

Joule Hertz, JHz

an Official Guide to Transfusion

Track 4

Fig RX-12



Illustration per Mase

The extended play to define blood. / Ludus extensus ad sanguinem definiendum.

Introduction / Procedure

Define blood. April 2023, I woke from a dream with the melody written upon my lips:

“Break free from your obligations, or sit still and take abuse /
The guardian’s selfish desire kills the very sole part of you”

Starting that day, a pre-existing hobby in music evolved to an obsessive, compulsive act for the next 3 years.

Any prior musical ventures from the early '20s were created in rudimentary fashion – LMMS & Beepbox, with occasional practical instruments such as the Yamaha PSR-40 I bought second-hand, four years prior. The software were excellent for their purpose as learning tools, but neither could record voice in a way that was simple to implement. The hardware, well, you will just have to listen to the music.

This EP is less of a showcase than it is a narrative – a non-chronological timeline from humble beginnings to... *still* humble beginnings.

Mase claimed the song was perfect as it existed in 2024. I didn’t listen, so now you get to choose your preferred flavor.

Yamaha PSR-500	– Percussion, strings, synths.
Yamaha TRBX174EW	– Bass
Epiphone Les Paul Junior	– Guitar
Nils K1v	– Piano bass

Setup for Live blood. (In the construction of an L-shaped corner between a bed, a one-keyboard stand, and a square ottoman):

Korg electribe R-MKII	– Drums
Behringer MS-1	– Synths
Yamaha PSR-500	– Strings
Blue Snowball	– Vocals

Results / Discussion

▷ Version 0 (c.04/2023)

- Live bedroom/living room demos created from the PSR-500 and its built-in drum machine. There was little concept to any structure thus little reason to revisit. Perhaps you will discover an excerpt among its derivatives.

▷ Version 1 (c.09/2023)

- Full title: “Guardian’s Selfish Desire” – A dead name to a long-deceased concept of the track. This was, however, the first *realized* form of the song.
- The name and associated lyric were later removed due to my own embarrassment. My delivery reeked. I felt the concept was no longer so much on the nose as it was *in* the nose, so you must determine how the rest of the lyrics hold by comparison. Hopefully, writing on other material will age more gracefully (though, I would prefer not to be compared to Trent Reznor. Trust me, I am *only* influenced by the same bands he is).
 - See “G.S.D. Type O-” for a re-envisioning.

▷ Version 2 (c.04/2024)

- A re-creation from scratch utilizing Reaper during some of my first ventures into the workstation. I began to experiment with more live instruments and vocal delivery, with an attempt to find the rhythm underneath it all.
 - See “Divine Blood. Type A-” for a re-envisioning.

▷ Version 3 (c.06/2024)

- The version to win Mase’s heart over, and the basis for the song going forward. The key updates include a clear start and end, and a live bassline. Also, say ‘hi’ to an old sample from high school!
 - See “Defined Cut. Type B+ Hypodermal” for a properly *cut*-mix up. As provided with the video, an alternative option if you are allergic to sampled profanity.
 - Also see it’s unaltered, titular counterpart: “Define Blood.”

▷ All the way (c.07/2024)

- Working on a track for this long will make you forget what it’s about. I am also closer to the mentality of doing what I *could*, not what I *should*. This B-Side *shouldn’t* exist, so I willed it because I *could*.

▷ Live blood. (c.07/2024)

- How to make something work with only two hands. There is a reason I don’t usually play instruments while singing – The only ‘taped’ instruments here are the samples. I don’t give as much love to my proper drum machines as I should, so may that change in the future.

▷ Version 4 (c.12/2024)

- Afraid I wasn’t ‘up to snuff’ with my peers (now, who are *these* people?). Merely a glossy coat plastered over a gritty texture. An attempt to tighten up the rhythm, but missing something. By this time, I had at least better discovered my voice.
 - “Define Dub. Type AB-” is a shelved remix attempting to compile scraps and unused stems from previous versions of the track into one abomination that you may unofficially call “Joulenstein’s Monster.” It has yet to breach containment.

▷ Version 5 (c. 02/2026)

- Updating the landlord paint job – some new samples, sequences, vocals, and EQ adjustments.
 - See “Refined Blood. Type AB+” for an alternate mix.



Conclusion

One day, my parents may hold a copy of these words in their hands – Please understand that nobody's family is the same. I have been gifted the circumstances to be able to forgive, and many others I know haven't. The thoughts expressed here: frustrations, anger, and pleading agony are to be directed elsewhere, for those who need it.

My siblings often can never return to their families. They are lucky to even be able to show their true faces to their families. The figureheads of the household selectively uphold concepts like DNA and surnames to justify their actions of hatred against the children they so often swear to protect and nurture. It is all in service to the *bloodline*, a useless attribute to apply to relatives they claim to know, yet will never care to know, as they will stamp down on any service that will support said *blood* other than the very own actively coursing through their veins.

They talk behind their aunt's back and claim unsavory rumors about their uncle. They *stop* talking to their siblings because they married into a different economic class – or they *stop* talking to their siblings because they don't get married at all. Conversely, the *bloodline* demands acceptance and toleration for the systemic injustices it encourages: physical and mental abuse, negligence, and an active denial of support. The modern concept of a family is flawed, its importance inflated only by the religions and subsequent governing bodies that shaped it.

My siblings find support in 'found family:' the friends and acquaintances they meet in their lowest points, who love them regardless of how much they are perceived to be a 'low-life' by the general public. They do not share the *blood* of these people, perhaps they do not share the same preferences or colors of these people, yet they are loved. We need to love, even if it is not what is expected of us in our world's pursuit of mass alienation.

Do not let your *blood* define who you are. 'Familial' love is only as strong as the people who give it.

For my mother, I hold the greatest respect for overcoming the challenges faced from childhood into now. Today, against the corruption of our corporate elite. I owe my humor and interest in the visual and aural arts to you, it just took me a long time to understand it.

For my father, I thank for the practical knowledge of the world as far as I am able to put food on the table and practice this art in my free-time. Thank you for all your patience, particularly when we are not in a vehicle. I also owe a great deal of my music palette to you.

Much love,

A handwritten signature in black ink, reading "joule aspinall". The signature is written in a cursive, lowercase style with a small 'v' mark above the 'j'.



