



YES NO WAVE MUSIC

presents a



tsefula/tsefulha records

production,

**“Cantata no. 6 (Assistants of Assistants)
in Varying Keys, Op. 25
for Three Electric Guitars, One Bass
Guitar, One Drum Kit, One Tenor and
Additional Voices Where Appropriate”**

as performed by Shorthand Phonetics

music by Ababil Ashari

lyrics by Ababil Ashari, Stephanie Budiharjo, Stephen Carradini, Nanda Fadhita,
Vania Listiani Hidajat, Jaclyn Steele and Taina Teravainen

PROGRAMME

Words from the Primary Composer

Bandung, August 20, 2011

Dear audience,

Art.

To be an artist is to be a creative person.

To be a “creative person” is to surrender yourself to God or a Higher Power (for those of you who don’t believe in such an abstract concept).

You can never force inspiration, as inspiration is not yours to extract. Rather it is instilled in your mind by your muses, be it a person, an environment, a circumstance, or what have you; in other words God’s/Higher Power’s creation.

I have been lucky. For not only God/Higher Power has provided me my muses, I have also been blessed with an excitable musical mind that properly translates these inspirational stimuli into digital recordings of so-called rock music. I have tried many other avenues of expression but none as effortless to me as digital recording.

Why do I share you these words? Not to brag, dear audience. But to share to you my belief that everyone of you IS a “creative person”. Do not limit creation to “arty” things, this extends to vocation, science, exercise, random, religion, interactions, leadership, skill, anything and everything. Its all art.

To that end, do not limit inspiration of your art to “valid sources”, everything is fair game. To hammer in the point I have provided a Non-Exhaustive Literary Bibliography to illustrate that inspiration is everywhere should you want it to inspire you.

Don’t fight it. Open your mind.

Let God/Higher Power flow through you in your expression.

Your art.

Ababil Ashari
Primary Composer of “Cantata no. 6”

P.S. Truth be told, I originally wanted to write a rather ironic, cynical send up of one of these “preface” type things...but the words ended up sincere, and so the above happened. So yeah...

Cast of Characters

**Hanabishi Hideaki, 23, Male,
Co-Assistant in Internal Medicine
at Yokohama City General & Teaching Hospital**

Our protagonist. He has just returned to Japan from a year-long sabbatical from medicine. He finds his love in a situation he perceives as distressful and tries to help.

**Fujioka Tsubasa, 23, Female
Co-Assistant in Paediatrics
at Yokohama City General & Teaching Hospital**

Our protagonist's love interest. She is pursuing her own ideals of perfection, does not agree on our protagonist's assessment of her situation.

**Fujioka Fujie, 24, Female
Architect**

Our protagonist's love interest's sister. She wants minimal distress for her sibling.

**Tachibana Miyuki, 23, Female
Co-Assistant in Obstetrics and Gynecology
at Nagoya Teaching Hospital**

Our protagonist's universe sister. She wants minimal distress for her universe sibling.

**Hyuga Takeshi, 24, Male
Co-Assistant in Surgery
at Yokohama City General & Teaching Hospital**

Our protagonist's best friend. He is getting married.

