

## Soundscape Descriptions

This document contains written descriptions of the soundscapes included in *Rhetorics Change/Rhetoric's Change*. Because soundscapes emphasize nondiscursive sounds, these descriptions mix summaries of such sounds with direct transcriptions of any spoken words and discursive sounds. The transcripts are ordered alphabetically by the last name of the primary creator.

Kati Fargo Ahern .....	1
Nathan H. Bedsole, Grant Livesay, and Jennifer A. Malkowski.....	3
Ian Derk.....	6
Ben Harley .....	8
Abigail Lambke.....	10
S. Scott Lunsford .....	13
George F. (Guy) McHendry, Jr., Tim Rapp, and Cat Henning .....	17
Eda Ozyesilpinar.....	19
Timothy Richardson.....	22
Nathan Riggs and Christopher Stuart.....	23
Christal Seahorn and Patricia Droz.....	25
Anthony Stagliano .....	30
Jennifer Ware and Ashley Hall .....	33
Eric Detweiler (transcript of “Lichtenberg: A Cross-Section”).....	39

**Creator:**

Kati Fargo Ahern

**Title:****Listening to Memorial Soundscapes**

Soundscape Begins: 00:00 Two hollow tones as if footsteps over granite or marble, a lot of echo/reverberation. 00:02 a very quiet sob as echoing footsteps continue approximately three steps. 00:05 Footsteps continue until 00:08 While this sound continues, **Voice-over (VO)** (medium tone, female): **What is the soundscape of a memorial?** The footsteps continue lightly beneath and drop out around the end of the question "memorial?" 00:10

00:12 **VO: May 29th, 2013--The Vietnam Veterans Memorial** 00:17

**Soundscape Recording Begins:** A fade in, wind and traffic sound throughout, a dog barks once in a medium-high pitch, and there is a male voice with high wind and traffic obscuring any particular words. 00:22 The sound of a ringtone breaks in clearly with the opening line of Bob Marley's song "I Wanna Love You" ("I wanna love you,") and two musical beats before a male voice says "Hey babe" in a medium tone low and quick, while a male child yells in the background. 00:25 There are footsteps, a light gust of wind, and the male child seems to yell "Wake. Up." 00:32 Another light breeze, footsteps, and there are murmurings from multiple adults, but no discernible words. 00:37 A female adult is talking lightly, possibly not in English or too low to be clear. 00:41 Another light breeze, clothing shuffling sound, and a chirping, "breeeep" like a camcorder being turned on and off from recording. 00:46 Then a very clear "creenk," like a soda can pop-top being opened. 00:49 More murmuring, a sustained breeze, footfalls, clothing, the murmuring of several children, but these sounds are relatively quiet and stable in volume and perspective. (No one of these sounds "sticks" out as the foreground.) 00:57 These sounds all very quietly continue until faded out at 01:03

01:04 **VO: May 29th, 2013--The World War II Memorial.** 01:08 **Soundscape**

**Recording Begins:** 01:09 There is a flat, loud sound of water. It is unchanging, and there is some barely detectable human sound, but very very low. 01:12 This sound is uncomfortably loud, overwhelming and unchanging in pitch, volume or rhythm. 01:26 There might be a human sound, but it is really hard to tell at 01:29 The sound continues loudly, almost at a threshold of discomfort until it fades at 01:35.

01:36 **VO: The Vietnam Veterans Memorial.** 01:38 **Soundscape Recording**

**Begins:** 01:38 The breeze is a bit louder and there are two adult voices (one male, one female) much closer, but still their words cannot be made out. 01:44 Their conversation dips down below the wind and then picks up when the female says 01:50 "I know, but." 01:51 The male responds "They're alphabetical but." Then the wind picks up and obscures their conversation. There is the sound of shuffling and footfalls. 01:55 Then a second, lower-pitch male voice breaks in, talking to someone else "I bet that's your dad, 68, 69, I don't." 01:57 Then the recording fades out.

01:59 **VO: The World War II Memorial. Soundscape Recording Begins:** 02:01 the water sound comes in at a very high volume but slightly different pitch. The sound is so thick that it sounds more like a loud white noise or traffic than water. 02:11 The sound fades out without any change to volume or pitch or rhythm at 02:12

02:13 **VO: What is the soundscape of a memorial?** 02:15 **Soundscape Recording Begins:** the dog with medium-high pitch breaks in and there is a light breeze, talking, footsteps and the same Bob Marley ringtone and "Hey babe" (as before.) 02:24 Then there is a brief **pause/silence in the recording** and 02:26 the water of the World War II Memorial recording breaks in--flat, loud, unwavering in volume, rhythm, or tone. 02:37 until there is a slight change in pitch as the recording changes perspectives with a fountain but then quickly fades out 02:38 Then there is another **quick pause/silence** until 02:39 The Vietnam Veterans Memorial recording begins with a continuation of the recording that paused. The dog barks. A boy calls out "Dad!" 02:49 a camcorder chirps. 02:50 There is a rise in sound from the wind. The female voice from before says "I don't know but." 02:56 Followed by the male "They're alphabetical but." 02:58 and again at 03:01 another male says "I think that's your dad" but the wind overtakes the statement and the sound fades out 03:05.

**Creators:**

**Nathan H. Bedsole, Grant Livesay, and Jennifer A. Malkowski**

**Title:****Camel City Soundscape**

00:00

[a nostalgic, almost vanity card melody faintly plays on an electric Wurlitzer piano] A lot of people think it's completed. They're dead wrong. Actually, it's only just the beginning. [another speaker chimes in:] What a powerful emblem of innovation. [quickly cutting to a dusty, old historic recording:] William N. Reynolds. Americans who have their roots deep in tradition, and are a vital part of the progress of the nation.

00:16

FIVE Five five five five. [audio transient blip, enthusiastic audience providing an ovation in the background] Ten years from now, we'll perhaps look back on this day and we will r--we will remember it perhaps as a time that Winston-Salem changed its image and was able to finally capture the attention of the world as regards to *t e c h n o l o g y* [speech slowed and subject to processor so as to perform the word *technology*].

00:27

[hip hop beat newly inflects classic radio jingle with a sense of the contemporary] "Have a real cigarette, have a Camel cigarette, have a real cigarette, have a Camel."

[beat continues, lyrics are now drop-tuned]

"What cigarette do *you* smoke, doctor? What cigarette do you smoke? What-what-what-what cigarette do you smoke doctor?" [speech slows as if it were a turntable losing momentum] "Enjoy Camels; I always do." [beat ceases]

00:48

[narrated by country singer George Hamilton, IV] That's Baptist Hospital over there in the distance [breeze blows in the background] in Ardmore where I grew up as a boy. [speed and pitch are raised, affecting the sound of the fast-forward feature on a tape deck] *that question was asked a few years ago of 113, 597 doctors.* [back to normal speed, back to Hamilton] That's Reynolds high school over there on the hill, that's where I went to school when I was a young feller. [new speaker, speech now drop tuned, slowed, and pans confidently across the stereo image] *the brand named most, was Camel.* [back to normal speed, back to Hamilton] And Pilot Mountain, overlooking Wake Forest University. It's all part of Winston-Salem, my home town.

01:08

[tape speed falls from fast to inaudibly slow as audio pans from right to left] *Friends, smoke the cigarette so many doctors enjoy.* [tape speed now variable, as if on a turntable turned by hand] Tobacco became the principally manufactured product of the city toward the latter part of the last century. Today's cigarettes, smoking tobacco, plug and other tobacco products are manufactured in plants covering many acres, and required thousands of employees [speech becomes inaudibly slow, as a record slowing to a stop].

01:26

*We're just saying that because--CAMELS* [said from another speaker, more excitedly than the announcer. Announcer immediately cuts back in]--*aren't really threats, in fact, they're treats!* [tape hiss, pink noise, an electric bass glissando] *That's good to know.*

[hiss, cut tape. calls back voice from earlier] "- cigarette do *you* smoke, doctor? [the word doctor is chopped into five syllabus, all differently inflected than the last]

01:36

[fast-forwarded] This cigarette gives me the good rich taste I've never found in any other brand and Camels are mild [speed and pitch fall to inaudibility] [sound of a record spun very quickly and in reverse] [background tone falls] Winston-Salem is a world center for this important industry. [cuts back to Hamilton] For me, coming home was quite a surprise. [a Camel radio announcer:] **CAMELS** [the word resounds, audibly panning back and forth between the listeners' ears as the tone decays and pitch rises manically] Change to Camels and you'll stay with Camels. *The cigarette that gives more pure pleasure to more smokers today than* [digitally affected collapse of the line accompanied by a foreboding organ chord] [Hamilton starts again, as if turntable started from a standstill] Sure it's the same old hometown, in a way. The same friendly and spirited people still here.

02:00

*Hundreds of people from coast to coast, people with normal throats, smoked only Camels for thirty* [the number nearly shorts out, as if a vintage circuit were failing] *days.* [back to Hamilton] Something big has happened downtown. The old buildings are gone; suddenly overnight it's a brand new city. [Camel radio announcer as a twangy guitar softly harkens back to the first vanity card melody:] More different brands and kinds and sizes than you can shake a stick at. [Nathan Hatch speaking as the guitar melody fatigues:] Transforming the physical and economic landscape of this community.

