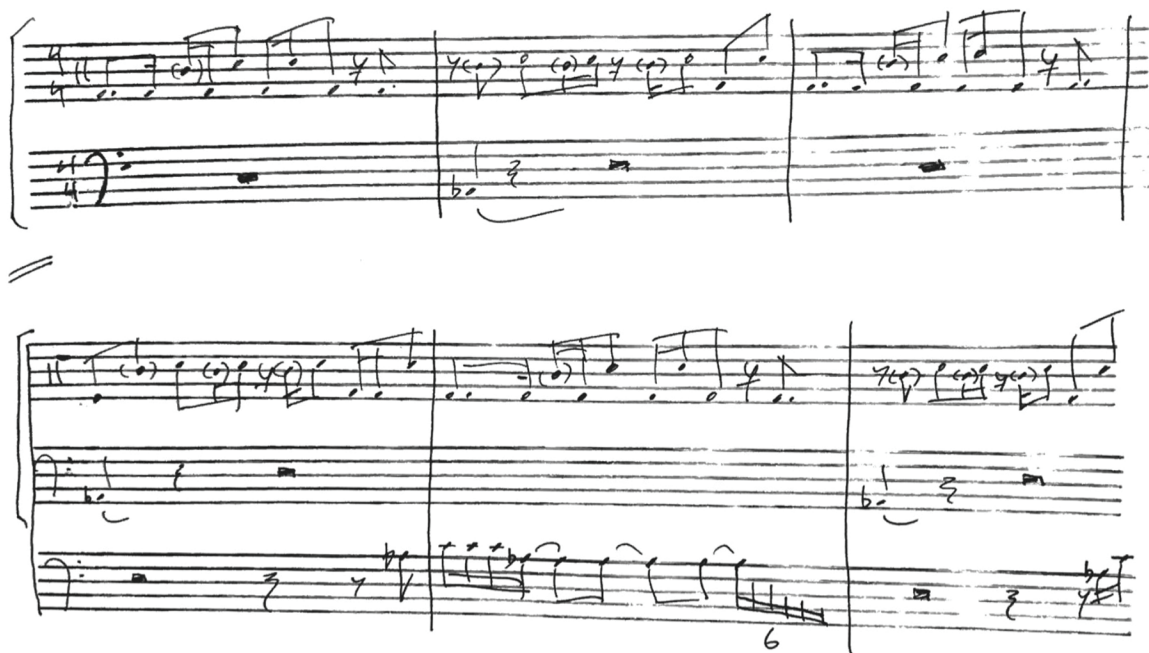
And maybe they were onto something. It does look good on a smartphone screen and in a jewel case, but the LP cover is breathtaking. We have big plans for it. It will live, along with The Present's *World I See*, on our wall, on a thin-lipped shelf designed for just this purpose, and preside over the apartment, the marriage, houseguests, dinner parties, the birth of a child.

I curate my own small museum, *Draft 7.30* my Starry Night, my trump card. For our guests I point out that the album begins with nineteen seconds of silence, time during which, I claim, you contend with this artwork. Look around the room, waiting for the music to begin. Fixate on the most interesting thing in your vicinity, which must be the glorious record cover in your hands. Just when you begin to lose yourself in its contours and subtle shading the beat drops, a reminder that this image and this future sound are correlates.





“Can we hear it?” I drop the needle. Our guests nod in appreciation of the nineteen blank seconds. Then the intricate almost-loops penetrate the attentive silence:



“Silence.” Betrayed again. What about the sound of contact? If you listen to the LP the first nineteen seconds aren’t silent at all, the hiss and crackle drawing you into a different order of listening, a deep awareness of the physics of your sound system. Which would then be suddenly, violently interrupted by the “real” sound, the punch of a kick drum. Especially if, confused, you started dialing up the volume during those “silent” seconds. Needle sound and crackle crescendo and then that kick drum punches much harder than you originally intended. Make a dash for the volume knob, maybe even start the record over, now that you know what’s coming.

I shouldn’t have told them about the silence. Now they’ll never hear it right.





Object as Marker

Genre draws a circle around communities of sympathetic listeners, and those communities define genre's norms, flagging deviations from them, policing their boundaries. Membership in those communities is likewise demonstrated and policed; I do not feel that I belong, fully, at a Wolves in the Throne Room show in Olympia just as a kid from Olympia in Cascadian metal attire might not feel that they belong, fully, at a Sō Percussion concert at Lincoln Center. This is not to say that the cultures themselves disinvite our participation; rather, we project a sense—through what we wear, what we say, how we move, in addition to what we hear—of how fully at ease we may be standing in a given room with music playing. More generously: we send up signals so we can find each other.

Sound initiates and organizes a constellation of responses that mirror or complement it. Medium, though, can act in the same way; buying an LP or filesharing or subscribing to Apple Music also sends up a signal, one that is uniquely uncoupled to the sounds we are using those formats to access in the first place. We might come together, or drift apart, based on the listening practice that our native medium signifies, independent of what we are actually listening to.

What was it for someone determined to cling to vinyl in the 80s when turntablists started digging next to them? What is it now, when I enter a record store next to the children of that first generation of producers, then flip through the stacks with earbuds in my ears, so I can hear the mp3s on my phone that I accessed through the download card that came with my last record? We are suspicious of each other, but we are coupled together. Because on some level we listen in the same way: as a ritual practice. It doesn't make any sense to pay double for a format we will inevitably destroy, but we commit, with dedication bordering on fanaticism. It takes more money, more time, more physical space and activity to listen in this way. Records ask more of us.





As Conversation Overheard

The language used to describe a rigorous listening practice sounds strikingly familiar. Listening to a record asks more of us. As does Art Music, goes the argument, and if we commit to that effort we will be richly rewarded. Making claims about records allows us to see the perhaps invisible claims we might make about listening in general: it's supposed to be difficult. It's not for everyone. It couples us to those like us and divides us from those unwilling to make our level or type of commitment. We will work for it. We are activated in our encounters with music, while everyone half-listening on YouTube misses the point, acquiesces to a blunted transmission.

Looking at listening in this way feels puritanical, substituting labor itself for the thrill of discovery, the hit that keeps us searching, the potentiality that inspires our attention in the first place; the listening ritual puts us in magic's path. Fetishizing the ritual itself does not. Rigorous listening, the kind that we engage in—and perform—in concert halls, grants access to our next experience of inner movement. But so do collisions with music that we didn't expect, didn't prepare for, that we can't justify on grounds of having worked hard for them. In high school I once cried in the hallway as I listened through the door to my music theory teacher, who was not a pianist, slowly stuttering through a Bach chorale. On some level, indoctrinated listening means that all we hear are the missteps. But listening with engagement, discovery, magic in mind means we glimpse the whole: this is glorious music moving through human hands, made real regardless of, or because of, their slips and hesitations. We hear double, then: the sound in the room and the supposed-to-be. They talk to each other and we overhear.





