

Years, Places, Events

- selected entries from the Charlie Morrow (b. 1942) database personal history.

The way he told it, the book would thread together the years, places, events in such a way that any one person, theme, place, event could be subtracted from the narrative, digitally or perhaps with paper engineering.

In that way the life could be read differently at the whim of the reader.

Clifton, NJ - January 2004

At the Chapel, my sister Mary Ellen and I view our mother's body. Mother has red "sand" forms from Israel over each eye. Her mouth is open; her teeth are with her but not in the mouth. She is dressed in a simple shroud and lies in a simple wood box. The cover is placed, held by wooden pegs. Until that moment, a traditional watcher has stood by to insure she was not still alive.

At the service, I play for mother on the Caribbean conch horn. My mind kaleidoscopes through my life with her and continues after the funeral to recall playing at funerals for my grandparents, my father, George Maciunas, Bob Watts, Armand Schwerner, and more. It is a long list.

Newark, NJ – February 1942

In the time before birth, we are all totally ears. Every vibration is felt and heard throughout the fetal body, floating tethered in the maternal amniotic sea.

In the time before I was born, I heard sounds with an increasing awareness of motion and a "visual" play of red and orange lights. There were vibratory storms of increasing magnitude leading to birth itself when I was extruded by muscular contractions from my mother's inner waters into the aerosphere of 1942, Newark, New Jersey in a Beth Israel Hospital birthing room.

The smell was overwhelming as it was the first aerobic olfactory information I smelled. In later years, when my nose was filled with water **while** swimming, I would flash back to that first moment of nose breathing and smelling.

I saw in a blur that slightly cleared, as I was brought gradually into the World and seeing with the outer eyes.

The red and orange lights "seen" before birth within closed eyes came back when I cried as a baby and continue to return. These color visions raise questions about what is the

content and physiology of sight and sound, of thought and feeling. It was a project and preoccupation of mine in my 20s ('65 – 75) to recall my birth. I spent 10 years piecing together the memories.

Passaic, NJ – (see Robert Smithson’s “Monuments of ...”)

Growing up in Passaic, New Jersey, the son of two psychiatrists in an age when psychiatry was not understood, I turned to activities, beyond family life. Boy Scouts were important for me from age 11 to **age 13**. I loved the outdoors, earning merit badges and **playing bugle**. I liked bugling outdoors for the drama **and** pageantry of flag raising **and lowering**, and for the daily repetitions of reveille (wake up) and taps (sleep), blowing bugle through a large suspended metal megaphone, once in each direction to cover all the camp areas. I liked being away from home.

In the mid 1950s, as a high school student at Newark Academy in Newark, NJ and a summer student at the National Music Camp, Interlochen, MI, I created conceptual, spatial and humorous music that set a tone for my later works. *Very Slow Gabrieli* (1957) took Giovanni Gabrieli’s short *Sonata Pian e Forte* for antiphonal brass choirs and slowed it down to last over half an hour, accompanied by very slow performance gestures. *Psychic Music* has musicians projecting music mentally, not acoustically. Both of these works are transformations or recompositions of existing pieces, meta-music.

Composer Philip Corner later named it an art of inventing context. I had not met Philip yet, so this conversation waited for the 60s.

At the National Music Camp, I created gags like Interruption Music (unknown to the conductor...) where an entire orchestra stops, coughs and scratches themselves at a prescribed time, to the surprise of the conductor.

From age twelve, I was a radio amateur, K2LIS. I had taught myself Morse code, FCC rules and electronics, and taken the FCC licensing test in New York. The airwaves extended my sense of multiple universes: on-air connections to people around “the globe” contrasted with the small events of my personal life in Passaic, NJ. The discipline of building and maintaining a ham radio station made it possible to build and maintain sound studios, part of my life since the 60s.

I played trumpet, wrote and arranged music, shot basketball in the back yard and took long bike rides. Long distance, sustained activities pleased me.

When Michael Snow asked me in March 04 about the origins of my free improvisation in music, I immediately said “jamming on the airwaves with a Morse Code key and surfing airwaves with a short wave receiver.” A big part of that radio jamming is spontaneously listening and sending, translating into code

and decoding at high speed. Michael said he used short wave radios as music instruments, much as John Cage had in the same period, that is the 50s.

I attended Newark Academy in 11th and 12th grades after an unfortunate episode with my local Passaic High School 10th grade English teacher, requiring bus commutes of over an hour each way.

Through friends at Newark Academy, I met Susan Feuer, a brilliant teenage Jazz pianist. I would play songs with her on the trumpet, learned to voice chords on the piano and do a lot of listening to recordings and live jazz and pop.

She took me to her jazz piano lessons in New York with Johnny Mehegan, a friend of Bill Evans, Hugh Masekela, Herbie Hancock and many others. Doors opened to her. I went along. This opened up my world to producing, arranging and performing jazz, and mainstream scoring for media.

New York City – no longer on the horizon, becomes home

At last, high school was over. September 1958, my parents drove me to West 116th Street and Amsterdam Avenue, New York City. When I exited the family car, I stepped into the next chapter of my life, never returning to live with them in New Jersey.

That first week at Columbia College was phenomenal. They filled our heads with possibilities, gave overviews of major intellectual fields, a sort of state-of-the-world, and related that to the Columbia humanities-based core curriculum.

In one orientation assembly the first week, Proctor Mohr told a twisted Irish joke and then introduced Allan Ginsberg and Peter Orlovsky for a reading including Ginsberg's *Kaddish* and Orlovsky's poem about pissing on some high floor place in the Empire State Building.

Months and years later in that auditorium, I would meet Ussachevsky, Luning, Varese, Wolpe, Wourinen, Solberger, and Davidovsky. I would become Ginsberg's sideman. Still later, like my London born grandfather, heating engineer Bill Ehrlich, I would have an office at the Empire State Building.

Life at Columbia was a flow of amazing people, and unexpected events: Fidel Castro, Henry Cowell, the diminutive Arrabel, Paul Simon and Art Garfunkel, Brian DiPalma.

Fidel and his entourage visited Columbia when he stayed in Harlem at Hotel Theresa, slaughtering and eating their own chickens for security and culinary reasons.

Ethnomusicologist, Willard Rhodes was a strong influence. He is well known for his work with Mazatec mushroom music and his recordings and notated transcriptions of shaman, Maria Sabina's songs. He taught listening, transcription and fathoming context. His manner of listening shaped my listening.

I played in Columbia's marching band, local jazz bands and wrote very little music. But I did a lot of free improvisation. Chic Corea was at Columbia for a semester of two and was fabulous at free jamming..

I studied chemistry with a plan to go to medical school. Then I had a change of heart. I could not become a doctor in order to be a musician. It seemed wrong to practice medicine to support composing. In retrospect, I think I may have made a dumb decision, as many doctors are really good artists and musicians. On the positive side, this decision made me entrepreneurial in the arts.

It was an evening on a visit home to New Jersey, after a golf game with my father (the only situation in which we talked one to one). We were sitting in the front of his black Mercedes Benz 300, driving home to Passaic, NJ from the Preakness Hills Country Club. I said I wished to delay going to medical school in order to study music in conservatory.

Dad agreed to the plan, but said I would use money from an educational investment fund his banker friend Everard Stamm had set up for the four Morrow children. If I did not go on to medical school, that would be the last money I would get from him, ever.

I applied to Juilliard School of Music and was rejected as a composition student but accepted as a trumpet student after a memorable smoke-filled room (they were famous for that) trumpet audition on Claremont Avenue, NYC. Sy Karasick, my trumpet teacher, then told me about Mannes School where I found a place for myself.