02:21

There's been a dramatic change in the past [breaks on the word "ten", as if a needle nudged by dust in the groove of a vinyl record] years. [funky, flute music in the background, performing the hipness of a "brand-new city"; Hamilton:] First interest in downtown renewal was kindled in 1959. [flute descends a chromatic scale, syncopated with bass guitar] A modern, urban center that would reflect the forward-looking character of this area. [speeds up, as if spun by hand on a turntable]

02:33

[a muffled voice, slowed, as if from a record player is failing to spin up correctly, muses] Looking ahead, always with vision. [Nathan Hatch:] T-t-this project-t has transformed what was a massive [tape speed slows dramatically albeit momentarily on the word "tobacco"] tobacco production plant. [Hamilton, tune dropped:] More and more it became clear the only way to rebuild downtown was by urban ren-n-n-n-n-ewal [sound loses bit-rate, fidelity, and glitches on the syllable, crumbling into a digitally ascending pitch] [Nathan Hatch:] into a gleaming [this word almost omitted, as dust on a turntable stylus] state-of-the-art laboratory facility [sound glitches in ascending pitch] that houses our department of biomedical engineer-r-r-ing [sound glitches on the syllable]

02:55

[a guitar picks an arpeggio along an ominous, mysterious chord] *Recently that question was again asked of tens of thousands of doctors across the country.* [hard edit to new speaker] We have plans for a complete renovation of our exterior building, right - [hard edit to new speaker] Wexford successfully utilized federal and state historic rehabilitation tax credits as well as [tune dropped, same speaker] new market tax credits to make the development happen. [speech starts as if a turntable just turned on.

Hamilton:] Now here's one more set of statistics that's [pitch and speed increase] too important to be ignored. [hard edit to Camel radio announcer:] *Yes, according to these nation-wide surveys, more doctors smoke Camels* [new speaker from a Camel Rock and Roll dance party archive:] Smooth and mild! It adds up to pleasure, [tape speeds up] the pleasure that's waiting for you [hard edit to Hamilton:] right in the heart of downtown. [slowed dramatically, back to announcer:] waiting for you [new speaker as a record is heard skipping, its needle heard sliding across vinyl:] There's been a lot of talk about downtown renewal for many years, and several plans had been developed.

03:34

The time that Winston-Salem changed its image and was able to finally capture [interjection from radio announcer:] **CAMELS**--*doctors in all branches of medicine* [tune dropped and speech slowed; Nathan Hatch:] Biomedical engineering [hard edit to host of Camel's Rock and Roll dance party as a cassette player winds up:] This week, if Camel's go to hospitalized [fuzz] men and [word barely audible] *veterans* [new Camel announcer:] the average [Nathan Hatch:] state of the art, laboratory facility [Hamilton:] Man, you can get sort of bewildered these days [cassette tape flutters and rewinds, its reversal speed increasing and pitch ascending until inaudible]

03:52

*More people smoke Camels than any other cigarette of* [new Camel announcer] the average [Nathan Hatch:] tobacco production plant [new Camel announcer] *Doctors in all branches of medicine* [Hamilton:] What you've seen is a bit of urban [Nathan Hatch, chopped and screwed:] *t e c h n o l o g y*. [Hamilton:] that could have only been performed by [speed and pitch increase dramatically] the people of Winston-[speed reverses, new speaker edited in]-Salem, with its face to the future, [normal speed] is a good place in which to live. [background music isolated into one tone, mapped onto five, descending pitches] [Hamilton:] Congratulations Winston-Salem, you're a brand-new city. [echoic, decaying as a soulful and modern beat begins to take form, its timbre warm, drums distant and rhythm plodding] brand new city. [a cigarette is lit by a zippo lighter and the soft crackle of burning tobacco can be heard behind the soulful beat, the smoker exhales audibly and an aged, warbling Rhodes keyboard plays the vanity card melody one last time, the last sustained notes slowing and fading out as if a vinyl turntable has just lost power]

**Creator:****Ian Derk****Title:****The Local and the Global**

## Cast:

Hector Valdez: Board Member and Former Acting Executive Director of KDIF 102.9 FM

Mario Alvara: Program Manager and Host of “Sunday Service” on KDIF 102.9 FM

Clotee Hammons: Phoenix-area artist and activist

Carlos Domingo: Guest on Sunday Service

Franco Hernandez: Director of Community Outreach for KDIF 102.9 FM

[Static]

[Radio interference]

(00:09) Hector Valdez: Media and radio , as it has consolidated in the past 5, 10, 15 years, the way it has consolidated into the hands of a very few rich and powerful

[Radio interference]

(00:19) And having those spaces for, for the average citizen, for the average person to have a voice to have a say, to have a vote doesn't exist [indistinct radio voice] in this social, cultural, political, economic...

(00:34) Mario Alvara: It might sound weird, but it's borne out of the frustration about what I hear on the radio. There's a lot repetition.

[“Keeping You Forever and for Always” plays]

Mario There's a lot of repetition.

[“Drift Away” plays]

Mario: There's a lot repetition.

[“Keeping You Forever and for Always” plays]

[“Drift Away” plays with echos]

Hector: [“Keeping You Forever and For Always” plays] Spaces for, for the average citizen, for the average person to have a voice to have a say, to have a vote doesn’t exist.

[“Keeping You Forever and For Always” plays]

(01:16) Hector: There is just too much disempowerment that something like a community radio station is an incredibly powerful and necessary tool that needs to exist to benefit and empower these communities.

[Static]

[Radio Tuning]

(01:30) Clotee Hammons: There will be a call to visual artists, black artists, this will be art in a way that [Radio interference] [Male Radio Voice: And then they were beaten up and burnt] Phoenix has probably never seen before. The must be local, they must have lived here for two years.

Clotee: It’s not like a coloring book where we all stay in the lines, there are black Hispanics, black Natives, black Asians. Recognize your family.

(02:02) Carlos Domingo: I had a strategy. I would take a big cousin and push through. I would take a small cousin to get over everybody if I needed to. And it was just me running. We always had a strategy. And it was always the three of us. If one of us didn’t get in there, we had another two chances to get the shoe.

Franco: It was a family affair.

(02:24) Clotee: Recognize your family. [Overlap with Female Singer]

(02:30) Hector: The dialogues that need to happen can’t happen in the media spaces that exist as they exist today.

(02:39) Franco Hernandez: How do we fund? How do we fund what’s going on within this community in this radio station?

(02:45) Mario: We’re going to talk about a campaign [Radio interference] that we’re launching here on KDIF called, well, [Static] it’s actually a global campaign [Radio interference] called Giving Tuesday [Fades].

[Static [“Drift Away” plays]

**Creator:**

Ben Harley

**Title:****Co-Creating Sonic Publics**

- 0:00-0:16** Bass emanating from a car. Recorded on Broad Street in Charleston, SC on 11/26/2017
- 0:00-0:25** Wooden percussion frogs. Recorded at the City Market in Charleston, SC on 11/26/2017
- 0:02-0:20** Adolescent girls singing “Santa Clause is Coming to Town.” Recorded on King Street in Charleston, SC on 11/26/2017
- 0:03-0:30** Violin player. Recorded on King Street in Charleston, SC on 10/14/2017
- 0:09-0:34** Mumford and Sons “The Cave” playing from a car radio. Recorded on Broad Street in Charleston, SC on 12/01/2017
- 0:18-1:23** Busker playing José Feliciano’s “Feliz Navidad” on an acoustic guitar while singing. Recorded on The Battery in Charleston, SC on 11/18/2017
- 0:28-0:40** Church bells. Recorded on Chalmers Avenue in Charleston, SC on 12/01/2017
- 0:33-0:46** Young adults singing The Killer’s “Mr. Brightside.” Recorded outside the Moosehead Saloon in Columbia, SC 11/09/2017
- 0:33-1:09** Santa ringing a bell. Recorded at the City Market in Charleston, SC on 11/26/2017
- 0:39-0:50** Women singing the lyrics “That’s what friends are for” outside Big Gun Burger Shop and Bar in Charleston, SC on 10/31/2017
- 0:46-0:58** Country music coming from a car. Recorded in downtown Charleston, SC 12/01/2017
- 0:46-1:03** Saxophone. Recorded in on King Street in Charleston, SC on 11/26/2017
- 0:48-0:50** Busker saying “Oh, Buskers.” Recorded on The Battery in Charleston, SC on 11/18/2017
- 0:53-1:23** Metallica’s “Wherever I may Roam” blaring from a motorcycle. Recorded on East Bay Street in Charleston, SC on 11/26/2017
- 1:14-1:23** Car radio. Recorded in Charleston, SC on 11/14/2017
- 1:17-2:12** Katydid. Recorded on the West Ashley Greenway in Charleston, SC on 11/01/2017
- 1:17-2:18** Construction Worker listening to Jimmy Hendrix’s cover of “All Along the Watchtower” off the West Ashley Greenway in Charleston, SC on 11/01/2017
- 1:18-1:38** Bricklayer whistling “Silent Night.” Recorded near Rainbow Row in Charleston, SC on 12/05/2017
- 1:22-1:31** Man drumming on shopping cart. Recorded at the Whole Foods in Mt. Pleasant, SC on 12/02/2017
- 1:24-1:52** Busker playing The Steve Miller Band’s “The Joker.” Recorded at The Battery in Charleston, SC on 12/01/2017
- 1:26-1:47** Saxophone. Recorded on King Street in Charleston, SC on 11/26/2017
- 1:30-1:38** Music from a car radio. Recorded on King Street in Charleston, SC on 10/14/2017
- 1:47-2:00** Saxophone. Recorded on King Street in Charleston, SC on 10/14/2017

- 1:56-2:07** Woman tapping her fingernails at the checkout line. Recorded at Harris Teeters in Charleston, SC on 12/02/2017
- 1:58-2:08** Vendor demonstrating wooden percussion frog, cricket call, owl call, and wooden percussion from. Recorded at the City Market in Charleston, SC on 11/26/2017
- 2:02-2:23** Music from a car. Recorded in Charleston, SC on 10/14/2017
- 2:06-2:30** Child playing with a music box. Recorded at the Citadel Mall in Charleston, SC on 12/02/2017
- 2:07-2:17** Man listening to Michael Jackson's "Wanna Be Startin' Somethin'" while fishing. Recorded near White Point Garden in Charleston, SC on 12/01/2017
- 2:12-2:16** Man singing. Recorded near The Battery in Charleston, SC on 12/01/2017
- 2:16-2:21** Music from a car. Recorded in downtown Charleston, SC on 12/05/2017
- 2:21-2:25** Woman whistling. Recorded on Broad Street in Charleston, SC on 12/01/2017

**Creator:****Abigail Lambke****Title:****Breaking Silence and Bringing Change: A Soundscape of Feminist Protest**

00:01 Janelle Monae(2017):Some of us protest in silence, and some of us believe that silence is not an option and music, our sound, is a weapon. No wrong way to do it.

