Title
I am Its will, It does not will

Permalink
https://escholarship.org/uc/item/7fp6090f

Author
McCallum, Clinton

Publication Date
2013

Peer reviewed|Thesis/dissertation
I am Its will. It does not will.

A dissertation submitted in partial satisfaction of the requirements for the degree Doctor of Philosophy in Music by Clinton McCallum

Committee in charge:
Professor Katharina Rosenberger, Chair
Professor Anthony Burr
Professor Anthony Davis
Professor Ricardo Dominguez
Professor Tara Knight

2013
The dissertation of Clinton McCallum is approved, and it is acceptable in quality and form for publication on microfilm and electronically:

_____________________________________
_____________________________________
_____________________________________
_____________________________________
_____________________________________  
Chair

University of California, San Diego  
2013
# TABLE OF CONTENTS

Signature Page........................................................................................................... iii

Table of Contents...................................................................................................... iv

Vita............................................................................................................................ v

Abstract of the Dissertation..................................................................................... vi

Introductions: Music, Text, and Writing About Your Own Music......................... 1

Re-Introductions: Hearing the Future Voice Speak Through the Past in the Present...................................................................................................................... 8

Circles and Ghosts: The Thundersheet Choir......................................................... 15

Mozart, Magick, My Throat: Call-and-Response and Ritual in the First Movement.................................................................................................................... 19

Signs, Songs, and Subjectivity: Narrative in the Second Movement...................... 28

Coda............................................................................................................................ 37

Works cited.............................................................................................................. 38

Formal Map of the Piece........................................................................................ 39

Score.......................................................................................................................... 40

Stereo recording of *I am Its will. It does not will.* on file at the Mandeville Special Collections Library
VITA

2003 B. M. in Music Composition, Oberlin Conservatory of Music, Oberlin, Ohio

2006-2013 Graduate Teaching Assistant, University of California, San Diego

2008 M. A. in Music Composition, University of California, San Diego

2011 Lecturer in Music, University of California, San Diego

2013 Ph. D. in Music Composition, University of California, San Diego
ABSTRACT OF THE DISSERTATION

*I am Its will. It does not will.*

by

Clinton McCallum

Doctor of Philosophy in Music

University of California, San Diego, 2013

Katharina Rosenberger, Chair

*I am Its will. It does not will.* is a piece that I composed for amplified voice, clarinet, tuba, piano/accordion, drum-set/vibraphone, electric guitar, and violin, electronic playback, and a choir of automated thundersheets. The following text will discuss this composition as a musical interrogation of the place of “voice” in everyday constructions of reality. We all speak, listen to, and channel physical, metaphysical, political, ethical, past, future, and self-referential voices as a process of understanding the place of the self in the world. This composition treats this process, through music, as simultaneously magical and malignant. From this conceptual ground, it uses the musical ritual to push the listener to both feel and intuit the untenability of subjectivity as self-presence. I will elucidate this further below by revealing some of my extra-musical inspirations and how these relate to specific details in the music itself.
Introductions: Music, Text, and Writing About Your Own Music

[...] one does best to separate an artist from his work, not taking him as seriously as his work. He is, after all, only the precondition of his work, the womb, the soil, sometimes the dung and manure, out of which, it grows—and therefore in most cases something one must forget if one is to enjoy the work itself. Insight into the origin of a work concerns the physiologists and vivisectionists of the spirit; never the aesthetic man, the artist!

I have had a complicated relationship with performances of my compositions from the beginning. During the sophomore year of my undergraduate degree I wrote my first piece of concert music. Now, I had completed plenty of compositional exercises before hand, but this was a piece. Titled *Underwear*, it was a setting of the Laurence Ferlinghetti poem of the same name, and it was scored for baritone, violin, and piano. The music resonated the political anger and cheeky funkiness of the poem in surprising ways that opened up new meanings of the text even for myself. It had that ineffable mark of personality; my *opus one*, as it were.

The premier performance was electric—it was like watching a band play. They walked on stage to the tepid applause typical at “new music” concerts that consist of twelve short, unrelated pieces. Intermittent claps sputtered out, and they prepared their music. Then, the first low piano note hit and the space transformed. The stage radiated urgency and attitude: the violinist and pianist scowled at one another anticipating cues, and the baritone's posture seemed to thrust his head out over the music stand and protrude out at the audience. This cresting intensity
sustained for the entire duration, and then, after four minutes, the performance ended.

I felt confused. My composition didn’t just work, it was good. The structure was surprising and yet it flowed naturally; the vocal writing colored the text in often poetic ways; and every detail of the music spoke clearly (I quickly learned that you have very little control over repeating this kind of success, that it, in fact, has very little to do with technique). And yet there was so much more music there that wasn't mine. The biting down bows that Ben laid on the violin, the Bootsy Collinsesque low staccatos that Du Yun bounced on the keyboard, the ripping high G's that thrust out of Ian's throat, none of this was mine nor did I want it to be. But how would all of these suddenly fevered clappers know what was whose?

During the customary post-concert congratulatory ceremony, a stranger approached me with wide eyes. “That was amazing” she beamed. I thanked her awkwardly and shifted as I didn't know what else to say, much less how to transition to a topic that wasn't the piece of music that just happened. It wasn't that I was shy or that I was bad at taking compliments—though both of those things were the case. The truth was that I couldn't think of what else to say because, in that moment, I felt nothing but resentment towards her.

Why? Why resent someone who said something nice to you? Who was effected by music that you were a part of in precisely the way you wanted them to be effected? Is music composition a torturous cycle of the desire to share followed by the guilt that comes with hating those you share it with and back again? These
questions bounced around my soul as I walked home alone that successful night.

I could not answer these questions then, but I will attempt to here. These answers will function as a preface to what follows. The problem presented in the story above leads directly to the two central problems presented by this dissertation—to the spot where they overlap, in fact. The first of these problems is presented in the music that I wrote as part of this dissertation: voice, in its etiological elusiveness and significative excess, demonstrates the impossibility of the concept of a bounded self-present subject; and yet, this conception is a fundamental feature of the dominant western framing of history as teleological and the institutions of power that are justified by said framing. The second problem is presented by the task: how do you write about your own music without unintentionally presenting a totalizing interpretation that will fail because music is, by its very nature, like voice, etiologically elusive and always in excess of meaning?

