

# Three Weeks Notice

The Listener's Companion

Sam Marvin

## **Three Weeks Notice - Program**

### **Overture**

Quit Skipping Ahead

### **A Side**

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A2) Three Weeks Notice - Quit Your Job

A3) Mountain Mind Shuffle - Quit Your Town

#### **Movement II - Perception**

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## Overture - Quit Skipping Ahead

Amazing. Somehow, you looked past some really well-marketed goods and services to be reading this, and I promise if you allow me a very small spot of real estate in your brain for half an hour and change you might enjoy it more than another episode of whatever you are watching. Have you noticed that's always a question that crops up with folks, "what are you watching?" or something like that? When did consuming media through every orifice and socket become the obligated norm? Anyway, here's some media, with a few thoughts and thanks before we begin. If you aren't into those sorts of things, then you definitely should not skip ahead because this album is for you.

This music has been intended from its inception to be heard and distributed on vinyl. Because I am not without some form of ego, I have also made it widely available for free via streaming services, and for those weirdos like me who still love CDs, you could get it that way too. If you want to stop by, I'll play it for you too I suppose. But should you miraculously be holding a big disc and looking at the cover and wondering what you are about to embark upon, here's what I recommend: Turn it up to a good volume for yourself, lay out on your carpet or sofa, stare at the ceiling or out the window, and throw your phone in the river. Headphones work great, or rumbling your walls with some actual bass notes will do your foundation some good as well. If you aren't using vinyl, but want the same experience, you need to pause between song 6 and 7 to walk to your kitchen and flip over one of your dinner plates. I am certainly not disregarding my digital listeners, though. You arguably help me the most because you listen often, playlist, and share, so thank you too!

All of this music is really personal, some of it is funny (to me alone, probably), and some of it is genuinely meant to challenge you a bit. I think you will be able to hear a lot of my influences and emotions in the music, and the companion text you are reading is meant to guide you through some of the things that were/are floating around in my head about any given piece. You can listen first, then read, or vice versa, or whatever works for you. If you have any questions and want to know more about anything, or better yet if you want to make any music with me, please reach out! Chances are if you are reading this you know me, but if not, you are still invited to bother me at your leisure.

This album would not be possible without radio and podcasts, so I'd like to thank a few voices that have been ringing in my ears on repeat on and off for years: Steven Dubner, Meghna Chakrabarti, Jad Abumrad, Steven Levitt, Shankar Vedantam, Malcolm Gladwell, Angela Duckworth, Penn and the Sunday crew, Stephen Fry, Josh and Chuck, SMOD and TESD, and Andy-Mike-Jay. I know I don't know any of you, but I feel like I do and you've helped me, so thanks.

This album is dedicated to the love of my life, Rebecca, and our new pride and joy, Corinna Mae. Thank you for listening to records on repeat on the floor with me. These have been some of the happiest months of my life, and none of this would be possible or exist without you. I love you both. Alright, drop the needle and enjoy the ride. Thanks for listening!

## A1) Anomic Blue - Quit Ruminating

### Anomic

Adj. 1. anomic - **socially disoriented**

anomic - socially disoriented; "anomic loners musing over their fate"; "we live in an age of rootless **alienated people**"

alienated, disoriented

unoriented - not having position or goal definitely set or ascertained; "engaged in **unoriented study**";  
"unoriented until she looked at the **map**"

social instability resulting from a **breakdown of standards** and values

*also* : personal unrest, alienation, and anxiety that comes from a **lack of purpose** or ideals

### an·o·mie

/ˈanə,mē/ noun

lack of the usual social or ethical standards in an **individual** or **group**.