00:11 MILCK “Quiet” (Studio): Instrumental opening

00:14 Angela Davis (2017): This is a women's march and this women's march represents the promise of feminism

00:23 MILCK “Quiet” (Studio): Put on your face

00:25 Janet Mock (2017): Intersectional and inclusive

00:27 MILCK “Quiet” (Studio): Know your place

00:29 Carmen Perez (2017): Brave, intentional

00:31 MILCK “Quiet” (Studio): Shut up and smile

00:33 Carmen Perez (2017): Unapologetic

00:34 MILCK “Quiet” (Studio): Don't spread your legs

00:37 Gloria Steinem (2017): Bodily integrity

00:40 MILCK “Quiet” (Studio): I could do that / But no one knows me no one ever will / If I don't say something, if I just lie still / Would I be a monster, scare them all away / If I let them hear what I have to say/ I can't keep quiet

00:49 MILCK “Quiet” (Live): no one ever will / If I don't say something, if I just lie still / Would I be a monster, scare them all away / If I let them hear what I have to say / I can't keep quiet / I can't keep quiet

01:22 Gloria Steinem (2017): We will not be quiet, we will not be controlled

01:25 MILCK's "Quiet" (Live): A one woman riot

01:29 Cecil Richards (2017): We will not go back

01:27 MILCK's "Quiet" (Live): I can't keep quiet / for anyone / no / not anymore

01:46 Borrtext “Desire”: Instrumental

01:47 Adrienne Rich "Dreamwood" (1987): Poetry isn't revolution, but a way of knowing why it must come

01:58 Chant from 1970s Take Back the Night: Women unite, take back the night. Women unite, take back the night. Women unite, take back the night.

02:11 Molly Yard Equal Rights Amendment Rally (1988): What do we want? Equal Rights! When do we want it? Now! What do we want? Equal Rights! When do we want it? Now! What do we want? Equal Rights! When do we want it? Now! Rahh!

02:30 June Jordan "A Poem About My Rights" (1980): and / but let this be unmistakable this poem / is not consent I do not consent / to my mother to my father to the teachers to / the F.B.I. to South Africa to Bedford-Stuy / to Park Avenue to American Airlines to the hardon / idlers on the corners to the sneaky creeps in / cars / I am not wrong: Wrong is not my name / My name is my own my own my own / and I can't tell you who the hell set things up like this / but I can tell you that from now on my resistance / my simple and daily and nightly self-determination / may very well cost you your life

03:16 Borrtex "Passion": Instrumental

03:20 Kate Michelman March for Women's Lives (1992): George Bush, I must tell you I never thought I'd stand here and say this to you after Ronald Regan, but George Bush is the most anti-choice, anti-woman president in this nation's history and he has to go! (Cheers) He has to go! He must go! And we're going to make him go!

03:56 "My Body My Choice" Chant (2017): My body my choice! Whose body whose choice? My body my choice! Whose body whose choice? My body my choice!

04:06 Nina Donovan (2017): I know you forget to examine the reflection of your own privilege, or you may be afraid of the truth, but I'm not afraid to be honest, I'm not afraid to be nasty, Yeah, I'm nasty, like the struggle of women still beating equality into the world

04:14 Indigo Girls "Go": Through the dust bowl / Through the debt / Grandma was a suffragette / Blacklisted for her publication / Blacklisted for my generation / Go go go

04:29 Elizabeth Warren (2017): Now we can whimper, we can whine, or we can fight back. Me, I'm here to fight back! (Cheers)

04:35 Indigo Girls "Go": Raise your hands / Raise your hands high / Don't take a seat / Don't stand aside / This time

04:48 Angela Davis (2017): This is just the beginning

04:51 Indigo Girls "Go": Don't assume anything / Go go go

**Creator:**

**S. Scott Lunsford**

**Title:**

**Body of Research: Materialities of Sonic Awareness**

**00:00**

*A TRAIN HORN sounds in the distance. TYPING in an office begins. The HORN sounds again and the writer, Scott, SIGHS.*

**00:23**

SCOTT: It's like I'm trying to type the train horn away.

**00:26**

*Another HORN but closer. Scott TYPES HARDER.*

**00:28**

Maybe the harder I type the less I'll hear the horn. And I won't be frustrated with knowing that I'm missing a train.

**00:37**

I hear trains many times throughout the day, through my office window. And even in class, I can hear them, and I point them out to my students every time. Because they know. They know I would really like to run out the door, . . .

**00:50**

*A BODY walks down a hallway and opens a DOOR.*

. . . down the stairs, and out to the train. But there are the realities—the materialities—to deal with.

**01:00**

*A CELL PHONE rings.*

**01:04**

I'm calling Mom to wish her a happy birthday and to see how she's doing.

**01:10**

*The PHONE cross-fades with the beeping of HOSPITAL ROOM MONITORS.*

She's been home a few weeks from being in the hospital again. She was diagnosed with melanoma a couple of years ago, and about a year later it spread to her lungs and then to her brain.

I don't talk to her much. And I don't talk long now.

**01:28**

*MONITORS drop into a TRAIN HORN and BELL.*

The work pulls at me.

**01:34**

*The HORN comes closer and cross-fades with Scott WALKING along the GRAVEL OF A RAIL YARD (or "the yard"). He speaks on location there:*

**01:44**

Not a whole lot on this set of trains, at least not on this side. May be some more on the other side.

*He continues to WALK.*

I'm not seeing a whole lot. I'll go around, make my way to the other side.

**02:03**

*Reflective, as if disembodied from the yard:*

I walk through the rail yard, trying to catch the train—

*Spoken sound: CATCH THE TRAIN CATCH THE TRAIN CATCH THE TRAIN . .*

Through the affordances of an audio recorder, I catch it—

*Spoken sound: CATCH IT CATCH IT CATCH IT . . .*

the engine's horn, the screech and clack—

*Spoken sound: SCREECH AND CLACK SCREECH AND CLACK SCREECH AND CLACK . . .*

of its brakes and wheels as it slows—

*A TRAIN brakes, and its WHEELS scrape THE RAILS.*

And through a camera lens, through its click of the shutter, I catch the cars and their chalk scratches and grease-pencil tags as they scrape by.

**02:28**

*In studio.*

Years of chasing down graffiti on freight trains, the backs of walls, in alleyways, and other forms of transgressive public rhetorics have given me the added appreciation of the researcher-body: of how my own body becomes a method of research—and thus a methodology to think through—as its feet crunching over gravel, its eyes squinting through smeared rain drops on a car windshield, its ears perking toward an oncoming train horn, its adrenaline rushing with the fear of an authority’s panoptic gaze—all *topoi* of getting through, getting to the objects of study.

**03:06**

*Scott WALKS in the yard again.*

So, when I’m out here

*Spoken sound: WHEN I’M OUT HERE*

I become very aware

*Spoken sound: I BECOME VERY AWARE*

Of how my body responds to the landscape, to the elements—it’s cold right now—and

*Spoken sound: COLD RIGHT NOW—AND*

**03:23**

the body becomes part of the narrative. The sounds of breathing, the pausing, the stuttering—all the elements of being quite aware of how the body operates in the field but made material through

*Spoken sound: MADE MATERIAL*

multimodal approaches such as this audio in order to discuss the work.

*Spoken sound: THE WORK.*

**03:49**

And I just let it roll.

*Spoken sound: I JUST LET IT ROLL.*

I let it roll because it becomes a symbol of the artifact that I seek. It becomes a sonic graffiti, a tag

*Spoken sound: A TAG*

that calls attention to itself for no other reason than saying, Here it is.

*Spoken sound: HERE IT IS.*

**04:15**

I'll stop to actually take some shots now.

**04:22**

*The CAMERA SHUTTER clicks. Scott WALKS.*

**04:26**

Not a whole lot over here as well. There's a nice tag that says HAPPY BIRTHDAY.

*Spoken sound: HAPPY BIRTHDAY.*

**04:35**

*Scott WALKS on, the faint sound of a POLICE SIREN in the distance.*

*FADE OUT.*

**04:47**

**Creators:**

George F. (Guy) McHendry, Jr., Tim Rapp, and Cat Henning

**Title:****Drone Songs, Volume 1**

## Part I

00:01 [Undecipherable conversation in the background. This continues until 00:50]

00:02 [Music playing, a person is singing "Noel Noel." Music continues until 00:44]

00:07 Speaker 1: Ah!

