Jim was a weather balloon. Welcome to CNCB Music Box 4, Released at the Alternative Party (http://www.altparty.org). Thanks to everybody involved in getting this product finished. It took only one day. You know this computer music, you push one button and the music plays. You doubt, try it yourself. Computer makes the music for you.

Twoflower, gfx.
Kristoffer, short story.
Simon, all the song scrollers.
Monotonik (http://www.mono211.com).

Greetings to everybody I know and love to Minna. That's all. Now pick the most attractive song name and start from that. Nothing more to read here. Except a short story written by Kristoffer Lawson.

Here you go: Jim was a weather balloon. A shiny one. His dad was an engineer. A shiny one. Dad let Jim go flying very often, even if Dad himself could not. Jim spoke to Sky and she liked to talk back. They were good friends. Sometimes Sky would say she's in a dark, heavy mood and Jim told Dad. Dad said the information was very important. It could save lives. Jim was happy. One day Jim saw a funny silver thing, slicing through the air at a horrendous speed. He said hello. After all, it was shiny too. Moments later he could see flashing, coloured lights below, near the ground. He wanted to come down but Dad didn't reply. Even second Dad didn't say anything. He asked Sky if she knew what the funny silver thing was. Sky said not to worry. They were from a place far far away. Jim wouldn't need Dads any longer. Sky would take care of him. Jim was sad.

The All Family Stomp - I stomp. You stomp. We all stomp. The melody goes around then we stomp some more. Listen to the kick drum. Stomp. Listen to the chukka chukka bass. Stomp. Listen to the manic Miner chords. Stomp. Listen to the syncopated sounds of the Aleksi Eeben experience and kick up a stomp. The stomp doesn't care if you're young. The stomp care if you're old. The stomp doesn't mind if you're clever or stupid, old school or new school, attractive or, well, kinda ugly. The stomp has no agenda, no agenda at all. The stomp has that beautiful non-discrimination skank. The stomp is posting billboards all over the city telling you that it has the stomp. The stomp wears it well, for all the years it's been doing the stomp. The stomp just wants to take you to meet its family - its complete family. All of its family. So welcome to the all family stomp.

Rock'n'Roll Butterfly - Fluttering. Fluttering by. The butterfly flutters by, and its role is to rock. Why rock? Didn't the butterfly's parents bring it up right, that a caterpillar should always respect its elders, to stay away from the devil's music, if you flap your wings too hard you'll crash and burn? But then, butterfly was all new and running with a bad crowd, staying up late, going after the exotic, pricy nectar. Soon, his colors were faded, and his proboscis was wrinkled, but it didn't stop him. After all, the lived-in look was how to rock it, as a rock n' roll butterfly. A cat mauling. A hailstorm. A jaunt inside a schoolbus. More and more ragged. Until something happened, and it stopped being rock, and it stopped being roll, and it started being wrong, and promise gone wrong, and things unfulfilled. You can only rock and roll if you have the art, the grandeur, the legend to back it up, the butterfly realised. Otherwise, you're not rock, or roll - you're just broken for no good reason but self-destruction.

Chill - You've an 8-bit Fanzie, in an 8-bit Fanzie world. Dressed in leather, that's fantastic. You're a digital hipster, all hanging with Weezer and Leisure Suit Larry and stylin' like the Rat Pack, like SCUMM. Like you can plainly do no wrong, even if you are animated and clickable and rudimentary and idealized and everything I should want to be. The girls swoon when you enter, when I click to make you walk, and talk
to them and examine the objects staked up on the bar, and take them, and use them in your inventory to open that locked door. The light obscures my view, and then the screen dims, and you're gone and I know you're out there in my imagination, where you were before, the immaculately dress Hollywood Squares perfection of everything I would want to be, if I wanted that. But... I don't think I do. I'm sorry, Fanzie...