429 East 80th Street – New York artist's life

Autumn 1962, I entered Mannes School of Music, East 74th Street, NYC, as a diploma student in composition with William "Bill" Sydeman and as a trumpet student with Karasick. I moved to 429 East 81st Street to railroad flat in an artist and blue-collar building which became a scene. Neighbor, trombonist Jim Lee had a steady stream of guests including Folke Rabe from Stockholm, trumpeter Bill Dixon, composer George Russell.

Maddy Mattier, The Mannes School's admissions officer, welcomed me but botched my records so that, though potentially protected by my student status, I was not registered as a student with the US. Army draft. In 1963, I was called to duty.

I showed up early one day in Paterson, NJ with my toothbrush.

After a madcap ride in an Army bus from Paterson to Newark, NJ, I failed the U.S. Army physical and was classified 1-Y: "You are not good enough for Uncle Sam's Army." This failure kept me from service in Vietnam with many of my classmates from Passaic, including an entire troop plane full of classmates, which crashed and burned in a Tennessee swamp. That scandal, faulty planes hired out by corrupt army officials, made me distrustful of government.

The years at Mannes were paralleled by activity with the New York avant-garde. During my last years at Columbia, I become friends with composers Jim Tenney, Malcolm Goldstein, and Philip Corner who introduced John Cage at dinner in Tom's Restaurant near Columbia University. Tom's later became "Seinfeld's restaurant."

While at Mannes, I began what has become a life long collaboration with poet Jerome Rothenberg, who was teaching English there. I was not Jerry's student. A trombonist named Jon Pierson introduced us as "two kindred spirits."

I also had a friendship with composer Stefan Wolpe who became a mentor. We talked music and drank whiskey. His friendship with artist Joan Miro and affinity for physicist Niels Bohr's atomic theory led Wolpe to a vision of music wherein each note was alive and lived on an energy level, like a Bohr atom in a Miro universe. Wolpe's style then proscribed a behavior for each group of notes and rules for their transition between energy levels.

First Networkings - 1965

I visited the offices of the American Music Center and met John Duffy, who would later found Meet The Composer. We talked about many things including survival as an independent composer. John invited me to write these ideas as a call to action and promised to publish it in the Center newsletter, inspiring "View from the Bottom of the Heap." It stimulated quite a few composers to contact me to organize in various ways and propelled me to write, organize and publish words as well as music and art. John's belief in the community of artists made him a major organizer and a role model for many of us.

1965, I commissioned works for solo trumpet and ensemble and performed them at numerous universities and venues culminating with a concert at Carnegie Recital Hall. This brought me close to composers and composer - performer dynamics. My friend, pianist and conductor Ed Murray worked on the concert with me. The New York Times reviewed it. Ed was fabulous, tireless and taught as he went. He was dating author Erica Jong, who's "Fear of Flying" had yet to appear. She was a singularly funny conversationalist. Later she would marry an intern of mine Jonathon Fast, son of Howard Fast.

I met concert organizer Norman Seaman, worked with him on numerous concerts including some with my own works. He introduced me to cellist, producer Charlotte Moorman, whom I helped to organize the second New York Avant-Garde Festival.

I played trumpet in the Tone Roads Concerts at the New School. Composers Philip Corner, Malcolm Goldstein and Jim Tenney organized them. Many say this series was the beginning of Downtown Music.

Around the same time, Art Garfunkel asked me to help him and Paul Simon with ideas for the arrangements on the Simon and Garfunkel Parsley Sage, Rosemary and Thyme album. This project, which brought me into sessions at the CBS studios on 7th Avenue (later to become A&R Studios) whetted my appetite for the music business.

1965, I won a prize for And Thou Shalt Love, a work for solo voice and guitar, and was commissioned to orchestrate it. A tenor soloist and orchestra at the San Francisco Opera House with Edgar G. Robinson as MC, deaf as a doornail, performed it.

This piece conveys my feelings about God's reaction to human compliance with the Ten Commandments: "Not so good, guys"! The concert was well publicized as a major event premiering Leonard Bernstein's "Chichester Psalms. I had the better review and fully expected that it would start my career as a "serious composer."

While in San Francisco, I went to the San Francisco Tape Center at the invitation of Mort Subotnick. I met Pauline Oliveros, Ramon Sender, attended a performance by David Tudor with sound environment and flying prisms, and attended the reception for the introduction of Don Buchla's new music synthesizer. It is the beginning of the Haight Ashbury scene and a thrilling adventure.

I had returned to New York from that premier performance.

It was just after the great New York blackout of '66 and the sudden end of my relationship with Mannes schoolmate, composer Kristina Ward. I was lonesome and sad. The world was just not beating a path to my doorstep. I was running out of money.

My mother phoned one day to say she had met one Andy Mashberg at an American Psychiatric Association convention. He had "a professional solution" to suggest for me. So, Andy and I met for lunch at the Bavarian Inn on East 86th Street. Andy worked for Pfizer Pharmaceuticals in marketing. Coincidentally, Leonard Bernstein and some friends were eating lunch at the next table. I said hello to Bernstein and he remembered me from the concert in San Francisco.

Then and there, Andy suggested that I go into jingles, commercial music and sound productions. He said that he would introduce me to contacts that would lead to contacts and explained networking. He told me how to "pitch" on the phone, saying that I had

impressed him in our first phone chat, and detailed how to put together an audio presentation. His contact list included Earl Fultz who sent me to Jeanine Marjollet who introduced me to David Altschiller and I was hired to create a humorous radio ad for Cinzano vermouth:

"Please don't pinch Cinzano ashtrays, try Cinzano vermouth instead, Cinzano Vermouth is better than ashtrays. Get it into your American head."

I hired a hero, jazz bassist Richie Davis for the session. He was helpful and kind. I understood in a flash how commercial projects could work for my career, make money and be fun.

Painter Carol Brown, friend of Ed Murray's, got me a chance to create sound art for the memorial Marilyn Monroe Show at the Janis Gallery. I created The Marilyn Monroe Collage, a linear and non-linear sound portrait. It required sleuthing to find the sound elements. This proved difficult but satisfying, and led to portraying Marilyn as the victim of her success. Sound Collage remains a strong interest.

365 West End Avenue – Home 1967 - 2004

I married Israeli pianist and pedagogue Edna Golandsky after a visit to Israel in the weeks following The Six Day War in 1967. We had been going out before that. Edna was a master's piano student at Juilliard School. We moved to 365 West End, Apt. 8c. I was delighted to discover that conductor Seiji Ozawa had an apartment there and that Toru Takemitsu was living in it. He was **friendly** and inspiring.

A few years before, I met computer composer Charles Dodge at Columbia University. He now lived in the same neighborhood and we would cross paths. By the late 80s, we would become very close.

In the 365 West End flat, I **assembled** a sound studio gradually over several years. The idea was an independent studio to produce commercial grade experimental works and audio project presentations. The first production there was a multitrack recording of Jerome Rothenberg's total translation of Frank Mitchell's Horse Song #12. Then came recordings of Jackson MacLow works.

Being in New York, there was seldom real quiet due to jack hammering on West 77th Street by numerous utilities. The noise stopped unbelievably after I relocated the home studio years later to the Omnipark Central Hotel..

When my sound studio was first completed, I went into the soundproof room, turned on the mikes and self-recorded a series of what I **called** personal chants. After that, I became comfortable with chanting in public performance: character voices, trance states, healing exploration, chant book, sky songs, and vision dream songs. This marked the beginning of my interest in ecstatic singing and brought me to practice what was once a subject of analytic study with ethnomusicologist Willard Rhodes at Columbia.

This corresponded to a shift of interest to music outside the concert hall and movement toward what **Rothenberg named the new/old**.

In Sky Song, I would follow the sky while performing with handheld gong and voice. The speed of the clouds and d gave the tempo of the beat and the sky song main melody. The presence of birds crossing the visual field was synchronized with a second melody. Geoff Hendricks created a poster for my skysongs on WBAI FM radio.