Tracklisting

01. “Overture (‘For when the One Great Scorer comes to mark against your name, He writes—not that you won or lost—but how you played the Game.’ - Grantland Rice)” [A. Ashari / S. Budiharjo / S. Carradini / N. Fadhlita / T. Teravainen / V.L. Hidajat / J. Steele]
02. “Are You Having an Aneurysm? Is This What An Aneurysm Looks Like?” [A. Ashari]
03. “Duh, Winning!” [A. Ashari / S. Budiharjo]
04. “Dirk Nowitzki vs. The Heat” [A. Ashari / S. Carradini]
05. “Fujioka Fujie Sits Me Down and It Was Totally Ninja (A Conversation Sung Alone)” [A. Ashari]
06. “Anyone Can Play Guitar 2: The Fan Sequel (Just Wanna Play Portal 2 With You, or, ‘So There’s This French [...] Well French Iranian Cartoon Called ‘Persepolis’ About Growing Up in Iran During the Iranian Revolution or Whatever... It’s Fun! You’ll Like It!’), or, ‘Any state that passes a bill that tries to regulate video games based on content is just asking to pay my legal fees...’ - Paul Smith” [A. Ashari]
07. “Tragedy in the Tradeoff, or, You Have Been Taken Over by the Goddess of Gossip and It Is Not a Good Look on You, Sister! (Well, That’s the Easiest Way to Make You Stop Talking About All the Annoying People You Meet, Brother!)” [A. Ashari / V.L. Hidajat]
08. “The Bachelor Party, or, Standing Next To” [A. Ashari / S. Carradini]
09. “Sex Bob-Omb and the Pursuit of Being Sad and Stuff” [A. Ashari / J. Steele]
10. “Ling-Ling! You...Uh...Excited for Christmas? [...] Oh No! It’s a Tumor...” [A. Ashari]
11. “Natalies for Glasses VI (After Six Years, This Is All I’ve Got to Show For)
pt. 1: Hey, I Love You [A. Ashari]
pt. 2: What Else Is New (Reprise) [A. Ashari / J. Steele]
pt. 3: In My Dreams, You Wanted Pictures of our Projected Future” [A. Ashari]
12. “Natalies for Glasses VI (After Six Years, This Is All I’ve Got to Show For)
pt. 4: And This, Tsubasa, This Is the Best I Can Do Impromptu” [A. Ashari]

fin

Synopsis

“Cantata no. 6 (Assistants of Assistants) in Varying Keys, Op. 25 for Three Electric Guitars, One Bass Guitar, One Drum Kit, One Tenor and Additional Voices Where Appropriate” narrates a story that takes place after American sabbatical Hanabishi Hideaki (Hide) took after receiving his bachelor’s degree in medicine. The scene opens as he reflects one last time about his year away from Japan the morning of his first day on his Internal Medicine co-assistant job at Yokohama City General & Teaching Hospital (*“Overture (For when the One Great Scorer comes to mark against your name, He writes—not that you won or lost—but how you played the Game.” - Grantland Rice)*).

He sees that Fujioka Tsubasa (Tsubasa), his love interest, also works Yokohama General, and with great hesitation tries to reconnect with her. In which he finds out that she was not doing that well (*“Are You Having an Aneurysm? Is This What An Aneurysm Looks Like?”*). She has been spotty with her attendance and not performing up to her usual standards at work, Hide suspects that it might be something deeper that plagues her but he is unsure.

Hide serially visits Tsubasa from time to time at her apartment and at one visit tries to remind her what she has now (*“Duh! Winning!”*) and at another what kind of person she can be (*“Dirk Nowitzki vs. The Heat”*).

His visits become increasingly frequent and only seems to destabilize her further and her sister, Fujioka Fujie, decides to intervene and sits Hide down for a talk (*“Fujioka Fujie Sits Me Down and It Was Totally Ninja (A Conversation Sung Alone)”*). In which Fujie says that Hide needs to stop visiting Tsubasa and assures him that she will always be there for her sister should the worse happen. Hide doesn't listen.

Instead he visits her again intending to take her out for a day of leisure but finds himself shut out at the gate of the apartment complex (*“Anyone Can Play Guitar 2: The Fan Sequel...”*) Radio silence ensues as Tsubasa no longer replies to Hide’s messages.

Dejected, he has a long conversation with his universe sister currently away in Nagoya, Tachibana Miyuki, who advises Hide to write an e-mail to her explaining what he is currently thinking and to expect no reply. And he does as they advised (*“Tragedy in the Tradeoff...”*)

As he was going about daily life in the hospital, he gets invited to the bachelor party of his friend Hyuga. With a depressive mindset to begin with starts to drown himself in alcohol and deep thoughts about relationship and its state in the modern world (*“The Bachelor Party, or, Standing Next To”*).

The next morning, still hammered, Hide stumbles in front of Tsubasa's apartment complex a delivers a loud, obnoxious monologue to her...and everyone else living there (*“Sex Bob-Omb and the Pursuit of Being Sad and Stuffed”*). Just as Tsubasa was going to tell Hide to stop, the police shows up to take Hide into arrest him and take him away for being drunk in public.