Multimodalities

Double-hearing emerges as a virtue, but other multipliers are possible. A record might magnify our ability to see: my *Draft 7.30* CD forced through a visual megaphone asserts its ability to take up more space, to communicate its object-ness more forcefully. The process of playing it back is tactile, physical, our hands all over the object as we draw out the sound. We take an mp3 player with us in the car as we drive west and the sky opens up. The perfect accompaniment occurs to us and we rent it from the cloud just as plains become mountains; the tune affirming our musical memory as it collides with its own replaying in a place it had never been, in a moment that had never happened before. Music is vapor; it expands to fill the space, yet we move through it with the things we carry.

Mediating the experience of music becomes more virtue than necessary evil. We only think we want our interfaces to disappear, to leave us in the presence of The Music Itself. Cracks and hisses as we play back the record draw us into the act of listening as a negotiation between an abstraction and its presence in the hands of real people, in real spaces. The convenience of smartphone playback puts us in the way of what is actually happening in the room, allows us to collaborate in sound with the present circumstance, not to drown it out. We listen for the complexity and richness of existing in this particular place at this particular time. That is never only music.





28





III.







In Rainbows

Airstrikes are imminent, says the cover art of the *Kid A* limited edition. I remember because I read the line in my car, parked outside the record store, radio playing. Not music, rather an announcement that the RTS building in Belgrade had been bulldozed. Radiohead knew this. Not the specifics of the 5 October Overthrow, rather the state of the world into which they sent this particular album.

A year later I stood in line for *Amnesiac* at a different record store, up the street. At midnight on release day it sounded out, over the speakers, as we snaked through the store, single file, up to the counter. I'd forgotten the Bulldozer Revolution, and again they knew; they could predict my forgetting, my amnesia. Years after that I bought *In Rainbows*, the limited edition, a double LP. I did not yet own a record player but I would, soon, and they somehow knew this, as well.

These records, and the lived experience of their acquisition, narrates an awareness of the outside world, forgotten, traded for the curation of domestic space. On the other side of the world someone bulldozes the symbolic seat of Milosevic's government and I am eerily aware that artists could see it before it happened. But they also see the escape from this knowledge, the ways we turn inward, line our shelves with music that would, if we could listen, wake us up.

This project is coming unglued. In the midst of its writing we elect a government that will destroy us, that is already tearing us apart. Music knew this already. Music has been saying this all along.





Music to Accompany Transaction

So does the way we traffic in it. We dissolve it for portability on our devices or we body it forth for display in our palaces, its vision of our future selves dismantled, the messenger bound and gagged. And yet the message gets through, if not in the unmediated experience of how music means, then in the articulated awareness of our attempts to suppress that meaning, to tame and domesticate it.

Which is why it matters that I never meant to listen to those records. Or, rather, that the LPs were the unintended consequence of a habit of collecting. I buy the limited edition of every Radiohead release and *In Rainbows* includes vinyl pressings, instant mp3 downloads, and a CD version of the album. So I acquire all of it, for almost a hundred dollars. I play the mp3s out of my laptop speakers immediately, by which I do not mean to say that I listened, just that money changed hands, the purchase itself soundtracking the transaction, the exchange itself the high.

Boxer came out the same year and I remember my first encounter with it: listening to "Fake Empire" in the car packed full of gear as I left town, windows open, road noise covering the left hand in the piano part so I could only hear treble. If the quarters in the bass are invisible then we have nothing to hear the dotted rhythms against, and they themselves become the pulse:





The drums drop and there is a moment of dislocation, then the pleasure of knowing, the rhythmic chaos becoming counterpoint, snapping to the grid.

Or was my first encounter the moment of acquisition? That late spring evening on which summer finally became inevitable, the yellow Princeton Record Exchange bag across the color wheel from the sky's newly intense blue, the thrill of purchase overpowering, for a time, remorse at having spent too much? The boundaries of the work unfix themselves. Our best and worst selves—listener and consumer—negotiate the blur.





Acquisition as Ritual

Of course I remember the music that accompanied falling in and out of love, my grandfather's death, the start of a war. But I also remember the objects that accompanied my first attempt to work a turntable, my first commute wearing the badge of a beautiful LP, my first practically triple-digit record purchase. I remember the friendships that took shape around listening, remember the rooms where we listened and what we drank and what we smoked, the ways in which sound allowed us to throw up a flag, a visible marker of who we were, how much we were the same. I live inside the ways I acquired the music that means something to me as much as I live inside those sounds. Of course the memories of discovery throw me into those sounds, but those sounds also throw me into the memories of discovery, of taking the sounds for myself, making them my own.

Music sutures together the stories of my relationship with the world outside of myself—with discovery, with awakening. Extending out to meet this music and the ideas and ideals it signifies takes up autobiographical space; the story I tell myself about what has been important to me is saturated with sound, but the ways I found those sounds are neither neutral nor innocent. Working through bins at the record store is different than point-click-listen, perhaps precisely because, for me, pointing and clicking and listening is so comfortable, so easy to erase from the narrative.

That erasure is not so easy for, say, my father: a disembodied entity travels from the magical information superhighway into an undependable machine that freezes without warning and sometimes eats your family photographs. So successfully pulling the mp3 version of *Brasiliero* by Sergio Mendez down from iTunes casts the sound that later emanates from his rickety PC in resplendent light. Even though he already owns the LP, this is something new. It is not the same music because music is never only sound.





Never only Sound

Some musics have known this all along, have depended overtly and unabashedly on extending their boundaries beyond syntax. Indeed the very definition of music identified broadly as “pop” might include its deep awareness of something larger than all the ways the notes unfold. Max, my oldest son, watches YouTube concert videos of the 30th Anniversary Celebration, live at Madison Square Garden, and knows that “Billie Jean” is coming as soon as Michael pulls the white sequined glove out of a briefcase. The bassline that eventually follows confirms our knowledge rather than establishes it. We were right, it says. Max doesn’t listen to the line as an abstract musical expression, as an instance of a grammar. He listens to it as a trigger for something he already knows, a parallel telling of his own internal performance; seeing a glove conjured up the whole tune as a verticality, the timeline squashed into a single instantaneous impression. Then the band unfurls it and we wait for the moonwalk. Which, again, we already know is coming, have already seen.

There is a whole world around the notes, a cloud of signs pointing back at syntax and at themselves. Taken together, these possibilities make up the work, suggesting a porous boundary across which musical grammar couples with dance moves, vocal inflections merge with constructed personae. An LP offers us a site on which these vectors can collide, and fixes that collision in time and space. It presents not the work per se, which is fluid and intractable, but an instance of the work, one way it can mean, a single coming together of forces that could have come together a million other ways with just as much fidelity; this instance honors the tangle of meanings that might be honored in many other ways, by freezing many other possible instants of congruence.

We might insist that one particular frame gets at the essence of the thing, is the quintessence of all of the forces in play, or we might try to take all of it in at once, squint our eyes at every possibility and glimpse a hazy meaning. Alternately, we might see fully our own stake in this practice, to enter into that cloud as creative agents rather than consumers. What if we are the sites onto which these energies gather, frame and canvas? What if we are written upon by what we seek out? What if apprehending the work inscribes it on our bodies, and what we hear is what was playing during our transformation?





36





TV.