I also started **on** the project to recall my own birth. In 1978, I shifted focus to my vision/dream songs, **working** with the flow of inner visual images and (open and shut of the eye) flash capture input from my visual "outer" world.

The vision singer (with or without hand gong) works with at least one witness, a silent observer. The vision singer closes eyes, and drops instantly into the dream world of the nonsleeping, watching the visual images in the head. The chant begins perhaps just before the drop into the dream. It is in the throat with no motion of facial muscles or the front of the tongue which sits behind the lower palate. Occasionally the singer may open eyes for a moment to "grab" a short image.

The dream will "say" when it is over. The singer tells the dream to the witness. Performing one or more additional vision chants can develop the connection between the witness, the singer and the chant. Dick Higgins produced an edition of a postcard of the dream singer.

Vision chanting became a basis of my work though the 80's. Doing it on radio has brought many strong responses, phone-ins and letters sharing dreams. It is also a compositional tool for working in 3d space with sound, images and actions.

Sky Chanting and Vision Song grew from Synchronized Breath Chanting, a 60s idea formalized in 1971:

Listen carefully to the breathing of a person or animal, awake or asleep.

Softly breath in sync with them. In this way, an aural physical connection can create a bridge on many levels.

With a single leader, a group can through attentiveness learn to follow and breath in unison. This procedure can be used as the

center of healing ritual. The score outlines sound and ritual recipes for individuals and groups to explore.

One is reminded that Conspiracy means breathing together.

see: CHANTING BOOK (1976) - a collection of personal recipes for chanting, i.e. personal, functional singing.

Charlie Morrow

In response to my changing vision of music and my "new" self, I became Charlie Morrow, no longer working as Charles or Charles G. Morrow. Charles remains only in Charles Morrow Associates, Inc.

Around this time, Jerry Rothenberg took me with him as a sideman and solo performer on a reading tour to England, where I met Ian Tyson, Tom Phillips, Eric Mottram and many others. I also took a side trip to Utrecht, NE where I visited the Institute of Sonology and met the team there including Walter Koenig, the chief, and also composer, Louis Andriesson. My chanting and conceptual performances were well received.

During this period, I made many spatialized sound works in my studio from both recorded and synthesized sources, and installed a corner array of Jack Weisberg 6 six foot woofers. I loved super loud sound and low vibrations. My neighbors had vibrations for free.

In Zoo Music, Philip Corner, Gabby Weiss, Alison Knowles and myself each carried the relatively new item, the portable cassette recorder, and recorded simultaneously while walking in a square through Central Park Zoo. The idea was to playback the tapes, each on a speaker located in the original square recording format. Starting on an audio start mark on each of the four cassettes retained rough synchronization. This was one of many experiments with recorded spatialization and playback speaker placement.

Alison Knowles

Went to pick up Alison Knowles in her Manhattan brownstone apartment to perform ZOO MUSIC. Met Dick Higgins, her husband, who was wearing a house robe.

I have worked with Alison Knowles throughout my career, including numerous posters, an audio graphics tape, and many performances. She made many key introductions for me. Alison continues as lifelong collaborator and dear friend.

Telephone Music, The Soundhead Shows

Telephone Music and The Soundhead shows were among the first pieces created in my new studio at 365 West End Avenue.

Telephone Music is an earsplitting loud tape collage piece that has layered telephone and voice sounds and is built on a series of pressure changing ambiances that crash one into another.

It was created in the home studio on my Ampex 4 track on a 1/2" master with inputs from my Ampex two track 1/4. It was mixed on my handmade mixing board using IC circuits.

The playback was in my living room where I had that six horn Weisberg subwoofer system, fed by a hand built cross over. I would turn the knobs on it differently each performance. It was powerful as my neighbors attest.

The subwoofer sound is integral to the piece which depends on placing the listener in a bass heavy sound field and injecting the mid and high register sound layers of the piece above that: my voice, a young mezzo soprano singing my original vocalize, telephone line noises, oscillator sounds, and choice recorded ambiances. I built sound gates with manual tempo control to create pulsed streamed audio.

As I listened to this piece for the first time in many years with Sten Hanson in March 2005, I was brought back to the start of my studio making for the sake of sound art making.

Telephone Music lead to the chanting works in which substituted my voice for electronically generated hand operated sources. I did live manual processing while chanting to extend my vocal techniques.

Works created in the home studio required unique speaker positions. When these works were performed elsewhere, like Spirit Voices, the speakers were configured appropriately. In Spirit Voices, they were placed at either end of indoor rooms (The original Kitchen on Mercer Street) or outdoor fields, (Rutgers University Douglas football practice field).

These setups were shown in hand drawings. Some look like old American Indian maps.

The four one hour Soundhead shows for WBAI each required a different arrangement of two speakers.

USCO Performances with Multiple Speakers and Tape Recorders, the evolving Community and the press forward

3/27/2005

Last night, there was a performance and installation by Gerd Stern and Michael Callahan of the USCO group, a 60s live art multimedia outfit that pioneered mixes of slides, video and multi-channel sound. The sound consisted of songs and statements captured from radio, TV, records, events. The moving ahead aesthetic married the analog technology gear, much of it hand worked from surplus and gifted stuff.

There it was, hand-built gear in the hands-on team of performer, artist, gear builders. There was this team, like a chamber ensemble, articulating a group performance improvisation on projection screens and loudspeakers, indoors, outdoors, wherever invited. The film and slide elements were iconic and thematic, mainly words and symbols. The rack of multimedia equipment and the special speakers around the room was as it was, daunting in that Stern and Callahan insisted in bringing all the all stuff, which someone said, "still smells the same." And it still is a pain to set up.

USCO in 2005 recalls the aesthetic in our studio of the 60s and 70s which also has a community of artists making, master tapes, performances and broadcasts. We carted things around. We are still carting sound cubes and technology.

Things have changed considerably over time in our place, what with digital technology, but still reflects the idea of community and the notion of crafting technology one piece at a time for each new piece to project an aesthetic or an idea. The history of this studio of mine, which is still a vital place, the teams of collaborators and the projects are a life's work which has not forgotten its roots in the 60s and the soil it shared with Fluxus, USCO, Palsa, the Once Group, Musica Electronica Viva, and it has not stopped moving forward. In this respect we are constantly hybridizing, constantly meeting new minds and groups, joining our ideas and making new projects and technologies.

Barry Minsky. Minsky-Morrow Ltd. - 1968

Song writer Susan Cahn introduced me to Barry Minsky, who became my manager and partner in Minsky Morrow Management Ltd. I scored my first feature film through his contacts, OK Bill, directed by John Avildsen. Barry involved me with the Young Rascals, and I created Groovin – Do You Feel It, A Fantasy, for orchestra and rock band. It had a great

performance at the Garden State Arena but the multitrack master was destroyed in a vault fire along with many Atlantic Records masters.

The Rascals invited me to arrange two songs, Look Around and A Ray of Hope, both of which are released. I scored for the Vanilla Fudge as a result of being in the studio with them and engineer Adrian Barber.

Inspired by my collaborations with the rock group The Rascals I wrote a rock opera with libretto by Rothenberg, A Little Brigati Music. And created Sound Piece for rock amplified Piano, performed by my wife Edna. It was one of a number of virtuoso pieces I composed for her. The musical collaboration was good but around this time, the marriage started to crumble. She pressured me to break my contract with Barry Minsky, which regrettably I did and then Edna and I divorced.

Shortly after Edna and I split up, I met Sunny Marantz from Vermont. She was visiting an intern in my studio. I have had interns ever since. For a few years, I placed interns for the Great Lakes College Association with artists and businesses in New York City. Managing interns was an eye opener. I learned from the director of the internship program to keep a personal journal.