While *Underwear* was my first piece, the premier of that piece was not the first time that I had received adoring praise after a performance. Well before that night, I had played a handful of shows in a couple of jazz, punk, and/or psychedelic bands that had elicited honest ecstatic enthusiasm that was directed at me during that vulnerable phase, post-performance, when you're “coming down” back into yourself. But in none of these moments had I felt this sense of resentment before. So the resentment, unsurprisingly, had nothing to do with her, and everything to do with me.
It wasn't my hidden desire to be on stage and to share an experience with the band. In fact, I found my experience sitting in the hall to be thrilling, magical, and ecstatic: in short, everything I've ever wanted music to be. It wasn't a question of missing something from a previous mode of presentation at all; instead, there was something new. Being in an expensive building that is built for the sole purpose of housing a certain type of music—the type that I was receiving praise for—did something to me. A fundamental shift in the value of the new had taken place. Whereas before, in basement parties, the new was a local and fluid experience that was significant in its singularity, now, in the musically tuned concert hall, the new was already caught up in a project larger than the event and its participants. In accepting the role and title of “composer,” I had unwittingly implicated myself in a teleological history wherein composers of a very specific type of music, sponsored by powerful institutions, pave the way forward with bricks straight from their unique, bounded, inaccessible, subjective visions of the new. The new experience that I was trying to facilitate—for myself and for others—had transformed from use value to exchange value, and in so doing I had been closed off from the people around me.

I do not believe that this transformation is final. It is rather a systematic tendency, and, like other systematic tendencies, can be strategically dealt with and reversed. My point is rather that this issue of challenging constructions of a bounded, self-present subjectivity is more than a theoretical framework through which I am going to discuss some reading of my own music. This issue is at the
Bare in mind all that is presented above as you continue. What follows is part retrospective diary documenting how the piece might have gestated, part improvisatory response to my experience of the piece, and part incomplete catalog of musical details in the piece. It is not a prescription for how the piece should be experienced.

The structure of the writing below relates simply and directly to the formal structure of the piece itself, and is presented in four sections:

1) Discusses the two sounds that begin the piece—the rattle of a reel to reel tape player/recorder, later joined by an acousmatic voice addressing the audience—as a classical introductory gesture in that they announce a strangeness in the relationship between past, present, and future.

2) Deals with the eight automated thundersheets that hang over the audience/performers. It presents the technical mechanics of the apparatuses as essentially metaphorically linked to the central themes of the piece as a whole.

3) Uses the first movement as an example of my approach, as a composer, to ritualizing the concert hall. In this case, I engage the formal logic of call-and-response as a process to engage the listeners body in various transcendent spaces.

4) Presents the second movement as an approach to writing complimentary
words and music in tandem. The main challenge inherent in this task is to construct the two in such a way that they resonate with one another, highlighting their mutual excess of meaning, rather than being demonstrative translations of one another.

After these four sections you will find a map of the formal structure of the piece, and the score itself.

I will be referencing several external texts throughout, but I will repeatedly return one in particular as it is theoretically central to my multiple treatments of voice and voices. In his book, The Voice and Nothing More, Mladen Dolar presents the voice as bearer of meaning and aesthetic gadget and then some. This more, this excess, is the human leftovers in the reproduction of meaning. He does this by tracing the voice through linguistics, metaphysics, physics, ethics, politics, and especially psychoanalysis. Throughout this tracing of vast terrain, Dolar is still able to return to a central concept: that the voice lies in between us and the world. “The voice stems from the body, but is not its part, and it upholds language without belonging to it, yet, in this paradoxical topology, this is the point they share.” (Dolar, 73) “We can say that the subject and the Other coincide in their common lack embodied by the voice.” (ibid, 103) Dolar sees the voice as a sort of immaterial glue that holds languages and bodies, people and reality, together; but it is also that which exceeds these things. In other words, it is the Lacanian objet á: the part of the Real that is beyond language and yet invests the subject in the play of desire—something both central to and outside of the subject.
I am It's will. It does not will. is scored for amplified voice, Bb clarinet, tuba, piano/accordion, drum-set/vibraphone, electric guitar, violin, electronic playback, and automated thundersheet choir. The duration of the piece is approximately 63 minutes. Throughout the text, time notations in minutes and seconds refer to time locations on the audiovisual recording of the premier performance. The performers on this recording are: Leslie Ann Leythem, voice; Samuel Dunscombe, clarinet; Jonathan Piper, tuba; Brendan Nguyen, piano/accordion; Leah Bowden, drum-set/vibraphone; Clint Davis, electric guitar; Batya MacAdam-Somer, violin; Kevin Larke and myself, thundersheets; and David Medine, conductor.
Re-Introductions: Hearing the Future Voice Speak Through the Past in the Present

Re-enter Ghost

Horatio: I'll cross it, though it blast me. Stay, Illusion!
    If though hast any sound, or use of voice,
    Speak to me:
    If there be any good thing to be done,
    That may to thee do ease and grace to me,
    Speak to me:
    If thou art privy to thy country's fate,
    which happily foreknowing may avoid,
    O! speak;
    or if thou hast uphoarded in thy life
    extorted treasure in the womb of earth,
    for which, they say, you spirits oft walk in death,

[Cock crows]
    Speak of it: stay and speak! Stop it, Marcellus.

Marcellus: Shall I strike it with my partisan?

Horatio: Do, if it will not stand.

Bernardo: 'T is here!

Horatio: 'T is here!

Marcellus: 'T is gone!

Exit Ghost

- Shakespeare, Hamlet, Act I Scene I

As in Hamlet, the Prince of a rotten State, everything begins by the appari
tion of a specter. More precisely by the waiting for this appari
tion. The anticipation is at once impatient, anxious, and fascinated: this, the thing (“this thing”) will end up coming. The revenant is going to come.
-Jacques Derrida, Specters of Marx, pg. 2

As soon as the Ghost enters the first scene of Shakespeare's Hamlet,
everyone starts talking about hearing. More specifically, the three characters on
watch—Horatio, Bernardo, and Marcellus—need desperately to hear the Ghost say
something. As they wait impatiently, unsatisfied, afraid, and determined, a sound
signals their fated failure: the cock crows. The sun has not yet risen, but the cock crows and the ghost disappears without speaking a word. We are left in a state of in-betweenness: the dark of night and the glow of dawn; the call and the response; the signifier and the signified. We don’t know what the past has to say...yet.

