





100 improvising musicians inside an 80' pentagram / 5 conductors

one - perwankers

two - eleanor balson, wankers

three - fred lonberg-holm, brian labycz, rotten milk, jamie trecker

these recordings by eric graf mastered by todd carter

BRIAN LABYCZ::

Hello,

The lamb and beast have become one.

This particular conducting method consists of a real-time visual score that is manipulated throughout the performance by the conductor or random systems. The projected image which all the performers can see is divided into 4 quadrants each with a colored box. Performers will be divided into 4 sections which will determine the colored box they will follow. There are only 3 rules to follow for the performers: as the box increases in size so does playing volume, as the box color becomes brighter increase the pitch, and if the color changes (red, blue, yellow, green) the texture or timbre should change (to what, the performer is free to decide).

And all shall be smitten with fear
And the Watchers shall quake,
And great fear and trembling shall seize them unto the
ends of the earth.

b.labycz

JAMIE TRECKER::

Each musician is asked to tune to standard (440Hz) tuning for the purpose of this piece.

The piece will last approximately twenty minutes and is divided into three movements.

The first movement consists of the African drummers playing a traditional Congolese beat solo for approximately five minutes.

Each stage will be given a series of three notes to play for the second movement. The musicians may play the note in any meter or octave but for the purpose of the piece, we ask that for the second movement, they restrict themselves to playing and/or manipulating this single note.

The reason is this: Once each stage plays, five-note chords will be formed. The chord will then shift as each stage moves through its three notes in succession, forming what we hope will be a giant, harmonic tone that shifts around the pentagram in a circle. The effect on the listener should be akin to a giant wall of sound that moves through a melodic change, but is the sum total of all the musicians playing at once.

The second movement will begin with stage one playing their first note. Stage two will be cued and so forth through stage five. Once Stage five has begun to play its first note, Stage one will move to its second note and the cycle will repeat. Once the third cycle has completed, each stage will be cued to stop until the circle of sound dies out, taking the chord down into component parts again.

The third movement will begin with a repeating loop line played on a piano. Each stage will then be asked to interpret and improvise off that line for the finale.

ROTTEN MILK::

Rules for Cthulhu structured improvisation by Rotten Milk:

Each of the pentagram's five triangles will be assigned a letter: A, B, C, D, E. In each triangle, players will be assigned a number: 1, 2, 3, 4, 5

There are two dice; one with numbers, one with letters. The sixth side of each die will be called "Cthulhu"

Conductor will roll the dice and hold up cards containing the results.

A/5 means all the people with the number 5 in section A.
B/3 means all the people with the number 3 in section B.

If your number and section is called and you are not already playing, you should start playing.
If your number and section is called and you are already playing, you should stop.

When Cthulhu, the sixth side of the die is rolled, it refers to everybody.

So if Cthulhu is rolled in place of the letter, it refers to all five sections (i.e. Cthulhu/3 = all 3s in the whole pentagram).

If Cthulhu is rolled in place of a number it refers to everyone in that given section (i.e. B/Cthulhu = everyone in triangle B).

When the conductor has rolled a pair of Cthulhus three times, the master will be summoned and the piece is over.

Finally, the conductor yields magical turning-people's-volume up and down powers and retains the right to use them at all times.

ELEANOR BALSON::

The Pick Up Lines Between A Traffic Light And A Rainbow.

The Rainbow is in love with the Traffic Light - that almost intimidating authority, so bright and reliable - the unchanging order, the solid rhythm. Traffic Light - built and adjusted by the sweaty hands and brains of electricians and engineers- Oh Yeah, Rainbow's totally in love with Traffic Light.

The Traffic Light is mesmerized by that sky-dwelling illusion of God, something so haughty, and then so subtly mute at times. And it's hot too, that uncertainty that Rainbow is even really there, or just imagined - the way Rainbow appears and disappears - and all the colors that Traffic Light hasn't yet achieved, but hopes to someday.

They give each other "the business" like crazy: turning on/turning off, coming/going. Their conversational sex life is very strong - they strike it up everytime they collide - exchanging pickup lines and talking philosophy. They talk about tools and gadgets and technical stuff, clouds, weather, religion, they gossip, they give each other advice - they may never get on with it, EVER!!!!