Good Citizen's Tango - Why does post-apocalyptic Russia have to be so stereotypical? All we wanted was a little Starbucks, a little glamour, a little Prada. Instead we get a digital gulag of our own doing, all dark streets and blinking monitors and nobody out and the robots patrolling relentlessly. One nuclear device, and we have total lockdown? Seems like overkill to me. So we sneak out, at night, and we congregate, and we tango where nobody can see us, on the roof, away from the searchlights, away from the cameras and the neon glare and the stars blotted out by light pollution. We have to tango by 8-bit music, because it's the only thing we have left after they took away the phone lines and the external internet connections and the stars and our freedom, again. So we dig out the machines from the '80s, and the disc by Eeben, and we tango all the same. We tango until we can tango no further. And we like it.

Force Music - 'Ello, 'ello, 'ello - what's all this then? I make look like a sleeping policeman, but in face. I'm as bright and attentive as a shiny new button. At day, I snooze, and people run over me, and reduce their speed. I'm good with the speed reduction task. Some might say that's what I'm made for, but I think not. So at night, I get up, and I slink around the city. Cars can speed fast and loose over my empty bed, but now I'm abroad, burglars, criminals, and wrongdoers should worry. I'm fed up with being rolled over, and fed up with being ignored, and I'm going to make my mark on the reprobates of this neighborhood. I'm going to sneak up, and trip them up, and hand them over to the proper authorities, and show everyone that sleeping policemen can make a difference too.

Free Fall - 10,000ft. Seems like I should be a whale and a bowl of petunias, or something. 9,000ft. Did I leave the light on in the kitchen? 8,000ft. Seems like a pretty clear day. 7,000ft. If tuck my legs in, I can somersault. 6,000ft. I'm glad I wasn't too evil. 5,000ft. You can see the curvature of the Earth from up here. 4,000ft. The ground is beginning to intrude on my thoughts. 3,000ft. Looking up again is calming my nerves. 2,000ft. Serenity, it's good to see you. 1,000ft. Staring, middle distance, staring, smiling. 0ft.

The Grand Rules Intro - You are about to learn about the Grand Rules. Stand by for action.

The Grand Rules Part 1 - The princess needs saving. She's stranded. The gap is too wide to jump. You can't make it. It's simply too far. So you wait, and bide your time and hope that the gap narrows, or your resolve strengthens, or you get a boost from somewhere. But it's futile. Or feels that way. You're never, ever, going to make it that far. And if you miss... Welcome to a world of hurt, my son. It'd be nice, of course, if you had some control. But thanks to the Grand Rules, you're just a puppet on a string, a pawn to be played with by the powers that be. They dictate whether you jump, how far you reach, whether you fall, and whether you... fail. Considering you're a control freak, it must hurt to have a freak at the controls.

The Grand Rules Part 2 - You missed. You fall. You fall. Into the depths of the game over screen. Blackness, and despair ensues. I am not a number, I am a free man. Whose side are you on? Who do you trust? The Grand Rules have led me astray. The Grand Rules have doomed you to the post-game high score scroll. Three initials doesn't make up for the plummeting, the tragedy, and the disappointment. You're as low as you can possibly go. There's no way you can make it back from here. Perhaps if you keep sighing, you'll sigh your way into a happier state of mind. But that's hardly a positive way to go about it. Why don't you wait... and wait... and wait... and wait for that moment where you suddenly feel like there's better times on the way?

The Grand Rules Part 3 - You can feel it. You can taste the feeling as hope rises from the depths. You raise your arms aloft and you start moving on up from the darkness into the light. Rising slowly, you can taste the resurrection on your lips. Being allowed back wasn't any part of the Grand Rules that you new. But it seems that someone made an exception in your case. It's nice to know someone cares enough to bring you back for another try. If you keep your eyes, on the prize, maybe the prize will come to you this time around. Keep up with the up-ness, and you're uppity up up again, back where you started, across
from the princess, with the gap in your reach, and someone else is controlling your destiny, making you wish you could do it on your own, just this once.