There is an introductory formal function here: something is rotten, and this rottenness will trigger action. But why the obsession with the unspoken and the desire to hear? And why the Ghost? In answering these questions I intend to introduce the introductory section of my own composition.

The Ghost is two things at once: suppressed memory and fate; distant past and unconceivable future. It is an apparition: something seen and not believed, and yet seen again. It must come with a message, yet it waits in a state beyond patience. Do you hear it...yet?

The first sound you hear in this piece was happening already, before you entered the performance space. A reel to reel tape deck rattles and whirs, glowing under a single spotlight. You settle into your seat and maybe chat with some friends around you as the tape deck continues to sound. Slowly (or was it quickly?) the entire audience decides—in a miraculously collective synchronicity, without announcements—that the piece has started. They wait in the silence of rattling gears and sliding plastic film. Is this what I'm supposed to hear? Is it speaking something? It's not even plugged into anything. What's on that tape? Speak!

Waiting is important. In his *Specters of Marx*, Jacques Derrida draws connections between the ghost in Shakespeare's *Hamlet* and the specter in Marx
and Engels’s *Communist Manifesto*. He deconstructs each text down to a distinction between *messianism* and *the messianic*. Messianism refers to religions of the Messiah (Judaic, Muslim, and Christian religions) that believe that a Messiah can/will be recognized through reference to features described in a sacred text. In other words, the future has been spoken by the past and the future is a man. The messianic, on the other hand, is a type of open waiting without expectation framed by logos. Derrida took the term from Walter Benjamin's case for materialistic historiography over historicism:

> Historicism rightly culminates in universal history. Materialistic historiography differs from it as to method more clearly than any other kind. Universal history has no theoretical armature. Its method is additive; it musters a mass of data to fill the homogeneous, empty time. Materialistic historiography, on the other hand, is based on a constructive principle. Thinking involves not only the flow of thoughts, but their arrest as well. Where thinking suddenly stops in a configuration pregnant with tensions, it gives that configuration a shock, by which it crystalizes into a monad. A historical materialist approaches a historical subject only where he encounters it as a monad. In this structure he recognizes the sign of a Messianic cessation of happening, or, put differently, a revolutionary chance in the fight for the oppressed past.

- Benjamin, 262-263

For Benjamin, the Messianic is revolutionary because it refuses to be predetermined by history. In this refusal, it gives itself up to an open waiting towards a future unrestrained by any text—it is an openness towards the outside of language.

> “Hello...”

A voice addresses the audience. An acousmatic voice. But how acousmatic
is it, perceptually speaking, after waiting in the silence of the reel to reel tape
deck? after the machine accumulated an uncanny anthropomorphism? In other
words, when this voice breaks the silence, it also poses a question: Am I on that
tape? From where do I come?

As the monologue—or should it be *schizologue*?—continues, it begins to
claim reference to the genre of “new age” meditation tapes. The voice stays true to
a smooth tone of parental encouragement as it leads you, from the outside, to the
inside of yourself. In this coaxing, it is also the announcement—a *bon voyage*—of
an inward trajectory. “New age” meditation tapes and hypnotherapy have a lot in
common with *Hamlet*, the important difference is that the tapes address an
audience of one.

This combination of lyrical content evoking the genre of meditation tapes
with a vocal delivery evoking the encouraging promise of parental protection is
supposed to evoke a specific state in the listener. It is the presentless state of
therapy where the therapist promises to help you convert your haunting past into
an alternative future. This voice will guide you inward because you can't produce
a voice that would possess that kind of buoyancy in the thick sea of yourself.

But, midway through the monologue, the words of the voice cross genre
from guide announcing an inward trajectory to prophet announcing the world to
come. Here is the first of several important shifts that also function as conflations
throughout the piece. Here the conflation is between an inward psychoanalytic
trajectory and prophetic proclamations of a new world order is intentional. The
conflation is stabilized by the unchanging intonation of the vocal delivery. The same parental encouragement that guides into the darkness of your past promises the coming unimaginable world.

Prophet/Therapist

Etymologically, “prophet” traces back to ancient Greek. In this case, “pro” most closely means “before”, and “phet” traces to “phênai” or “speak”. So “prophet” means “beforespeak”. The recorded voice is quintessentially prophetic in that it was recorded before it speaks. This ghost always says something before it happens, and we wait, enraptured, to hear it speak. From where does this prophetic message come, God or the dead?

The etymology of “therapy” traces to ancient Greek “therapeuein”, meaning “to cure, treat medically, attend, do service.” The therapeutic voice coaxes the addressee into submission. To be attended to is to be in a state of submission. To be treated is to allow the treater any number of breaches of privacy. Therapy is a form of violence, and the therapeutic voice is supposed to dull the sting of intrusion. But the listener willingly submits to the intrusion, submits to the violence. Submission here does not imply a relationship wherein a position of power beats the would be submitter into said state, but rather a relationship wherein the would be submitter wills her/his own submission. It is ecstasy, rapture, and the dissolution of subjectivity.

But how possible is this ecstatic submission in the presence of the
therapeutic voice? The therapeutic voice is a promise: “I will cure you”. In this sense it shares a feature with prophecy, the important difference being that the prophetic voice is not that of individual subjective will—there is no “I” in prophetic grammar, only “he”. It also promises to perform a service, to protect. This is where the parental register becomes clear. All parental encouragement implies an insurance policy. It guides and affirms the uniqueness and specialness of the subjectivity of the addressee.

We can shed light on the relationship between “new age” therapy and prophecy by examining the idea of “self-realization.” While listening to self-realization tapes, we are guided by a voice outside of ourselves towards our own realization of ourselves. There is a conceptual looping here that I will come back to when I discuss my approach to subjectivity later. This relationship between the acousmatic voice and the medium of the tape is important. The mass produced consumer product nature of the tape and its standard mode of distribution implies a universality to the cure locked within it. The tape unlocks processes that are “proven to work.” So, in realizing yourself, you are also realizing your humanity. In other words, in realizing your subjectivity you realize something infinitely beyond it. In submitting to the cure you are willing your own realization which itself is transcendence.

Therapy is a structuring of time: A sessions ends, a cure is a temporal rupture. Here, prophecy returns. In the future of the patient “we will continue on, as we have, until the coming moment of crisis, after which we will continue in a
different way;” in the future of the therapist “we will continue on, as we have, until the coming moment of cure, after which we will continue in a different way.”