Our playing will charade around this theme. I'll be guiding you in a few transverse stages and you will play out the story as you interpret these signals.

What I'm wearing/not wearing.

The color and amount of clothing I'm wearing will suggest what colors are being broadcast between the Traffic Light and Rainbow: Use the colors of my clothes to strike up musical conversations with other improvisers - play the color you see or feel - play to other players and speak in colors. The less clothes I have, the more primitively you'll play- your musical conversations will devolve and grow more native.

Sparklers and other Sparking things.

When you see crackling sparks in a little cage I'll have on a pole, strike up a musical conversation about industry - the fire and electricity that bore the Traffic Light and all other lovable machines.

Birdies, Cute Little Baby Rodents, and Other Adorable Creatures

What's a springtime love tale without adorable little beasts thumping around? I'm going to behead several of these creatures (stuffed plush versions - except for the real dead rat that's been in the grass near my apartment - he's had a long winter and he's TOTALLY invited - P.S. - any body else got some roadkill or dead animals? I could use more corpses).

Anyhow, when you see the adorable creatures, you can incorporate them into the story.

Getting Balled

Sometimes it hits Traffic Light and Rainbow later - something that was said. Sometimes they realize "Oh Yeah, That was SO HOT, what they said before they left!" Sometimes instead they think "What? OH!!! That was just a line! A line to put me off, get me to stop trying? OH! Why didn't I just keep to myself?"

And beyond that, sometimes something is said that just creates wonder and stays inside the heart, innocent, pure, and beautiful. These three Conversational Possibilities are represented by the color of several balls I'll throw. If the ball hits you - you and you alone will be asked to exclaim one of these three:

Orange and Yellow: - "That was hot": musical translation: a very loud scoop or swoop upward in pitch.

Blue and Green: - "That was cold!": musical translation: very loud scoop/swoop down.

Pink and Purple: - "Ah, I'm going to be thinking about that..." A wavering, or fluttering slowly or quickly, kind of like a horse neighing, or a truck releasing it's brakes (or maybe you know some other way to play this).

So if I hit you with a ball, if you can tell what color it was, volley it back with the intended exclamation. If you can't tell what color, you get to choose your response. If you think you were hit, and you're not sure - like wise, choose a response.

Getting Personal

To create a little more order - I may ask you to stop playing or play louder, softer, or play more - either by hand gesturing to you or by touching you. And if I tell you to stop and then it seems like I forgot about you, you can start playing again.

OK! Strike up the band, y'all!

FRED LONBERG-HOLM::

For this version (the exploded lightbox).

Each point of the pentagram will have its own pair of lights (one green, one white).

When the green light is on, make very small and quiet sounds (continuously).

When the white light is on, make extremely loud sounds (leave space in between them).

When both lights are on, do what you want (really).

When neither light is on, be quiet (silent).

Thank you,

Fred

depper halsp

Prelude: I came back to Chicago from the cloud forests of Central America to look Fear cold dead in the eye. I got super fucked up. Dreaming of pure noise and jamming too many Holy Shit moments into one room- OK turn all the ideas into a single onslaught of data [TX & RX] Nonsense and multiple contradictory passions are our flag- for you can do whatever you want- a magic spell for killing your day job- a magic spell for tilly for he can do anything now it's amazing, like buying stock in happiness itself yeah it all began with a gut-wrenching wet faced vision of these sounds that excited a room to become a gone ballistic way station on the path of a relentless pursuit of an ever-expanding dream. These cds that you now possess are breadcrumbs dropped by insane children set out to devour the candy bread house we call reality.

Jump past months of asking, propagandizing and asking to the day of happening. It was an unavoidably magic day. The whole package. A weed out affair. The unstructured noise and the lightly, lovingly structured mélange of quasi-rational choices.