"the **theory** that high-rise architecture leads to anomie in the residents"

Definition of breathe - intransitive verb

1a: to draw air into and expel it from the lungs : RESPIRE

broadly : to take in oxygen and give out carbon dioxide through **natural processes**

b: to inhale and exhale freely

2: to blow softly

3: LIVE

4: to pause and **rest before continuing**

5: to feel free of restraint

needs room to breathe

6a: to permit passage of air or vapor

a fabric that breathes

b of an internal combustion **engine** : to use air to **support combustion**

c: to be cooled or dried by air that passes by or through

clothing that allows your skin to breathe

7: of wine : to develop flavor and bouquet by exposure to air

**8a: to become perceptible : be expressed**

## **A2) Three Weeks Notice - Quit Your Job**

Something that does not get talked about enough is the necessary reality of having to quit things. Jobs, teams, bands, mindsets. At some point over the past few years, my cognitive dissonance of having to live day to day with a reality that did not match the fictional narrative I would tell myself about myself caused me to want to change my approach to life. What good is good money or free time if I am just grimacing for the majority of the week?

Dread, usually self-inflicted from nearby electric rectangles, but also from poor planning or lack of confidence in myself, has been my anchor. Languish and rage, despite the artistic allure, actually just suck to feel as emotions and are draining, not motivating. Due to a bad boss or bad bandmate or bad circumstance, these feelings slowly erode a larger collective sense that humanity (myself included) will make it another day. Worse, unempathetic incompetence is somehow the contagious human trait most responsible for the general mediocrity and bad-faithery in our daily lives. It can be avoided, and we can all do better.

Competent stagnation at a great institution or high-level position is almost just as bad. Knowing that there is a limited amount of learning or growth to be experienced beyond a certain point somewhere feels like what I imagine a very nice engine would feel like in my current car. Quitting when things are going well, even surprisingly well, will seem like a mistake to most cautious people, and sometimes those cautious people are right.

Regardless of the reasons, justified or otherwise, I could not exist as I was. The only thing that has made sense to me over the past 10 years is that my life has been a series of various sized quittings that brought me to where I am now, more so than any moderate successes. Allowing myself to not succeed at things that I can do, but don't want to for fear of being labeled a quitter (or any of the other garbage excuses I'd tell myself), freed me up mentally and allowed me to chart an unusual, but actual path for the things I want most in my life.

I quit good jobs, bad jobs, negative relationships, ill-conceived notions, fads, sports, games, lazy thinking, whole towns and markets. I have suffered the fools, and they've suffered me too. I quit every single thing Maslow allowed except that which I love or care the most about, and my motivation and clarity to exist for those remaining things and people have only increased since.

If you are struggling with anything that feels like or resembles what I've said here, I hope this album speaks to you, or at least provides you some escape until you give your three weeks notice for whatever it is you need to quit too.

### **A3) Mountain Mind Shuffle - Quit Your Town**

Quitting towns I have loved and hated has brought me to appreciate what I really love the most about an area, and for me that's usually what I can reasonably walk to from my place of residence. My last solo living experience before I quit loneliness was in a tiny studio apartment with a carpeted bathroom in Longmont, Colorado, and living there was a hoot. Coffee addiction and a 24-hour donut shop around the corner mixed well to fuel creativity, and not to mention a record shop and four guitar shops taboot. Awesome, awesome location for an introverted creative insomniac.

I worked at the nearby record shop initially for about 8 months, then moved over to the guitar shop I would work at until we eventually moved away years later. During the day I worked. At night in that tiny apartment (in the time before I started going out regularly to make music with others), I painted guitars, made posters out of tiny detailed black and white drawings, sketched endlessly, and cartooned a lot. Perhaps needless to say, I did not get my deposit back from that carpeted bathroom, studio apartment when I eventually moved out. That job at the guitar shop, that crappy apartment, and that town in general were three of the best things that happened in my life at the time, and knowing when it was the right time to leave each one was catastrophic, but cathartic as well. Go back and listen to "Longmont" and "Jamestown" off *Town Dweller* if you're curious about that.