To be drunk in public is a god given right in Japan, so the policemen just held Hide in to dry out. In his temporary cell, Hide laments in his mind about all the disappointments in his life as of late and asks God why is he in this mess (*“Ling-Ling! You...Uh...Excited for Christmas? [...] Oh No! It's a Tumor...”*).

He is picked up by Tsubasa after the work day was over and gets Hide home in which he engages her in conversation (*“Natalies for Glasses VI (After Six Years, This Is All I've Got to Show For) pt. 1: I Love You*) and sings her a short song he wrote in America with the help of a friend (*pt. 2: What Else is New*). He then tells of a dream he had in his cell with Tsubasa listening (*pt. 3: In My Dreams, You Wanted Pictures of our Projected Future*) and tells of what he sees in the future if he were to predict it (*pt. 4: And This, Tsubasa, This Is the Best I Can Do Impromptu*).

The conversation continued through the night.

Lyrics

01. "Overture ("For when the One Great Scorer comes to mark against your name,
He writes—not that you won or lost—but how you played the Game."
- Grantland Rice)"¹⁻²

(Instrumental)

02. "Are You Having an Aneurysm? Is This What An Aneurysm Looks Like?"³⁻⁴

its 430, lying in bed
wondering what, you are doing i hope im proven
wrong

i send a text, you dont reply
an all too common phenomenon
i hope yr generally ok

worry i will always be
when you break down, consistently
i hope im right all along

and then i hear, through the grapevine
that you are not truly fine
anxiety, builds up in my mind

thats it im coming over
checking up on you
i hope you dont mind
i hope you dont mind

that i care about you very much
its killing me to see you this way to find that all my
worries were warranted

you say "you feel disturbed"
but yr not exactly telling me to get out
to get out

knock on yr door, you open it
you say yr fine, but i can sense not really
yr not fooling me

i ask what's up, you reply
oh my god, its worse than i thought
im not proven wrong

this is why i came over
checking up on you
i feel it in my gut
i feel it in my gut coz

i know you dont want to hear this, its annoying
but i've been on the other side, and you wont survive if
you dont
start reaching out, to anyone you know
like me, like me, like me, like me in front of you right
now

03. "Duh, Winning!"⁵

where am i now
stopped paying attention
going, go, gone
my apprehension
empty i feel
but whats so bad about that
whats so bad about that

you should just look around
and realized we have won
the lottery

you should just look around
and realized we have won
already

what are you thinking
whatever it's too much

just come with me
cmon it's just lunch
so what if you feel empty
fullness ain't a prerequisite
to indulge in conversation
whats so bad about that
even if its true

you should just look around
and realized we have won
the lottery

you should just look around
and realized we have won
already

why are you still fussing around?
what are you waiting for?

an epiphany?

well its nt gonna come if you
still think yr worthless
yr not

realize
that we are lucky

realize
life can be its own

reward
look at your four walls

and see
its not that bad of a life

04. "Dirk Nowitzki vs. The Heat"⁶

"You will be giants in the land."
Yet we did not believe.
So as we passed our peers in height
our hearts started to freak.

We quickly found that extra height
is a burden not easily borne
We can not fit in human homes
yet see over their heads.

"Cut me off at the knees," some cry
"And then I'll be like you!"
Others stop their growing
And from then on, just make do

But what of those who keep on growing?
Where do they call home?
Their footsteps fill the world but I
still don't know where they're going.

It's not easy for men to know
that giant hearts to tick too
And as our man friends dwindle
Our use for height does too

And I am at the trailhead.
I see wanderers ahead
Those who beg on crippled legs
and ignorers behind

but i dont care

I will grow strong and mighty
but mostly go alone
Does being what we're meant to be
replace the yearn for home?
i dont think so

this is the sacrifice
i have gone through

i can never return to where you are
just come with me

the "cut off yr knees" is just a metaphor
its easily recoverable
easily regenerable

just come with me

05. "Fujioka Fujie Sits Me Down and It Was Totally Ninja
(A Conversation Sung Alone)"⁷

she sat me down
in lieu
of plans
of rendezvous with you

expressed concerns
of my interest in loving you

"what is your deal, you crazy man?
is it obsession or true love as we know it?"