00:09 [The buzz from a drone begins from the left of the scene and increases in volume and intensity. Slowly during the scene, the drone moves from left to center, and then right and then from right to center to left at 00:51]

00:11 Person 1: Fourth, yeah.

00:11 Person 2: Through, what's that Thursday?

00:14 Person 1: Seventh

00:16 Person 2: Really? Nuh-uh. No, 4th is next week, it's the 11th. That would have been bad.

00:21 Person 1: [Laughs]

00:22 Person 2: That would have been bad.

00:23 Person 1: Sorry! [Laughs]

00:24 Person 2: No, that was the 15th or 12th?

00:38 Person 1: [Coughs]

## Part II

00:50 [Birds chirping continuing until 01:33 ]

00:51 [The buzz from the drone continues, moving from left to center to right until 01:38]

00:52 [Lady Gaga's "Bad Romance" plays in the background until 01:33]

01:06 [Wind jostles the microphone, creating a subtle blowing sound]

## Part III

01:38 [Undecipherable conversation in the background. This continues until 02:26]

01:39 [Music playing, a person is singing "O Come Let Us Adore Him" Music continues until 02:26]

01:39 [The buzz from the drone continues, moving from left to center to right until 02:53 ]

01:40 Person 1: Also, what the hell is huacatay? What's

01:43 Person 1 and Person 2: [In unison] Oh Peruvian Black Mint

01:44 Person 1: I read it up there, so...

01:47 Person 1 and Person 2: [Laugh together]

01:49 Person 1: Dude, I think I am going to get Carrot Cake and Peanut Butter Chip. That might be it for me.

01:57 Person 2: Can I get a dark chocolate.

02:09 Person 1: Hold on, I swear I put my \$10 in my pocket.

02:27 [All other sounds disappear and the sound of the drone increases in volume and intensity as it circles the scene.]

02:52 [The drone falls silent.]

**Creator:**

Eda Ozyesilpinar

**Title:****Hearing the Chance of Space/Place: Changing Immobilized Identities****0:00-0:07: Cappadocia Underground cities+ Izmir**

0:00-0:05 Woman 1: Mike, Mike, left side, left side, left, left, left

0:05-0:07 Man 1: a short casual laugh

Woman 2: Indistinct speech in Turkish in the background throughout.

Background sounds: Environmental sounds in the background, sounds of birds, nature, and the echo of indistinct sounds of people walking in the underground cities in Cappadocia.

**00:07-0:14 Cappadocia Underground cities+ Istanbul during Ramadan**

0:07-0:10 Woman 3: after the Christians, right? [Translated from Turkish; in Cappadocia]

Woman 2: Indistinct speech in Turkish in the background throughout.

Background sounds: The sound of Ezan (the call of prayer for Muslims) in Istanbul during Ramadan indicating the time to break the fasting. The distant sounds of people walking, birds chirping, sound of river in Cappadocia in a valley.

**0:14-0:28 Cappadocia Underground cities+ Istanbul during Ramadan**

0:14-0:19 Woman 1: Mom, dad, Ayca... [Translated from Turkish] indistinct speech in Turkish

0:22-0:24 Man 1: a short casual laugh

Woman 2: Indistinct speech in Turkish continues in the background throughout.

Background sounds: The sound of Ezan in Istanbul during Ramadan continues; the sounds of people walking and chatting in distant and cars passing by.

**0:28-0:35 Cappadocia+ Izmir and the small towns around Izmir [Sirince and Ephesus] +Istanbul**

0:28-0:32 Woman 1: Ayca just move for a second; Mike not now [with a fake cry.]

Woman 2: Indistinct speech in Turkish continues in the background throughout.

Background sounds: The sound of Ezan continues indistinctly, which is being altered by the sounds of the cities and the towns with people walking, speaking in distance, cars passing by in the background.

**0:35-0:45 Istanbul during Ramadan+ Cappadocia+ Izmir**

0:41-0:43 Woman 1: Oh my god! Stop doing that! [in Cappadocia]

Background sounds: The sound of the three cities is predominant. Cars and busses are passing by, people walking and speaking in the background as the sound of an ambulance siren becomes loud and the sound of Ezan in Istanbul continues.

**0:45-0:55: Cappadocia+ Istanbul during Ramadan+ Izmir/Sirince**

0:46-0:47 Woman 1: Move dad! move! [Translated from Turkish; one of the underground cities in Cappadocia]

0:47-0:49 Woman 1: whoever is the guy with the beard... [Translated from Turkish; in Istanbul]

0:49-0:54 Woman 1: Mom, I am not taking a photo...video...small laughter...should I keep it [video/camera] on or turn it off? [Translated from Turkish; [in Cappadocia at one of the underground cities]

0:54-0:55 Woman 1: Thank you! Thank you very much! [Translated from Turkish; in Izmir/Sirince]

Background sounds: In addition to indistinct sounds of multiple people continuing to speak in the background, the sound of the ambulance siren remains strong yet it is disrupted by the sounds of cars/busses passing by.

### **0:55-1:00: Izmir/Sirince+ Istanbul**

0:55-0:57 Woman 3: The house across is the house of the priest! [Translated from Turkish; in Izmir/Sirince]

Background sounds: The sound of the ambulance siren tunes out and gives it into the sound of these two cities, which encompasses the multiple voices of people walking and speaking in the background.

### **1:00-1:05: Izmir/Sirince+ Istanbul**

Background sounds: The collective sounds of these two cities remain predominant, which is the vague sound of people walking and speaking. At the end of this section:

1:04-1:05 Woman 1: We will get it when we are returning![Translated from Turkish; in Istanbul]

### **1:05-1:10: Izmir+ Istanbul**

Background sounds: The collective sounds of these cities are constituted of multiple sounds of people walking and speaking in addition to the distant sound of the nature (wind, sea, river). The sound of Ezan slowly returns yet remains in distance.

01:06-01:08 Woman 1: Wave my love! [Translated from Turkish; in Istanbul]

01:08-01:09 Woman 1: Santorini, Santorini [a Greek Island; in Izmir]

### **1:10-1:15: Izmir+ Istanbul**

1:13-1:15: Yes, I recorded it; I wouldn't miss it! [Translated from Turkish; in Istanbul]

Background sounds: The regular daily lives of people in these cities. The sounds of people speaking, having conversations, walking, eating, going to work, driving. The sound of Ezan remains in distance.

### **1:15-1:30: Izmir/Sirince+ Istanbul+ Cappadocia**

Background sounds: The sound of Ezan disappears and the sound of a church music being played in a wine cellar that used to belong the priest of the town in Sirince takes over. People in the background speaking, having conversations, laughing, and walking. The sound of cars passing and the sound of nature [wind, river, birds] in Sirince and Cappadocia continues throughout in the background.

### **1:30-1:45 Izmir/Sirince+ Cappadocia**

Background sounds: The collective sounds of people speaking and walking in distance accompanied by the environmental sounds of nature: the sound of river and the wind.

The deep church music echoes in the vine cellar in Sirince. The sound of a high pitch noise that resembles a wind chime or a bicycle bell, which could also possible be a cell phone ring tone.

**1:45-2:00 Izmir/Sirince+ Cappadocia+ Istanbul**

Background sounds: The collective sounds of people speaking and walking in distance accompanied by the environmental sounds of nature: the sound of river and the wind. The deep church music echoes in the vine cellar in Sirince. The sound of a trolley car in Istanbul approaches. People continue to speak in the background and the sound of a high pitch noise that resembles a wind chime or a bicycle bell, which could also possible be a cell phone ring tone, returns.

**2:00-2:15 Izmir/Sirince+ Cappadocia+ Istanbul**

Background sounds: The collective sound of people speaking and walking in distance that is accompanied by the environmental sounds of nature continues to be the predominant experience. In addition to the sound of the river and the wind, the distinct noise of crickets joins the experience of the nature in the valley of Cappadocia. The deep church music continues to echo in the vine cellar in Sirince. In addition to the cricket noise, the sound of birds chirping is in now also in the background. What's underneath of the ambient sounds of nature is the sound of Istanbul and what is being heard is the daily routines and lives of people of this city.

**2:15-2:31 Izmir/Sirince+ Cappadocia+ Istanbul**

Background sounds: The collective sound of people speaking and walking in distance that is accompanied by the environmental sounds of nature continues to be the predominant experience. The distant chatter of people and the daily noise of these cities still run in the background throughout along with the sound of crickets, birds, the wind, and the river. The nature and the cities become difficult to distinguish. The lived experiences of people and their engagement with these different spaces now are more fluid and move with the changing sound of space.

**Creator:****Timothy Richardson****Title:****Polar**

- 0:00 The piece opens with a low, hissing drone of wind and a much quieter soft, slow pulse like waves lapping a shore. On top of this, a hollow moaning like a musical version wind through rocks translated to a long blowing on top of a jug. A high hiss suggests menace.
- 0:35 The low drone and the hissing fade and popping, cracking sounds begin, spaced less than a second apart, against a steady middle hiss of wind.
- 1:00 The staccato cracking increases in tempo to a rapid and continuing succession. The cracks come from left and right and are seem both near and far. The wind modulates to more complex harmonics and increases in volume, then settles into a high hiss.
- 1:36 Five lower, echoing pops occur. The rapid cracking continues. It increases in volume and rate.
- 2:28 Another musical, hollow moaning fades in as the cracking ends to five loud, echoing pops, as if something has given.
- 2:45 A soft, quiet hissing of wind slowly gives way to a musical droning that rises in volume and complexity.
- 3:10 A single loud pop echoes in silence.
- 3:15 Applause, as if at the end of a performance. This is the sample of applause from which the entire piece was formed.

