

We share an aesthetic for how electronic music is built. Self-containedness. Bonnie soaks us in her sounds (the field recordings are stuff you have to listen to for a while to get the full effect of), and the hacking seems to be a way to soak us in the elements of the delay pedals, of what makes the electronics work/built on that level. It's like she's making a set of breathing techniques. Wrapping us up in many different strait jackets that have many tiny differences in where they constrain and how and how much; then saying, just breathe. When she uses her voice again it's like she spent the first part of the set (and it's always the voice that comes last, oder?) wrapping different kinds of gauze over her face and in the last part singing through it.

What happens to a signal in the music of Bonnie Jones? To send a signal into a delay pedal would be pedestrian. The signal would be thrown into repetition and groove by an unseen hand, an unmoved mover. But the signal both comes from and is mediated by the delay pedal. The pedal completes a circuit with itself; its art is self-induced guttural roars. Much like the signal drawn out of a computer's whirring circuitry by her phone mic, it is efficient in its already-there-ness, it is the fantasy of draining the last of a battery, and then watching the battery's casing melt into a last bit of power, producing no waste.

Bonnie gives both the machines and the sound files a last life. Marx has the concept of "constant capital" to talk about machinery and other overhead. Basically a capitalist needs the "variable capital" of the worker in order to create profit. When you buy a machine, you can only extract a set amount of value from it: it will work for you until it breaks. If you make it work harder, it will break faster, so the total value remains unchanged, you just got it faster. A worker has a different "cost" than a machine. A machine always gives you 100% of its life, 100% of what you paid for it (assuming you paid a fair price). A worker only agrees to give you a certain percentage (say 33%) of its life: but you can trick or force a worker into doing more work for you than they have agreed to. You cannot trick a machine into doing more work for you than it has in it. Jones sticks to constant capital, using up every bit of work left in the machines: in the delay pedals, in your computer as its electronics feed your telephone microphone, and in the field recordings: they're just recordings of places but each time they're in a piece you're extracting more of the value they have in them. It's a music of using your resources, of not throwing things away, of finding art in every last drop of what a tool, a machine has to offer.

What all this seems to speak to is the tapping into of ongoing processes and flows. Putting reins on a galloping, bucking flow of potential energy, only by tapping into it do you change it into actual energy; it's not a ride like a horse ride, more of an unpredictable amusement park ride.

Filters you can see.

What are we doing when we're fading? I think our mutual interest in glacial fades is based in an intensity that does not depend on surprise. Every increment a gift; not something to get pumped about but to love again.

What do we hear in recordings of exotic cities or places? Can it be heard by the audience who does not know the source of the recording? It seems to fill much the same role as some nice colored noise, but it adds time of day, relative industry, and perhaps the sense of a quotidian history. . . traveling to other countries enhances my sense of the vastness of history and the vastness of things that are simultaneously happening at any given moment. To record an exotic place and insert it somewhere is to tap the power of that idea. It's like a snapshot of the night sky--specific in its geography and season, much of what we're seeing is years old, and it ultimately evokes our own insignificance. BUT... different pictures are ultimately kinda indistinguishable to the layperson.

What are the relationships between the sounds?

Well, we love our on/off's, our switches. It seems that each of these sounds serves a rather specific poetic purpose, and she can shunt is from one to the other. We sit in one place and let love build up, and we are quickly shunted to the next; a more empty space that we quickly see the potential of, and the love starts building up. An Erie Canal lock buoying is from space to space.

How would I compose for this?

One of the difficulties of applying my this to this is that I tend to see a piece as a one time thing, which motivates me to make my piece exhausting, exhausting not of the player but of the materials. Bonnie's toolbox, though, is just that: a toolbox to be accessed and assembled for select tasks. In other terms, Bonnie tours and I premiere. She's obviously changing in her recent multichannel practice, but the question is: if I wrote for Bonnie, would I be building a section of the toolbox, or building an arrangement of the toolbox, or writing an algorithm for using the tools in the toolbox. Or: creating the ultimate scenario to exhaust, to fully use, each of these tools. This toolbox.