Crisis and cure, holding the same position. This overlap is not evidence for a relativist argument about the fallibility of language, it is rather the place of a deep truth.

Conflations themselves are displaceable. The bizarre overlap between two ideas can lead to some deeper hidden concept. This is precisely why I am so interested in conflating words and genres in the lyrics of this piece. I see it as directly related to the Lacanian venn diagrams that Dolar uses to represent the voice as always the inbetween point of the oppositional dialectical structures that are fundamental to the western sense of self. The right conflation can also lead to the liberatory deconstruction that Derrida advocates, in that it could lead to a destabilizing of the logocentric construction of history as progress.

*Horatio:* O day and night, but this is wondrous strange!  
*Hamlet:* And therefore as stranger give it welcome.  
There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,  
Than are dreamt of in your philosophy.  
[...]  
The time is out of joint; O cursed spite,  
That ever I was born to set it right!  
Nay, come; Let's go together. [Exeunt]  
- Shakespeare, *Hamlet, Act I Scene V.*
Circles and Ghosts: The Thundersheet Choir

Then, summoning the wild courage of despair, a throng of the revelers at once threw themselves into the black apartment, and, seizing the mummer, whose tall figure stood erect and motionless within the shadow of the ebony clock, gasped in unutterable horror at finding the grave cerements and corpse-like mask, which they handled with so violent a rudeness, untenanted by any tangible form.
-Edgar Allen Poe, *The Mask of the Red Death*

The four main sections of the piece—acousmatic introduction, wordless first movement, second movement, and coda—are each separated by a five to seven minute blast of automated thundersheet choir. I developed this crude network in collaboration with Kevin Larke. This portion of the essay will discuss the visual, aural, and techno-systematic features of the choir as each contributing to an uncanny eventless quality of the event itself. It is in this sense that the thundersheets are particularly vocal:

[the voice] is like a bodily missile which separates itself from the body and spreads around, but on the other hand it points to a bodily interior, an intimate partition of the body which cannot be disclosed—as it the voice were the very principle of division into interior and exterior. The voice, by being so ephemeral, transient, incorporeal, ethereal, presents for that very reason the body at its quintessential, the hidden bodily treasure beyond the visible envelope, the interior “real” body, unique and intimate, and at the same time it seems to present more than the mere body—in many languages there is an etymological link between spirit and breath (breath and being the “voiceless voice,” the zero point of vocal emission); the voice carried by breath points to the soul irreducible to the body.
-Dolar, 70-71

Eight thundersheets are suspended over the audience and ensemble, crossing the break between the two, arranged an a V shape that reaches its apex over the singer. Each of these sheets is suspended by steel guitar strings. The guitar
strings are tied off at the other end to a microphone stand which hangs horizontally from the rafters. One DC powered rotary motor is mounted to the head of the microphone stand, and a rubber stopper caked in rosin is attached to its axle. The stopper rests against the guitar string that suspends the thundersheet. Mounted to the chassis of the motor is a magnetic pickup—a crude version of what you find in an electric guitar—that adjusts to hover over the guitar string. Behind the thundersheet, out of sight from the point of view of the audience, hangs a single speaker. A second magnetic pickup is mounted to the speaker and hovers over the thundersheet. All of the motors are powered, and their speed controlled by, a single variable voltage power supply. When the supply is turned on, the output of the two pickups is sent to a mixer and back to the speaker behind the thundersheet creating a feedback loop.

It is significant that the thundersheet apparatuses are hanging from the rafters and not from percussion stands. This signifies that the thundersheets are decidedly not percussion instruments—they are not played by humans and their musical expressive function is ambiguous. But this also rejects the architectural element of the percussion setup. Percussion setups in “new music” are sites, both in the sense that they are constructions on a specific area of ground and in the sense that they signal a particular place where an event is occurring or has occurred. This is particularly true for “new music” percussion—as opposed to a drum set, for example—because, due to the lexiconal cultural tourism of the genre, every setup is different. So, the thundersheet apparatuses sound without
performer and without architecture; they are without site, without event.

The primary inspiration when we first started designing these machines was to create something that could bow endlessly. This is impossible with a standard bow because, at some point, you must stop, if only for an instant, to change directions. We started to talk about other models for producing constant sound that lasts beyond to the assumed temporal limits of the performing body (human or otherwise), and came to the technique of circular breathing on wind instruments. Why not make something that can circular bow? And that's exactly what these machines do. The rubber stopper, attached to the axle of the motor, lies flat against the guitar string as if it were two bows drawing endless in opposite directions:


...in tone, space itself—as we put it earlier—is in a unique way directed toward the hearer; is experienced as in motion toward him. In this sensation—"directed from...toward..."—spatial depth is revealed to the hearer. Depth in auditory space, then, refers not to the distance between my ear and the location in space where a tone is produced, does not refer at all to the space *in* which I encounter tones; it refers to the space I encounter in tones, to the "from..." element of the encounter.

-Zuckerkandl, 289.

So, at the contact point there is a break-point: directionality is initiated by a directionless motion. This metaphor became important to me as I wrote the piece. It reappears in the mirrored spinning of the two reels on the tape deck during the
introduction, and during the layered polyrhythmic loops that the band plays in the second movement. It was another way to point towards the secrets between the cracks in our everyday existence.

Audio feedback is simultaneously an opening and a closing. In closing a loop between the input and the output, there is an opening into the electrical signal through which the resonant frequencies of the input device, the loudspeaker, the amplifier, and the room pass. Again, we confront the directionlessness of the circle and the uncanny feeling of “where does it start? where does it end?” But also the ghostly bi-products of multiple simultaneous resonant spaces. Here, “spectral” would refer to specters and a shifting in-betweenness. And indeed, you can hear these voices of ghosts emerge from the thundersheets at certain unpredicted moments in the piece. In fact, after one rehearsal, Kevin approached me excitedly and asked “Did you hear that voice? The ghost of a child?” “Yes!” I said.
Mozart, Magick, My Throat: Call-and-Response and Ritual in the First Movement

Priest: Kyrie elèison.
Congregation: Kyrie elèison.
P: Christe elèison.
C: Christe elèison.
P: Kyrie elèison.
C: Kyrie elèison.

