

WARNING!
For tonight's performance we kindly request that you keep your cell phone ON. It has been commandeered by the composer.

Due to the sleepy nature of the tunes, and the strange lands we will be passing, a safety device is in order. You will be asked to set your cell phone alarm to a particular moment according to the score. Hopefully it has not been left in some tree. The time of the alarm will be announced at the start of the performance. Please turn it OFF after it has done its work.

Sincerely yours, **mudboy**

ACHTUNG!
Wir bitten Sie, bei der heutigen Performance Ihr Mobiltelefon ANgeschaltet zu lassen. Dies wurde vom Komponisten so gefordert.

Aufgrund der einschläfernden Wirkung der Melodien und der unbekanntem Welten, die wir erfahren werden, ist dieser Sicherheitshinweis von Nöten. Sie werden gebeten, Ihren Handzwecker auf einen bestimmten Zeitpunkt der Komposition zu stellen. Zu Beginn der Performance wird diese Uhrzeit bekannt gegeben. Bitte schalten Sie Ihr AUS, nachdem er seine Arbeit getan hat.

Mit freundlichen Grüßen,
mudboy

An Introduction



by Roland Robert Coverthwaite
Notes which accompanied the live performance – 2010

The grand pipe organ of the Dortmund Konzerthaus is in perfectly conscientious hands this evening: the four hands, that is, presently belonging to mudboy. Putting the sudden name aside, tonight's performers are perfectly, perfectly, perfectly well - nice people. Yes, microphones had to be affixed to the pipes, cables run throughout the apparatus, signals transmitted through the hall, the organ's great yodel warped and manipulated through a labyrinth of additive circuitry. True, there is not formally an 'organist' presiding, no one has been specifically appointed to a grand master of the instrument for decades, or even days. The nature of the music we are gathering to hear is not something that would be recognized, as such, by the 17th century developers of the classical pipe organ. (Though, of some note, I think it would be quite a bit more recognizable to the listeners of the Greek hydraulis, the pipe organ's two-thousand year old water- and not wind-powered predecessor. Tonight's symphony is considerably more drama than symphony, *ὄργανον* instead of *συμφωνία*). I am assured, generally, that the instrument of the house will not be dented, scuffed, or nicked the instrument in the slightest.

I feel it's worth making a point of this for a couple of reasons. One, mudboy has been known to perform covered in slime, swing lighting fixtures around, appearing a bit tattered. There has never been a tossing of tuxedo tails over a piano bench, in that classical gesture of concertball authority; though it did sound like our performers were looking for some nice shoes for the occasion. So, in light of the contrast between the spare grandeur of the space and the dusty earliness of the artist, I feel a testament to temperament is important.

My other reason: while this work was being rehearsed on the pipe organ in the Baptist Temple Church of Brooklyn, that historic instrument was burned by fire. The church was built in 1894 and the organ restored just last year, and the damage was catastrophic. I have inquired, and been assured that none of our evening's performers were anywhere nearby, nor considered responsible in any way for the tragedy. Such things happen: I once lived in a building which burned down, and though I was nowhere near the combustion, the cause of the fire was put down to 'artist in residence.' No such accusation ought to be levied at mudboy, however vague. Yes, this piece does come to us from the 'experimental' school of sound art and abstract music, but there is no fire hazard whatsoever. The reader is put at ease.