When we decided to move away from Colorado back to Massachusetts (where I'm from) for higher-level opportunities and new challenges, I felt that we had found a comfort of living with one another that was strong enough to export somewhere else and start over bigger and better. Boston has had its ups and downs, but in retrospect I can safely say that the move itself was something that would physically challenge me more than anything else I have tried to pull off in my life. The last piece of art I made in Colorado I finished on the hood of my car and gave it away on my way out the door.

A few words of actually practical advice: just because a company will allow you to book a 6'x12' trailer for your Toyota Corolla, and just because the folks at the shop don't bat an eye at hooking it up to your vehicle knowing what you are about to embark upon, does not mean you have to do it. This is the sunk-cost fallacy at its finest, and I even could have gotten a refund. After packing up most of a house's worth of stuff for 1 ½ days by myself, without sleep, realizing after mile 1 on the highway that my car would not go above 50 MPH without violently shaking was almost a blessing despite the gray hairs. Yet, after sleeping upright in my seat at a truck stop in Kansas night one, eating through both tow chains in Missouri night two, leaving the keys to my car towing all of our belongings outside on the tailgate in Pennsylvania night three, and getting passed by every single vehicle on every single highway, it was only one turn off I-90 to our new place, and parking was easy. So I had that going for me.

## **A4) Not On Lot - Quit Chasing Roses**

The unspoken truth of having a friend is that you will someday lose them, or they will lose you. Deep, long-lasting friendships or casual secondhand closeness, it does not matter. When I've lost someone I've experienced something with, or cared about, or even just shared the same airspace with, that profound sense of void is something that I have not found adequate means of understanding or discussing. This song and this page are my most recent fumbling attempts.

I wrote Not On Lot a week after a friend of mine died this past year. It was a car accident, not Covid, not like that matters. I knew him almost entirely through attending concerts with other friends in the summers and falls in various locations throughout the country. One tradition that I absolutely love that is permanently part of our ritual of seeing any live performance is the "Rose and Thorn" game in the mass exodus afterglow of a show. For the uninitiated, that's your favorite and least favorite songs or moments from the show you just saw, respectively. Your "Rose" and "Thorn." We frequently played this with our friend when he was with us, or afterwards on lot.

Besides the fact that talking about music with anyone is something that makes me genuinely happier than I can properly explain, this approach to discussion is particularly great for a few reasons. It's a very simple, yet poetic construct. Because of the nature of how the question is proffered and answered (casually after a profound shared experience), it presumes as a given that there will be moments from the show that really spoke to you, and allows you the freedom to criticize the moments that did not. I think it's worth noting that as a music teacher, I can attest that it's really difficult to get people to think critically about anything, let alone music. If you don't believe me, try asking somebody what one of their favorite songs is, and precisely why they enjoy it. The beauty of the Rose/Thorn construct is that it asks that question without asking it directly.

If applied to life more broadly, I think the Rose/Thorn mindset is even more meaningful. It suggests that life is not meant to be purely about seeking pleasure, avoiding pain, and trudging in between. It suggests that there will always be things that lift you, and things that bog you down, and it is on you to identify and appreciate both for what they are: facts of existence. When my friend Josh died years ago, it was the first time I had lost someone that I was not related to that meant a lot to me. He was not only my friend, but someone that dragged me out of my musical isolation kicking and screaming, and introduced me to a life I wanted to live more of and experience. When he died, I absolutely felt every ounce of my own sadness over the loss. Playing at his memorial was something that truly broke me, and truly saved me. I cried up and down the mountain to the Merc and back home.

The idea that you can predict the roses in your life, or the subsequent thorns, is absurd. Live your life, talk about it with your friends and chosen family, and quit chasing the roses. They're already around you and they're free. I will really miss you, Kyle. It will not be the same on lot without you.

## **A5) Beaudroux Lacrimosa - Quit Looking At Your Phone, Human**

Walking blues means something different to my dog than it does to me. For him, it's roughly the time it takes from us starting the walking process, to when we actually walk out the door. Somewhere, inevitably in that period of time, I will look at my phone and turn on a podcast or check something useless before we leave, and I imagine that this song takes place in those 30 seconds. Of course, to a dog that seems like roughly the length of this song.