**Creators:****Nathan Riggs and Christopher Stuart****Title:****Video Games and Memory**

[Beginning of Recorded Material]

00:00:00 [Sample, looped and modulated] "Introduction," *Pacman* (Atari 2600 VCS). Atari, 1981.00:00:05 [Sample, looped and modulated] "Chomping Sound," *Pacman* (Atari 2600 VCS), Atari, 1981.

00:00:11 00:00:17

00:00:26 00:00:34

00:00:51 00:00:51 00:00:55 00:01:14 00:01:51 00:02:24

00:02:44 00:02:51 00:03:02 00:03:31 00:03:47 00:03:55 00:03:55

[Sample] "Death Tune," *Pacman* (Atari 2600 VCS). Atari, 1981. [Melody, recomposed] Uematsu, Nobuo. "The Prelude," *Final Fantasy* (NintendoEntertainment System, Various). *Square-Enix*. 1987. [Sample] "Startup sound," Nintendo Gameboy. Nintendo, 1989.[Melody, recomposed] Kondo, Koji. "Dungeon Music," *The Legend of Zelda* (Nintendo Entertainment System). Nintendo, 1986.[Melody, recomposed] Kondo, Koji. "Super Mario Bros. Theme," *Super Mario Brothers* (Nintendo Entertainment System). Nintendo, 1985.[Sample] Crane, David. "Death Fanfare," *Pitfall!* (Atari 2600 VCS). Activision, 1982.[Sample] Crane, David. "Vine Fanfare," *Pitfall!* (Atari 2600 VCS). Activision, 1982.[Melody, recomposed] Sugiyama, Koichi. "Castle Theme," *Dragon Quest* (Nintendo Entertainment System, Various). Square-Enix, 1986.[Melody, recomposed] Uematsu, Nobuo. "Battle Theme," *Final Fantasy 6* (Super Nintendo Entertainment System). Square-Enix, 1994.[Melody, **heavily** recomposed] Uematsu, Nobuo and Mitsuda, Yasunori. "Scala's Theme," *Chrono Trigger* (Super Nintendo Entertainment System). Square-Enix, 1995.[Sample, looped] Rosenfeld, Daniel (C418). "Subwoofer Lullaby," *Minecraft Volume Alpha*. (Xbox 360, Various) Mojang, 2011.

[Sample, looped] “Main Theme,” *Mass Effect*. (Xbox 360, Various) Bioware, 2007.

[Sample, looped] Uematsu, Nobuo. “Main Theme,” *Final Fantasy VII*. (Playstation, Various) Square-Enix, 1997.

[Sample, looped] Pryzbylowicz, Marcin. “Wild Hunt: Aen Seidhe,” *The Witcher 3: Wild Hunt*. (Xbox One, Various) CD Projekt Red, 2015.

[Sample, looped] Morris, Trevor. “Escape from the Fade,” *Dragon Age: Inquisition*. (Windows PC, Various) Electronics Arts, 2014.

[Sample, altered and looped] Morris, Trevor. “Main Theme,” *Dragon Age: Inquisition*. (Windows PC, Various) Electronics Arts, 2014.

[Sample, looped] Soule, Jeremy. “Main Theme,” *The Elder Scrolls IV: Oblivion*.

(Xbox 360, Various) Bethesda Game Studios, 2006. 00:04:34 [Sample, modulated]  
”Death Tune,” *Pacman* (Atari 2600 VCS). Atari, 1981. [End of Recorded Material]

**Creators:****Christal Seahorn and Patricia Droz****Title:****Marching On***Main track: Interview, "Kate"; Ambient Track: Crowd noise*

00:02

This is **Kate** I'm from D.C.

I'm down at the Women's March

This ah- this crowds. All the people. all of the noise. all the sounds

It's not actually something I want to do

But I couldn't sit at home while this happened

I couldn't sit *by* and let this happen and not be a part of it *((fade up ambient noise: Crowd cheering))*

I couldn't have my voice taken away

I don't want to be here but I *have* to be here-*((Ambient noise, female group chant, "Hear our voice!"))*

and so I am

*Main track fades out; Ambient track fades up*

00:22

Hear. our. voice!

Hear. our. voice!

Hear. our. voice!

((BEAT)) ((BEAT))

Hear! *((Ambient track fades out))*

((BEAT)) ((BEAT)) ((BEAT)) ((BEAT)) ((BEAT))

*Main track: Interview, "Ava"; Ambient track: Crowd chanting, "Who runs the world? Girls!"*00:37 My name is **AVA** ((BEAT)) I'm sixty-years old ((BEAT)) I'm out ((BEAT)) here because ((BEAT)) This is where I need to be ((BEAT)) ((BEAT)) This is where ((BEAT)) the change will happen ((BEAT)) when we ((BEAT)) gather ((BEAT)) as a group ((BEAT)) to not ((BEAT)) let ((BEAT)) this ((BEAT)) go unchallenged.

((BEAT)) ((BEAT)) ((BEAT)) ((BEAT)) ((BEAT)) ((BEAT)) ((BEAT)) ((BEAT))

*((fade up ambient noise, female singer "Todo Cambia"))* ((BEAT)) ((BEAT)) ((BEAT)) ((BEAT))*Main track: Interview, "We're still here"; Ambient Track: gentle chanting, "What democracy looks like"*

01:05

We are here because we felt it was important to say that this is not the America ((BEAT)) we want ((BEAT))

We want a place that is kind and ^inclusive ((BEAT)) ((BEAT))

A::nd we reject people ((BEAT)) like Trump who come in a::nd use words like ((BEAT)) >grab 'em by the ^Pussy< and makes fu:n of. ((BEAT)) disabled people and ((STRIKE)) wants to do away with ((BEAT)) programs that help women and children ((BEAT))  
>I don't know< if >this is the thing to say< but I feel like ((BEAT)) women didn't have ah come out and ((STRIKE)) vote ((BEAT)) when we should've  
So maybe this is a day too late but it's important to say that we're still ((BEAT)) here ((BEAT))

*Main track fades out; Ambient track fades up: crowd chanting and rhythmic clapping, "What democracy looks like")*

01:38

((call)) This is what democracy looks like!

((response)) Show me what democracy looks like!

((call)) This is ((BEAT)) what democracy ((BEAT)) looks like! ((BEAT))

((response)) Show me what democracy ((BEAT)) looks like!

*Main track: Interview, "Naomi Carrier"; Ambient track: crowd gently chanting, "Who runs the world? Girls!"*

01:43

((BEAT)) **Naomi Carrier** ((BEAT)) the author of "Go Down, ((BEAT)) Old Hannah ((BEAT)) the Living ((STRIKE)) History of ((BEAT)) African ((BEAT)) American Texans" ((BEAT)) ((BEAT))

>So I believe that the future ((STRIKE)) is about women *go:verning*.

Women *nou:rish*. ((STRIKE)) ((STRIKE)) Women ((STRIKE)) are ((BEAT)) the ((BEAT)) progenitors ((BEAT)) ((BEAT)) of culture. ((BEAT))

We *know* what our purpose is ((STRIKE))

and what we ((BEAT)) must do now is ((STRIKE)) save a generation ((BEAT))

and ((BEAT)) leave ((BEAT)) our footprint.

*Main track fades out; Ambient track fades up: crowd chanting "Who runs the world?"*

02:03

((female caller)) Who runs the world?!

((group response)) ((BEAT)) GIRLS!

((female caller)) ^WOO! ((BEAT))((BEAT))((BEAT))

((STRIKE))

((one second silence))

*Main track: Interview, "Christina"; Ambient track: crowd gently canting, "Equal rights."*

02:09

I'm **Christina** and ((BEAT)) I'm ((STRIKE))15-years ((BEAT)) old.

Just seeing ((BEAT)) how ((BEAT)) political men have ((BEAT)) viewed and

described ((BEAT)) woman i:t's very. like. *horrifying* ((BEAT)) how they. speak about us and I feel ((BEAT)) that ((BEAT)) it's ((BEAT)) good ((BEAT)) to fight for what's right

and our. women's rights ((BEAT)) and like. uh. *human rights* ((BEAT)) It's the same ((BEAT)) and we all deserve the same rights. ((BEAT))

*Main track fades out; Ambient track: crowd chanting "Equal rights"*

02:28

((female caller)) *E.QUAL!*

((group response)) *RIGHTS!*

((BEAT))

((female caller)) *E.QUAL!* ((BEAT))

((group response)) *RIGHTS!* ((BEAT)) ((STRIKE))

*Main track: Interview, "Kristen Anderson"; Ambient track: fade down "Equal Rights" chant*

02:31

**Kristen Anderson.** I'm a ((STRIKE)) psychologist. a:nd ah ((BEAT))

I saw a ((BEAT)) sign ((BEAT)) that said it. "I can't ((BEAT)) believe we're still having to protest this shit in 2017. ((BEAT)) ((BEAT))

I've lived a ((BEAT)) long time and I've seen ((BEAT)) women's

rights ((BEAT)) improve. I've ((BEAT)) seen human rights improve and.((BEAT)) I just can't believe how we have

gone ((BEAT)) backwards ((BEAT)) i::n ((BEAT)) a ((STRIKE)) very brief moment. ((BEAT)) ((BEAT)) ((BEAT))

*Main track fades out; Ambient track: quiet crowd noise. Indistinguishable caller, crowd response, "Stand up, Fight Back!"*

02:54

((13 BEATS and 1 STRIKE featured over the ambient track until next timestamp))

*Main track: Interview, "Alyssa Mathis"; Ambient track: Fade out chant, "Stand up, Fight back!"*

03:08 My name

is **Alyssa** ((BEAT)) **Ma:this** ((BEAT)) and ((BEAT)) I'm ((BEAT)) from ((BEAT)) D.C.

and I'm ((STRIKE)) here ((STRIKE)) to ((STRIKE)) support me as a female ((STRIKE))

fo:r ah: .((BEAT)) justice ((BEAT)) for us ((BEAT)) as women. ((STRIKE))

((BEAT)) I have a ((STRIKE)) ton of people *grab* me ((BEAT)) but ((BEAT)) men grab like they've a right to ((BEAT)) and they don't have ((STRIKE)) that right.