Experimentation has, regrettably, been conflated in the public perception with subversion. The factional history of 20th Century art (and politics) has left us with the impression that every effort at the 'new' must also be a gesture of destruction, of what came before. Institution gives way to revolution; revolutionaries age and settle into institution, and the cycle moves forward. For too long, it hasn't been cool to honor the past in one's work, other than by demolishing it. mudboy's work here, however, is in fact appreciably respectful of tradition, built from it. This is the work of a maturing generation of artists who have begun to tire of constantly reinventing culture.

mudboy comes out of an aesthetic practice of post-industrial appropriation, developed in this case in the sooty milks of

Providence, Rhode Island, where a great deal of such industrial refuse awaits new purpose. mudboy, though, has extended the scope of available historical resources well back into the pre-industrial age. While many contemporaries are still sifting through the kitsch and detritus of the 20th century, here we will discover influences across a much wider span of time. Not to say the 20th century will be forgot; not to say that perhaps Sigmund Freud, Reagan-era slasher films, John Cage, Fritz Semeliser, and magnetoscepiography don't have their place next to Ctesibius of Alexandria, Schmitger, and Bach in the piece we hear tonight. They surely do; but those latter presences are what makes this work more curious, less reactionary, more humane, and less technological.

The instruments, both old and new, are studied; there is intellectual time invested in this work... tonight will not feature - by any means - 'jamming.' Thank goodness, really, in this day of academized juvenility, to have an experimental performance of such measured construction. There is a stage in the life of a contemporary artist when he or she must realize that the search for originality is futile.

The artist who is truly cut out for the avant-garde is one who looks far enough back, and borrows a wide enough set of materials, to make something that is at last, new, even though its pieces be old. Like relativistic space - as we peer further and further into the past, the more we seem to be looking into the future.

The experimental is made accessible through our recognition of possible sources, familiar patterns, even while our expectations are subverted. By nice people.

— 2 —

Music is so rare in the history of humanity. While we, the contemporary generation, are relentlessly serenaded, grinded, bumped, and jingled at, we mustn't lose sight that our modern indulgence in recorded music is a tremendous species-wide gesture of compensatory satisfaction, after millennia of reluctant silence. Most of our history has been spent cherishing the single instrument and the skilled practitioner, listening for the faraway drums, charmed by the arrival of the bard, clamoring to hear the bard, peering in at the opera. Music hasn't always been everywhere.

The pipe organ is perhaps second only to Edison in transforming the historical scarcity of music into a modern bounty. Each of its pipes is only responsible for a single pitch, but the 'racking' and multiplicity of the instrument make it ideal for the recreation of dozens of apparent tones, such that a single player could replicate the aural experience of a large group of instruments and voices. A single key may be struck, but with the proper set of stops and swells engaged, notes in multiple octaves, as well as dozens of harmonics may be experienced by the listener. It was an orchestra of one. It is, in this regard, an early synthesizer - the definitive instrument of our age - and in this respect mudboy's pairing of the pipe organ with its young transistorized cousin is an apt union. After still (may I coin such a barbarism?), mudboy stops of digitizing the sounds we will hear tonight - the instrument constructed here is a scaled up version of the 'mudboy mini,' an experimental twin of pipe organ and analog processors. This is a non-digital presentation, a worthy distinction for those among us who have heard everything before.

Considering the ubiquity of music in our lives, considering its cheapness, its uniformity, it is worth reminding oneself that music has been programmed into our evolution for purposes beyond merely 'grooving' - though that's nice, too. One of those purposes was as a key to the closed rooms of our brain. Music summons moods, inspires revelations, induces trances and recollects dreams. In small, petty ways, all of our music does this, from 'Eurovision' ballads to jazz played to the empty tables of a basement club to the soundtrack of a movie. Music is a form of psychological control, over ourselves or others - to psyche ourselves up for sport or war; to encourage our customers to shop; or our audience to laugh or be afraid; to relax the natural human anxiety of riding in an elevator... Even further, we have lately added the 'playlist' to the tools of control, a sustained program of music designed by ourselves to invoke a precise set of emotional reactions over a calculated period of time - 'party,' 'mellow,' 'workout,' 'driving.' The soundtrack to our own lives. Indeed, since the advent of Edisonian recorded 'popular' music, we now spend more time cultivating our individual self-awareness than at any time in our species' history. Is the ascent of music-recording technology and psychoanalysis intertwined? Though I am often happy to pretend expertise, on this speculation I will go no further than to pose the question, and contemplation of the question by itself I think will lend an insight to this program.