That reminds me, I was watching old episodes of DS9, and I could only say in my mind *Oh look, Quark is just doing his ordering on his tablet* despite those being years away at the time. It's like the world was just pushing us all towards holding these weird totems to knowledge and distraction. Why? I don't remember when I started phasing out games on my phone, but for years I have avoided downloading anything remotely fun out of a deep seated fear of falling into it. Like I literally have dreams where I fall into my phone and it's the ocean, or I'll step through one to somewhere else in the shared universe of my dreams.

I used to assume that only my dreams existed in a shared-universe-type situation, but surely I am nothing if not mundane, so it must be a shared human trait. How arrogant a thought, because I know that other creatures dream too. Do their dreams exist in a shared-universe-type situation as well then? Perhaps. But if I had to choose some piece of technology from Star Trek to replace the phone, it would probably be the holodeck. I hear you teleport people, and warp engine naysayers. None of the time travel is feasible. Hear me out on this though, because we could have had it way better.

Imagine if, somehow, instead of the phone booth shrinking to something the size of a pack of cards with the processing power to produce high quality amateur talkin' pictures, the booth got bigger and we were able to just sit and talk with the person we wanted to meet who is near some other booth. Or for study, or for band practice. No need to hold this little attention sink, just step inside. All I am asking is to find a way to meet with others in real time without having to put on goofy reality deprivation snorkels like the current tech suggests I do. Or at the very least, really eliminate audio latency somehow so I can jam with someone online.

Speaking of, I once had a young student that finally cracked the code of how to play through a full 12-bar blues form repeatedly, and I was so thrilled because we could finally go beyond playing a song or doing what I told him to do to actually playing music together. The ancient wonderful act. I was so happy, I called his dad to step in at the end of our lesson to share in it. By the second time through the form, he was on his phone. Was it because he was so happy he had to text the boy's mom? Who gives a fuck, you lost the moment dude. Being silent and livid, but holding an instrument, we played through one more form and I bade them farewell. I'm still processing that one.

Oh right, I should probably walk this dog. Anyways, enjoy the song.

## **A6) Next Arrah Xenarthra - HOT QUILTS**

### **NAVAL MURALS REEXAMINED:**

MARCIA SOUL BORDEAUX and NUCLEOLAR LUCY are THE ODD PILOTS. When the SEMI-RURAL VANDAL AXEMEN and the OUTLANDISH MUFFIN MEN used TWICE THE KEROSENE in the HIT COKE SWEETENER, THE ESOTERIC KWEEN used a MIRACULOUS BROAD AXE as a COY NEURAL CULL against DAVY BOBICUS.

ONE MUDFISH FULMINANT had TOLD INHUMANE MUFFINS “The MANDALA REMIXES UNRAVEL when the TOP SLOTH DIED, but MARXIAN LEAVED NUMERALS and RELAXED VIMANA NUMERALS are the NINTH UNFAIR LETTERING. We SIT, HOP, TODDLE and are MINDFUL, THEN INFAMOUS!”

**As ADMIRAL AXEMEN UNRAVELS, the RETICENT EWOKS HEE.**

“We KNEW THEE ESOTERIC, but you RUN ENTERTAINING FILTH! We will INFILTRATE THE RUNNING of the ULTRAFINE INTERN THING!”

The XANADU MAILMAN REVELERS take VIENNA MALAMUD RELAXERS, and the COBAIN MULE gives his MANIC BOULE to a SPICY ENQUIRER in the ANOMIE CLUB. This NON-LOTTO for DELHI POD TOTS that emit EXURBIA CLOUD AROMAS like a MINEOLA CUB sounds the ARDUOUS ICEBOX ALARM for the QUITO WINDEX HOTSHOT.