-Christian Mass

Now when I say uh, you say ah
Uh [crowd:] Ah Uh Ah
And now when I say hey, you say ha
Hey Ha Hey Ha
Now when I say freeze you just freeze one time
When I say freeze y'all stop on a dime
When I say freeze you just freeze one time
When I say freeze y'all stop on a dime
Now FRIEEEEEEZE [...]
Now, now, now, let me clear my throat.
-DJ Kool, Let Me Clear My Throat.

The kyrie of Mozart's Requiem Mass in D Minor is remarkable because of its form. The typical musical setting is in ternary form, mirroring the structure of the text: kyrie, christe, kyrie. And this form doesn't occur at the textual level alone. There is a self-similar relation between the text and the liturgical performance in that the priest calls, the congregation responds, and the priest prays—it's ABA's all the way down. A communicative hierarchy is mirrored between heaven and earth: the ternary form moves from the primary theme (Father/priest/tonic) to the secondary theme (Son/congregation/dominant) and concludes with the primary having the last word.

But not in the Mozart. Mozart's kyrie is a double fugue. We do not return to
the Father, Father and Son are simultaneous. They intertwine, two subjects with
there own mirrors/counter-subjects, distinct but for one shared capacity: the power
of mercy. There's something very Reformational about this formal oddity, both in
its harkening back to forms of the baroque and its flattening out of the
communication channels through the divine hierarchy.

At some point in the process of composing this piece I was dabbling in the
analysis of classical masses. This point was out near the end of some ideational
road that several blindly speculative turns had led me to. Before I was tasting
classical German sacred music, I was considering rituals after which I could model
my music.

Aleister Crowley's Liber XV (also know as The Gnostic Mass) is, in some
ways, a variation on a theme. It follows the formal structure of the Roman Catholic
Mass in that it has six sections that have similar teleological functions. However, it
is in the content of these sections where the variation lies, which is, of course,
radical. In The Confessions of Aleister Crowley, Crowley himself indirectly
discusses the use value of existent forms while recalling the motivation behind
writing Liber VI:

Human nature demands (in the case of most people) the satisfaction
of the religious instinct, and, to very many, this may best be done by
ceremonial means. I wished therefore to construct a ritual through
which people might enter into ecstasy as they have always done
under the influence of appropriate ritual. In recent years, there has
been an increasing failure to attain this object, because the
established cults shock their intellectual convictions and outrage
their common sense.

-Crowley, 714
The shock and outrage that Crowley refers to is predominantly the trendy metaphysical occult theories of the day. But he could also be referring to novel formal structures in ritual that fail by calling attention to themselves. He is advocating pilfering of existent forms for the purpose of exploring new resonances. It struck me that this was an essentially magickal gesture: to find the ruptures in the existing world and pass through them. As Crowley says of nursery rhymes in his *Magick: Liber ABA* (a different kind of ABA):

> Every nursery rime contains profound magical secrets which are open to every one who has made a study of the correspondences of the Holy Qabalah. To puzzle out an imaginary meaning for this "nonsense" sets one thinking of the Mysteries; one enters into deep contemplation of holy things and God Himself leads the soul to a real illumination.

- Crowley, *Magick: Liber ABA Book Four*, 80

This knowledge of secrets—of the cracks in the structure of our everyday lives—is both magickal and Lacanian. For both men, it was through these cracks, gaps, breaks, or ruptures that we might access the divine. I too am interested in these mysteries that emerge at the break-points of reality.

Now back to Mozart. I began to realize, after analyzing Mozart's double fugue with Crowley's motivations lingering about me, that my interest in ritualizing the experience of the art-music concert was not genetic but memetic. My “mass”—or whatever it was to become—was going to select forms based on their potential for rupturous functionality. In fact, my mass didn't have to be a mass at all. It would instead present a new pulling apart within the call-and-response
structure. While Mozart's double fugue rearranges the divine hierarchy of the *kyrie*, my antiphony would entrain the listener and open the gap between call and response, voice and echo.

Antiphonal call-and-response between preacher and congregation is analogous to air filling up and releasing out of lungs. The call sends the word into the body of the congregation that in turn releases it back to the world/Other. While the analogy works here on an abstract metaphorical level, it is also working on direct physical level as well. The individual members of the congregation must breath in as they hear the preacher speak out the call. It is this entrainment between the members of the congregation that makes the metaphor of an integrated congregational body both real and literal.

Call-and-response structures hold an inosculational agency, and this is precisely why they are so effective in group rituals. DJ Kool demonstrates the literalness of this inosculated during the call-and-response section of his *Let Me Clear My Throat*. “When I say uh you say ah.” Performer and audience exchange extra-linguistic emissions of voice. Like breath, coughing is a mode in which the voice speaks both in and outside of language. As Dolar puts it,

We can easily see that there is a whole “semiotics of coughing”: one coughs while preparing the speak, one uses coughing as Jakobson's phatic communication, establishing a channel for communication proper; one can use coughing as bidding for time for reflection, or as ironic commentary which jeopardizes the sense of the utterance; as a notification of one's presence; as an interruption of a difficult silence; as part of the pragmatics of telephone conversation. There may be no linguistic features, no binary oppositions, no distinctive traits, except for the overriding one: the non-articulate itself.
becomes a mode of the articulate; the presymbolic acquires its value only through opposition to the symbolic, and is thus is itself laden with signification precisely by virtue of being non-signifying. Physiological and inarticulate as it may be, it cannot escape the structure. [...] The voice presents a short circuit between nature and culture, between physiology and structure; its vulgar nature is mysteriously transubstantiated into meaning tout court.
-Dolar, 24-26

The call-and-response that DJ Kool initiates is an exchange of this short circuit. In sharing equal halves of one gesture—as opposed to “when I cough you cough, cough...”—the performer and audience enact a symbiotic structure. As the audience follows directions and complete his cough, they multiply its physiology and cap its semiotic structure.

The lingering resonances of the thundersheets fade and it's as if a curtain has been pulled back, revealing an already existing space slightly beyond. We hear the ensemble, continuing out from underneath the din of the machines, exchanging breath between singer and instruments that emerges from the bed of long ringing silences. This entire section, from the end of the first appearance of the thundersheet choir to the first appearance of the electronic playback, is one long compositional meditation on the idea of call and response.

“mmm → ahh...”