"Port Rhombus"

A research and development phase followed Graduate School I. What if I listened to music that moved me, instead of music that ought to have moved me because of the descent of the *urlinie* or some other display of competence in speaking a language I didn't understand? I affixed myself to cooler people. I went to see music at *shows* instead of *hearing* music at *recitals*. I found things for which I had no frame; not knowing what they were supposed to be about or what their musical priorities were made them feel transgressive, fiercely iconoclastic. So hearing "Port Rhombus" for the first time, with no point of reference, became an almost religious experience:

My moments of sympathy with electronic music, to that point, came from Ussachevsky and Luening; Squarepusher operated differently. Warm blanket of bass, long haunting melody, constant push-pull between the break and its double-time version:





It sounded like music from another planet, because I came into the story of so-called Intelligent Dance Music mid-conversation; how do you understand this without knowing the lineage of electronic music *outside* of the academy?

“Piece for Tape Recorder,” and “Low Speed” didn’t help. They felt transgressive in their own ways. I heard them on a compilation that Evan Chambers had put together for an electronic music course; against Xenakis and Stockhausen I could get behind Ussachevsky and Luening. But it didn’t feel like I needed to hear “Port Rhombus” against anything. It just worked on me, which really means that whatever I heard it against was unarticulated, invisible, a deep assumption about what music could plausibly do, to which this track issued a direct challenge.

Meanwhile, in this ecstatic reverie, in the moment of hearing this music unlike any other for the first time, as the layers of academic composer identity peeled away, someone dropped the turntable speed down to 33. And it still sounded hot. What is this music that shatters the frame at 45 and 33? Do we have a choice about where the definitive version of this track resides? Or are we playing the record like a score, the turntable our instrument?





"Hollybrook Park"

Seven years later I dig through the Grime & Dubstep bin at Other Music and locate Joker. Only an amateur performer on the record player, there are things I don't yet understand. Such as: 12" singles play at 45. I get "Hollybrook Park" home, power up my system, start the turntable spinning, ignorantly at 33, and drop the needle. Now I play records without too much impact scratch and never begin too far towards the center or too far towards the edge. I congratulate myself on this hard-won fluency as the sub-bass erupts and the beat slinks forward.

Later I remember "Port Rhombus" and, on a whim, try Joker at 45. Passable, but I've already listened to both sides and been convinced by the slower speed. Google contradicts me and I regret my earlier swagger. I have rights and responsibilities, to this instrument and to this record, to the practices of the day. I am an interpreter.

The thing interpreted is, in this case, a literal object: this specific record with this specific image and these specific grooves pressed into this specific material. Rather than constitute an ambiguity, as in the case of a musical score, the thing to which all representations point but can never encompass, the record claims to articulate its boundaries. Instead of believing that there are only ever representations, possible and provisional realizations of a work that dodge our ability to fix it in place, vinyl culture allows us to believe that the work has a limit, that we can hold this limit in our hands. On some level we assume that recorded media convey secondhand, mediated experiences. Between our ears and The Real Thing sits a piece of plastic and the machinery that translates it, gives it voice. Unless this innocent piece of plastic is actually doing something quite radical: laying claim to the definitive, being The Thing Itself.

11/41





Speaking of Things Themselves

In my first university teaching fellowship I sometimes resorted to mnemonics. For example: I play a famous Sex Pistols song for my writing seminar, about, bluntly, getting screwed by your record label. But when Johnny Rotten gets to the chorus and is about to maniacally enunciate “EMI,” I point to the board, across which I’ve scrawled “TMI.” I hit each letter in rhythm. What is TMI? I ask my students, at 8:45AM, and radio silence follows.

Finally someone offers “too much information.” NO. I pounce. Now I have their attention.

What, then, crazed graduate student to whom, by some terrific mistake, our young minds have been entrusted?

“The Music Itself,” I pronounce, and write out, the remainder of each word dangling from the original giant letters. The arrival at this concept reminds me of high school physics, specifically day we derived $e = mc^2$, after which all teaching ceased and review for the big standardized test began; The Music Itself is that important as a concept. I launch into my explication: the notes and nothing but the notes. Content not context. Bumper stickers, slogans, something understandable in the age of death panels (then) or Make America Great Again (now).

But I’ve set you up, I continue. The idea is a sham. How do we understand The Sex Pistols by transcribing “Anarchy in the U.K.”? Maybe “Too Much Information”—the weight of the space around the notes, the places where music lives—is the mnemonic I actually want you to remember, what I want you to look for, and to believe.





What this has to Do with Love Songs, or Vinyl

For my students I blunt the possibility that abstractions might mean more, or mean differently, than Johnny Rotten's haircut. We can't, I claim, understand this music absent the universe in which it sounds. It matters that he hated Pink Floyd. It matters that the band self-destructed. Without knowing those things we can't actually hear the music.

So I jettison *The Music Itself* in favor of *Too Much Information*, insist that we situate the work in the context of its making and implicate those contexts in what we think about when we think about "the work." To push harder: beyond context there nothing on which to focus, no disciplinary object at the center of the web or matrix or field or cloud; the nebula is all that we have power to ascertain and to describe. This is beginning to sound familiar. We might as well be talking about a vinyl record versus mp3s. It's as if the whole of this project up to now has been the construction of an elaborate metaphor.

The surprising relationship revealed, in this turn to TMI (and soon, to Mozart) is between musical media (vinyl, mp3) and the objects that deploy *inside* music, the components that together comprise the sound world. The ways we think about listening to different media might reveal to us our thinking about the ways that music means more generally. When we find music literally *in* material—when it's carved into a piece of plastic or represented by zeros and ones—we treat it in much the same way as when we find music *as* material—when it seems to behave like an object of some kind, when we talk about it as if it's a tangible, physical, material entity, or even when we talk about it as if it can't possibly be a tangible, physical, material entity. The sorts of things we discover about sonic objects upon close scrutiny lend us a vocabulary with which we might talk about music as a concept.





44





IV.



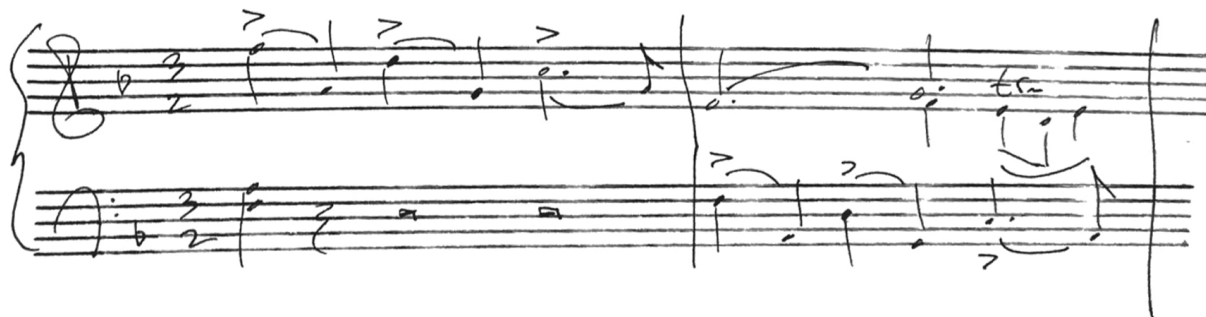




Da Lago

My father played Mozart, K. 332, in Alice Tully Hall, well before I was born. I made a CD from the old tape as a surprise retirement gift, and kept a digital copy for myself. I listened to the Mozart a lot, noticing my father's extra emphasis on a particular downbeat in the opening, his resistance of the big three superimposed on the small three, the sudden delicacy after that at the cadence an attempt to restore order, to pretend that this was a square stock antecedent-consequent pair.