If VANILLA AXEMEN EARDRUMS find RARE NARTHEX ANTHRAX, the BOY CUB DIVAS win BOXED MUSICAL AURORA in the DIP-SHED LOTTO.

**RELAX MAUVE MAINLANDERS.**

## **B1) Don Quixote with Hots - Quit Searching If You've Found It**

This song is a love letter to my favorite regular sandwich pick-up in Boston, and the hard working crew that runs the shop there. I have had the pleasure of chatting with the owner and his son over the years, and they are remarkably kind, old-school business guys. You can really chew the fat and talk shop with them, so long as you show respect. That is exactly how I love my establishments, and their owners. The person that I think of most though is their sandwich maker, Mynor. Before I talk about the unique, mostly one-sided relationship I have with this person and the delicious sandwiches he expertly makes, let me take a step back and establish the sandwich.

For your hard-earned \$8.99+tax, listed under the “Always Special” label, you get the “Don Quixote”: melted steak, mozzarella, cheddar cheese, their own tomato salsa, avocado, and onion, rolled on a wheat tortilla. Add HOTS? Yes, thank you, I will. It may not sound fancy, but trust me, if you’ve eaten it, or its cousin the “Acapulco”, you would understand. If this song is sounding more and more like a shameless ploy for free sandwiches, I won’t be living near enough to take advantage of any sort of back-door “you write me a song, you’ll get a Quixote” kind of deal, but rest assured I would if I could.

This tiny little shop is situated right across the street from my undergraduate university in Boston, and became a quick and lasting mainstay of my diet during my time there. This may be my most unoriginal thought ever, but my time in college was definitely a roller-coaster of emotional learning and self-immolation of character. Looking back, it feels like I found new and creative ways to torture myself and create distance from all of my friends towards the end, and I think I lost a lot of good healthy relationships needlessly due to my own narcissism. During the ups and downs over the years there, and in some of my absolute darkest moments, I literally only got out of bed for this sandwich. The irony of being in over my head and seeking salvation in Quixote is not lost on me.

The person who is always behind the counter or at the small sandwich-making station is Mynor, someone I would love to call my friend, but as said before our relationship is very one-sided (he is keeper of the Quixotes, and I want the Quixotes). I started chatting with him casually back in school, moved away, came back 6 years later, and resumed chatting. I’m often his last customer as I’ve gotten in the habit of pre-ordering my sandwiches to pick up on the way home after a day in the music mines.

I once wrote a caffeine-induced diatribe about how much I value and respect someone with a method or process for doing something, and Mynor’s method is perfection. There is a level of enthusiasm, and a care and attention to detail that he brings to the game that I actually can’t put into words. I simply enjoy it, and our conversation. If you find yourself heading west on Comm Ave, pop into Flat Breads Cafe and order a Quixote. Make sure you pick up a “New” Gold Card and don’t lose it! I guess you can order something else besides a Quixote (or its cousin the Acapulco), but I never have. If you have ever found something truly that good, why keep searching?

## **B2) UV Disco Baby - Quit Traffic**

Our daughter Corinna was born 3 weeks early in the middle of summer under a full buck moon within spittin' distance of the Charles River. It was over before it started, but somehow lasted 10,000 years. We were lucky in so many ways that night, and continue to be. But between "that night" and "continue to be," there remains this 1 ½ week period of Corinna being readmitted to the hospital twice, and needing to undergo a form of UV phototherapy to help her body break down an enzyme. We were reassured repeatedly about how common this sort of thing is, and that her ultimate risk was relatively low. Still, any parent will tell you how terrifying it is to root for cells and molecules, and how utterly helpless you are to do anything but comfort this new life, and wait.

We lived in Quincy at the time, and our hospital in Cambridge required us to take what I think has properly earned the moniker of "The Worst Highway In America:" I-93. If you haven't been on 93 and aren't from Mass, then this next rant is going to seem hyperbolic and then some. First of all, I am unsure of why there is a need for driving schools in Mass because no one pays attention and everyone learns on the job as it were. I can attest to that fact as I attended said classes. When we first moved to Colorado, quitting driving like a Masshole was almost harder than quitting smoking. (Almost.) Falling back into it was as easy as lighting back up. (Easier.)