mudboy, replete with tonight's capable collaborator Peter Schmette (a 'real' musician, I am informed, whose accomplishment is necessary to offset mudboy's own more organic methods with the keyboard), is here composing something that is not cheap, not common, not catchy, and won't simply switch on and off a given gland. This music is that prehistoric key, rattling at the deadfalls in the back of our mind. And while it does so, it also brings along intellectual questions, pop cultural questions, academic questions. I suspect it will be something like attending one of the most interesting lectures you can remember from your school days, while idly drawing on your notepad the silly details of your culture-added brain, and then doing off to a half-conscious state. Or perhaps it will be nothing like this at all.

— 3 —

As to the forms employed here - I have called them more dramatic than symphonic, and I have not changed my mind. However, mudboy's model of narrative here is not so much an Aristotelian one, with three acts and a neat moral - but one which takes a familiar moral engine and plunges it somewhere into Jungian synchronistic space.

The postwar American horror film has a primary moral mechanism, wherein teenagers are given freedom to fornicate, and upon their concession to temptation are savagely murdered. In considering this mousetrap, we ought to again remember the sub-cerebral functions of music, one of which is surely to facilitate reproduction. Erotic dancing, ballads and love songs, 'techno' music designed to obliterate inhibition behind atrocious taste and disorienting lighting displays... All different ways of holding the same key to our libido, had so sound may be a unique entryway to trigger an anxious mood and forfending of mortal danger, while simultaneously drumming up the inclination to copulate... A fine subject, when you really think of it this way, for a pipe organ composition.

mudboy here explores a particular horror film which did not merely rest on the easy shocks of Puritan revenge fantasy - 1984's "A Nightmare on Elm Street." Besides cravenly frightening, titillating, and repelling its audience, it furthermore explored the layers of existence beneath libido, beneath consciousness. Its morality play took place inside its characters' dreams - and indeed suggested it may be taking place within the audiences' dreams as well.

When the teenagers of Springfield, Ohio doze off - often in the *petit mort* of illicit adolescent intercourse - they are pursued through their dreams by the murderer Freddy Krueger. There are themes of retribution: the townspeople had killed Krueger in a mob attack years before, in an act of vigilante justice) and the plain old neurosis of Reagan's rapidly suburbanizing and homogenizing America... But of more interest, at least to mudboy in this composition, is the psychological layering, the threading of drama across multiple tiers of consciousness. We have dreams of love, of sex, and to a great extent on Elm Street. And none of this is separated, none of it is discrete. The same key can open every door, and we always enter through the car.

To explore this sub-space, indeed, we must be led by the ear. As an aid, the lights will come down, as per the request of the composer (the composer has other requests, too, and you are directed to the top of this page to hear them). And from there we can begin to ask ourselves the same set of questions, as the pipe organ hums and oscillates, as the microphones amplify and the circuitry stretches and compresses the signal before flinging it into the heights of the hall: Are we awake or in a trance? Is the sound telling a story or inducing a state? Are we hearing something which is very very old, or is this something quite new? Do we smell smoke?

Roland Robert Coverthwaite is an accomplished media artist, director, critic, and scholar.



Before We Begin...

I would like to thank my partners in this. Firstly, Peter Schmette, a patient co-composer and my literal right-hand man during practices and performance. He was not only responsible for transcribing my ramblings and physically playing the more complicated sections of the score, but he was also responsible for all of the fancy footwork. He deserves all the credit one can muster.

I would also like to thank Andrea Lissoni, who invited me to Dortmund in the first place, and trusted in this work without hesitation or review. For their open mind and open arms, thanks to the New Baptist Temple, who allowed us to rehearse and develop the score until the fateful fire, as well as the Plymouth, and Queen of All Saints, Churches, who allowed us to finish in the final weeks of rehearsal. Thank you Sarah Register at the Mastering Palace for her patience and insights, Mr. Coverthwaite for his fire introduction, and last but not least, Euse records, for allowing this album to enter the physical world, seven years later in its proper form. To all of you: I'm glad we met when we did.