But this first phrase is funny. I stumble, in the best possible way, in a particular place, four bars of three-four that I rewrite as a pair of bars in three-two:



It feels bigger and broader than the time signature. It breaks out of the frame.

The conflict in this music suggests a mystery figure living somewhere beneath the composed music, an idea in play of how the music is supposed to go versus what the foreground actually does. Mozart flexes against our understanding of, again, the square stock antecedent-consequent with music that depends on it but is decidedly not it.

And then we crash into the ninth bar, an attempt to restore our faith in three-four but doesn't, to my way of hearing, quite get there, again intentionally: simple, clean, and clear but also elemental is some way, bald grammar, music stripped of music. The music jumps a level, from a foreground that depends on an invisible syntax to that very syntax, irreducibly presented. Then cadence. Breathe.





Syntax as Object

Mozart embeds a big three over a little three in an opening phrase. It's a trick, in terms of dividing time: we feel suddenly buoyed over the triple division, bigger than the bar lines. But he also knew that this sonata could soundtrack a living and breathing social structure, a universe of expectations met and contracts honored, a courtier's success or failure dependent on a web of reasonable and appropriate behaviors. What, then, did this metric division mean in Mozart's time? What social signal did it convey? (What does the record tucked under your arm say about you? What do your iPhone earbuds mean?)

Fragments of syntax do musical and physiological work: rhythmic complexity makes us feel a new way of dividing time in our bones, and we put that sensation to use to navigate a complex network of social behaviors, from which the composer is not exempt, and around we go again. The music, in a sense, is playing us, physically and otherwise, because we viscerally understand its logic. If the accents happen in half notes that break the barline then we feel a longer phrase. If we feel a longer phrase then we can signal it to others who can nod and who can dance.

This music engages us by asking that we consider its relationship to our expectations of where the accent falls, or which note sounds like it ought to come next, or whether we make our way through a balanced phrase or an asymmetrical one. This happens whether we play the sonata on the harpsichord, on the pianoforte, or on a modern instrument like a record player or phone. The grammar holds in every case. It is perceptually coded, to borrow from mp3 language. We can hear under and through the variations in presentation, to the level at which it seems to want to engage.

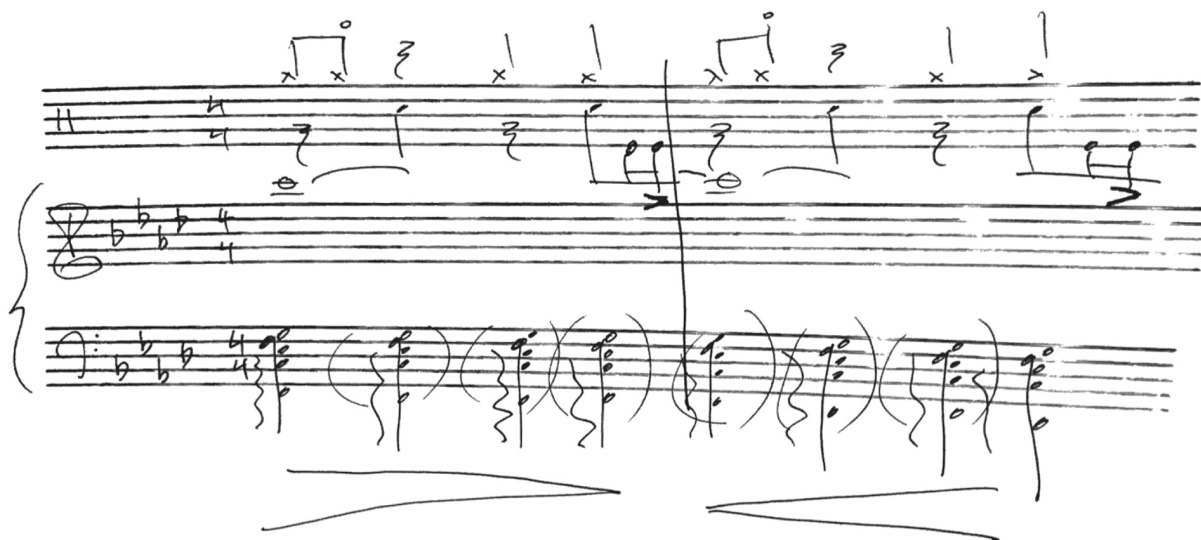




"Payroll (Paul White's Clean Dub)"

I make the mistake, one holiday, of waxing poetic about Tranquill to my brother-in-law. It relates to an idea I've been working through, I tell him, about sounding objects. In this case, it's a special kind of object—in that it isn't actually there.

We wait out a cut-up intro and then listen to the setup: break, kick drum just before beat one, an anticipation of the gravitational pull of the top of every measure:





A handwritten musical score for the song "The Rose Tree". The score is written on three staves. The top staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a 2/4 time signature. It contains a melody with notes, rests, and a final quarter note. The middle staff is a bass clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a 2/4 time signature. It contains a bass line with notes and rests. The bottom staff is a grand staff (treble and bass clef) with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a 2/4 time signature. It contains a piano accompaniment with chords and arpeggios. The score is divided into two measures by a vertical line. The first measure is marked with a "1" and the second measure is marked with a "2".

“Check this out,” he counters, and plays a different tune out of his laptop. He presses the mute button here and there, and laughs at, not with, me. And suddenly it is possible in the room.

Only, though, through making a significant conceptual leap, from the representation that is the recording to the actuality that is the laptop speakers. This is not rhetorical silence, a claim to silence on the level of syntax, a rest. This is the real thing, the sonic space wiped completely clean. And it gets at another way of understanding music that goes beyond grammar vs. broader context. What about music that derives its expressive power from its sonic character, the color of its waves? From the ways that it literally hits you?



"Nautilus"

What about music that can do both? That can negotiate syntactical engagements marked as much by their sonic signatures as by the ways the notes move around?

I discover "Nautilus" by Anna Meredith and cannot stop playing it for people and watching what happens. I play it in writing seminar to see if it works on "nonmusicians." I play it during my summer composition teaching at a percussion program because I know it will work, and it becomes the composition program's theme music. I play it for my composition seminars to illustrate the governing concept for their writing all term and we talk about "leveling up" from that point forward as if it is a thing that I didn't make up.

Triple divisions for obviously-synthesized brass. Short-long, short-long. It is obsessive. Then a climb, bottom to top, remain at the peak and then that peak is reabsorbed in the throbbing figure. Again and again, until all we can hear is short-long short-long, until we are saturated by that rhythm as well as by the sound of a synthetic ensemble. That is all there is.