*Main track fades out; Ambient track fades up: crowd chanting, "Our Bodies our Rights."*

03:24

Our ((BEAT)) bodies, ((BEAT)) our ((BEAT)) rights! ((BEAT)) Texas ((BEAT)) women ((BEAT)) are ((BEAT)) here ((BEAT)) to ((BEAT)) fight!

Our ((BEAT)) bodies, ((BEAT)) our ((BEAT)) rights! ((BEAT)) Texas ((BEAT)) women ((BEAT)) are ((BEAT)) here ((BEAT)) to ((BEAT)) fight!

*Main track: Interview, "Cecile Rashid"; Ambient track: fade in chant, "People United."*

03:29

((BEAT))My name's ((BEAT)) **Cecile Rashid** ((BEAT)) Inclusion ((BEAT)) is ((BEAT)) really what the message is about ((BEAT)) um::

((BEAT)) Every ((BEAT)) ((BEAT)) who's ((BEAT)) he::re. um. ((BEAT)) has a right to be ((BEAT)) treated *well* ((BEAT)) ((BEAT)) and with respect no matter what and ((BEAT)) ((BEAT)) um. We all ((BEAT)) have ((BEAT)) agency ((BEAT)) over ((BEAT)) that.

((BEAT)) ((BEAT))

When I say *we* I mean that's ah:. That's a pretty *bro:ad* "we," ((BEAT)) ((BEAT)) you know. Um. ((BEAT)) We as a woman.

We as a Muslim woman.

((BEAT))

and ((BEAT)) We as a Muslim ((BEAT)) American woman. ((BEAT)) there's so ((BEAT)) ((BEAT)) much that connects us more than ((BEAT)) what divides us.

And so working on those connections ((BEAT)) and building upon those connections ((STRIKE)) is what's really important.

*Main Track fades out; Ambient track fades up, crowd chanting "People United."*

04:01

((4 BEATS featured over the ambient track until next timestamp))

*Main Track: Interview, "Jereva"; Ambient track fades down: crowd gently chanting, "People United"*

04:08

Hi my name is **Jereva** I'm from Dallas ((BEAT)) Texas. ((BEAT)) I'm out here today ((BEAT)) to honor ((BEAT)) my great-grandmother. ((BEAT)) ((BEAT)) and ((BEAT)) my grandmother. and my mother who's here with me today. ((BEAT)) ((audible breath)) ((BEAT)) a:nd ((audible breathing)) we have a president right ^now who doesn't respect women. ((BEAT)) ((BEAT)) Who ((BEAT)) doesn't ((BEAT)) respect ((BEAT)) people ((BEAT)) of ^color. ((BEAT)) ((BEAT)) ^Doesn't ^respect ^anyone. ((Audible breathing)) And I'm here to stand in my ^for. To ((BEAT)) stand ((BEAT)) ((BEAT)) for ((BEAT)) ^love to stand for equality to stand for diversity. And to ((BEAT)) stand for ((BEAT)) just *peace*.

*Main Track fades out; Ambient track fades up, crowd noise*

04:32

((4 BEATS featured over the ambient track until next timestamp))

*Main Track: Interview, "Concrete Action"; Ambient Track: Crowd noise*

04:36

((BEAT)) There's ((BEAT)) been ((BEAT)) ((BEAT)) a lot of ((BEAT)) great speakers ((BEAT)) so far ((BEAT)) and the overarching themes have been about ((BEAT)) unity and diversity. ((BEAT)) And progress ((BEAT)) ((STRIKE)) and concrete actions ((BEAT)) that can be taken.

That's one of the things that's great about this march ((BEAT)) is that ((BEAT)) it is going to translate ((BEAT)) into <**concrete** ((BEAT)) **action**>

((BEAT)) ((BEAT)) ((BEAT))

*Main track fades out; Ambient track fades up: crowd chanting "Hear Our Voice."*

04:53

((BEAT))((BEAT))

Hear. Our. Voice!

Hear. Our. Voice!

Hear. Our. Voice!

Hear. Our. Voice!

### **Transcription Conventions Use**

<words>	Material between signs is slower than the surrounding talk.
>words<	Material between signs is faster than the surrounding talk.
^word	Material is spoken with a high rising intonation.
((words))	Material between double parentheses provides contextual or nonverbal cues of what is happening in the soundscape.
.	Periods are used to indicate falling intonation; may not indicate the end of a grammatical unit.
!	Word or clause is excitedly spoken.
<i>italics</i>	Material is spoken in a way to draw emphasis to the word.
:	Prior sound is elongated.
((BEAT))	Instance of Clinton's "Positive Politeness," the communication strategies used to make the email recipient feel good about themselves.
((STRIKE))	Several instances of Clinton's "Positive Politeness," the communication strategies used to make the email recipient feel good about themselves.

**Creator:****Anthony Stagliano****Title:****Live from Times Square**

00:05 City Traffic noise begins

00:06 A quick honk of a car horn, amid the city traffic noise

00:10 The city traffic noise continues, but a woman's voice begins, it is not a natural, but a synthetically generated voice.

It says: "The following soundscape is comprised of audio taken from publicly accessible live feed web cameras hosted in sites around the world. Many such cameras do not record audio, while a surprising number of them do. This piece offers audio from those cameras as a soundscape of current vernacular surveillance cultures, which are usually visual. While it is obvious that a bird nest camera needs to record audio, the many cameras trained on city squares and insignificant intersections record sound for unclear reasons. The following sounds come from cameras in Madrid, Chicago, Ontario, New York, and San Diego."

00:57 a high pitched mechanical whine begins and gets slightly louder.

00:59 The high pitched whine continues. City traffic noise begins, and a car horn honks.

01:07 Several quick car horn honks occur.

01:10 There are a few more quick car horn honks, and a traffic police officer's whistle blows, briefly.

01:10 The whistle blows again, in two quick bursts.

01:17 There is a car horn honk, louder than earlier ones, as if closer.

01:22 A low, rumbling mechanical sound begins, and gets slightly louder.

01:33 Amid the low, rumbling sound, are short, sharp sounds, of a higher pitch.

01:34 The sound of a car driving begins, and gets louder, as if the car is getting closer, then quieter, as if it is passing by.

01:41 There is a repeating sound, a sharp, short sound that repeats in a half-second cycle. City traffic noise continues.

01:46 City traffic and all mechanical noises stop abruptly. There is a quick chirp of a bird, followed by more chirping, from another bird.

01:51 The birds continue chirping. There is a crunching sound, short quick sounds of a medium pitch.

01:53 Birds continue chirping and crunching.

02:00 gentle flapping sounds, as if wings are beating. Birds continue chirping and crunching.

02:03 Intense flapping sounds, that grow quieter, as if one bird is flying away.

02:06 Birds continue chirping and crunching.

02:11 Birds continue chirping and crunching. There is a quick flutter of flapping sounds, as if a bird is landing.

02:21 Bird chirping grows quiet for a moment, but there is an intense cluster of chirping again.

02:26 One loud, sharp chirp.

02:34 Birds continue chirping and crunching.

02:36 Intense, quick flutter of flapping sounds, as if a bird is flying away.

02:36 Bird sounds end abruptly. City traffic noise begins abruptly.

02:44 Amid city traffic noise is a beeping sound, as if in a vehicle at a distance.

02:47 a sharp, metallic sound, quiet, as if at a distance.

02:54 More of the sharp, metallic sound, as if construction work is taking place.

03:04 A loud rumbling begins, and grows louder, the sound of a train arriving nearby.

03:15 The train's sound grows quieter as it passes.

03:28 The city traffic sounds end abruptly. Accompanied by a mechanical hiss, a synthetic human voice begins, a man's voice, and says:

“Two to four feet with six to five feet, with current risk moderate. The current time is 9:55 AM Pacific Standard Time. Coastal weather observations at 7:00 AM Newport Beach. Conditions are clear. Wind is S 1 knots. Air 52\ . Mission Beach. Conditions are clear. Wind is north east at 3 knots. Waves 3 feet at 10 seconds. Water 60\ . Air 53\ . Pressure 10 21\ . These are the 9 AM marine observations for the coastal waters off San Diego.”

04:06 The synthetic voice stops abruptly. City traffic noise begins abruptly. A car's horn honks.

04:13 Human voices are speaking in a public space, but there are a great many of them, in multiple different conversations, and they are distant enough, that the words are unclear. This is accompanied by continued city traffic noise.

04:21 A large vehicle, that sounds like a bus, begins to drive, grows louder, then quieter, as if driving away.

04:28 Human chattering continues. City traffic noise continues.

04:36 City noise, and human voices fade out and birds chirping fade in.

04:37 Several chirps in quick succession and some sounds of wings flapping.