Thank you.

The Nightmare



Night Eyes meditates on the world created by Wes Craven in *A Nightmare on Elm Street*. It is a film about a serial killer whose horrors take place in the world of dreams, and on Elm Street. Elm Street, where the key characters reside, is both the very picture postcard of homey-ness and the locus of frightening libidinal teenage repression. The killer, Freddy Krueger, repeatedly exploits this dissonance by walking back and forth between fantasy and reality, literally invading his teenagers' dreams to terrorize and mutilate them there. Meanwhile their sleeping bodies exhibit the gruesome effects of his violence, often in the graphic witness of their friends and lovers, who, remaining awake, can do nothing to help them. The attacks and much of the action occur in the characters' bedrooms. *A Nightmare on Elm Street* is ultimately a nightmare of home.

Ding-Dong

It wasn't initially attracted to Craven's score for its brutal simplicity. Its central motif is really just a musical interval, a description of the space between two notes. Play them up the scale and it hits at a friendly key. Reverse direction, and they signal towards something minor and haunting but familiar. Repeat them in either direction and the key oscillates back and forth between the two forms, remaining not quite discordant but still fundamentally uncomfortable. Once you recognize it you will find this interval everywhere, used as the attention-grabbing sounds for elevators, subway announcements, clock chimes, airplane hatch openings, boat docking signals, telephones ringers, seatbelt warnings, alarm clocks, police, fire and ambulance sirens, and of course... door bells. *Ding-Dong* ... *Ding-Dong*

It doesn't take a horror movie to remind us that the sound of a persistent doorbell is the announcement of something, but not necessarily the announcement of something good.

The neither-here-nor-there musical interval at the heart of Craven's score inspires dread but cannot be said to be particularly dangerous in and of itself. As such, the sequence of notes belongs to a great class of liminal objects and activities best described as uncanny. Repetition itself often leads us here. Reflections, shadows, ghostly replicas, and apparitions all haunt the world of the uncanny. Seeing the same number repeat throughout the day, for example: first on a friend's hotel room door, then on your theater ticket, and finally on the cab that takes you both home, can inspire the same. Wax figures, animated objects, artificial intelligence, strange coincidences, half-living things and unlikely events circulate here. Haven't we met before - *impossibly*? Did you see that doll move - *on its own*? Like the oscillating temperament of the door bell, uncanny things and events create unstable moments of cognitive dissonance where an otherwise rational mind must hold two compelling but conflicting narratives about the world - at once. Both familiar and strange, uncanny things occur and are, though they shouldn't and can't. They point to weakness in one's perception of the world, to the possibility of an invisible animated force heretofore unaccounted, unacknowledged, or even more terrifying: once recognized, now repressed and forgotten.

The Double



"I now rode along the foot-path toward Dravenshem, and here one of the most singular forebodings took possession of me. I saw not with the eyes of the body, but with those of the mind, my own figure coming toward me, on horseback, and on the same road, attired in a dress which I had never worn - it was greyish blue, with somewhat of gold. As soon as I shook myself out of this dream, the figure had entirely disappeared. It is strange, however, that, eight years afterward, I found myself on the very road, to pay one more visit to Frederica, in the dress of which I had dreamed, and which I wore, not from choice, but by accident." J.W. Goethe, 1833

The figure Goethe describes was not just a person who resembled him, but rather was another him, a replica, a copy. Convinced of such a thing, he could only assume that the opposite figure would also be missing over the same stark relationship. This characteristically uncanny character - that of a living double, or dopplegänger - is a tradition that runs rich throughout many cultures.