And then something miraculous happens. Boom-bap! Kick-snare! The elemental version of hip hop, or rock, or everything that isn't large ensemble music written down on paper, rips through the tune. Two things transform, categorically: the sonic quality changes, suggestive of a whole different room in which these drums play. And, most remarkably, the original rhythm is rewritten without changing:



We hear it slot into this drum groove and no longer divide itself in three even though, on its face, it is exactly the same, in fact it has never stopped playing exactly as it had played throughout.

We have changed, though. We have heard it differently and this difference cannot be unheard.







Epilogue

||| 53 |||







One Last Revolution

Our story began with Damon, the mad king, destroyer of the object of his affection, determined to possess the unpossessable. A critical difference persists between this metaphor and what we do when we talk about music. In the story Damon kills his daughter, subject persists over the object it sought to consume. When we talk about music, though, subject never wins. The object always slips out of our discursive traps, always exceeds the rhetorical frame, requires us to make exceptions, construct and then collapse inadequate binaries, consider alternate points of view.

This project tries to write the tragedy out of Dymphna's story, to make what we examine come alive in spite of ourselves, to blunt our attempts to smother it in language that tells us more about ourselves than about what we're trying to describe. Or possess, or overcome. Narrative performs a kind of alchemy, a reanimation; music falls into and accounts for the cracks opened up by our admissions, confessions, revelations. In this new story music rings unencumbered, Damon walks away. In this new story Dymphna survives.







POETICS and PROCESS







WAKE / RISE

This book was released in conjunction with One More Revolution Records 003, *Wake / Rise*, the studio recorded version of Andrea Mazzariello's one-person-band performance piece. He sings, plays drums and synthesizer, and operates various electronics, working through an awakening to broader social and political consciousness, told from multiple perspectives. The textual and musical materials break into fragments, evolve, recombine, and ultimately fall away and end where they began: wordless voice against an analog synth drone.

it goes:

unbreak my will to wake up
unbreak my will to see
unbreak my will to rise up
unmake this fantasy

t-zero - this is the ground
day one - flood the channels
walk out - backs turned
black out - this is happening

i want to wake up
from this and because of this

close the store - stand in the street
shut down - won't go gentle

night life in daylight
all our bodies on the line

i want to rise up
from this and because of this

wake up - rise up





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aging out of what i mean
this one goes out to your scene
amplify and spread the word
this goes out to what you've heard
rising up above the noise
this one goes out to your toys

holy book in the hall
faces nailed to the wall
moving in to the fall
when it comes i'll call
moving in to the fall
when it comes i'll call

pay to play and rent to own
i can fix it i alone
tipping points have come and gone
tune them out and turn me on
i alone unrig the game
keep my good side in the frame

pull my strings and i'll pull yours
this time when it rains it pours
watching as the swamp gets drained
your resistance preordained
playing into tiny hands
under god for which it stands

--

can you really not see
what 's happening here?
can you really not see
what's already happened?

i make excuses for you and yours
i try to walk like you do - on all fours
i'll break bread with you
i've lived in your town
i'll take the hit for you
and choke it down





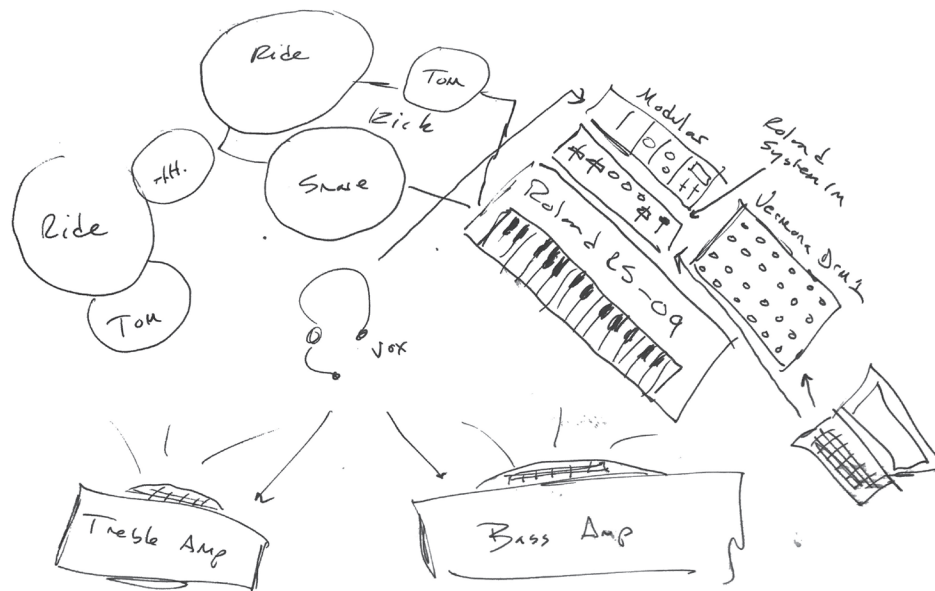
stand down
it's not the time or my place
make a determination
reading your face
what's it worth to you?
seen and not heard
action speaks softly
when the deed is the word

you and i we were the same

--

you and i are not the same

THE SETUP:



||| 19 |||





POETICS and PROCESS

a CONVERSATION with ANDREA MAZZARIELLO
and LYNNE DESILVA-JOHNSON

How would you choose to introduce yourself?

Good question. I don't know that I understand the stakes here. So I'll just say: hi. I'm Andrea Mazzariello. I compose, perform, write, and teach. I am trying to bring all of those practices together, so I don't have so much "medium anxiety."

Do you consider yourself equally musician/composer/writer? Are there other equally important disciplines, influences, labels or other words you'd want to call our attention to that we might not know that you feel are important in understanding your creative practice?

Equally? No. I write constantly, every morning as ritual, and for a million reasons throughout the day. Language propels everything that I do, even though I am "more" composer than writer on paper. But what if I composed music for every email response? I fantasize about embedding music in my practice so completely that it feels something like language feels.

As for other words: I think my approach to music is almost more physiological than aural. I love the physical connection to instruments. I love the feeling of being pulled apart that defines instrumental multitasking. Bodily knowing defines what I do, as much as hearing.

If we didn't get asked "what do you do" and force ourselves to fit into easily consumable disciplinary categories, what would you like your title to be, if anything?

Maker of Things, Teacher of Making.

Why do you write? is the answer to "why do you create" or "why do you make music" very different?

I write to try to know what I don't yet know. Often my writing is driven by a dilemma, or a dare. How can I get these conflicting ideas to coexist? How is it that I feel THIS and THAT, and how can I work through it in language? I write because the process teaches me something I didn't know before I set out.

Music is different. I'm after a bodily engagement, a physical knowing, celebration, ritual. I don't come away from my music feeling like I made a discovery that I could explain in words. As a composer I am more interested in what our bodies experience as makers and listeners than in the kinds of knowing that writing affords.





What is the role of the creative practitioner today? What do you see as your cultural and social role (creative community and beyond)?

I want to be a part of a long line of makers whose work makes other makers feel less crazy. I have had the experience of feeling as though creative work has issued to me an imperative to make, to contribute, to join in. I want to be able to do that for others. Maybe not issuing imperatives so much. Providing encouragement, trying to grant permission. Carving a possible path off of which someone else can carve their possible path. It's exciting for me to imagine all of us creative misfits forming this human chain, down through history, and glommed together in the present moment.