"i dont know sister of my love
can you tell me?
what this is?
coz im too far in it to know
anymore, why are you asking?
why are you asking?"

so she told me
that you cried just recently
over me

now i feel bad
but all i can say to her
was how i felt, selfishly

"trust that my intentions are pure as i know
i dont to hurt her in any way or capacity?"

"well i dont know hanabishi-kun
what to do either
i love my sister too more so than you

i would imagine, i would imagine"

"that this is all just something that is not appropriate
now
dont push a square peg to a round hole
i know you love her and i believe that you want to help
but i want you to leave her alone
she needs her space, like she always has
she needs to figure this out on her own
do what she will, i will always be with her whatever
happens dont you worry
oh my god yr not listening,
i guess what love'll do to you...
hanabishi-kun! hanabishi-kun!"

"oh i blanked out there for a while
im sorry what were you saying just now?"

"just that this love comes with many risks as you know
i know yr really deaf, just get this through your head"

"that i dont know what'll happen
tween the two of you, that is up to you
but know that sometimes
intentions arent enough
i would know"

"thank you, thank you, fujioka-san"

"no that wasnt a exactly blessing you idiot."

06. "Anyone Can Play Guitar 2: The Fan Sequel (Just Wanna Play Portal 2 With You, or, "So There's This French [...] Well French Iranian Cartoon Called "Persepolis" About Growing Up in Iran During the Iranian Revolution or Whatever... It's Fun! You'll Like It!"), or, "Any state that passes a bill that tries to regulate video games based on content is just asking to pay my legal fees..." - Paul Smith⁸⁻¹¹

Tsubasa, come out and play
Lets play our games all day
forget about the perils in our minds
lets see how much joy we can find
well this ones adverserial
And this one is co-op
oh what's the experience today
you wont know if you dont come out and play

oh What have you got to lose
except time alone to be depressed
come out and feel something else
something more
cmon, just listen to my words
its not really that absurd
you'll feel better if you'd just let go
any notion of total control
lets do whatever you want

your wish is my command
you owe yourself to lighten up
might seem hard, but its really not

oh What have you got to lose
except time alone to be depressed
come out and feel something else
something less crushing, less depressing

we're gonna hang out, have fun, and forget
we're gonna hang out, have fun, fun forget
bout life, release tensions in conversation,
weve done this before, so you know how it goes
i know yr in there, i just heard you fumble about! you
just turned off your lights right therre
cmon come out, come ou-oh whats the bloody point?
fuck me its raining

07. "Tragedy in the Tradeoff, or, You Have Been Taken Over by the Goddess of Gossip and It Is Not a Good Look on You, Sister! (Well, That's the Easiest Way to Make You Stop Talking About All the Annoying People You Meet, Brother!)"

Oh to talk, how we love to talk
bout anyone and anything we can think of
better if malicious
and feel good at third party's expense
its instant, its satisfying, its wrong
a vicious circle
the world is made for people who arent cursed
with selfawareness[12] like me
and im aware
painfully aware, it is

me and my stupid ideals
its pretty clear they're pretty unique
and not in a good way
a sociable way, or even a way that makes me content

its just discomfort, perpetual discomfort
and an awkward sense that i just dont belong
which makes someone like you
seem bright to me, inappropriately so
if your insecurities are to be believed
the world is not made for people
who doubt themselves
like we do
and we do
doubt ourselves coz it is

us and our stupid ideals
its pretty clear they're pretty unique
and not in a good way
a sociable way, or even a way that makes us content

why do i insist
in loving the unloveable
why do you insist
on feeling unloved
it stems from the same place
a place of kindness
but i'd rather be evil
than feel this tortured
i know you feel the same
youve said so many times before
and just as frequent
you deny yrself pleasure
have i done the same?

the world is made for people who arent cursed
with self-awareness as deeply as

us and our stupid ideals
its pretty clear they're pretty unique
and not in a good way
a sociable way, or even a way that makes us content
to live with our ourselves
like a normal person would
i just thought of something new just now
what if we could just be ourselves
and not give a fuck?

well we'd be content then, wouldnt we?