I once had a similar experience while having breakfast in my home. To my unpleasant surprise I found that I was witnessing to two identical versions of my housecat snuffing my kitchen. Seeing them simultaneously, so unmistakably real and alive, soon had me questioning my reality, my sanity, the possibility that I might have been given hallucinations, or was in fact still asleep and dreaming. The dream only subsided some 30 minutes later when, after literally herding cats, I was able to inspect them both at close range. One, a shockingly similar impostor, was discovered to be missing a white spot on its ankle. How it entered my third floor apartment through two locked doors I still do not understand.

Copies reveal an act against nature. The adage that no two leaves, snowflakes or grains of sand are alike is ultimately true. In the world of sensible form and matter, true copies cannot be said to exist. Even the massive volume of manufactured goods reveal, in their minute details, differences, histories, and identities. If our automobiles and smartphones appear to be one among endless replicas, it is only because we don't know them well enough. The uncanny impression that something is a copy is assured only to the degree we can know it.

The crisis revealed by the human dopplegänger is that it doubles down on its familiarity. That dopplegängerers are us, that we theoretically should best know, is precisely what makes them so horrible to imagine. As Freud would go on to diagnose in *Das Unheimliche* (1919) it is specifically by interrogating this - the familiarity at the heart of the uncanny - that we can understand the deep emotional reactions it produces. The familiar-at-odds strange reasonably creates an attraction to, and yet at the same time repulsion from, what we most know and identify with. This is more so when we are at home, where we should be most comfortable, where we are most enmeshed in our own doing. It is at home where we most ignore and repress not just the repeated day-to-day objects and experiences with which we are overly familiar, but also our forgotten memories, darkest thoughts, feelings, and desires.

Ding-Dong
The doorbell, like all uncanny things, is a wake up call. It is no accident therefore that the uncanny horrors of Freddy Krueger take place in the world of dreams, and that they occur on Elm Street. Elm Street, where the key characters reside, is both the very picture postcard of homey-ness and the locus of frightening

libidinal teenage repression. The killer, Freddy Krueger, exploits this dissonance by repeatedly walking back and forth between fantasy and reality, literally invading his teenagers' dreams to terrorize and mutilate them there. Meanwhile their sleeping bodies exhibit the gruesome effects of his violence, often in the graphic witness of their friends and lovers, who, remaining awake, can do nothing to help them. The attacks and much of the action occur in the characters' bedrooms. *A Nightmare on Elm Street* is ultimately a nightmare of home.

Uncanny Audio



As Krueger likes to remind us, everything has an inside and outside, bodies in particular. It is one of the great mysteries of life to ponder these zones of separation and the stunning travelers which are permitted to move between them, touching them both simultaneously to reveal their boundaries. Important ambassadors include fluids like blood, semen, and mother's milk, writ large. So too are voices, whether issued forth from gaping mouths, or the gapping ways of grandiose voice pipes. Where exactly is the sound of a voice located when it speaks, or screams? Is the sound inside the mouth of the speaker, or does it belong to the ear of the listener? Neither? Both? And/Or? *Ding-Dong*.

Furthermore, what are we to make of the recorded copies of voices which live in the ether of film and radio in a visual medium, film students are taught how to create "point of view" in the following technique: first you establish a character looking at something, then cut to what they are looking at. This simple two-step dance of modern filmmaking produces the fundamental architecture that creates identification with fictional characters. Point of view doesn't just allow the viewer to understand what characters are seeing, but ultimately creates identity with what the character is feeling. All common moving-picture narratives are built on this architecture. However, it is not quite so easy in the world of recorded audio to perform the same feat, for the simple reason that, as Duchamp noted, "One can look at seeing, but one can not hear hearing."

On Elm Street, Craven riffs on this problem by creating scenes in which characters are forced to overtly listen to threatening and ambiguous, barely audible, off-screen sounds. In doing so, he links the audience and character through a heightened sensitivity brought on by shared blindness. This is taken further when the character Glen plays a recorded sound-effect cassette to his mother over the telephone. He hopes to convince her that he is at his cousin's house, rather than spending the night elsewhere partying with girls. The scheme, of course, goes terribly awry.