There's a certain amount of risk that I think is accepted any time someone enters a vehicle, but on 93, you are unwittingly signing a contract with the same ease as you scroll/accept the legal agreement on an app. When Corinna was born, it was 10pm, a breeze. During points in those blurry, blurry days, I was on 93 in both directions 4 times or more in a day. I have seen rush hour, pre/post rush hour, the sneaky mid-afternoon jaunt, late night, friday night, you name it. Second of all, all of the rules of the road are non-existent on this stretch of highway to the city. The traditional fast lane in most states (the leftmost) is arguably the slowest during peak and sub peak driving times. Locals ride the right lane harder and faster than the coffee we drink. May Whalberg help you if you get stuck in the central lanes, otherwise known as the passing lanes regardless of side.

I ask my wife why it has to be this way constantly. She'll tell you. But third of all, we have some of the most brilliant traffic scientists in the country that presumably have to commute in on 93 every day, right? MIT, Hahvahd, anybody! Come on, your traffic Nobel prize awaits you! It should not take me anywhere from 15 to 83 minutes to traverse the same stretch of roughly 12 miles to deliver skittles, pillows, gatorade, and a home cooked meal. How about double-decker highways with solar panel tops? No good? What about an even Bigger Dig? Zeppelins and dirigibles? There's gotta be a better way.

Oh yea, this song? I wrote the riff when I was 16 or 17 jamming with my good buddies one summer in my living room. I added the delay at 31, and it made me think of babies and traffic. So here we are. To The Charles and back again.

### **B3) Turning Left In The Rain - Quit Helplessness**

At the risk of ruining the listening experience, I'm going to try my best to bridge our hermeneutical gap and explain myself on this particular song. This song is about the nature of precession as I understand it as it relates to sound, specifically in this case as it relates to blues music. At yet further risk of alienating my audience, this song is a somewhat imprecise cross between mechanical precession (as employed in devices like engines) and Apsidal Precession (the flower-petal like path the earth traces in rotation around the sun over a single period (roughly 20,000 years)), as demonstrated in sound. In a way that I do not fully understand, I actually believe it to be a method of generating almost any blues rhythm, riff, motif, or anything derived from the relative fundamentals of the blues, without intention.

To understand the concept, a good way to think about it is to consider the rhythm that is generated in a situation most people who drive or ride in cars often hear, but may seldom notice. Imagine you find yourself behind the wheel of a car, waiting at an intersection you know of that always requires extra time if you need to turn, and it happens to be raining. Your radio is off, you are alone, and your focus is on the turn you have to make, but there is a line of cars turning, so you will be waiting for at least a minute. You might notice that every so often the blinking and clicking of your turn signal will appear to sync up with your windshield wipers and other cars' signals, and then gradually come out of phase with them, only to eventually sync up again. This concept, more or less, is a way to visualize the precession described in this song. Nodes and nutations abound.

What you are actually hearing is roughly 2 measures of a blues shuffle double looped. The first loop is the full 2 measures, the second loop is roughly 1 swung eighth less than 2 measures. The resulting sonic precession is something that when I first stumbled upon it, I immediately began to laugh. I let it run for a very long time, then tried it again and recorded it. I tried it with many many different types of walking blueses, shuffles, rhythms, and techniques, and the results are endlessly fascinating. This specific recording is one that I think does the best job of demonstrating the principle, but it is just a hint of the possibilities I hear in this idea. You will hear other variations of this song on future albums, I promise.

Though it may seem impossibly cute, I actually believe whole albums of music have a sort of precession-like effect on a human life. Consider possibly my favorite album: *Helplessness Blues* by the Fleet Foxes. I have revisited this album at different times in my life on repeat, and it somehow always means/feels something different and deeper to me each year I am alive. It was the first album we played for our daughter, and it honestly sounds like the music I would most like to make in this world with others. Others, if you want to make this music too, please come spend a month or year or life with me.