The Grand Rules Part 4 - You made it. The princess is now your princess. There aren't any more castles to be visited. There aren't any more crystals to be collected. There aren't are more high scores to be gotten. So the sense of accomplishment should be palpable. In fact, it's like nothing you've ever felt before. It's better. There's no more disappointment. It's scrolling credits music all the way, the delight, the happiness. There's no need to worry about the grand rules anymore, because you're past the rules, you're at the end. The end feels good, it feels like home. The end is your mother, and your guardian, and your safe place, and you need never leave it again. Or, never until the game over screen pops up and out and... time to start over. The Grand Rules have kicked in again.

Shapers - There's a ballet of elephants on my lawn. They are pirouetting slowly past the sprinklers, twisting and turning, their trunks in the air. Every now and again they trumpet, and look happy, and have their tusks in the air. They make perfect symmetrical patterns from above as they twirl around and around, dancing to imaginary music in their non-imaginary heads. It looks a little like a Bollywood movie, in fact. But with elephants. Next, I'll be expecting the rhinos to turn up. And perhaps, for dessert, the gnu. It's difficult to envisage a more sublime site. Except, perhaps, for the hippos hanging out in the pool in the back of the house, happily blasting the synchronized swimming until the cows come home. It's a part elephant, part hippo fest. Not any real cows, though.

Invitation - Androids are a lot cheaper since the great android plague of 2045. They swept in from the West, and when they left, they took most of their wounded with them. But there were plenty of spare parts left. And we could make as many of the flying menaces as we liked, adapting their brands to do our chores. We've made them sweep, clean, teach our children, and more. When we rewire them, they forget all about what they used to do. It's lucky they don't remember anymore, since they were little more than vermin before, scavenging and pillaging and stealing from the good folk. Wow, they've changed, they're redeeming themselves, and it's their redemption that's helped us survive the dark winders, all alone.

Flight of the Bumblebee - Ladies and gentlefolk, we now present to you, Aleks Eeben eating a tire to the Flight Of The Bumblebee. Man na nah na, indeed. Everything's wonderful when you're ingesting rubber, and you can make a surprisingly good living in sideshows with it, too. Flying, and buzzing, and eating rubber, it's the in thing to do. Next we'll be moving on to eating spokes, and maybe even the handlebars after a while. Eventually you can graduate up to the Eiffel Tower. The Hanging Gardens of Babylon can wait until a later date, perhaps. But we will eat a tire once a day until we feel better. Now listen to the humming and enjoy the taste of the black tar-encrusted inflatable, and you can keep eating until it's all gone.

Moontimer - I have a rhythmic atomic clock moon flip. You have a constantly ticking timebomb. We have a stylish but recherché set of Bombjack icons. You have a voyeuristic penny farthing chunk of ectoplasm. We are an imprinted dolls head lunar lander. They are a blowtorch quick pick eyestrain lunchbox. Does any of this make sense to you? Perhaps it would, if you had the Moontimer. I have a stylistic head torch tiki. You have a somewhat jaundiced plasticity. We have a boom huck jam jealousy complex. We are a signed, stamped and sealed cottage monstrosity. They include a whole bunch of pufferfish asylum brains. Does any of this make sense to you? Perhaps it would, if you had the Moontimer.

Landscape - The sentinel can't see me. I jump from point to point, and polygons obscure its view of me. If I can just get a little higher, and keep hiding round the rough corners and sharp edges, then maybe I can reach the summit. Then I can act like Joust, and hit em where it hurts, and the sentinels will be vanquished. We didn't really know it'd be this hard. It's pretty odd how altitude dictates rectitude in these circumstances. It'd be like mountaineers being the most important people on the planet. If you scale Mount Everest, then you'll become King of the Universe. Perhaps if you get in a spaceship and get higher, you'll rule the galaxy. And those deep under the ocean are lowest of the low. Whereas I, at sea level, am simply somewhat in the pedestrian middle.
Motivation - What motivates you? Why do you get up in the morning? What's the point of even discussing why get up in the morning? Why would you conceivably want to discuss that issue? Where's your head at? Why do you want to read this scrolltext? Why don't you go turn on the TV instead? How about a nice cup of tea? Perhaps you could play a little piano? Why not listen to the sounds in your own head, not the sounds outside in the music box? Why don't you turn your head upside down, not the monitor upside down? How about feeling good about yourself? How about revelling in the sounds, not be revolted? How about feeling happy for a while? How about that? Do you think you can be happy for a while? We know we can. So can you.