Five Points on a Pentagonram

One: Chaos becomes the first Gods. The Noise and its initial duration: way too long, i.e. perfect length. Arena Rock quantities of marijuana were smoked and then it began: From out of the dim light dust and smoke came a fairy unicorn from a magic dimension where every thing in every thrift store is super cool. The unicorn had so many rules, so specific and so lacking in sense that we reacted to the idea of rules and violently so. Everyone went, heading straight for "out there" at breakneck speed. As Eleanor Balson ran circles frantically stirring up energy, throwing hundreds of rubber bouncy balls at us and tearing off layers and layers of clothing, Time swirled cacophony and dust. It definitely went on too long, then again Eleanor was standing on a ladder stripping down and setting things on fire in the center of a vortex made out of pure noise. How long would you want that to last? I wanted to savor the moment forever.

Intermission: We had been sitting at the peak of a crescendo for hours. Daylight was painful or alien. I felt as though I had been climbing straight up a four hundred foot rope while being blasted by fire hoses. There was a break. Food drink and more smoke. Then, confusion before Fred stepped in and saved the day.

Two: Fred Lomberg-Holm. Jazz noise or the primordial soup. Before it had been all about the experience of a relentless physicality of moment. Now shape. Each point on the pentagram got two bulbs, four commands. How is communication within the extremes of volume and noise? Not enough to hide a secret message or reveal an obvious one. I had another Holy Shit moment when I heard Fred turning Joe St. Charles from

Typewriter on and off. You can hear it at the beginning of this cut, listen for the rock drummer cutting in and out. While you are listening to this recording, ask yourself- would just anything sound this perfect? Which note would you change first? Can you be so sure?

Three: Brian Labysch challenged us with color and size. He used a laptop and a video projection so we all faced a screen in the southeast corner of the room. My experience was that this was the most difficult piece to perform. Brian was looking at a laptop so there was very little we could read off him for elaborations-----a striking change after Fred who

seemed to be radiating his emotional connection to the sound. The difference was this: If Fred's conducting felt like skiing down a long trail through thick trees, playing under Brian's direction was a dream where one runs endlessly through O'Hare airport forever rushing late for a flight whose gate and concourse keep changing.

We went into our heads at a video blasted back against the inside of a TV screen by an icy cold tornado clean and frigid like my ex-wife, There's one sound on this track that's pure "water on the bathmat" screaming mindfuck- I dare you to sample it.

Four: It's been years now since Rotten Milk began amazing me with the way he channels the entirety of 20th century avant-garde technique directly into his lizard brain. He has raised the intensity of his everyday being to a level that most people cannot summon under the spotlight. He's rolling dice and I'm thinking "this is it; here is the perfect unification of stage and not-stage." It felt wonderful to perform this music like how she must feel when I fuck her. In what secretive supernatural crossroads deal did Rotten Milk end up with a magic switch labeled "orgasm"?

(Bubblegum Shitface has omitted his repeated exclamation that Rotten Milk "moves" just like Prince. This, for obvious reasons, has been corrected --terry)

Five: Jamie Trecker asked us to hold tones and conspire against chords. By the time we got to this, the final composer, the number of participants had dwindled noticeably- a factor that worked to create this sublime monotony like a well chewed wad of gum. When I begin work rescoring the final chase scene from "the French Connection" I will start with this cut. It will support everything like a cheap motel mattress. You can fuck anything ontop of this music. You can jump up and down and throw a whole pizza against the wall. You can do drugs like you just got out of prison and leave your double headed dildo where ever the shit covered fuck you feel like while you listen to this music.

PostScript 1: Every great event has someone who takes things way way too far. After the performances were over I explained this to Hoggle. Without missing a beat, without my even perceiving it, he told me he loved me so much that he wanted to put my balls in his mouth. I was so terrified I almost crapped myself. It was several days before I realized how sublime Hoggle's gesture was.

PostScript 2: After the spell had been successfully cast and its effects had been allowed to seep in like moisture through an unfinished basement wall, he sang: "Thank you Eric your beans are so important, I swear I don't know where would I be without you." The cost of putting this music in your ears, dear listener, has been immeasurable and worth double. May these sounds invoke transcendence in your lives as they have in mine.

Bubblegum Shitface 5-30-5