08. "The Bachelor Party, or, Standing Next To"¹³

Cigars and whiskey and poker and bros
late night conversations, smoke in my nose
tonight I keep together, ignore "no place home"
my gut will sober, but my life stays stoned

I feel at least twelve pieces are within my soul
this and that and you and we and all our hopes.
Bros celebrate your "we" to come, and we all know:
"When my cards come together, you will crash at my
home."

In two days we'll stand with and we will all feel weird
You in joy and us for what? we still don't know
You've forced us to be honest; we can't bluff or fold:
"My faith can't move a mountain; I've got no wife to
show."

Wedding vows are funny things, they are not your own
Those married think on "what we've done" while
singles fuss and woe.
"Is it something that I've done? Or something I must
be?"

In dread, in hope, in fear, in lust, we bet; the Dealer
sees

Cigars and whiskey and poker and bros
legal and in moderation, safety: couch and floor
today I keep together, head out to the show.
There's no time for thinking. It's logistics. Here we go.

but

under that

today I keep together, ignore "no place home"
my gut will sober, but my life stays stoned

09. "Sex Bob-Omb and the Pursuit of Being Sad and Stuff"¹⁴

My fire will be eternal: should yours not die out
No matter all this ice between us, or your sense of
doubt
this inferno of ours will heal us should it catch
it will nourish me, ressurect you, so breathe long,
breath deep
Immortal we will be, laying content upon the pyre
Forever warm, enamored
As our world explodes!
Ok that's all i got im not much of a poet
and this is not much of a poem
but what else am i to do?
as all my advances have been thwarted by you
i am reduced to these feeble attempts at free verse

try as I might, you favor me a fool, '
but its hard to bear your heart and soul,
and still be seen as cool,

but i dont care
well not anymore anyway
my shroud is ash, you have set it ablaze
ive got nothing left but me, myself and I
and my hellish intentions
that you fear like the devil incarnate himself

its random screaming time!
and its gonna be awesome!
something something and you will see
i dont know what to say anymore
nothing is working at all man
yknow? yeah yeah

i have no direction in my life
i dont know what im doing anymore man
im kinda drunk right now
its kinda like uggh
i dont know what you want anymore
you dont want anything from me obviously
im willing to do anything for you
within reason
ive done soap
what more could you ask of me coz i dunno
remember that time when i came to yr place
and you said you were ok but you were not ok
not ok at all, remember that
i came and i cared and you tell me
i dunno i love you
i love you so much
[incoherent]

yeah
i dunno anymore man
so hiiii-igh
high...so high
and it is awesome
you should try this
it cures depression
you should try this out coz it cures depression
i does, it really does
i was like really depressed before...
now...im still really depressed
but ive gained an understanding...on life
oh man that was the mic is not really working so well
i dont know why am i recording this
what am i doing
i dunno
i wish you could be a different person
but if you were a different person then
you would be a different person
and you wouldnt be the one i am in love with
it is fabolous
not really tho
and this is...
"i am not on drugs, not on drugs man"
drugs are bad
just say no
drugs are bad and
just say no
why am i rapping in the middle of this song
im not even a good rapper
so kill me
kill my ass
and i will be fine
dont kill yrself coz you wont be fine
no! dont kill your self coz you will be fine
you will be fine. you will be fine. you will be fine
you will be fine. you will be fine. you will be fine
you will be fine
as long as...you have to open up
you will be fine if you open up
id be great if i was with you,
but thats not a priority...right now!
i know thats not a priority right now
i know
just please be ok, just be ok
just please be ok.

10. "Ling-Ling! You...Uh...Excited for Christmas? [...] Oh No! It's a Tumor..."¹⁵

Disappointment
disappointed all the time
its the risk i take
trying to make
something outta nothing
all you end up with is nothing
i dont know why i try
i dont know why

there is this primal instinct inside
it always takes over
no matter how i try an push it back
this is how the lord made me
and i know wishing for change
will not change me
might as well stew in this cell
till someone comes for me

regret
all the things i've done
for some reason
cant do any good
what is wrong with me
can you tell me
i dont know why i ask
i dont know why

why do i do the things i do?
why does the world looks a certain way?
why do i care about what i care about
why do i need this sung aloud
does anything matter at all?
does this song matter at all?

for its just an expression of

11. "Natalies for Glasses VI (After Six Years, This Is All I've Got to Show For)"