Mnambo - Good evening. I am an African chieftain. My name is Mnambo. This evening I will be mainly funkin' around in a bleepy, Herbie Hancock type way while sounding oddly semi-atonal and grooving to the sound in my head. Commodore 64 computers are big on the sub-Saharan landmass. Often, this man Aleksi Eeben rises high in the local charts with his own sound. He is the Timbaland of the Mnambo's scene. He sambas, and he mambos, and he does the cha cha cha, and he styles out like a super styler. We be styling with the Eeben sound. Sometimes, the younger members of the tribe tell me he lives in Finland and has a beard. I don't believe them. I think he lives in the banyan tree with Matthew Smith. Good night.

Onward - Good evening, and welcome to Tito Puente and his Android Jazz Allstars. Over on the left side, we have R0246 with his portamento playing. On the right, we have the Chrome Cavalier with his stylish pitch blend sounds. And towards the back, we have King Sunny Diode blasting out the sub bass - in your face. Tonight they will be mainly playing the ohm standards, along with a little joule jazz. Later, for an encore, they will up the voltage considerably, and the hertz will get amped up, and everyone will have a relatively error-free time. If, at any time during the performance, we should lose electricity, don't concern yourself - we have plenty of backup ampage concealed in our glowing android brains. Thank you for your attention, and enjoy the rest of the evening's performance.

Pond - The frog is happy on the water lily. The water lily is happy, being in the pond, and all. The pond is reasonably contented too, since it's somewhere in the vicinity of the garden, and the garden is a pleasant place to be. The garden, meanwhile, is surprised that it's an oasis of greenery in the bustle of the city. Oh, and the city, it's just about delighted that it's relatively popular, kind stylish, and one of the pre hip and happening places to be in the country. The country seems to be doing alright too, give or take a little mass unemployment and political mayhem, and can just about keep up its place on the continent. And yes, the continent is one of the more temperate and delightful in this world. And the world? The world is getting by, barely.

One Channel Music - See, you can be happy without being expansively large. I'm only two feet and seven inches tall, but I do well for myself. I have a car, and an apartment, and a girlfriend, and I function perfectly well. My friend Aleksi is seven foot and three inches tall, and he does just as well. He has a mansion, and a swimming pool, and plenty of bling bling, and he does, well, even better. So me and my friend Aleksi, we pretty much look down on those average Joe. That'd be you, right? You don't have the style, being just so darn normal. You and your three or four channel tedium, you can never match up to my one-channel ingenuity, or Aleksi's sixty-four-channel majesty, which is, sadly, not available on this disc. But I am. Do you like my pint-size pulchritude?

The Radio Challenge - Welcome to the show! We have so many great things available to you tonight. You can win a spectacular set of frying pans. You can even win this beautiful laundry basket. You just need to tell us, in ten words or less, what you will do with your tremendously fashionable, stylish winnings. Wow, ladies and gentlemen, don't be shy, step right up, give it your best shot. This is a once in a lifetime offer. You aren't going to see better quality than this, in a meek, a month of Sundays. So you can go ahead and win the Radio Challenge, right here, right now, with a careful choice of verbiage. I promise you, you won't regret it. There's nothing better for you than stepping up to the plate and winning the Radio Challenge.

Sadness - I wish I had everything wanted. I wish I was special. I'm a creep. I think I might be a loser, too, but I'm not sure. I never follow through on anything. I just sit here, and procrastinate and never get anything done. I'll probably sit here until I die, getting larger and larger and more morose and more tragic,
and nobody caring. Won't somebody take some notice of me and I don't even care who it is, just somebody acknowledge that I exist. Then maybe I could get out of bed with a smile on my face, and maybe I could get job and a girl and a life and some hope. But I just don't know how to do that. So for now, I'll sit here, and I'll wait, and I'll be sad. It's the one thing that I can really succeed at. So I'm going to keep doing it until somebody tells me different.