04:40 The repeated chirping continues, but grows quieter, as the bird flies away.

04:42 Other birds continue chirping, but are quieter.

04:44 Different species of birds are chirping and making birdsong at the same time.

04:56 The bird sounds grow quieter. There are some sounds of movement, but fewer chirps and songs.

04:58 Louder bird chirping, several quick chirps in a row, but as if at a distance and growing farther away.

05:10 Birds continue chirping.

05:20 Loud bird chirping in distance. All of the bird sounds, and their accompanying environmental sounds fade out.

05:23 More faintly, there is a loud chirping, twice, in the distance.

END.

**Creators:****Jennifer Ware and Ashley Hall****Title:****Welcome to the Vibratorium**

Total Run Time 2:50

:00

Low volume rumble of a wind, we are like a microphone struggling to hear air in a silent room. At the same time, very low beneath the surface, water boiling at a medium, but steady pace.

:01-:04 A series of finger snaps.

**-Snap Snap SNAPS NAP Snap Snap-**, reverberate closely off the walls of the room. (right, left, rightleft, right left). There's a slight reverberation after each snap, but it's close, near to the source, near to the listening microphone.

:05-:07 Snap series repeats

**-Snap Snap SNAPS NAP Snap Snap-**

:07-:11

The low volume listening microphone intensifies into rushes of air **Loud Hiss soft hiss Loud Hiss** and fades into a farther distance, but still present.

:11-:13

male voice, mature but medium timbre and pitch (his words are in column to the right)

WELCOME, TO THE VIBRATORIUM.

:13-:16

**Loud Hiss** continues full on its own, the listening microphone struggling to find the sound in the room

:16-:22 The snaps are back. With greater echo and force-strengthened with reverberating from the right side of the room to

the left, through the middle of the listening microphone

As the **-Snap Snap SNAPS NAP Snap Snap-** passes from the right side to the left, the **Loud Hiss** slowly fades to a **soft hiss** and then to nothingness.

*Water*

:22

As the listening microphone becomes quiet, the boiling water intensifies into a flowing, bubbling, warm enveloping stream. We are beneath its surface.

:24-:29 The snaps return, no echo or reverb, just different sides of the listening microphone, traveling in pairs across the distance.

<b>Left</b>		<b>Right</b>
	<b>SNAP</b>	
	<b>SNAP SNAP</b>	
<b>SNAP</b>	<b>SNAP</b>	
<b>SNAP</b>	<b>SNAP</b>	

:29-:36 We begin to rise, from below the surface to just above the top of a forest stream, medium rushing, a steady flow

The bubbles below keep their pace, but fade into the background, leaving us at the top of the rushing stream.

*The Chamber*

:36 Snaps in light tones, as water droplets, echo off the walls, a slow drip, then cascading down, like a skipping heart.

drip

. drip  
 . drip  
 . drip  
 . drip  
 drip

:43 The drips are coming closer to us,  
repeating their call

Drip

. Drip

. Drip

. Drip

. **Drip**

**Drip**

**Drip**

. **Drip**

. **Drip**

. **Drip**

. **Drip**

**Drip**

:50 - :55

**DRIP**

. **DRIP**

. **DRIP**

. **DRIP**

. **DRIP**

**DRIP**

DRIP

:50-1:05

Something in the distance, grows near,  
heavy repeated patterns, with scrapes and  
scratches, claps and patches, louder and  
more frantic, faster overload

1:10 We are out of its wake, moving away  
from the overload, it falls into the  
distance.

*At the sea*

1:15 waves lapping at the sides of wood,  
we are rocking in the wind, swept along,  
above the water but not in control

1:20

Drip

1:23 – 1:24 A sudden flick, the start of a  
hiss.

In our face.

Click. Gone

1:25-1:26

Click.

**Hiss**

Gone

1:26 the water remains

1:27 low click. low click.

hissssss. The listening microphone has returned.

1:30 echoes of a man, medium pitch, a woman in key. A warmup, with moderate delay.

1:33-1:40

Low mmmmmm

mid mMMMMMM

high Mmmmmmm

The water on the surface slowly becomes still. The wind takes center stage.

1:36 DRIP

1:40

SmackSnapSnapSnap echoes into the distance

*dry*

1:42

Dust scratches on the plastic, repeated patterns of scratching, record scratches.

The listening microphone? Trying to record what it's found

A howling wind, lifted tones

Occasional drips, the water is gone, the air surrounds.

1:56

the scratches move into the distance, the snaps return with heavy echo and delay, taking center stage.

-Snap Snap SNAPS NAP Snap Snap-

**-Snap Snap SNAPdripSNAP Snap**  
**Snap-**  
 drip  
**-Snap Snap SNAPdripSNAP Snap**  
**Snap-**  
**-Drip Snap Snap SNAPSnap Snap**  
**Snap-**  
**Drip**  
 2:08 The howling wind remains

2:10  
 low drip

2:11  
 high Drip

2:12 A drip that's more like a snap,  
 distorted

2:14-2:21

hiss click  
 hiss click  
 hiss click  
 hiss click

2:21-2:22 electronic mid tones,  
 vibrations. Quick. Finding it's tone. Bip  
 Blip

2:23-2:34

hiss Click  
 hiss Click  
 hiss Click  
 hiss Click  
 hiss Click  
 hiss Click

2:34-2:38 electronic mid tones,  
 vibrations. Lower then rising

SUDDEN CUT

2:38 Many Hands  
 ClapCLAPClapCLAPCLAP  
 ClapClapClap

2:40 electronic mid tones, vibrations. low  
bass and rising

2:43 electronic vibrations. Quick. Finding  
it's tone. Bip Blip

2:46 hiss Click

2:47 hiss Click

2:50 Click

<END>

“Lichtenberg: A Cross-Section”

abridged by Eric Detweiler, based on version published in *Radio Benjamin*

Cast (in order of appearance): Eric Detweiler AS Narrator | Jon Stone AS Labu | John Sloop AS Peka | Les Hutchinson AS Quikko | Nathaniel Rivers AS Sofanti | Stephanie Phillips AS David Garrick | Lauren Cagle AS Georg Christoph Lichtenberg | Jodie Nicotra AS Maria Dorothea Stechardt | Harley Ferris AS First Citizen of Göttingen | Joel Overall AS Second Citizen of Göttingen

[ambient music reminiscent of outer space]

NARRATOR: As the Narrator, I find myself in the pleasant situation of taking a position above the planets represented in what follows. Because the following events take place on both Earth and Moon, I would violate interplanetary laws if I took the position of either one. I'll simply inform you that Earth seems as mysterious to the Moon, which knows everything about the Earth, as the Moon does to the Earth, which knows next to nothing about the Moon. What you're about to hear are the proceedings of the Committee for Earth Research on the Moon. In order to help you follow, I'll note that the amount of time members of the Lunar Committee are allotted to speak is greatly restricted. Moon-dwellers obtain nourishment exclusively from the silence of their fellow citizens, which they therefore only reluctantly interrupt. This means, I should point out, that academic conferences on the Moon often proceed very differently than those on Earth. It's also worth mentioning that one Earth year amounts to only a few Moon minutes.

The Society for Earth Research's machinery is limited to three apparatuses that are easier to use than a coffee grinder. First is the Spectrophone, through which everything happening on Earth is seen and heard; second, the Parlamonium, which allows human speech to be translated and rendered tolerable to the inhabitants of the Moon, whose ears are spoiled by the music of the spheres; and finally, the Oneiroscope, with which the dreams of Earthlings can be observed. That last one is especially significant because of the interest in psychoanalysis that's prevalent on the Moon. And now, a meeting of this Moon Committee.

[music fades out, sounds of crowd muttering indistinctly]

LABU [pounding gavel]: Order, order! I hereby open the 17<sup>th</sup> Session of the Moon Committee for Earth Research. I welcome the committee members: Sofanti, Quikko, and Peka. We're nearing our work's end. Now that we've sorted out the Earth's essential parts, we've decided, based on many requests from the lunar public, to conduct a few additional studies of humans. From the start, it's been clear to the Commission that this is an unproductive area of research. The samples taken over the last millennia haven't yielded a single case in which a human has amounted to anything. Starting with this basic scientific fact, this meeting is concerned with proving this is a result of the unhappy human condition. [noticing Peka gesturing for attention] Peka would like the floor.

PEKA: I'd like to speak on a procedural matter. [sound of map unfolding] Before we

move on to other agenda items, let me draw the committee's attention to the lunar map just published based on the research of Professor Lichtenberg of Göttingen, Germany.  
 QUIKKO: [incredulous] Honestly, I don't think the committee can expect much from this map. I notice that the huge crater where we hold our meetings isn't even marked on it.

SOFANTI: Excuse me, but who is Lichtenberg?

LABU: According to the Earth Archive [pauses momentarily, shuffles through papers], a scientist who concluded the work of Tobias Mayer, a German astronomer who died a number of years ago.

SOFANTI: I motion that we thank Professor Lichtenberg for his interest in Moon research by making him the subject of our investigations into humans.

LABU: Any objections? None raised. The motion passes. [strikes gavel] Quikko, will you tune the Spectrophone to Lichtenberg's lab?

QUIKKO: Powering up the Spectrophone. [hum of distorted kazoos, indicating sound of Spectrophone warming up]

QUIKKO: He's not in his lab, sir. He's in London. Just finished watching the famous actor David Garrick star in *Hamlet*. The Lord Chamberlain escorted Lichtenberg backstage to meet Garrick, who's speaking at the moment. [kazoos trail off]

GARRICK: Ah, Professor Lichtenberg. I'm glad to meet you. The King told me you'd be coming.