From the quiet mantric hum at the start of the section, to the screaming upward glissandos at the end, the singer's voice remains a wordless voice. This is intended to produce a material effect in the listener. Without words, the voice can
act as a short circuit between bodies. Between the calls of the singer and the breathy responses of the ensemble that slowly approach one another, the long period of time wherein we only hear the internal sound of “mmm”, and the slow respiratory rhythm, the music is constructed in such a way that listener's body is supposed to be drawn into that of the singer's. A voice with words would put space between bodies by adding the temporal lag present in any mode of making sense.

But, as Dolar has already demonstrated, the singerless voice still signifies. The section connects several distinct modes of the wordless voice into three continuous subsections: intimate, mantric, internal (measures 1-118); musical, exploratory, opening (measures 119-208); pushing, ripping, at the limits of the body (measures 209-284). Throughout, the text notated underneath the pitches in the vocal part functions as a directive for how the vocal apparatus (diaphragm, throat, mouth, teeth, lips) might filter the voice, not sculpt it into signifiers. But there are distinct types of filtering happening in each subsection, each type carrying with it a set of associations or possible meanings.

Words do emerge, however not from the singer but the instrumentalists. Up until measure 51 (18:49), the singer never opens her mouth (this is precisely why breaths in through the nose are notated). The voice is resonating wholly inside of the body, bleeding out to us through the epidermis. Then, at measure 51, she transitions from “mmm” to “uhh”. Right at these moments, when the singer does finally open her mouth, other voices speak through hers: the clarinet plays fuzzy
multiphonics; the tubist speaks through the instrument; the drummer speaks through the snare drum; the violinist mimes speech within given durations. Vocal transmissions is the evocation here. It is as if behind the singer’s lips there exists a whole spectrum of messages being channeled through her voice. And this spectrum of channels can be seen in the wires emerging from above and connecting to the thundersheet apparatuses.

This is all to say that there is a transcendental choreography written into the music for the listener. As the rhythm of the call-and-response exchanges gain momentum, so does that of the listener’s trajectory into the singer’s voice. And as this trajectory continues, cracks within the fabric of the voice open up. These cracks or breaks are amplified through the ensemble writing. For example, the vocal transmissions, filtered through the instruments, that spit from within the singer’s “uh” in measures 86 and 87 of the first movement. Or the noisy, explosive clouds that result from the singer “finding” and new pitch at measures 119, 134, 145, 157, 175, 183, and 188. Or the spastic rhythmic unison gestures that rub against the surrounding material and the last subsection. I see all of these examples as my orchestrations of the breaks and ruptures within our understanding of voice as a marker for the body, and/or the soul, and/or the citizen, and/or the subject.

In the chapter titled *The “Physics” of the Voice*, Dolar opens with what at first seems a contradictory move: he discusses the acousmatic voice. How can we understand the physics of the voice by studying the voice without body? But this is
precisely Dolar's point. He argues that the voice carries a dual functionality that itself is paradoxical:

Of course [the voice] has an inherent link to presence, to what there is, to the point of endorsing the very notion of presence, yet at the same time, as we have seen, it presents a break, it is not to be simply counted among existing things, its topology dislocates it in relation to presence. And—most important in this context—it is precisely the voice that holds bodies and languages together. -Dolar, 60 (italics original)

There is a notable play on the word “break” here. In the context of the voice, “break” can refer to the division between vocal registers. We can hear this as a topological break between “chest voice” and “head voice” in yodeling, but also a chronological break between child and adult in the cracking voices of pubescent boys. Here however, “break” is an interruption in the continuity of bodies and languages.

Like “voice”, “break” is a homophone. And here, at this break-point, Dolar shows that there is an inherent link between the acousmatic voice and the voice in general—that the former is not necessarily a subset of the latter:

Every emission of the voice is by its very essence ventriloquism. Ventriloquism pertains to voice as such, to its inherently acousmatic character: the voice comes from inside the body, the belly, the stomach—from something incompatible with and irreducible to the activity of the mouth. The fact that we see the aperture does not demystify the voice; on the contrary, it enhances the enigma. -Dolar, 70 (italics original)

Dolar theorizes the voice as the excess of both body and language: it is equally impossible to pin down its location as it is its meaning. As a result, he reveals the acousmatic voice as more than a cinematic or Pythagorian effect—the voice is
always already acousmatic. This conclusion, that the voice is inherently acousmatic, was an inspiring proposition for me as a composer because it meant that I was writing for something that was already acousmatic. I was not performing some theoretical operation on the voice, instead I was working with one of its fundamental features.
Signs, Songs, and Subjectivity: Narrative in the Second Movement

All instincts that do not discharge themselves outwardly turn inward—this is what I call the internalization of man: thus it was that man first developed what was later called his “soul.”
-Nietzsche, On the Genealogy of Morals, 520 (italics original).

The effect of language is to introduce the cause into the subject. Through this effect, he is not the cause of himself; he bears within himself the worm of the cause that splits him. For his cause is the signifier, without which there would be no subject in the real. But this subject is what the signifier represents, and the letter cannot represent anything accept to another signifier: to which the subject who listens is thus reduced.

The second movement is where all of the words are, so I will, for the most part, let them speak for themselves. There are, however, several features of the music that I would like to call to your attention. The musical material of the second movement oscillates between a low, beating, electronic drone with sparsely spoken words (both an acousmatic and acoustic voice); and material that the band plays that consists of polyrhythmically layered loops with words spoken as poetry. The movement concludes with a brutal improv section followed by a celestial coda.

The low electronic drone is a reflection of the singer's mantric hum in the first movement. The drone is loud enough to resonate the room that the piece is performed in. While the mantric hum—the internal voice, always behind/underneath closed lips—beckoned the listener into the singer's body during the first movement, the rattling walls of the room during the electronic
drone encircle and besiege the listener during the second movement. In both cases, the aim is to initiate some transformative process in the listener's own experience of her/his body. In addition, if the beams that hold the room together are rattling, then the listener's body too is perceptively pulsed by that same wave. While the mantric hum asked the listener to hear the skin and the organs of the singer, the drone feels out the listener's own skin and organs.