Sunny and I lived together for four years, got married and almost immediately split up. Through her, I had connected with Vermont, and, at Rothenberg's suggestion, with Dick Higgins who lived in Barton in the Northeast Kingdom. Dick operated the Something Else Press from Barton.

Dick was a great pal. We did many projects and works together. I would eventually buy some of his land from him and build a house on it. Dick Higgins, Alison Knowles and their daughters Jessica A. and Hannah B. remained close, with Alison being the main connection. Dick sadly passed away in 1998 during a festival in Quebec City.

In the course of the chanting work, I became interested in healing, the idea of "making whole" and very much the study of how medicine people in all cultures use music and sound in rituals of transformation and addressing problems. With Mary Nell Hawn, as illustrator and designer, I published a selection of healing recipes.

This grew out of numerous healing workshops. I created and directed A Healing Piece with the Wooster Group. Richard Schechner, whom I met through Rothenberg, was interested in the ecstatic, and commissioned a theatrical ceremony. Spaulding Gray and Elisabeth Le Compt were among the performers at the Performing Garage in Soho. It worked great in rehearsal as closed ceremony. In performance, some audience members felt shut out including members of a commune who refused to leave the theater.

It was a project and preoccupation of mine in my 20s to recall my birth. I spent 10 years piecing together the memories. . My underwater compositions all harken back to the amniotic experience. Horspiel ATLANTIS, created for Klaus Schoening and WDR, is a presentation of my prebirth experience in a sound work.

Field Peepers, Number Counting, Signals and Perception

My vision/dream songs work with the flow of inner visual images and flash input from the “visual” and “outer” world.

I continued to make purely conceptual works like Hymn Transformations, which was a method of performing hymns based on the date and the geographical coordinates of the performance position on Earth and in works Canticle for Brother Sun. This was a conceptual reduction of the style used in vocal work Canticle for Brother Sun, in which I worked with numerical systems of repetitions.

I became fascinated by the language of animals, insects and fishes.

The transactions were the basis for many performances and some pretty convincing moments with field peepers that felt like communication. Also, in the spirit of composition I made number works which identified field frogs and tile file by number and used the numbers as a basis for modeling their linguistic transactions/

As well I worked with spatialized and kinetic sound ideas: a) using the rotations of Mars and moon to modulate planetary radar
b) moving sound trucks, Doppler shift and triangulation

I found many different ways to use numbers and create number music. I wrote the Book of Numbers and eventually the week long The Number Six. presented at Phill Niblock's series in 1974,

The signal level of communication is one that has informed my perception and my works since childhood. Signals can encode language or simply announce simple information.

They can

have personal style, like the telegrapher's "fist. They can be complex like bird calls and other non-human communication.

Signals are not just sonic, optical, wave frontal and gestural.

They can be olfactory like the territorial markings in animal urine. They can be the electrochemical energy of language of plants.

Anything can contain a signal. Decoding is the process of opening the signals around us and the ambiances they flow in.

I have had many collaborations with signal specialists, from poets, actors, visual and performance artists to scientists and engineers, telegraphers and semaphore operators. I am myself a bugler, telegrapher and writer of words, a publisher and a curator, and provocateur.

Harmony, melody, texture, rhythm have one next information and potential for drama and meaning in music.

Signals create and possess information as well as audio and visual content. Signals include Morse code in light and sound, flag codes, transactions of non human linguistics, calls and responses.

Another layer of contact is counting. Audible patterns of sound which are countable have their own systems, drama and meaning. The Number 6 and the Book of Numbers are works entirely based on counting.

Equal to all other aspects are the social and conceptual frameworks. Here I am very close to the presentation formatted events of Jean Dupuy like the Grommet Show. They blend and invigorate communities of artists and communities of audience.

I have created works of all scales using mixes of music, signals and counts. Large events, like Copenhagen Waves (using all Copenhagen as a stage) have large wave structures that are architectural and are made from such mixes. The waves of sound cross the city scape in patterns. The window lights in many office building flash on and off in patterns as all the church bells ring changes and canons.

Scanning the different levels of perception, the pitches, melodies, harmonies and rhythms, the signals, the number counts is one way to attend to such works. Hearing all levels at once can be invigorating.

Somewhere in the early 70s, I started performing A Greeting Piece, based on greeting gestures from around the world. I start with sound and gestures together and then I lose the sounds, evoking those sounds by continuing the gestures alone. This layer of evoked sound with no sound present is iconic for my work. Information withheld, as Juan Downey pointed out, can be the most powerful information, unheard sound the most powerful sound. I have performed this work for more than 30 years..

Doing Business

My grandfather Bill Ehrlich said, "work in manner of your trade."
My mother said " A producer works with someone else's money."

In 1969, I formed Charles Morrow Associates, Inc as the crucible for my commercial sound production work In that year I did the entire soundtrack of the feature length, 70mm Francis Thompson film for NASA, Moonwalk One. This is where I learned to score and sound design a film and to run a production.

In 1970, my commercial work grew in volume as did the number of composed art music works. I no longer played trumpet as a freelancer, preferring to compose and produce for living instead.

I have become a performance artist, a sound poet, an event designer, a curator, a publisher and an inventor of technologies. I needed an office, sound studio and a staff.

An Evening With the Two Charlies

The New York Imperial Pickup Night Guard Military Band, Henry Schuman, bandmaster struck up the music on January 23, 1973, at 8 p.m. in Alice Tully Hall.

This antiwar protest was presented in Lincoln Center. The forces included a large wind band of top freelancers and the pianist Zita Carno, playing the Requiem for the Victims of Kent State. The Packer sisters of Rye twirled their batons in white costumes and then dressed in black costumes with black batons in a tai chi like slow motion memorial drill.

This concert featured:

Ives - Intercollegiate March

Ives - America - arr. CM

Morrow - Trumpet Concerto with Gerard Swartz, soloist

Ives - He is There- arr. by Morrow

Ives - general William Booth Enters Heaven - arr. Morrow

Ives -Three Page sonata

Morrow - Requiem for the Victims of Kent State

Morrow - Birth of the War God

This splendid concert was produced by George Cochran, and designed and programmed by yours truly. I enjoyed the theater and good response, but it was one of my last concert hall concerts in this period of my life.

I espoused MUSIC OUTSIDE THE CONCERT HALL, preferring to work in the ambience of public spaces and on the airwaves. I found the blank canvas of the quiet concert hall too blank. I also began to hear site specifically, and to prefer to do those unique setups for each locations.

The ceremonial perspective of the chanting became pronounced in all my work and writings. Every work was contextualized in location and time. I wrote about these ideas in my journals and in essays like *Voice in the Wilderness* and in the slowly evolving manuscript and lecture, *Music Outside the Concert Hall*.

The New Wilderness Preservation Band

In 1974, Carol Weber and I formed the New Wilderness Preservation Band joined by Joan La Barbara, Bruce Ditmas, Harvie Schwarz, and the Reverend Paul Abels, who gave us a home venue at Washington Square Church. NWPB for roughly two years gave a series of concerts with diverse guest artists: poets, dancers, Native Americans. The formula was: introductions, one set by the guest, one set by NWPB and one set together. From these interdisciplinary concerts grew public events, publications, broadcasts, festivals and especially the love of the summer solstice.

SUN CELEBRATIONS 1973 - 89 - a series of outdoor celebrations and eventual travel to the Arctic

Got up early, with the smell of moisture and the likelihood of rain. Grey fog-clad clover is luminous and the sparrows are chirping.

It is very early June 21, 1973 in Central Park fog. Musician, Carol Weber and I walk into the park, having announced our intention to celebrate the first moments of summer for the media. The results were so startling that we keep going for so many years, culminating in world broadcasts on radio, then TV. New York City Parks were animated with our performances until 1989.