Pt. 1: Hey, I Love You

they say the road to hell
is paved with the best of intentions[16]
makes me wonders

which degree burns am in for
if i continue being who i am

to you the woman i choose to love
unaccepting as you are

arms length you keep me
on the edge of limbo

ready to push
me over
why do you do this?
are you scared?

that i'll inadvertently
pull you in
take the risk
it'll be worth it

i am not making
anything up when i say do
believe in you

my faith is so strong
dare i say it rivals my faith in
god Himself

for he, created me and you and this circumstance
but still

arms length you keep me
on the edge of limbo

ready to push
me over
why do you do this?
are you scared?

that i'll inadvertently
pull you in anyway
take the risk
it'll be worth it

just take the risk
it'll be worth it

Pt. 2: What Else is New (Reprise)

You are a coal
Burning fire, burning soul
Not black from dirt, but being.
Admit you do, you've still come through.
Yet cessation still sounds freeing.
Gentle assurances from ones you love.
Grant you virility to push forward
Though you may be challenged
Pressure from all sides
You have put up with the torment.
Accept your strength,
Embrace the pressure, break every last confinement.
At your best, you are hard pressed,
but then can you can be a diamond.

pt. 3: In My Dreams, You Wanted Pictures of our Projected Future

and so our lives continue
on the whim of our chemistries
will it lead to more doom
or maybe we make it out alive
i hope its the latter
coz no one wants to die broke
of contentment,
but how can we achieve that?

if you dont seize every oppurtunity
to make yourself happy
i should listen to my own advice
apparently that's what i need right now
but you oh you
i love you and i would give anything
for god knows what now
but ill settle today
to tell you this weird thing
in my dreams you said you wanted pictures
of our projected future
and this is the best i can do

12. "Natalies for Glasses VI (After Six Years, This Is All I've Got to Show For)"

pt. 4: And This, Tsubasa, This Is the Best I Can Do Impromptu¹⁷

(Instrumental)

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Credits

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Shorthand Phonetics is Ababil Ashari (vox, guitar, bass, programming)

All tracks by A. Ashari

except track 1 by A. Ashari / T. Teravainen / V.L. Hidajat / J. Steele / S. Carradini,
track 3 by A. Ashari / S. Budiharjo, track 4 and 8 by A. Ashari / S. Carradini, track 7
by A. Ashari / V. L. Hidajat and track 9 and pt.2 of track 11 by A. Ashari / J. Steele

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Produced, mixed and mastered by Ababil Ashari

Recorded at Third Floor First Room Studios, Pasteur, Bandung, Jawa Barat,
Indonesia to a 2007 Hewlett-Packard Presario V3500 through a Labtec webcam mic
in the month of July 2011.

Dedicated to my muse.

www.shorthandphonetics.co.cc,

<http://shorthandphonetics.tumblr.com>

www.facebook.com/pages/Shorthand-Phonetics/22118915411

Thank You...

God, probability, my muse, my family, my universe sibling, my fellow songwriters Stephen Carradini, Jaclyn Steele, Vania Listiani Hidajat, Taina Teravainen, Nanda Fadhita, Stephanie Budiharjo, my boss Wok the Rock, my A&R Alfan Rahadi, my long time supporters Steve Gilmore, Rick the British Geezer, Russell Hammond, Ross Myles, Andrew McShan, Tara Giancaspro, Sylvia Koh, Jay Hartarto, Tinta, Bottlesmoker, Gembira Putra Agam, Dede and the whole Wasted Rockers crew, my best friend Pascal Christian who takes me to random trips to China and everyone else that I have failed to mention that has in anyway shape or form helped me get to where I am today musically and in life. And you the audience.

Thank you everyone.

Listener Notes



Listener Notes



Listener Notes



Listener Notes



Listener Notes



Cantata no. 6 (Assistants of Assistants) in Varying Keys, Op. 25 for Three Electric Guitars, One Bass Guitar, One Drum Kit, One Tenor and Additional Voices Where Appropriate by Shorthand Phonetics is licensed under a [Creative Commons Attribution-NonCommercial-ShareAlike 3.0 Unported License](https://creativecommons.org/licenses/by-nc-sa/3.0/).



Don't
Panic.¹⁸