INT. TINA'S LIVING ROOM. NIGHT.
GLEN is dialing. NANCY and TINA are watching, giggling.

TINA
I can't believe his mother let him come over here.

NANCY
Right. Well, she didn't, exactly.

GLEN shows a cassette into TINA's Ghetto Blaster.

GLEN
(to TINA)

See, I got this cousin who lives near the airport. She's okay for me to stay with, right? So I found this sound effects tape at Licorice Pizza, and...

The phone is answered. GLEN jerks the tone arm off the record with a SCRUPT!

GLEN (CONT'D)

(pushes the 'play' button)
Yeah, out here at Barry's.

A JET PLANE begins to make itself heard on the tape. GLEN moves the machine closer to the phone. It's a big plane - sounds like a 747 coming in for a landing.

GLEN (CONT'D)

But? Yeah, noisy as usual. Glad we don't live here - huh?

Yeah, Aunt Eunice says hello.

The Jet is SCREAMING IN NOW, full flaps and howling like a monstrous bananae. NANCY and TINA dissolve into muffled giggles.

GLEN (CONT'D)

(shouting over the din)
Right, right - I'll call you in the morning!

Right! Huh? Yeah, sure, I, huh?

Suddenly the tape goes silent. GLEN blanches. Next moment another ENGINE is heard, but this one is a FORD LOTUS screaming by at 180 mph.

GLEN (CONT'D)

(reacting to his mother's reaction)
Uh... some kid's drag racing outside, I think.

The sound effect changes abruptly to a SPEEDING SEDAN - and the ages-old SCREECH OF BRAKES, last-second SCREAM and horrible COLLISION. NANCY gamely tries to find the right button to turn it off, but misses. There's a loud SCREEK of fast-forward mayhem - Glen improvises desperately.

GLEN (CONT'D)

Listen, Mom, I got to go. I think there's been an accident out front - I -

NANCY jumps back from the cassette player - NANCY and TINA burst out at top volume - MACHINE GUNS, HAND GRENADES, DIVING BEARCATS and SHOUTS of charging Huns. GLEN makes a last-ditch dive and flings the cassette out of the machine.

Blessed silence at last.

GLEN (CONT'D)

Right. I'll call the police. No, just some neighbors having a fight, I guess.

I'm fine, I'm fine!
Call you in the morning!

He hangs up and sags back.

NANCY

Worked like a charm.

GLEN

Jesus.

TINA shows another cassette in, and MICHAEL JACKSON'S "THRILLER" blasts from the STEREO. The kids relax, the CAMERA GLIDES PAST THEM TO THE WINDOW.

This scene is legible to the audience, because visually we have seen where all the characters are located in space and time. It is taken for granted that the mother cannot see her son. The coding of the sound-effect tapes and the way it is read within the scene - by the teenagers as fake, and by the mother as real - has nothing to do with its fidelity and acoustic qualities. The status of the cassette sounds for the mother and the son are produced entirely by context and imposed narrative.

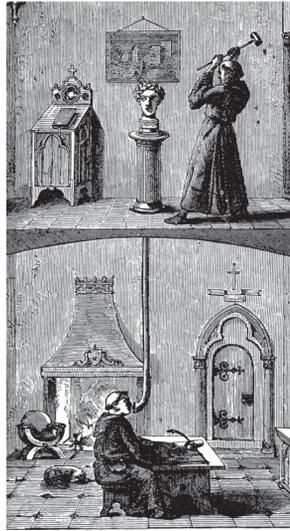
How this would read if the scene were shot from a different perspective, perhaps from the mother's point of view, as she tides up the living room, twirling a great mass of umbilical-like telephone cord. How does she understand these voices, without any visual reference to guide her at all? Why such a litereas of interpretation? What explains her suspension of disbelief all clues to the contrary?