U.S. Presidents

Lyndon B. Johnson passed away January 22, 1973 in Johnson City, Texas and was buried the day of the Evening with the Two Charlie's concert, which was a protest of Johnson's policy. History has revealed his complex and questionable contribution to the world situation which this concert questions.

The New Wilderness Preservation Band boated out to Little Neck bay with support of the major press gave a Concert for Fish. We used underwater playback of our music, which included sections in Fish language learned with the help, including fish language recordings, of the marine bioacousticians Dr. and Dr. Fish, of the Rhode Island Institute of Oceanography. .

With the serendipity of the Two Charlie's and Johnson's death, Richard Nixon resigned on August 8. Gerald Ford was to be sworn in that noon, August 9. In the moment between presidents, that morning of August 9, we gave the Concert for Fish.

The world needed a light moment. We were it. The news of this concert for fish traveled around the globe,

Soon after, this event would be cited for misuse of public money in both Albany and Washington, DC. Use of a \$200 CAPS grant for posters was questionable.

SOHO NEWS - a year as a journalist -1974

On Tom Johnson's referral, I became a music reporter for the SOHO NEWS, a downtown New York paper that ran in the 1970s. Most of my pieces were essays built around a reviewed event. I wrote about Alison Knowles, Philip Corner, Jack MacLow, Arthur Russell and many more.

Peter Frank was the SOHO NEWS art reviewer at that time. He was so interested and compelled in his role that he probably set some kind of a record for attending art opening and events.

Solstice Events and Wave Music

One sun celebration followed another: the sun in the Rockies, the sun on the Pacific, the sun in Lapland, the sun at the United Nations a solar energy event SUNDAY with Robert Redford & Leonard Crowfoot - what a combination, and (as an influence only) the ending of Black Orpheus, the children dancing as the sun rises. Bob Sullivan says, "Nature is Robust and Dynamic, Humans are fragile."

New Wilderness Foundation grew to include Ear Magazine, New Wilderness Letter journal of poetry, Audio graphics Artist Cassettes, concerts, the Ocarina Orchestra, Grand Conch Chorus, the Wind Band events, radio and TV broadcasts:

1976 Sunny Marantz and I split. I would not marry again until 1988.

I was very sad and as an expression of this sadness I wrote a work personal healing work for an orchestra of cellos.

For each of the outdoor solstice celebrations, I composed a work for a herd of instruments, all cellos, all harps, all woodwinds, all boats, and invited other composers to write for these ensembles. This paralleled the network approach started with the New Music for Trumpet and continuing through the 3D Sound Cube project where by asking others to energize and support a project through their works, the concept and the project grows, branches and takes on a life of its own. This ramifying organizing has social as well as aesthetic benefits in that it builds a community of artists and audiences along the attendant transmission of media.

Each solstice event was broadcast on radio and later TV. These shows were thematic assemblies of bartered participations from radio around the world. Using broadcast media as part of the celebrations, we expanded our audience as well as advanced the role of artistic radio and TV works.

June 21, 1977, Wave Music for 40 Cellos was produced by New Wilderness at Wave Hill, the Bronx, NY. former home of Mark Twain and Arturo Toscanini. Paul Dunkel conducted. This outdoor work accompanied the change of colors of the setting sun which could be observed by the audience seated to the east of the 40 cellos. The composition was based on wave motion as expressed through spatialization, echo and canon. It included as well, with due credit to Messiaen, instrumental birdcalls.

In 1978, I shifted focus to my vision/dream songs work with the flow of inner visual images and (open and shut of the eye) flash capture input from my visual "outer" world. I taught the Ocarina Orchestra to sing dream songs. We discovered patterns of mental visualizations. Like images were imagined by adjacent members of the Ocarina orchestra while dream singing

The chanting works were considered to be sound poetry and I presented them along with gesture works in poetry circles.

I met Carol Tuynman Fader, who become my partner both in life, moving into 365 West End with her daughters Emily and Anna, and in the operations of The New Wilderness Foundation and EAR magazine.. Carol is an inspiring person, a good organizer, a good mother and a trumpet player.

For the New Wilderness Foundation Solstice event on June 21, 1978 I wrote and directed Wave Music II for 100 musicians with lights and Native American singer. It was produced in Central Park on a grassy area next to trees so that the little portable pen lights held by each musician could be seen against the trees which at first were darker than the sky. Bit by bit the sky darkened and the effect was magical

As in the 40 cello wave music for summer solstice, the music accompanied the setting of the sun. This year, there was a lovely rising of the moon.

The audience was sited so that the it could follow the sky and the music. It began with a native American singer's blessing song with drum, which beat was picked up canonically by the 100 musician spiral. Each 20 musician section of the spiral had a

different orchestration. After the entire 100 were playing, one at a time they turned on their penlights, like small fire flies, at the correct points in the music. Then in circles of twenty players, the musicians they left the initial spiral formation and played from Central Park all the way to their homes.

Wave II was formally the mirror image of my concert in MOMA Summergarden where musicians started playing as they left their homes, solo and group paraded through the streets and arrived making bold musical entrances into the MOMA sculpture garden.

1979 New Music America & Toronto Text-Sound Festival

In 1979, I participated in New Music America at the Kitchen, New York and in the 11th International Text Sound Festival in Toronto.

The Text Sound festival was organized by Steve McCaffery in Toronto. Jerry Rothenberg arranged for me to be invited. I performed a dream chant a variety of gesture and sound poems, a greeting piece, etc. Toronto was the first time my text sound work was recognized in an major international forum. From the point forward, I found a place in the community of text-sound.

The New Music American Festival at the Kitchen brought attention to the experimental music scene that had been growing for twenty years in New York. Rhys Chatham and Mary MacArthur changed the face of New Music in the 20th Century with this event that established variety of style and multiple streams of aesthetics as a way of art. Prior to that point, what John Rockwell referred to as the hegemony of late romanticism and its academic manifestations held sway. I was fortunate in being able to perform chants and bring the ocarina orchestra to the main stage in the Kitchen. In 2004, I was pleased to have my dreamsong performance included in the first CD anthology of NMA.

Just as NMA concluded, with its international following, good fortune had it that I was producing the New Wilderness Solstice, June 21, 1979, Wave Music III for 60 Clarinets and a boat horn was produced in Battery Park, New York City. It was a wonderful day with good weather and a light wind. The 6 groups of 10 clarinets from each family were each organized to play their part of the musical puzzle, a mensural canon, that is a melody played at 6 different tempos, and in this case 6 different octaves and voices, in relation to each other. The 10 contrabass clarinets in a circle by the old sea wall had the slowest and lowest canon. Section by section the bass clarinets, the alto clarinets and basset horns, the A clarinets, Bb clarinets, and little Eb clarinets.
Phill Niblock

made a great recording of this event from the perspective of the contrabass clarinet position.

Also there was an Wave III show at Buecker & Harpsichord, NYC with my notational drawings on the walls, patterns of ocarinas and one of each clarinet type.

After 1979, the doors opened for international performances and later co-productions. I got busy around the Europe and in Japan.

Sten Hanson - sonospher, sound poet, composer

It was an extraordinary meeting. Sten Hanson performed at the 11th international sound poetry festival in Toronto, 1979. I went to visit him in his room. We had a great first chat and began a friendship that lasts to this day.

In November 1979, Sten arranged for me to work in Stockholm. I combined that invitation with Poul Borum's invitation to Denmark. This included performances at Fylkingen and outdoors in public spaces, and initiated a series of creative collaborations that include the co-production of the 11th International Sound Poetry Festival in NYC, The Great Heavyweight Sound Fight in NY's Gleason's Boxing Gymnasium " a musical distraction" and Montgolfier Musique for clown marching band, conductor on cherry picker, hot air ballons with sound systems and musicians and a spatialized electro-acoustic sound field in Lund, Sweden.

