

## MUSIC TECH

### Soundscape on "The Raven"

- Objective:** Student's will create a composition, using loops & two live performances, based on an abridged version of Edgar Allan Poe's "The Raven."  
Student's will given the abridged version to base their composition.  
Student's will use a maximum of 10 different tracks, including the voice over.  
Student's will apply their loop browsing skills, software instrument skills, and song editing knowledge to compose their song.
- Procedure:** Open GarageBand and create a new song. Label it Soundscape + your last name and save it to your folder on the desktop.  
You must use the pre-recorded loops to create your song but two tracks must be you performing.  
You can opt to do the reading of the poem first then complete the musical aspect or vice versa.  
Your music **MUST** be appropriate to the poem.  
You may use pre-recorded sound effects or create your own.  
When you are happy with your results, save your project.  
You will present your project to the class at the end.
- Timeline:** You will have 4 class periods to complete the entire project.
- Grade:** You will be graded on your creativity and production (can all parts be heard clearly) of the project. The voice over is worth 50%.

## THIS IS AN ASSESSMENT GRADE.

**YOU WILL LOSE 5 POINTS PER DAY WHEN NOT USING YOUR OWN HEADPHONES.**

### The Raven Summary

It's late at night, and late in the year (after midnight on a December evening, to be precise). A man is sitting in his room, half reading, half falling asleep, and trying to forget his lost love, Lenore. Suddenly, he hears someone (or *something*) knocking at the door.

He calls out, apologizing to the "visitor" he imagines must be outside. Then he opens the door and finds... nothing. This freaks him out a little, and he reassures himself that it is just the wind against the window. So he goes and opens the window, and in flies (you guessed it) a raven.

The Raven settles in on a statue above the door, and for some reason, our speaker's first instinct is to talk to it. He asks for its name, just like you usually do with strange birds that fly into your house, right? Amazingly enough, though, the Raven answers back, with a single word: "Nevermore."

Understandably surprised, the man asks more questions. The bird's vocabulary turns out to be pretty limited, though; all it says is "Nevermore." Our narrator catches on to this rather slowly and asks more and more questions, which get more painful and personal. The Raven, though, doesn't change his story, and the poor speaker starts to lose his sanity.

# The Raven

Edgar Allan Poe

Once upon a midnight dreary, while I pondered weak and weary,  
Over many a quaint and curious volume of forgotten lore,  
While I nodded, nearly napping, suddenly there came a tapping,  
As of some one gently rapping, rapping at my chamber door.  
'Tis some visitor,' I muttered, 'tapping at my chamber door -  
Only this, and nothing more.'

Ah, distinctly I remember it was in the bleak December,  
And each separate dying ember wrought its ghost upon the floor.  
Eagerly I wished the morrow; - vainly I had sought to borrow  
From my books surcease of sorrow - sorrow for the lost Lenore -  
For the rare and radiant maiden whom the angels named Lenore -  
Nameless here for evermore.

Presently my soul grew stronger; hesitating then no longer,  
'Sir,' said I, 'or Madam, truly your forgiveness I implore;  
But the fact is I was napping, and so gently you came rapping,  
And so faintly you came tapping, tapping at my chamber door,  
That I scarce was sure I heard you' - here I opened wide the door; -  
Darkness there, and nothing more.

Deep into that darkness peering, long I stood there wondering, fearing,  
Doubting, dreaming dreams no mortal ever dared to dream before  
But the silence was unbroken, and the darkness gave no token,  
And the only word there spoken was the whispered word, 'Lenore!'  
This I whispered, and an echo murmured back the word, 'Lenore!'  
Merely this and nothing more.

Open here I flung the shutter, when, with many a flirt and flutter,  
In there stepped a stately raven of the saintly days of yore.  
Not the least obeisance made he; not a minute stopped or stayed he;  
But, with mien of lord or lady, perched above my chamber door -  
Perched upon a bust of Pallas just above my chamber door -  
Perched, and sat, and nothing more.

Then this ebony bird beguiling my sad fancy into smiling,  
By the grave and stern decorum of the countenance it wore,  
'Though thy crest be shorn and shaven, thou,' I said, 'art sure no craven.  
Ghastly grim and ancient raven wandering from the nightly shore -  
Tell me what thy lordly name is on the Night's Plutonian shore!'  
Quoth the raven, 'Nevermore.'

## Soundscape

### Critique

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Date \_\_\_\_\_

Tracks (maximum of 10)

0

1

2

3

4

Live Performances (ONLY 2)

0

1

2

3

4

Editing (balance of parts / fade ins & outs)

0

1

2

3

4

Appropriateness of Theme

0

1

2

3

4

Creativity

0

1

2

3

4

Comments (reasons for creativity score)

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Scoring (0 = did not do - 4 = perfection)