The literalness by which Greg's mother, in her position, absurd meaning from Greg's sounds, is worth considering. We must remember for one we are new to such kinds of sounds. While it is likely that the oral tradition of storytelling, including the manipulation, organization, and reproduction of music has been with us equally as long as visual representations such the cave paintings of Lascaux, the same cannot be said of sounds that exist outside and away from their source. We call these *acoustic* sounds, sounds like those from radios and recordings divorced from their point of origin by space or time. When we speak of our perceptions of acoustic sounds, we must understand that we are simply not evolved to deal with them in the same way we are to their equivalent visual reproductions.

The visual object, an autonomous physical representation that exists outside of the maker or the viewer, is something we are quite used to as a species. At any point in human history you could show a non-industrialized human a realistic drawing, or photograph, of a horse without expecting them to confuse it with the real thing. However, until the 1900s, it would not have been possible to hear the sound of such a horse without the animal actually being somewhere in the physical vicinity. Play a portable cassette recording of such an animal to a person who has not encountered the idea of a sound recording, and they will surely wonder how you fit a horse into such a small box.



Dead Air



This is not to say modern acoustic sounds, nor their uncanny emotional response, is without precedent. Pre-modern tales are rife with the mysterious echo; the ventriloquist remains with us today as an uncanny analog. Both remain uncomfortably tied to suspicion of supernatural qualities. This is unsurprising, since before Edison, rare acoustic tricks such as these were typically attributed to deities. Throughout religious literatures it is common to hear the voice of a creator, quite less so to see him speak. In the domes and arches of cathedrals, faint whispers travel magically from lips to ears without either the wiser. In Delphi, "oracles" spoke directly to practitioners through a complex system of hidden tubes. The theologian and likely alchemist Albertus Magnus was reported to have created a convincing talking head, likely with a similar technology. The sculpture caused such terror that it was quickly destroyed by his pupil, none other than Saint Thomas Aquinas himself. Voices without visible bodies to project them, and sounds which seem to issue forth on their own accord, will always remain suspect.

The acoustic sounds of the gramophone, radio, and telephone as well as their modern derivations, are therefore not just remarkable moments in the technological history of modernity, they are radical breaks in our experience as human beings. It is little wonder that their introduction in the late 19th century was accompanied by widespread revival of interest in miraculous manifestations of the supernatural, via mediums, ghosts of the ether, and the like. Remember that the telephone - an object we inhabit and speak from daily, literally possessing us as readily as any discount carnival medium - was created by as much by Alexander Graham Bell as by his assistant Thomas Watson, an advocate of the occult and active spiritualist. It is from this perspective that we may best understand the language of "live" television and "dead" air.

The pipe organ, which reached its prime in this period, comes to rest gently and comfortably here, as the last in a line of displaced analog vibrations and mysteriously animated voices. Unlike the keyboard instruments that preceded it, the pipe organ's source of energy, its incredible power and breath, are hidden. It is literally an occulted instrument, with architecturally sized parts built into the very walls that house it. Its voices travel through invisible channels, networked below the pews and above the rafters. One does not go to church to hear a pipe organ so much as one is swallowed by a pipe organ when they go to church.

How is one to comprehend the scale of an organ against their instrument? The former's living hands and feet, are dwarfed by the pipe's immensity, remote and distant from its bellowing sounds, voicing from hundreds of multiple pipes, each displaced from each other around the room. The conductor-cum-machine replaces in one fell swoop the action of dozens of human performers with an automation that may only be comprehended in its time, as a shopkeeper might stare into the abyss of an Amazon distribution hub today. The pipe organ is the bridge between the channeled voices at Delphi, whose breath also flowed through hidden tubes, and the complex and the increasingly uncanny automations we live with today. Instruments that play themselves, nay, play for themselves.