Sten opened the doors at Swedish Radio, Fylkingen, EMS and festivals around the world. He also reconnected me to Charles Dodge and other colleagues from my early days, colleagues with whom I had lost contact. Sten was, because of his participation in Fluxus and other performance art, connected with Alison Knowles, Carolee Sneeman, Dick Higgins, George Maciunas etc. And he had a long standing relationship with Paris as cultural center and hub of musical and poetic life. He has shared this with me and is a strong factor in my career.

It is no surprise that Sten and I have worked in parallel modes throughout our careers.

Poul Borum - poet, critic, radio journalist

Poul Borum showed up at New Music America 1979. Poet and critic Borum was a good humored, interested, interesting intellectual with a unique appearance and heavy British

accent. He joined the ocarina orchestra jams at the Ear Inn and other events. We became friends. He offered to invite me to his home country of Denmark. He kept his word.

This friendship blossomed and Poul introduced me to Danish culture life, beginning a long adventure in Scandinavia, the arctic and eventually a focus in Finland.

Poul opened the doors at Danish radio and to Danish artists with whom I have had many creative collaborations: Ars Nova, Bo Holten, Per Novgard, Kirsten Delholm and Hotel ProForma, Roskilde Festival, Marie Bertelson and the Roskilde Museum of Contemporary Art, Nana Nilsson and her dancer troupes, and Trevor Davies: Copenhagen International Theatre, Fools Festival, Kulturby 96.

Poul authored the libretto of our pre-Disney opera The little Mermaid based on the Hans-Chr. Andersen story wherein he removed the 18th C. politically correct religious ending with a spliced-on non-religious ending from Ludwig Wittgenstein: "Eternal Life belongs to those who live in the present."

Scandinavia - my second home

When I arrived in Copenhagen and later Stockholm in November 1979, I found myself in my second home.

From that time forward, Scandinavia has moved my life and work, my desires, my loves and my art. I have spent part of each year in Scandinavia working projects at different times with different collaborators in Finland, Denmark, Sweden and Norway.

Perhaps it is the light, perhaps it is the combination of humor and seriousness of purpose, the depth of the love of nature and the nature of love.

Swedish director Stellan Olsson once said spoke of the importance of the idea of "little man and large nature." That conceptual and moral grounding drives a pervasive concern to maintain a balance of life between personal, family and work interests. And there is the ease with which Scandinavians have moved so successfully into the communications and digital ages, from the Swedes who pioneered electronic music and TV satellites, to the Samis who unhesitatingly adopted helicopters and mobile phones, the Danes who made Copenhagen the crossroads of the Avant Garde and cross-cultural festivals, to the Finns whose pioneering mobile phone industry booms.

There is as well a self acceptance, in great contrast to the New York neuroses and parent hatred, which manifests in Scandinavians who can both be amused about these trends and

for the most part avoid them. Not to be naive, there are local problems of which I am acutely aware.

Most significant to me as an artist is the professionalism with the arts which far exceeds that in the USA. Here in America, we squabble between artists and over ideas. In a country that would be more concerned about gay marriage than education, artists have fought with each other and government idiots rather than organize to provide a health insurance, professional standards, a lobby for benefits, a common voice. Scandinavia has not only done this long ago in each country, but cooperates between nations.

Even more basic, was the legal establishment of women's equal rights to the job market which seems to have evolved immediately after WWII. Finland was the first country in the world to give women the right to vote.

While I generalize about Scandinavia, I very much appreciate the differences between Scandinavian countries and local regions. Also, I am well aware about the political struggles which threaten cultural funding and threaten to move social European countries toward the American model.

After years of activity, I have found a place as an American partner in Scandinavian projects, which continue to occupy much of my activities and personal life.

My mother was a strong woman and a feminist. She was a leader and married my father, a strong male professional in the same profession, psychiatry. Mother enjoyed Scandinavia, but then again Laura Morrow, MD liked travel. She was open to my Scandinavian life and traveled at one point with me to meet my collaborators and friends in the Swedish Arctic.

From my contacts in Stockholm, I started to make my way to arctic Scandinavia where I found a welcome among Sami artists. My West End Avenue home became "the Sami Embassy in New York".

Events & Projects 1980 forward

I was energized by the relationship with Sten Hanson who suggested that New Wilderness Foundation produce The 12th International Sound Poetry Festival 1980 in New York City. A committee was formed, the money raised, Washington Square Church booked as a venue and we did it.

With the great help of my then partner Carole Tuynman, we produced The Great Wind Event October 9, 1982 Riverside Park, New York. On the Great Mall we staged a processional event with a parade with artist made kites and balloons.

This event started in the rotunda under the 79th Street turnaround of the West Side Highway. It was led by the New Wilderness wind band playing music celebrating and working with the wind. The band led the crowd up the steps and onto the Great Mall where performers surprised the little parade of wind band and public with site specific moments.

At the end of mall, artists under the direction of master kite artist Tal Streeter flew objects of all shapes, including umbrellas.

There were a number of events I created on rooftops including my brass and percussion fanfare for Karin Bacon's opening of the new WNYC Public Radio studios. It used two sound systems, one on the New York Municipal Building and a wireless repeater on the Tweed Court House across the street. Shifting audio delay created sound fronts that crashed into each other like giant waves.

In March 1981, Sten Hanson was living with me in New York while working with Charles Dodge in the Brooklyn College computer music studio. Hanson and I produced the Heavy weight Sound Fight, co-written with Carles Santes. This musical distraction took place in a seedy boxing hall and featured Simone Forti, Armand Schwerner, two bands, a mezzo-soprano, a synth organ as well as Hanson, Santos and Morrow. It went well until the artist judges awarded the fight to me, after which Santes never spoke with me again, saying this was not supposed to happen. Of course it was never planed that way. The boxing poster by Hanson is a classic.

In 1982, at New Music America CHICAGO, I designed and directed Toot'n Blink, for two fleets of boats on Lake Michigan conducted by radio disc jockeys. Toot'n Blink was an huge success with broadcasts internationally. honoring John Cage on his 70th birthday. Cage told the media "I prefer the blinks."

As fate would have it, Toot'n Blink as televised by CBS would be rebroadcast in the USA when John Cage died in August 1992.

Continued Wave Music

June 21, 1980, Wave Music IV for Drum and Bugle Corps was produced in Minneapolis as part of The Walker Art Center's New Music America. The musicians uniforms were covered with small mirrors. The piece, another wave idea, started very slow motion, musically and physically. Gradually they

animated as they marched up a hill to greet the sunrise and dance in the final tempo.

WDR, German radio commissioned Hoerspiel, radiophonic works, from that point through the 2002 when producer Klaus Schoening retired. It was brilliant to work with Klaus on projects. I am forever indebted to Alison Knowles for the introduction.

June 21, 1981, Wave Music V for conch chorus and bagpipes was produced in Damrosch Park, Lincoln Center, NYC.

June 21, 1983, Wave Music VII for 30 Harps was produced in the Cathedral of St. John the Divine, NYC by Wendy Chambers along with a work by her and one by John Cage. The harps were conducted by a recorded click track with voice directions by Bruce Ditmas heard through wireless fm radio headphones feed to each harpist's single earphone.

May 1983, my father, Lloyd Morrow, MD, developed a fatal cancer in May and died in September 83. Grandfather Bill Ehrlich passed away in January of 1984 at 98. My mother wound down the family house in Passaic and sold it, moving to an apartment in Clifton, NJ, continuing to practice psychiatry, and her organizational work, including presidency of the American Medical Women's Association.

Carol Tuynman and her daughters moved out. I had a relationship with Ann Goodrich in Copenhagen.

In June 1986 with Trevor Davies, City Wave was launched which we created for the opening of the Fools festival, a celebration for all of Copenhagen, DK with more than one thousand performers, all local. Simultaneously, New Wilderness Foundation produced a very successful solstice celebration under the combined direction of Carol Tuynman and Marilyn Wood.