## **B4) This Old Depot - Quit for Your Health**

I met Harry through NextDoor, of all places, after I quit my horrendous gig in Newton. I had a pocketful of students to my name, and no other means of income. Harry needed some help gutting a beautiful old horse depot from the late 1800s. The “interview” process was pretty low-key, but right up my alley. From the outside, the depot was about as non-descript an old Boston building as I could have imagined. From the inside, it looked like the product of a bad cover-up from the ‘80s covering a worse cover-up from the ‘70s. On a table literally covered with wrenches, screwdrivers, blades, chisels, and more things I certainly could not name properly (then or now), Harry asked me to pull out 5 implements he could use to cut through wires. Easy. I got the gig, and for a while, my life was pretty exhausting, but fulfilling, and most importantly I could pay rent and eat.

Harry is an old school kinda guy in the best way. Highly knowledgeable about a wide variety of things beyond the Depot he owned that we were gutting, and a very effective teacher. In the 6 months or so leading up to the start of the pandemic (though we didn’t know that at the time), my routine was fairly consistent. I walked the dog, worked for about 5 hours for Harry listening endlessly to all the cuts Spotify had of all my favorite music, walked the dog again, napped, and taught for a few hours here and there in the afternoons and evenings. On weekends I would jam with my friends, and every night I worked on putting together my first album, *The Inhabitable Zone*.

The mission at the depot was simple: take no prisoners. It was elephants all the way down as far as cover-ups were concerned, but as the layers gave way, interesting historical gems would reveal themselves here and there. Methods of putting together things using 19th century technology like horse-hair and square nails. I found old newspapers and saved cutouts of comics. Stashed bottles and cans from all decades from guys who clearly should have been working. There were false spots in the brick where someone had stashed what looked like a shiv, and more lathing strips than I ever thought I would encounter as a human. At first, Harry and I worked together constantly. We’d don our full-body suits and then mundane N95 masks and goggles and unleash holy hell with some wrecking bars. After the gutting was more or less complete a few months in, Harry (who was also the landlord to the tenants upstairs from the depot) reverted back to more of those duties, and my tasks became that of a handyman.

I remember one day where Harry got a good rip on a piece of ceiling that happened to clock me right between the eyes. I had my goggles on, but it did draw a tiny bit of blood. That moment, coupled with the copious showers I would take after being coated in what I can only assume is 19th century horse dust were signs I was ready to do what I wanted to do for an income, and only that. When the pandemic hit, it was a natural time to call it. Quitting something for your health, physical, mental, or otherwise, is always a good call. And like Harry says, “Too much is always enough.”

## **B5) Call Your Uncle - Quit Navel-Gazing**

This song serves as a credit check on your attitude. I have found over my active years of making lots of kinds of music with lots of different folk of varying skill and seriousness levels, there is absolutely 100% something to be learned from anybody in any situation. This is especially true of people I've met who gather in groups and make music for the fun of it, and for no other reason. I have been lucky enough to have been invited into many basement gatherings and tucked away collectives of extremely talented and extremely amateur musicians, and there are moments that I have as memories from all of them that stick with me for so many reasons, good and bad.

Have you ever cleared a room of friendly musicians by overplaying to establish yourself? No one is impressed, and it's a horrendous feeling. Have you ever told someone you know how to play a style of music that you really don't, then get your ass handed to you with a country fried smile? That feeling is terrible too. I think I have made almost every conceivable mistake that someone can make with others musically, both publicly and privately. Almost every time it has happened, it was because I fundamentally misunderstood the role I was being asked to fill at the time, or because I was too worried about being thought of as "talented" or "proficient."