LICHTENBERG: I'm afraid I'm still too overwhelmed by your acting to be able to greet you as I'd wish.

GARRICK: Your visit is a greater honor than any greeting.

LICHTENBERG: Some of my friends warned me against seeing you, you know. They were afraid I'd never be able to appreciate German theater again. I think I could fill many pages with nothing more than what I learned about acting from your conduct in front of the ghost. Your fear was so convincing that one of the men sitting next to me believed the ghost was real! [both laughing]

[kazoos play briefly and trail off, indicating Spectrophone is powering down]

QUIKKO: I trust the Committee won't blame me for switching it off. I'm convinced we can conclude our investigations without further debate. Lichtenberg's human unhappiness can no longer be a mystery to us. Here we see him in the most dazzling society, a guest of the crown, speaking with England's preeminent actor. And now he's supposed to go back to the cramped rental apartment his publisher provides in Göttingen, where he'll struggle with students sent to him by wealthy Englishmen? He, who calculates planetary conjunctions, is also supposed to calculate pocket money for idle young lords? Don't you see how the misery of this existence—with its intrigues at the university, the gossip of the professors, the resentment and the narrowness—must turn him into a misanthrope before his time?

LABU: Thank you, Quikko. We are dealing here with very illuminating comments, whose special beauty is [reprovingly] that they are kept within the frame of short speeches. However, I propose we continue our research with the Oneiroscope. Because why, even if the Professor is trapped in the narrowness of his small university town, should he not rise high above it in his dreams?

SOFANTI: Lichtenberg has returned to Göttingen. It's nighttime, and I've tuned the Oneiroscope to his dreams.

QUIKKO: [narrating what she's watching] It appears he's floating far above the Earth across from a transfigured old human whose appearance fills him with awe. The old one is speaking: "You love studying nature," the being says. "Here's something that might be useful to you." Lichtenberg is given a blue-green sphere, which he shakes and weighs, examines under a microscope. He remembers having a ball just like it as a child. The old being speaks again: [modulating voice to be deeper] "Do you know, mortal, what you were examining?"

LICHTENBERG: "No, immortal, I don't."

QUIKKO: "It was, on a smaller scale, nothing less than the entire Earth."

LICHTENBERG: "The Earth?! And the oceans with all their inhabitants, where are they now?"

QUIKKO: "In your handkerchief. You wiped them off."

LICHTENBERG: "Oh dear! And the skies?"

QUIKKO: "It looks like some of them are caught in your jacket sleeve. Know this: when you shook the Earth, you shook away the most beautiful part of Sicily. When you weighed it, you smashed all of the Himalayas. And that thing that got stuck in your eye after you examined it with your microscope? That was the British colony of Georgia." [QUIKKO resumes normal voice] Ah, the image from the Oneiroscope is getting blurry. It must be morning in Göttingen.

SOFANTI: The Spectrophone! [kazoos] Finally, something's happening in the professor's lab.

DOROTHEA: Ugh, it's so stuffy in here. And the shutters are still closed. Ah, there we go. Fresh air! But look at all this dust. He's been here for eight days and hasn't cleaned a bit. Now where's that dust rag? [sound of glass shattering] For heaven's sake! FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE!

LICHTENBERG [sound of door opening]: What happened? Impossible! The electrical lightening machine!

DOROTHEA: [sobbing]

LICHTENBERG: Yes, this is my just punishment for sleeping late. What was it that my mentor Professor Mayer used to say? Life consists of the morning hours.

DOROTHEA: [crying]

LICHTENBERG: Well, what is there to cry about, dear? We'll just place an order for a new cylinder and see how we can manage without artificial lightning for the next few weeks.

DOROTHEA: [calming a bit] Oh, I nearly forgot: there's a letter for you.

LICHTENBERG: [hesitating] Just let it sit. I don't want to open it.

DOROTHEA: Why not?

LICHTENBERG: I have an unpleasant foreboding.

DOROTHEA: But why?

LICHTENBERG: It's my superstition again. In every object I see an omen. Every creeping insect serves to answer questions about my fate. Isn't that strange for a professor of physics? [pause] Perhaps, perhaps not.

DOROTHEA: But what could be written in the letter?

LICHTENBERG: I don't know, but when I heard the glass shattering just now, it seemed like a bad sign.

DOROTHEA: Here, you must allow me to open it.

LICHTENBERG: No, no. I should do it. [tearing open letter] My premonitions were reliable. At least this time. It's from the life insurance company. "Dear esteemed Professor. In response to your letter, we regret to inform you that on the basis of the report from our doctor, to whom we submitted the documents you provided, we are unable to offer you a policy."

DOROTHEA: [sadly] I didn't imagine the morning to turn out like this. A wind is springing up. Do you want me to close the window?

LICHTENBERG: A strong wind it is. There will be a thunderstorm soon. [thunderclap] But I'll close the window myself. I'd like to remain in the lab and write for a while.

PEKA: My fellow committee members! A report has just come from Venus that Lichtenberg, who has been loyal to reason his entire life, is about to betray it with the Muse. He's composing verse, that is to say, he's declaiming.

LABU: A welcome opportunity to deploy our Parlamonium. Let's set this declamation to the music of the spheres. [solo piano part from beginning of Kamasi Washington's cover of "Clair de Lune" plays]

LICHTENBERG: [more stately than usual] What if at some point the sun did not return, I often thought, if I awoke in a dark night and was glad when I finally saw day break again. The deep stillness of early morning, the friend of reflection, combined with the feeling of renewed health awoke in me then such a powerful trust in the order of nature and the spirit that guides it, that I believed myself as secure in the tumult of life as if my fate lay in my own hands. Oh, do not disturb with guilt this heavenly peace within, I then said to myself. For what else is the music of the spheres, the chiming together of the planets, but the expression of this certainty, which the spirit, at first with a storm of raptures, then gradually more and more— [music and monologue cut off by sudden thunderclap]

QUIKKO: The thunderstorm is about to hit Göttingen. I'm afraid we'll have to turn off our equipment.

SOFANTI: Perhaps I may use this intermission to announce my observations relating to the subject of our discussion.

LABU: Sofanti has the floor.

SOFANTI: [increasingly agitated throughout] I'm afraid I can't agree with Quikko's remarks regarding Lichtenberg. Anyone who followed this last scene must conclude it's not external circumstances ruining his life, but his own temperament. I won't hesitate to describe him as sick. Please recall: a professor of science, a man who is used to linking the phenomena of the world to their causes and effects, but who bases his own happiness on insects and omens? And did you see the writings scattered around his lab? Observations about the preparation of ice cream in India, animals' aptitude to learn, English fashions, carnivals. Are these subjects worthy of a scholar?

LABU: [interrupting] I'm obliged to make Sofanti aware that not only is he, in his excitement, about to exceed his time for speaking, but also that, due to the well-known

time warp between the Earth and the Moon, we just lost years in our contact with the subject of our observations. Quikko, tune the Spectrophone to Göttingen again. [kazoos]  
 QUIKKO: The professor isn't in his apartment or his lab. Something is happening outside the lab, however. I'm tuning to a conversation between two townspeople.  
 [kazoos fade]

FIRST CITIZEN: Do you see—

SECOND CITIZEN: [muttering] Hush, you're not allowed to talk in the funeral procession. Wait until we're there.

FIRST CITIZEN: [more quietly] I was just going to say, do you see that window up there. Do you know what it is?

SECOND CITIZEN: [surprised] Impossible. You're right. His window. So he could look down from his lab at his grave site. That's what I call having your affairs in order.

FIRST CITIZEN: It's said that he was a believer in the transmigration of souls.

SECOND CITIZEN: Maybe his soul will transmigrate to the moon. I hear he loved long journeys.

FIRST CITIZEN: It's an outrage that the professors didn't even find it worth their while to cancel their seminars today.

SECOND CITIZEN: Shh! Shh! The pastor is about to speak. [kazoos]

LABU: Members of the Committee, it appears that, in an unfortunate turn of events, the subject of our observation died before we could conclude our work. I just switched off the funeral service, but only because our committee has every reason to hold our own ceremony for Professor Lichtenberg. For what would our scientific honor be worth if we did not concede that we had amends to make to the deceased?

Admittedly, we've confirmed that humans are not happy. But we too hastily drew conclusions from that. We concluded that they can therefore amount to nothing. Now, it might seem our subject confirms that; you will all have inspected the extensive catalog of works the deceased wanted to write but never wrote. But perhaps he didn't write books simply because he knew what their fate would be. As he said, for every book that's read thoroughly, thousands are merely leafed through, wedged on top of mouse holes, used as surfaces for baking gingerbread. And yet his unpublished diaries—which we possess thanks to our methods of photography—are full of curious and wise insights at which he might perhaps never have arrived had he possessed the untroubled cheerfulness that is ours on the Moon. I therefore venture a challenge to our assumption that humans can never amount to anything because they are never happy. Perhaps it is their unhappiness that allows them to advance, some of them as far as Professor Lichtenberg, who is worthy of all the honor we can bestow. [picking up map] I therefore propose that we dub this crater in which we hold our meetings the Lichtenberg Crater, given that it lies peacefully in that magical light that illuminates the millennium and is comparable to the light that begins to shine from the writings of this earthly Lichtenberg. In his honor, we conclude the research of our Committee and switch on the music of the spheres. [full jazz band version of "Clair de Lune" plays, fades out to end piece]