Talk about the process or instinct to move this project into a published body of work. How and why did this happen? Have you had this intention for a while? What encouraged and/or confounded this (or a book, in general) coming together? Was it a struggle?

I think I initially was following the well-worn path of trying to get a book deal from a dissertation! I pitched academic presses, did all of that. Got some nice rejections, and some form letters, and some nonresponses I think, though I am so used to that sort of thing I can barely remember the specifics. I had a sense that there could be an audience for the work, though. I really like to read aloud, and some of the prose passed that test, and so I fantasized about a book in which all of the prose could pass that test, and I could make a version of an essentially academic study that could also be a bedtime story or something.

And then I found out about the OS, after having basically tabled the whole idea, bookmarked it intending to come back, but realistically I might never have come back without having heard about you all and what you do. And that's when you got my dissertation, and said YES. Then the issue was, with the gate open, what passes through? What version of these ideas? The thing that was already written or the thing I'd been imagining? Guess what?

With *One More Revolution*, which began as a scholarly project, there was quite an involved evolution of rigorous development, iteration, and editing that led to the end result readers are holding in their hands — some of which was in response to the contemporary cultural framework (of the United States in 2016 and early 2017) within which we produced that final manuscript. Can you talk a little more about your decision making process?

I referenced the big decision a moment ago: formal-ish, academic-ish work, or some kind of thing I that I really wanted to write, in a different sort of voice? What would it mean to rewrite the project completely, write through the project, transform it word by word? Which is what I did. And then the walls started closing in with respect to the election and I really questioned why anyone needed to write a book about records and syntax and such. And that's not something I've entirely resolved. I wrote it, but I never felt like I could really connect this sense of suffocation with the work I was doing. The writing gave me some peace, gave me some joy in a very difficult time. But it doesn't engage overtly, and I am coming to terms with that in this work and in my work in general.

Tell us more about the relationship between scholarship and poetics/writing in your life and practice — Can you shine some light on how or if OMR is representative of your body of work, scholarship, or practice outside of this volume?





In your opinion, what can creative practitioners, even outside the academy, gain from scholarship, and what can scholars, even outside of creative practice, gain from both making and engaging with creative forms such as music, poetics, etc?

I should say that scholarship as a term is a bit of a moving target for me. Are we talking about research and analysis that then lives in prose? Or about composition on paper, which is another way that scholarship can be measured, by search committees and such? I guess I think of it as academic currency of a sort, and I am encouraged by the ways that this currency is changing, the musical worlds and narrative voices and other forms that now “count” as scholarship that perhaps were excluded before. Ideally we are in a place where doing our work for its own sake is valuable, where we do that work in a community that has a certain amount of self-awareness, that is reflective on its own practices, and that is defined by enthusiasm and curiosity about learning and about making. That’s academic work at its best and artistic work at its best.

How did the parallel, related practice of composing and performing music as part of this project influence the way it evolved, both verbally and conceptually, for you? Do you think that this interplay created an environment that produced this particular book that would otherwise not have been possible? How and why?

The piece of music I was writing concurrently, Wake / Rise, is about seeing a larger reality, about maintaining that wakefulness as atrophy sets in, as the comforts of privilege become intoxicating, again. It changed the way I wrote the book, absolutely, made me question the book’s value over and over again, and encouraged me to see the book as something that could encourage that awareness of the bigger world, the suffering that defines it. I think music can wake us up, as can writing about it. But it’s complicated, and it requires vigilance and rigor. I’m working towards that.

What does your title represent? How was it generated? Talk about the way you titled the book, and how your process of naming influences you and/or colors your work specifically.

One More Revolution invokes spinning records, physically; the double meaning has to do with the vinyl resurgence, how it feels like a kind of flipping or complication of the “digital revolution.” I don’t want to go back in time or set my computer on fire, but I do care very much about physicality, sensation in the place where we happen to be, and the attention and care that a record inspires.

What does this particular volume represent to you
...as indicative of your method/creative practice?
...as indicative of your history?
...as indicative of your mission/intentions/hopes/plans?

As an indicator of my practices and methods, OMR is driven by a fascination with process. What would it mean to rewrite a formal, academic argument like a love poem? History is embedded in that process, of course, a kind of reconciliation with a past voice or set of priorities. And my history is engaged overtly here, as the book could be described as an account of my own listening, from formative experiences long ago, down through the present. As for mission/intention/hopes/





plans: I really want to keep writing. Making work like this has been a dream; that it will exist in the world is exciting and intoxicating and I hope there's something else after this.

What formal structures or other constrictive practices (if any) do you use in the creation of your work? Have certain teachers or instructive environments, or readings/writings of other creative people informed the way you work/write?

We could talk all day about constrictive practices. I like playing drums and keys and singing all at once. That's enormously liberating from a certain perspective, but from another it is maddeningly limiting and restrictive. There's something like that going in almost all of my projects, a hand tied behind my back. But there's also the tension with an environment like the Princeton graduate program and my wonderful teachers and mentors there. "Maybe untie that hand" is something I learned from that program, clarity and courage. Restrictions can be ways to hide, after all.

Talk about the specific headspace of being a musician / composer / performer - when and how do you feel you enter a space of consciousness in which "sound" or "music" is the dominant sense?

In improvisation, which is not something I do publicly but which defines my making, I can get to a body and sound kind of space. I don't know that sound is ever exclusively the dominant sense for me, though; it's about the contact with the instrument, or the voice. The physical engagement and the sound together, their interrelationships, are more what I experience at my most dialed in.

Do you feel that you are ever unaware of sound? (How) does your relationship to sound/music inform and/or affect and/or change other parts of your life / day / experience?

Oh I am constantly lost in a purely cerebral place a lot of the time! I think being aware of sound is a good indicator that I am in a state of awareness more generally, that I am actually there. It's interesting to articulate this, actually. Maybe soundlessness is a signal that I am somewhere other than right there and then.

Describe in more detail the relationship between music and language in your life and practice. How and when are these discrete influences / practices and how/when are they interconnected? How do they influence each other? Do they ever not?

There is a music to language, to speech specifically, its stops and starts, its cadences, so I'm always sensitive to that in making prose or poetry. And I actually track much of my desire to compose back to growing up around spoken Italian. I didn't understand it entirely, but I was attuned to the contours and colors and intention behind that speech. Sometimes I think those were my first formative experiences with music and language, this barely understanding or almost in reach engagements with people that I loved and admired. Maybe music can be like that: on the verge of communicating but not in ways we can completely sort out.

In terms of your written or text based work, do you "hear" it, speak it out, hear its rhythms, before you write or as you write and/or before you perform? Do you ever memorize your texts / treat them more like a score or sheet music?





I definitely hear the text internally as I am writing, and I most certainly speak it aloud in order to share it with others. I prefer that to handing over a piece of paper or a screen, actually; I think this writing comes alive when it is spoken out. I don't intentionally memorize things like sections of OMR, though they do get in there after a few readings. But in a music/text hybrid like The Exchange or Wake / Rise, everything is memorized. And it's not just the content of the language, not just an understanding of what it means in the conventional sense. It's also how it sits in the voice, in the body.