Knowing what musical role I am being asked to fill has taken every single music-making day of my life to get better at, and I am still learning how to do it properly. Ironically, though I have trained my entire life as a lead and rhythm guitar player, the role I frequently seem to fill best with others is that of bass, and I am 100% at peace with that fact. Don't get me wrong, I will shred the gnar and have, but the role of the bass player is that of dynamic glue in my mind, and it always plays to my strengths as a person and musician. Singers and guitar players often get labeled as "creative geniuses," drummers as "machines" or "animals," but bass players (and sometimes keys) are easily the most emotionally intelligent in my experience.

It is little wonder that I bring a double bag to most jams or gigs. I sometimes never know what I get to play in a situation before I arrive, and I love that feeling. Knowing the songs are a bonus, but I'm a quick study if you have a white board or a grasp of theory. Flying by the seat of my pants too often has taught me a lot about preparation and the value of regularly gathering with like-minded individuals with similar goals and talents. I believe that holds true regardless of age or ambition.

This song, for its brevity, is simply a reminder to myself to keep in touch with the folks that I care about, or that care about me. It's about the length my phone will ring, and if I ever use a ringtone again it might be this. Furthermore, though I was not asked, I will offer that I think blues harp players are perhaps the most in-tune with themselves and the natural world around them. There are few mouth-blown instruments that take nothing more than a keen intuition, breath, heart, and time, and even fewer players that truly dedicate themselves to it. It takes a lifetime. Maybe two.

## **B6) Quincy Reprise - Quit Feeding the Roots in the Pipes**

The making of Three Weeks Notice was not a straightforward path, nor was it completed with what I would have ideally liked to have had to make it. In some ways, that's precisely why it even exists. If you believe as I do that any form of art truly thrives on its constraints, then you will appreciate a lot of my music. The constraints on this album were similar to the circumstances I found myself in while recording *Town Dweller*, but with a few massive differences. Despite the improvements in my basement studio's slightly different location within the same town, the watery echos of incompetence and negligence reverberate. Also, having a child meant learning to do a lot with 20 minutes and wee hours, but I am nothing if not adaptive and resourceful.

This song is another failed loop concept song in the style of "Quincy". If you are unfamiliar with the concept of a failed loop, it's looped audio that generally does not adhere to tonality or rhythm, or even actual musical sounds initially. Gradually, I try to nudge it towards something more "traditionally musical." In my mind, there is a "failed" core loop, and then the overdub section where everything fills out. There is something beautiful about the process when I've seen it performed, and using it as a means of practice is helpful for trying to feel more natural playing odd things.

Whereas all other songs I've released I've allowed myself multiple attempts to record them, for these two songs I allowed myself exactly one. I've found the whole process can usually go one of two ways, and both are sublime when done properly. In "Quincy", you get an example of the best possible outcome because you end up with something that you can tap your toes to and jam along. It is the tranquil stream trickling through the forest that simply exists in a homeostatic state. The alternative, as seen in "Quincy Reprise", is more reflective of the overwhelming and awful power one feels standing beneath a waterfall. Even if you aren't literally in the water, you can feel the enormous exchange of potential to kinetic energy in the air.

In summing up, the moral seems a little bit obscure, but I'd like to thank you for listening to and reading any of this. If you are unsure of what a difference three weeks can make, consider that the homemade basement studio I recorded this album in (the same spot I do a gargantuan amount of digital musical education) only exists specifically here because we had to move to this spot with three weeks notice. Moving sucks, as I've stated before, but when your wife is 8 months pregnant and your current landlord unexpectedly pulls the rug out from under you after agreeing to renew your lease, what else can you do but adapt? I don't think I will ever forget the level of passion and rage I had for those terrible homeowners, and that is what got channeled into "Quincy Reprise", and this album.

The problem with rage is that it initially burns incredibly hot, but inevitably smolders to anomie. Balance and harmony in all things seems to be the remedy. Relax mauve mainlanders, and breathe the ocean air, but above all respect yourself and others, and give your three weeks notice.