It is in this state that the listener encounters a series of statements of “I” from the prerecorded acousmatic voice of the singer as she stands, lips motionless, facing the audience. She joins her othered self in intermittent spills of text about the logic of subjectivity as self-presence being governed by a vocal mode of address to both a you and an I:

...I...
...I...I...
...I...I...
...I...I...
...I...I...

you self my touch
self form you my you
form you you see self touch self you my touch self
you see my you my self my self hear my self
see self touch
touch you hear my self see my self touch hear
form you form self
hear you see
see my my self my self hear my self see self
form touch you touch see form see hear you see
you you self you hear
see touch hear
my self see you my self see self touch see form self my you form you touch my self
my self self you see form self
my you touch form see you self you touch you hear
hear self my self you see see hear you hear my you
you form hear you touch you hear my self
During the first song (second movement, rehearsal letter B), each band member's part consists of three distinct gestures. These gestures repeat at three distinct intervals: one every four quarter notes, one every nine eighth notes, and one every six quarter notes (4/4 on top of 9/8 on top of 6/4). Like the multiple harmonics that pass through a single plucked string at points fractional to the shared fundamental, these layered periodicities each refer to the same whole. Harmonically speaking, this section projects a sort of static ennui—the motion created by the tonal relationships between gestures in one part is neutralized by the particular way that everyone's parts overlap as a whole. This is the sonic backdrop for a song about the voice as that which ties the subject to the state:

To speak to not be killed.
  Filling mouth,
  commending lips,
  cryptic choreography commanding,
  swelling out,
  consuming,
  stamping a claim on time
  while ebbing in and affirming something completely outside of
  their power lingering,
  some more than others, beyond their spontaneous death
exploding into mystery.
Pushing pulling propping pleading prying pandering
power litmus of all power,
flow force of some deep freedom...
The right to speak.
Write the right to speak.
Write to speak right.
Write the right to write the right to speak.
To speak the right—
the right not to be killed defended by the right to take away the right not to be killed and kill should the right not to be killed be taken away.

The drone returns along with the acousmatic statements of “I” and it would seem that we have returned to a previous state. But this section is slightly developmental in that these “I” statements fill a much more gradated intonational space. The broad range of vocal nuance performed on repetitions of the same word—the same letter—tell a much more periphrastic story. And it is a story—a one letter story—as Dolar demonstrates in his discussion of vocal intonation:

Intonation can turn the meaning of a sentence upside down; it can transform it into the opposite. A slight note of irony, and a serious meaning comes tumbling down; a note of distress, and a joke will backfire. Linguistic competence crucially includes not only phonology, but also the ability to cope with intonation and its multiple uses. Still, intonation is not as elusive as it may seem; it can be linguistically described and empirically verified.
-Dolar, 21

While Dolar is describing this exact phenomena, it is important to point out one important difference. “I... I... I...” is not a sentence because it not a grammatically linked unit. Dolar's intonation relies on a linguistic meaning to rub against in order for it to speak its own meaning as foil. Here, there's barely anything to rub against
at all. And yet, a story is constructed out of an undifferentiated set of signs: [I, I, I, etc].

Lip-syncing is ventriloquism in reverse. During the next song (rehearsal letter E), the singer lip-syncs to the prerecorded acousmatic voice, intermittently giving voice to sung vowels, while the band plays a sequence of ascending augmented triads. This is a song about the ethical voice that guides from outside of subjectivity (struck through words are where the singer sings):

I am the agent,
my mouth is an opening.
And through me in front of the rest,
speaking everywhere silent
filling the cracks
lubricating all of the moving parts.
Where from?
Formed where(?) a silent voice,
ever in plain sight obscured by plain sight,
It speaks—
write it down pin it down keep it down:

• We have the right to choose the laws we write. Right?
• We choose the laws we write we write the laws we choose. Right?
• The laws we choose the right we have.
• To choose the right we have the laws we write.
• Write to choose the right of the laws we have. Right? Right?
• The laws choose the right we write.
• To choose, we write the laws.
• To choose the right, the laws we right choose. Right?
• Choose the laws.
• We write the right to choose the laws we write.
• Choose the right. Right?
• Write the right, we choose to right the laws we write.
• We, the laws, write the laws to choose the right to right the laws we write. Right?
• The right to write to choose the laws we write to choose the write we choose.
• To wright the laws we write to write the laws we right.
• We have the laws to write the laws to choose the right to choose the laws.
• The laws we choose we wright to choose the right we choose the laws. Right? Right? Right?
• Have we the right to write the laws we choose to right the laws we write? Right?
• Choose the right, we have the laws.
• Have the right, we choose the laws.
• Choose the laws to write the right to have to choose the right laws we write right the laws we choose. Right? Right.

It does not speak.
It does not adapt.
It does not argue.
It is fate, prohibition, desire, overlooked, and ignored.
It is a resistor, a roadblock, a vindication.
It insinuates, welcomingly stoical, from after the surface of time.
I am Its will.
It does not will.

Over the course of the last stanza the singer adds glottal sound in a slow crescendo, effectively converting (half-way, because she's still syncing to the prerecorded track) her teeth and lips from mime to filter. It is in this duplicative and duplicitous state that the listener is jarred back to the drone.

While the second drone section uses intonation to create a story out of one letter, the third drone meditates on how words themselves can intone one another. A sequence of three series of three words is read by the singer with relatively minimal variation in intonation. The presentation of each series follows the same
sequential pattern: each constituent word is said three times; then, five distinct permutations of the three words are said. Each permutation presents another nuance to the sum of the whole. But the members of these series weren't grouped at random. These words were chosen to directly challenge the idea of subjectivity as a simple self-presentation:

person...person...person...
pleasure...pleasure...pleasure...
prison...prison...prison...
person prison pleasure...
person pleasure prison...
prison pleasure person...
pleasure prison person...
pleasure person prison...

figment...figment...figment...
freedom...freedom...freedom...
forgiven...forgiven...forgiven...
figment freedom forgiven...
figment forgiven freedom...
freedom forgiven figment...
forgiven freedom figment...
forgiven figment freedom...

market...market...market...
mercy...mercy...mercy...
majesty...majesty...majesty...
market mercy majesty...
market majesty mercy...
mercy majesty market...
majesty mercy market...
majesty market mercy...

The third and final song is closely related to the first in that it was composed via a process of overlapping gestures with distinct metrical periods into one part. However, there are some important differences to note between the two. While the
overlapping of 4/4, 9/8, and 6/4 in the first song produced an uncomfortable stasis, the 5/4 and 7/4 that overlap in the third song is teetering off-kilter. The harmonic space of the third song is more fluid and shifting than that of the first. Contributing to this mobile-like momentum, the broader dynamic shapes and expanded pitch range of the gestures seems to say something more urgently. It is in this moment of seismic murmurs that the singer addresses the audience, albeit implicitly, for the first and last time:

Media is mind.
Money is flesh.
Credit is soul.