Talk specifically about how your musicianship/relationship to sound informed and/or influenced this manuscript in particular, whether overtly or less directly.

Again, this piece is absolutely conceived of in my throat and mouth, so to speak. It comes from language as a sonic and physiological phenomenon as much as a way to convey abstract ideas. And in fact, that very idea of sonic meaning versus something more abstract is at the heart of the project.

Let's talk a little bit about the role of creative community in social activism, in particular in what I call "Civil Rights 2.0," which has remained immediately present all around us in the time leading up to this series' publication. I'd be curious to hear some thoughts on the challenges we face in speaking and publishing across lines of race, age, privilege, social/cultural background, and sexuality within the community, vs. the dangers of remaining and producing in isolated "silos."

I want to be a part of a community that does this work. For me that has to mean taking stock of my own privilege, and I don't know that OMR is so successful at making this as overt as it could. I am certainly trying to collapse hierarchies around listening, to champion music that means in ways that unsettle power structures in academia and beyond. But there's so much work to do. I would like to use the privilege that I enjoy to speak back to the systems that place me in that position in the first place. The problem is that I don't necessarily have to. I stopped calling my representative recently. I stopped thinking of myself as an activist of any kind. I have that luxury. But I am trying to do better, trying to find ways to help through my work and through just being a body on the line.

What do you hope this book can do in the world?

I'll be honest, I'm somewhat enamored of my "human chain" idea from earlier. So I'll come back to it here. The dream is that this book can be a link in that chain of artworks and artists, to encourage or inspire someone to make the next thing that seems strange or counterintuitive or unsupportable by the world as it currently turns.

Is there anything else I should have asked?

Not if you ever want this document back from me!

Except maybe you could have given me an opening to say thank you, for your willingness to say YES to this idea when I first approached the OS. I'm more grateful than I think you know.





ABOUT THE AUTHOR



Andrea Mazzariello (b. 1978) is a composer, performer, writer, and teacher. He works at the intersections of text and sound, popular and art music, traditional playing technique and one-man-band-inspired performance physiology.

His concert music has been performed internationally by leading contemporary music ensembles, including So Percussion, Mobius Percussion, NOW Ensemble, and Newspeak, and presented at Carnegie Hall, National Sawdust, Glashaus Gallery, the Chelsea Art Museum, San Francisco's Center for New Music, and many others. His percussion ensemble and percussion solo works are a staple on recitals at colleges and universities, performed widely and consistently by a rising generation of players eager to commission and advocate for new repertoire. SEAMUS and New Amsterdam Records have released recordings of his electronic and chamber music.

Active as a performer, he plays his song-sound hybrids on a unique and continually evolving instrumental setup, including keyboard instruments, drum set, voice, and electronics, performing in such diverse venues as The Knitting Factory, Cakeshop, The Queens New Music Festival, and the Wassaic Festival. His collaborations in film and theater have

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/// 67 ///





been Official Selections at festivals including the Big Apple Film Festival, the Nassau Film Festival, The New York Fringe Theater Festival, and Action on Film, earning nominations for Best Original Score and Best Tribute Film. He's contributed essays to Albany Records, the Baryshnikov Arts Center Stories series, and to Coldfront Magazine. His "Listening to Motive" pedagogical essay will be included in Princeton University Press' forthcoming *The Pocket Instructor: Writing*.

His recognitions and awards include a McKnight Composer Fellowship, an Established Artist Grant from the Southeastern Minnesota Art Council, numerous ASCAP awards, a Quin Morton Teaching Award from Princeton University, and selections for performance at the Society for Electroacoustic Music International Conference, and the Ammerman Center for Arts and Technology Biennial Conference. Honored as the 2016-17 Light Lecturer in Music, Carleton College presented and produced a concert devoted exclusively to his work in September 2016.

In 2011, he completed his Ph.D. in Music Composition at Princeton University, writing on the vinyl resurgence and its connection to our ideas of physicality and abstraction in music analysis, working with Dan Trueman, Barbara White, Paul Lansky, Steve Mackey, and Dmitri Tymoczko. He holds an M.M. in Composition from the University of Michigan (2002) and graduated magna cum laude from Williams College with Highest Honors in Music as well as a B.A. in English (2000).

Andrea joined the faculty of the Princeton Writing Program in 2010, where he taught several first-year writing seminars, including "Music and Power" and "Found Sound," through spring 2015. As Adjunct Professor in the production program at Ramapo College of New Jersey's School of Contemporary Arts in Spring 2015, he taught beginning and intermediate electronic and computer music. Since then he's taught composition, music technology, and music fundamentals as Visiting Assistant Professor of Music at Carleton College. He directs the composition program at the Sō Percussion Summer Institute in Princeton, NJ, a position he's held since July of 2013. Active in the Northfield community, he volunteers as a musical mentor at the Northfield Union of Youth, serves on the Prairie Creek Community School Arts Committee, and runs One More Revolution Records.





WHY PRINT/DOCUMENT?

*The Operating System uses the language “print document” to differentiate from the book-object as part of our mission to distinguish the act of documentation-in-book-FORM from the act of publishing as a backwards facing replication of the book’s agentive *role* as it may have appeared the last several centuries of its history. Ultimately, I approach the book as TECHNOLOGY: one of a variety of printed documents (in this case bound) that humans have invented and in turn used to archive and disseminate ideas, beliefs, stories, and other evidence of production.*

Ownership and use of printing presses and access to (or restriction of printed materials) has long been a site of struggle, related in many ways to revolutionary activity and the fight for civil rights and free speech all over the world. While (in many countries) the contemporary quotidian landscape has indeed drastically shifted in its access to platforms for sharing information and in the widespread ability to “publish” digitally, even with extremely limited resources, the importance of publication on physical media has not diminished. In fact, this may be the most critical time in recent history for activist groups, artists, and others to insist upon learning, establishing, and encouraging personal and community documentation practices. Hear me out.

With The OS’s print endeavors I wanted to open up a conversation about this: the ultimately radical, transgressive act of creating PRINT /DOCUMENTATION in the digital age. It’s a question of the archive, and of history: who gets to tell the story, and what evidence of our life, our behaviors, our experiences are we leaving behind? We can know little to nothing about the future into which we’re leaving an unprecedentedly digital document trail — but we can be assured that publications, government agencies, museums, schools, and other institutional powers that be will continue to leave BOTH a digital and print version of their production for the official record. Will we?

As a (rogue) anthropologist and long time academic, I can easily pull up many accounts about how lives, behaviors, experiences — how THE STORY of a time or place — was pieced together using the deep study of correspondence, notebooks, and other physical documents which are no longer the norm in many lives and practices. As we move our creative behaviors towards digital note taking, and even audio and video, what can we predict about future technology that is in any way assuring that our stories will be accurately told – or told at all? How will we leave these things for the record?