Copenhagen Waves drawings, photos, sounds and artifacts were installed later as a short show at the Emily Harvey Gallery.

1987 Music VIII: 6 Harpsichords at Symphony Space, NYC was produced by Wendy Chambers along with a work by her.

The Arctic

As a result of my dream singing being broadcast on Swedish radio in 1979, people told me to go north where yoiking is practiced. This vocalizing, with family and regional styling, is a combination of story telling and personal expression that goes back thousands of years in the Sami culture. My dream songs resemble some yoiking but are quite personal and not defined by tradition.

Sounds and ambiances are extraordinary and particular in the arctic, all year round.

I traveled to Kiruna to meet Sami filmmaker and producer Paul-Anders Simma in 1985 to plan the International TV Solstice. Paul created a beautiful segment with his sister Asa Simma Charles, singer and actress.

I recall his idea that we also involve Northern Norway TV. In small plane, we flew to meet a director who had invited my visit just to tell me that he thought it was a terrible idea to introduce another holiday.

Over several visits with Paul-A I recorded sound in the field, the melting of water, skidoos and winds. I also played cow horn and shell out on the tundra for my microphone.

WDR in Cologne commissioned two arctic hoepiels from me and Simma engaged me to sound design and score his film *Beyond Night and Day*, one of the first feature films in Sami language.

As a result of friendships in Arctic, my West Avenue home became the “Sami embassy in New York.”

Later on I would take part with Asa Simma in her projects including a Festival on top of a mountain in Karasuo. Sweden. This was a gathering of arctic peoples including folks from Siberia and Kola peninsula, the first such gathering since the end of the USSR and its travel restrictions.

From this time forward, my friendship with Fredric Forsberg, from the Finnish education ministry, continues. Fred, a friend of Paul-A, loves the arctic and worked on many polar projects. Fred is an enthusiastic singer in many circumpolar tongues.

In 1996, I produced *Circumpolar Spring* for Copenhagen, Cultural Capitol of Europe 1996. It followed the arrival of spring via radio broadcasts from Alaska, Siberia, Russia, Finland, Sweden and Greenland. Asa Simma was the host of this broadcast.

In 97, Asa and her then husband Norman Charles created with me Shaman's Journey North for WDR with performances in Bonn and Berlin. They gave powerful performances.

This performance was part of curator Stephan Andrea's Arktis Antarktis at the KAH Bonn. There, we presented an interactive sonic storeroom. More than 250,000 visitors opened doors and drawers out of which emanated sounds of the Arctic.

Visual Art & Sound Art

In the 1950s, I learned musical calligraphy from Ed Chudakoff at National Music Camp, Interlochen, MI. Calligraphy has been both an art in itself and an aspect of the music copyist skills requisite to pre-computerized composing.

In the 60s along with action and concept musical works, I made ink stamp art including REALLY and author: please destroy.

Philip Corner became a strong influence on me conceptually because of his clear ideas, his use of calligraphies to represent sound ideas, and because of his tireless activities in the new music and art scenes (Fluxus). In later years I would become his producer for recordings and performances. Now he has retired to Europe.

When I began chant composing, I created calligraphies on fine papers and parchments of the chanting voice as both scores and art pieces. Kaddish in the Tibetan style includes colors and metal pins.

I also stitched musical calligraphies in thread on textile, including works on pillowcases (WDR collection). In the 80s, there was the blueglass series of gold lettering on blue glass or blue plexi:
virtual windows, story glasses and pitchers.

Event and stage works like Spirit Voices, the Light Opera, and the Wave Music compositions, because of their spatialization and kinetic motion require many drawings in order to produce. My archive is filled with them. The sketch for the massive Copenhagen Waves became a work on textile for Edizione Conz.

In the late 80s, I worked with the multimedia sculptor Shalom in New York and created sound for his installations. I started to make my own sound works. Since then I have built many sound drawers and boxes, and that entire storeroom of sound for the Arktis-Antarktis show in KAH Bonn.

One set of sound drawers is in the collection at Tom Tits Exploration Center in Soedertalje, Sweden. A heartbeat machine had been installed from 1997 -2004. There is an installation of a double heartbeat machine called "And the Beat Goes On" in the American Heart Association headquarters in Phoenix, AR

The sound reliquaries are individual single and double sound memory types built in to jewelry or other boxes with one or two compartments. The owner places a sound via a small microphone into the 10 - 20 second digital recorder in the reliquary box, which replays on request as the drawer is opened or the lid is lifted. Each sound deposited can be recorded over with a new one. The last sound deposited may be the last sound a person places for posterity.

Perhaps in an effort to capture something of my sky songs, I started making blue glass works with gold calligraphies of sound lyrics like "sky song" placed on blue glass panes and objects. The series includes virtual windows, pitchers and drinking glasses. The blue glass tumblers and pitchers were inscribed with gold hand-painted stories that wound around the curves of the glass surfaces and require rotation of the object to read. The blue glass works are silent except in the mind of the viewer.

Next I created passive sculptural sound works, such as "Bellevue" and "Listening Glasses" which capture ambient sound for the listener who interacts with the sculpture. The show in EXIT ART, NY January to April 2000 included these and other works co-created by Joe John which required the visitors to place themselves into middle of the sound, a theme that would later blossom into 3d sound projects like the 3D Sound Cube.

Francesco Conz - Edizione Conz

At the instigation of Dick Higgins, Francesco Conz made his way to my office in the sky on the 41st floor of 1515 Broadway, New York on a beautiful day in the late 70s.

Francesco presented as a striking and brilliant man in his impeccable traditional suit and hat. His sculptured whiskers framed his dashing figure. Over time we became friends and spent days together in his home in Verona Italy.

Francesco asked me to create a redesigned piano for him which would be realized by his craftsman building on an existing upright piano. Francesco has a large storage barn filled with pianos painted over, decorated and in other ways transformed into artworks by Francesco's artist friends.

I do not believe my clothed processional piano was ever build. It is still a good idea to make a such a dressed up piano to be carried by bearers, with an old fashioned lamp shaded light for night processionals. The pianist seat must also be bearable with the pianist on it.

I recall a fantastic ride in Francesco's automobile at high speed on an Italian highway in deep fog. Francesco could see through fog or we were both just lucky guys to survive the ride.

Francesco commissioned a textile work from me for a limited edition. I used a timeline sketch for my all Copenhagen event, Citywave. This work is one that I am most proud to have made..

One of my last visits to Francesco in Verona was in 1989 when Lana Frkovic was pregnant with our daughter Stephanie. Lana was uncomfortable sleeping in Francesco's home and insisted he put us in a hotel, which he graciously did.

Since then Francesco had a terrible accident which left him physically disabled. He has recovered to the point of living home although wheelchair bound and has resumed his art editions.

Marriage #3 and Family

But now, I have gotten a little ahead of myself.

The relationship with Ann Goodrich ended in summer 1986. In an Event in Matera, Italy sponsored by RAI, Italian Broadcasting, I met Svetlana Frkovic, who later moved to New York to continue Postdoctoral studies in psychology.

In October of 1988, friends gathered for the Flux Wedding of Lana Frkovic and myself in the Emily Harvey Gallery. Emily was my flux dad, and my mother my flux mother. Jerry Rothenberg did the poetical marrying. Lana and I wore matching bridal veils and bowler hats. There were many performances including phone-ins from Samiland. Arleen Schoss shot a beautiful video in which the image turned upside at the moment of marriage.

By the 1990s, New Wilderness was ready to rest. After our daughter, Stephanie was born in 1989, I needed more home life and less globetrotting, less all-nighters and intense fundraising.

Redirecting My Career

My travel and my age made continuing jingle work unfeasible. I looked around for alternatives and reduced my overhead.