Correlative rules of investment:
besieged by your own endowment.
global digital investiture:
clothing cloning closing,
bundled converted and multiplied.
revolution is always already an inversion—
repeat

the drive to contribution:
“Bare necessity” is contextual,
and “happiness” is a word we use for a spontaneous messy explosion from the subconscious.
God isn’t dead!
God is only dead when we lose access to the future,
and maintenance is sacrifice.

Money is voice.
Credit is soul.
Media is flesh.

The phantasmic force present in systemic wrath,
it’s sublime expression in bloodshed, foreclosures, and accredited degrees,
inveterately speaking our desire.
God is responsible for accreditation.
Living standards:
Alone never alone: 
reproduced on the expressions of passers by. 

Standardized living.

Latent likeness engulfing and warming
I just want to feel safe I just want to feel safe I just want to
God is reborn
Wake up from nostalgia!
Actualize your dreams before fear!

Money is voice.
Credit is soul.

Hopes and dreams invested—
protection,
projection,
production,
debt—Detonation.

The music returns to the drone, but is already transitioning into a brutal
scream improvisation between all of the performers. No score, no loops, no
words, no conductor. And yet there is still a story that is being told:

I desire you.
I speak your desire.
I empathize with your pain.
I am your toy.
I am your instrument.
Your absence.
You control me.
You need me.
You are in me.
Return to me
You understand me.
Your predictability.
Sanctify me.
Your power.
I knew you already, always.
Coda

After the premier of I am Its will. It does not will., a friend approached me and said, with an understated excitement, “It was quite intelligent, actually. It was very you, and yet very relatable.” Was this the past speaking into the future again? Did I resent this statement? Had I, over time, learned to become comfortable in expensive musically tuned halls? Several minutes later, Leslie approached me, dazed and content, and said “Dude, I blacked out for a couple of seconds at the end of the first movement!” “Nice!” I beamed.
Works Cited:


### Introduction:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Sub-Section</th>
<th>A</th>
<th>B</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Time on Recording</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>2.42</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Description</td>
<td>Reel to reel alone</td>
<td>Reel to reel + acousmatic voice</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

### Thundersheet Choir #1: 5.28-11.15

#### First Movement:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Sub-Section</th>
<th>A</th>
<th>B</th>
<th>C</th>
<th>coda</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Time on Recording</td>
<td>11.15</td>
<td>22.19</td>
<td>26.43</td>
<td>30.39</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Description</td>
<td>Call-and-response “mmm”</td>
<td>Open melodic space</td>
<td>Ascending voice + descending band</td>
<td>Band synchronizes with playback</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

### Thundersheet Choir #2: 32.05-37.19

#### Second Movement:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Sub-Section</th>
<th>Drone 1</th>
<th>To Speak</th>
<th>Drone 2</th>
<th>It Speaks</th>
<th>Drone 3</th>
<th>Credit is Soul</th>
<th>Drone 4</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Time on Recording</td>
<td>37.19</td>
<td>42.11</td>
<td>44.03</td>
<td>45.41</td>
<td>49.07</td>
<td>52.11</td>
<td>55.18</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Description</td>
<td>Acousmatic “I” statements</td>
<td>Ennui loop</td>
<td>Intoned “I” statements</td>
<td>Lip-syncing + ascending loop</td>
<td>Words intone each other</td>
<td>Address + teeter loop</td>
<td>“I scream for...”</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

### Coda:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Sub-Section</th>
<th>Scream Improvisation</th>
<th>(Thundersheet Choir #3)</th>
<th>Coda</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Time on Recording</td>
<td>56.23</td>
<td>59.17</td>
<td>60.37</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Description</td>
<td>Brutal improvisation</td>
<td>Thundersheets join</td>
<td>Band plays hand-bells...</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
I am Its will. It does not will.
for voice, amplified ensemble, electronic playback, and thundersheet choir
by Clint McCallum
Introduction

Scene: One spot light shines on rolling reel to reel tape deck at center stage. The reel to reel continues to “play/record” as the audience enters and takes their seats. After the audience had settled into silence, 3 to for minutes pass with just the sound of the tape deck. Then a prerecorded voice emerges from the loud speakers:

Hello.
This is a moment outside of time.
Direct yourself forward...
good...
now direct yourself backward.
Realize that you are now redirecting through time,
that time is not a fiction,
but it is not a reality either,
it is experienced as a string of transitions from one state to the next,
the end of which is darkness...
good...
but here, outside of time,
you are coming to know that this sequence of moments doesn't merely end arbitrarily;
you are coming to know that there are larger processes that buoy us all;
you are coming to know that this sequence is, and always has been leading somewhere.
Where?
It's coming...
do you feel it?
Like the sound of thunder approaching across the broad plains it rumbles the future as it approaches the present.
Do you see it vibrating towards you?
Open yourself!
Be ready to be exploded onto the next plain:
limitless body unchained from any and all physical space;
limitless identity unbound by state gender and creed;
limitless mind unattached to the materials that materialize it.
Open yourself to the new global dispersible uncontrollable body.
Open yourself to the new ontologically impossible identity.
Open yourself to the new ubiquitous yet camouflaged mind.
Open yourself to the explosion.
Open yourself to the trigonometric transubstantiation,
onto the multidimensional plain of metabiological processes
where life and death come together to materialize a higher consciousness.
Open yourself.
Open yourself to the future.
Open yourself into operation creative destruction.
Thundersheet Choir #1
Explore in gradual upward direction...
Adding 3-5
Improvise a downward chromatic line.

speeding up irregularly...
tom arpegios,

Coda

and

3:2
Thundersheet Choir #2
Second Movement

Clint McCallum

Voice

 Playback

Pno.
I want "I"s --> "I"s increasing in density...

It speaks... lip sync to playback

"I am the agent...

"Write it down, keep it down, pin it down..."

"Use the system..."

"Write it down. Long to down, gain it around..."
Conductor cue: downbeat at "we"
B.C.

Tuba

Pers.

D. A.

Vib

E.Gtr

Vib