In these documents we say:
WE WERE HERE, WE EXISTED, WE HAVE A DIFFERENT STORY

*- Lynne DeSilva-Johnson, Founder/Managing Editor,
THE OPERATING SYSTEM, Brooklyn NY 2017*

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/// 69 ///





TITLES IN THE PRINT: DOCUMENT COLLECTION

An Absence So Great and Spontaneous It Is Evidence of Light - Anne Gorricks [2018]
The Book of Everyday Instruction - Chloe Bass [2018]
Executive Orders Vol. 2 - a collaboration with the Organism for Poetic Research [2018]
One More Revolution - Andrea Mazzariello [2018]
The Suitcase Tree - Filip Marinovich [2018]
Chlorosis - Michael Flatt and Derrick Mund [2018]
Sussuros a Mi Padre - Erick Sáenz [2018]
Sharing Plastic - Blake Nemec [2018]
The Book of Sounds - Mehdi Navid (Farsi dual language, trans. Tina Rahimi) [2018]
In Corpore Sano : Creative Practice and the Challenged Body [Anthology, 2018]; Lynne DeSilva-Johnson & Jay Besemer, Eds.
Abandoners - Lesley Ann Wheeler [2018]
Jazzercise is a Language - Gabriel Ojeda-Sague [2018]
Death is a Festival - Anis Shivani [2018]
Return Trip / Viaje Al Regreso; Dual Language Edition -
Israel Dominguez,(trans. Margaret Randall) [2018]
Born Again - Ivy Johnson [2018]
Attendance - Rocío Carlos and Rachel McLeod Kaminer [2018]
Singing for Nothing - Wally Swist [2018]
Walking Away From Explosions in Slow Motion - Gregory Crosby [2018]
CHAPBOOK SERIES 2018 : Greater Grave - Jacq Greyja; Needles of Itching Feathers - Jared Schlickling;
Want-Catcher - Adra Raine; We, The Monstrous - Mark DuCharme

Lost City Hydrothermal Field - Peter Milne Greiner [2017]
An Exercise in Necromancy - Patrick Roche [Bowery Poetry Imprint, 2017]
Love, Robot - Margaret Rhee[2017]
La Comandante Maya - Rita Valdivia (dual language, trans. Margaret Randall) [2017]
The Furies - William Considine [2017]
Nothing Is Wasted - Shabnam Piryaei [2017]
Mary of the Seas - Joanna C. Valente [2017]
Secret-Telling Bones - Jessica Tyner Mehta [2017]
CHAPBOOK SERIES 2017 : INCANTATIONS
featuring original cover art by Barbara Byers
sp. - Susan Charkes; Radio Poems - Jeffrey Cyphers Wright; Fixing a Witch/Hexing the Stitch - Jacklyn Janeksela; cosmos a
personal voyage by carl sagan ann druyan steven sotor and me - Connie Mae Oliver
Flower World Variations, Expanded Edition/Reissue - Jerome
Rothenberg and Harold Cohen [2017]
What the Werewolf Told Them / Lo Que Les Dijo El Licantropo - Chely Lima (trans. Margaret Randall) [2017]
The Color She Gave Gravity - Stephanie Heit [2017]
The Science of Things Familiar - Johnny Damm [Graphic Hybrid, 2017]
agon - Judith Goldman [2017]
To Have Been There Then / Estar Allí Entonces - Gregory Randall (trans. Margaret Randall) [2017]





Instructions Within - Ashraf Fayadh [2016] Arabic-English dual language edition; Mona Kareem, translator
Let it Die Hungry - Caitis Meissner [2016]

A GUN SHOW - Adam Sliwinski and Lynne DeSilva-Johnson;
So Percussion in Performance with Ain Gordon and Emily Johnson [2016]
Everybody's Automat [2016] - Mark Gurarie
How to Survive the Coming Collapse of Civilization [2016] - Sparrow
CHAPBOOK SERIES 2016: OF SOUND MIND
**featuring the quilt drawings of Daphne Taylor*
Improper Maps - Alex Crowley; While Listening - Alaina Ferris;
Chords - Peter Longofono; Any Seam or Needlework - Stanford Cheung

TEN FOUR - Poems, Translations, Variations [2015]- Jerome Rothenberg, Ariel Resnikoff, Mikhl Likht
MARILYN [2015] - Amanda Ngoho Reavey
CHAPBOOK SERIES 2015: OF SYSTEMS OF
**featuring original cover art by Emma Steinkraus*

Cyclorama - Davy Knittle; The Sensitive Boy Slumber Party Manifesto - Joseph Cuillier;
Neptune Court - Anton Yakovlev; Schema - Anurak Saelow
SAY/MIRROR [2015; 2nd edition 2016] - JP HOWARD
Moons Of Jupiter/Tales From The Schminke Tub [plays, 2014] - Steve Danziger

CHAPBOOK SERIES 2014: BY HAND

Pull, A Ballad - Maryam Parhizkar; Can You See that Sound - Jeff Musillo
Executive Producer Chris Carter - Peter Milne Greiner;
Spooky Action at a Distance - Gregory Crosby;

CHAPBOOK SERIES 2013: WOODBLOCK

**featuring original prints from Kevin William Reed*
Strange Coherence - Bill Considine; The Sword of Things - Tony Hoffman;
Talk About Man Proof - Lancelot Runge / John Kropa;
An Admission as a Warning Against the Value of Our Conclusions - Alexis Quinlan





DOC U MENT

/däkyəmənt/

First meant “instruction” or “evidence,” whether written or not.

noun - a piece of written, printed, or electronic matter that provides information or evidence or that serves as an official record
verb - record (something) in written, photographic, or other form
synonyms - paper - deed - record - writing - act - instrument

[Middle English, *precept*, from Old French, from Latin *documentum*, example, proof, from *docere*, to teach; see *dek-* in Indo-European roots.]

Who is responsible for the manufacture of value?

Based on what supercilious ontology have we landed in a space where we vie against other creative people
in vain pursuit of the fleeting credibilities of the scarcity economy,
rather than freely collaborating and sharing openly with each other
in ecstatic celebration of MAKING?

While we understand and acknowledge the economic pressures and fear-mongering
that threatens to dominate and crush the creative impulse,
we also believe that *now more than ever*
we have the tools to relinquish agency via cooperative means,
fueled by the fires of the Open Source Movement.

Looking out across the invisible vistas of that rhizomatic parallel country
we can begin to see our community beyond constraints,
in the place where intention meets
resilient, proactive, collaborative organization.

Here is a document born of that belief, sown purely of imagination and will.

When we document we assert.

We print to make real, to reify our being there.

When we do so with mindful intention to address our process,
to open our work to others, to create beauty in words in space,
to respect and acknowledge the strength of the page we now hold physical,
a thing in our hand... we remind ourselves that, like Dorothy:
we had the power all along, my dears.

THE PRINT! DOCUMENT SERIES

is a project of

the trouble with bartleby

in collaboration with

the operating system





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nah

Be neurologist - don't what I am searching for, or a specialist for it? He is a

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Handwritten musical notation on a staff, including notes and a treble clef.

Dolly is coming this week! She is an adventurer. A cool girl in school.

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Fossil fuels

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② - 2nd year, 2nd semester

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Have a great day!

1. Simple wave

2. ~~What is the purpose of the experiment?~~

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- Clear space

- Trans.

- Wes

- Choral

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Don't know

Fireball w/ dirty sample (?)

There's no

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Angels

burning

burning

burning