I wound down New Wilderness after an early 90's event in the Union Square Farmer's market and focused on museum work and sound art. Art projects henceforth were handled through Charles Morrow Associates Inc. (CMA)

I stopped and took stock, looking back on my work, with the help of an extended interview and retrospective in TDR, published in 1991 by NYU performance studies and MIT.

My approach to experimental art in this mediation is a mix of very new and very old, with high tech and nature as key ingredients. Another personal ingredient is spatial sound.

I decided to focus on sound art and installations.

Morrow Sound Studios

As long as I had a place to work and for people to gather, there has been synergy, a focal point and success. Given my need for an independent place of production, my adult life is reckoned as a series of sound studios:

365 West End, NYC home studio in soundproof room, 1967 to 1986

The Omnipark Central Hotel, NYC with Fred/Alan Company, 1986 to 1988

611 Broadway, the Cable Building, NYC 1988 – 1994

2095 Broadway, Rutgers Church, NYC next door to documentarian Ric Burns, 1994 – 1999.

307 Seventh Avenue, NYC with Granary Books, 2000 to the present.

Technology has constantly changed. My early interest computers paid off as I continued to float into new areas.

After cutting my new teeth on laptop based software interactives for Janssen Pharmaceuticals, I was ready for exhibit work.

The CD ROM Scrutiny in the Great Round, collaboration with Jim Gasperini and Tennessee Rice Dixon, won grand prix Milia D'Or at Cannes in 1996.

Same year, I created the circumpolar broadcast with the cooperation of radio stations around the polar circle as part of Copenhagen, Cultural Capitol of Europe 96. My brother Dr. Bob Morrow flew into northwest Russia with me to set up a co-production there.

The new interactive productions coupled with time to talk on the Russia trip, stimulated brother Bob to work with me to develop a series of continuing medical education titles starting with domestic violence, asthma and HIV partner notification.

Audio tours, sound installations and teaching interactives now form the core business and core interest for me. That and mining the vast archive of audio, video, publications, documentation, artifacts, and artworks that constitute my archive.

The turn of 2003 and start of 2004 – maximum change

The Charles Morrow Company LLC, formed September 2001, was a short lived venture between investor Tom Klingenstein and myself centered around making an audio tour business in the Empire State Building. CMC LLC became Tony's New York Productions in October 2003, and Charles Morrow Associates. Inc resumed as the main business.

Lana asked me for a divorce in summer 2001. Morrow v Morrow sadly occupied the courts, cost big money and disturbed our daughter Stephanie enormously. A Judgment dated 31 December gave me the home in Barton, VT and Lana the apartment 8c, 365 West End. My long history there ended when I moved my belongings including my mother's and father's furniture out on Leap day, the 28th of February 2004.

Another door opened. My friendship with Finish translator Maija-Leena Remes blossomed and we continue to live together in New York in the flat of German artist Schuldt, soon to move to our first place chosen together.

We travel to Finland several times a year. The projects in Finland at Viitisaari and MUU Gallery moved my sound art career forward with the introduction of the 3D sound cube as the spearhead of retrospective shows newly exposing my early sound art recordings, events and installations.

Maija-Leena's world of friends in Finland is rich and varied. I am enjoying a new beginning in Finland, little by little coming to know people, share their work and ideas,

and developing friendships.

The 11th of January 2003 I had just returned to New York from Europe. My sister called to say our mom was dying. I came to her residence. As mom lay dying on her bed that last Sunday, we four siblings - Mary Ellen, Ken, Bob, me - had a chat in mom's bedroom. We were discussing having time alone with her.

I said: "A group setting is fine for me. After all,
I had her all to myself before you jokers came along."
From her coma, mom laughed! Always on the case, this lady

I did take time alone with her to kiss her and say how much I love her. How she had given me everything I needed to live my life and do what I do. I said she was a wonderful teacher and a great example. From her I learned to love knowledge, critical thinking and the pursuit of details. And, although not said to her, how to die.

In the service at the Jewish Memorial Chapel, Rabbi Joe Herman said: Dr. Laura Morrow was a consummate professional. She was not a religious person and when she had a patient who was, she would consult him or other clergy in order to try to understand the religious component of the patient's belief and thinking as part of the diagnosis and management.

I recall once at the dinner table - we six sat as a family at a large dinner table when we were growing up - mom said that she was treating a young novitiate that was seeing visions. Mom had asked the Mother Superior from St. Mary's hospital if this wasn't the way it should be in the Church. Mother Superior reportedly said, "No, this one is just plain crazy."

At the Chapel, Mary Ellen and I view mother's body. She has red "sand" forms from Israel over each eye. Her mouth is open, her teeth are with her but not in the mouth. She is dressed in a simple shroud and lies in a simple wood box. The cover is placed, held by wooden pegs. Until that moment, a traditional watcher has stood by to insure she was not still alive.

At the service, I played for mother on the Caribbean conch horn. My mind kaleidoscoped through my life with her and continued after the funeral to recall playing for the funerals of my grandparents, my father, George Maciunas, Bob Watts, Armand Schwerner, It is a long list. Rabbi Herman, after my conch solo, remembered my dreamsong at my grandmother Ehrlich's funeral in which all the babies in the Chapel flew into grandmother's arms while she sat on a pleasant seaside beach.

Facing my desk at work, I have a photo of my grandmother taken in the 50s when she was in her 60s. I notice lately that she looks much younger to me these days.

Yuval Waldman

Yuval Waldman and I met through my former wife Edna Golandsky at the time when Edna and I were married. Edna was accompanying Yuval in a violin recital. Yuval and I became friends and worked on my projects. He performed my Concerto for Violin with Cantor (1974) at Washington Square Church as part of the New Wilderness Events.

This chant transcribed work connects two existing works, each written around the story of a baby. The Kaddish was performed by request at the funeral of a friend's child by request, stretching the role of ritual artist into real life, real death. The birth text-sound "Baruch," a number blessing, was composed on the birth of the healthy baby of that name to violinist Yuval Waldman and his wife Kathy.

I recall vividly attending his son's circumcision. I was standing and feeling fine. At the coup de cock, I lost track of things and found myself sitting on a couch with no recollection of the transition.

After an intense period of activity in the 70s, Yuval and I were infrequently in touch. He performed a beautiful solo in my 1996 montage loop The History of the Jews.

I ran into Isaac Stern, Yuval's mentor, on a Metroliner to Philadelphia shortly before Stern passed away in 2001. We spoke of Yuval and how pleased Stern was about Yuval's musical talents and projects.

On January 13, 2004, the day my mother died, Yuval called me out of the blue compelled by an inner voice. We have begun new projects in a new phase of collaboration.

3D Sound and the New Millennium

Current work centers around explorations of 3D sound and my invention the MorrowSound™ Cube, as well as coordination of spatial sound with smart projection.

My long association with Max Neuhaus has been my main contact with sound art even in the 80s when I actively started to make sound art. Working relationships with Michael Schumacher and Stephen Vitiello have since the new millennium created a new professional context for my activities. Schumacher and I are working on the plans for a Museum of Sound.

I focused on Outside the Concert Hall from the 70s to the 90s. I now work to capture and install event spaces.

Sound here is an object: sounds, sound fields and sound motions. This sound art is close kin to visual art and lighting design. It recalls 17th century poetic “eye beams.”

3D installation has reinforced my vision of sound first learned in the womb. A very young baby apprehends a physical space with head motions, catching the reflections and the absorptions.

3D brings the listener into sound as composed and as played. It shifts and makes dynamic the listening position. It is my 60s multi-speaker studio with a joystick.

My dream songs are more important than ever, as travels and exercises in creation and transformation of unbounded inner space. They ever broaden the conceptual engine for design of spaces and spatial sound. As well they connect non-western dreaming with sound objects and sound animation for this culture bound westerner.