

## Anonymous Hate – Tribute

This song is a companion/continuation to last week's song. This piece was inspired by Bolduc's painting and response titled *Dogbite*. Before I got started on the project, I had seen her paintings. While they were all great, there was something about *Dogbite* that stood out for me, and there was an intensity described in the artist statement. Once I read Jill's second interview myself, I felt this was a moment I wanted to capture in music. I really had to think about it, as there were a few themes I wanted to capture in one song, and it seemed rather ambitious for what I wanted to do. The song is divided into three different sections, each one representing a different theme.

Much of this song is a sound collage, creating an almost cinematic soundscape at times. I searched for sounds on the internet that I thought would be fitting to create the mood I wanted. Once I found them, I began to put them together in my recording software. Slowly, things began to take shape, and began to work on the actual music. I wanted to use some sounds from earlier songs to keep a sense of continuity between songs, while also keeping it fresh. I believe the finished product is similar to the earlier recordings, while also managing to be something completely different.

Last week, with *Reflections (Of Life & Death)*, I wrote about Jill's thoughts on her past and how they sometimes resurface in her present. In the second interview, this time of reflection was triggered by the death of a young man she knew when he was a young boy. The first part of this song captures an imagining of the chaos of those final moments described. It opens with the sound of someone running, followed by police sirens. Close behind, there is the sound of a dog barking. The music begins to play at this point, with drums followed by a piano from *Women & Meth (Intro)*. A pulsating synthesizer begins to start driving the song further. A gun shot is fired, followed by a dog yelp. This is followed by more gun shots. I had difficulty finding a sound for a dog yelp. I had to use the sound from a video I found of a man imitating a dog yelp that they were recording. I was a little worried about using it at first, but after some reflection on it, I realized it was such a fitting sound for that moment. A man shoots a dog, who is in turn then shot himself by the police. What better sound to represent this than of a man making the sound of a dog crying in pain. This section is concluded with a gritty guitar solo to represent the chaos of the moment.

Without a moment's pause, the next section begins. I decided to bring back some familiar sounds, for a dreamy and crystal-like sound. These are used to create a somewhat surreal feeling, while also keeping that crystal-like tone to represent meth. The sound of keyboard clicking becomes audible. Jill speaks of the words that people used to speak of the young man on the internet. Comment sections on news sites are often quite vicious, as I have often seen myself, especially following news articles regarding First Nations issues. So hearing Jill speak about the comment sections and the cruel things that people could write from the comfort of their computer chairs, it really resonated with me. This is what inspired the title *Anonymous Hate*. To capture this within the song, I took quotes directly from the interview and put them through a

Text to Speech website. I then inserted these robotic voices speaking hateful things into the song. “And, um, so, you know, in the news the next day and – and I saw on a blog on, um – one of the TV station’s blogs – you know, all these people, um, saying these evil, evil things about this kid... and reading these blogs of these people – you know, one (1) less criminal off the streets. And, you know, the scum deserved what he got and all of that. It just reminded me of how people see the things that – that meth addicts or drug addicts or alcoholics do. They don’t see the person.” (Interview 2: Lines 34-36, 50-53) This section is concluded with a bunch of electronic noises colliding into a rhythmic mess.

The conclusion/finale of the song begins by returning to a theme from last week’s song, captured in the last lines of Jill’s quote above. “It just reminded me of how people see the things that – that meth addicts or drug addicts or alcoholics do. They don’t see the person.” (Interview 2: Lines 51-53) The human element is often lost, and the people are dehumanized through demeaning comments made on the internet and/or the news. The addictions are seen, while the person is not. I added the second title *Tribute* to represent the loss of the person, and to remember them. I decided to make this one a fully acoustic section to create a more natural, gentle sound. Up until this point, I have made a conscious decision to not use any vocals in the songs. I feel that it would be inappropriate to use male vocals for a woman’s story. However, after some thought on it, I decided I would make the exception for this section. Since much of this song was inspired by the death of the young man, I felt a male voice would be fitting, and I feel there is no better sound to represent the human element than voice, which comes directly from oneself. I feel that what came from it has turned out to be one of the most beautiful pieces I’ve managed to create and record. There is almost a feeling of floating, or slowly drifting away. The song then abruptly finishes, almost as if being cut too short, ending perhaps before it should have.

As a final note I’d like to share a moment from the recording. The section for *Tribute* began on Friday, as I knew I wanted an acoustic conclusion to the song. It came together relatively easy and began taking shape, with the layers coming together nicely. In less than two hours, I managed to record the final track to the song and was ready to put final touches on it with mixing. Out of nowhere, the program crashed on me. I had saved multiple times throughout the session, and yet, when I opened it there were only blank spaces left where my sounds had been just a minute prior. It was an error I had never encountered. I still can’t explain what happened; all of the recordings disappeared, leaving only blank spaces of where the sounds should have been. I was upset and lost motivation, so I took a break for a few hours before deciding to start over from scratch. As I remembered the different parts, it came together smoothly. When I recorded the last track, I realized that it had come out as far superior to my original version. I did not capture the dreamlike quality with the first recording. I really feel that this piece is one of the most beautiful things that I have produced that I otherwise would not have made if not for the mysterious accident of the first recording disappearing.