It's obvious enough that the pipe organ is the instrument of choice for the horror genre. Consider *Carnival of Souls*, *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*, and of course most famously, *The Phantom of the Opera*. That its cousin, in electronic form, would figure heavily in the score of *A Nightmare on Elm Street* should be obvious. After all, Elm Street, where the key characters reside, is both the very picture postcard of homey-ness and the locus of frightening libidinal teenage repression. The killer, Freddy Krueger, repeatedly exploits this dissonance by walking back and forth between fantasy and reality, literally invading his teenagers' dreams to terrorize and mutilate them there. Meanwhile their sleeping bodies exhibit the gruesome effects of his violence, often in the graphic witness of their friends and lovers, who, remaining awake, can do nothing to help them. The attacks and much of the action occur in the characters' bedrooms. *A Nightmare on Elm Street* is ultimately a nightmare of home.

Touch at a Distance



Hearing is perhaps best understood as touch at a distance. Like touch, it is a somewhat unmediated sense that developed much earlier and very differently than vision on the family tree of the senses. We cannot precisely focus our hearing nor direct its physical listening apparatus in the way we command attention with our eyes. Neither do we have 'earlids' to assist us in blocking out sounds that disturb us or are distracting.

Instead of physically filtering our audio world with the equivalent of lenses and directed pupils, we have evolved to eliminate most of what we hear from direct perception through cognitive tricks. The background filtering of what is legible from what is deemed is unconscious and constant. In general, only that which is defined by the subconscious mind is allowed to pass through to conscious awareness. Un-listening is literally how we make sense of sound. All hearing involves constant repression.

We un-listen to the slapping sounds of our own footsteps as we walk down the street. We erase the ring of our own spoken words while talking with another. I do not register the clack of the keys on a computer while I write this essay, nor if I am lucky a great number of other things going on about me as well. To reduce our cognitive load we further compress redundancies, like a space-saving algorithm, pushing away loops, repetitions, and constants from



our attention. The time it takes for us to do so simply corresponds to the length and complexity of the phrase that is being subtracted. An unchanging "four on the floor" beat of electronic percussion will quickly, often in a few bars, becomes an aspect we feel more than we hear or bother to keep track of. Similarly, the tourist who discovers on arrival the constant rumbling of ocean waves outside their hotel, will likely have stopped registering them before they return home. Some professional machinists and factory workers have been reported to communicate verbally with each other at low volume despite a raucous din. Decades of exposure to the sound of the same machines has taught their brains to subtract it from their awareness.

With noise and repetition eliminated from our conscious perception, what we hear is really the reception of a vetted signal. All sounds we hear are heard as being true, with our minds quickly attaching them to objects in the visual field, or images we generate on our own - accurate or otherwise. The literalness with which Greg's mother accepts the sounds played to her over the phone as being "real" is a direct consequence of this fact. That we as an audience accept her as a character is so as well.

What happens then to the unacknowledged sound, the cacophony of factory noises still damaging the ears of our noble machinist? Where goes the out-of-sight breathing, and the imagined footsteps that our teenage victims strain to hear in the dark? Repressed and forgotten sounds still shadow us, continuing to be registered by other, less conscious parts of our mind, revealing themselves in their own way. For those of us who work in manipulating sounds, who write music, mix and master, perform, record, or edit: we practice, more so than most, to re-hear the sonic frequencies and rhythms that otherwise might be subtracted or ignored. Our craft requires an analysis laying bare the totality of what is audible rather than just what is heard. To do so means reversing the work of our rationalized minds, and hear more truly what are the unconscious demands on our attention. Control and direction of the repressive and attentive aspects of hearing are the fundamental tools of a composer. Working this way, however, requires alternative metaphors for organization.

Dream Logic





This is folk music

Hungry Ghosts!

These songs are doors

Let it be a nightengale then

whose words are
my words

Night eyes whose sounds

Slay sleep

MUDBOY

NIGHT EYES

OUT NOW
ON EHSE