Return to Forever - So, it's back to the grind at Forever Inc. There's people to immortalize, things to do, canonizations to perform. It's not just anybody who gets into the hall of all time fame. Sure, Einstein made it. So did Sophocles. But the process by which someone gets shifted into a forever state is long, and difficult. Will you be remembered after you pass on? If you will, you're part way there. Will someone talk about you thousands of years after you die? Then maybe you have a chance. But don't be fooled that it's the public that decides. It's not - it's the workers at Forever Inc. And if you don't make the grade, then your name is erased from history forever. There's plenty of people you won't have heard of because of Forever Inc. But then, if we told you what they were called, it would hardly help, because they've already been erased. So, let's just stick to the people you know. It's not history which made them, it's the executives at Forever.

Purity - Mathematics is beautiful. It has a purity of form that makes it right. There's nothing woolly about maths. There's something woolly about mammoths, though. Mammoths are pretty much on the hirsute side. As for his suit, it's immaculately turned out. And the turn out has been excellent, so far. In fact, everyone who's made it has been delightful. Come to that, it's de groovy and delicious as well. So it can only be in my heart that we shouldn't part. Why? Because it's such sweet sorry, and because I want to reach tomorrow. Tomorrow is just another day, like today. And today is the greatest, like it was 1979. I wish it was 1979 again, so I could be born again, and shape my future again. When we were children, did we understand what we would become? Our purity was, and is, and will be changed forever by the passing of time.

Round Blue Rath - They dug it up by the mid-afternoon of the third day. It was embedded deep in the earth, so deep that they broke several pickaxe handles. When they'd uncovered half of it, they began to understand just how large it was. Some thirty feet across, the artefact looked alien as it glinted in the sunlight. The heavy machinery finally hoisted it free, and dumped it on a pile of dirt by the crash site. It was truly huge. And there was a door on the side. So we tried to open it. We were still trying the next day. And the day after that. Until finally, a small missile fired from a safe distance away penetrated the hull, and we were in. Inside, through, it was all... wrong. We were expecting the world. We got the Round Blue Rath.


Randomizer - Balloon crusade damnation highlife international man varsity wallclock xavier everything down close reaper questions properly has grass under varsity wafting international jam varsity wallclock xavier down close reaper balloon crusade damnation highlife international jam varsity wallclock xavier
Computer Music - I can't stand the racket of real music. It's just too well-mannered. Why not go for the beautiful synthetic beep instead? Beeps are much more beautiful. The beep has the ring or pure truth about it. The beep has the wondrousness of of the sinewave reverberating about its very soul. I can't believe that history waited until the 1980s before creating such a beautiful thing as the Commodore computer. Why should we have had to wait all thorough history for the most amazing invention, the amazing, the ineffable, the spectacular C64? It makes us all happy when we can listen to computer music. It makes us happier still when we can listen to an entire music-disc of that computer music. So, let's be happy?

Radiator - This joint is heating up. It's heating up like a radiator. It's gradually warming, and a certain redness is diffusing, and soon it'll be piping hot, like a scalding laptop that's been resting on your legs for too long. You can hang out in the back, by the bar where they serve the cool cocktails. Or you can hang out with your friends by the booth. But either way, you're coming home with me, and that's the important part. I can see everyone fawning of you, and pausing to send long, longing glances your way, but you're mine, and you always have been, and you always will be. Even if they paid me, they couldn't have you. Well, maybe a couple of thousand would do it. I could always find another like you. On EBa, probably. And there's nothing more exciting than the smell of hot, scalding hot, radiator hot... electronics.

Ground Expansion - It seems like an age since you were a toddler. The ground hasn't expanded, your feet have expanded. You've shot up. You're a beanpole. Soon you'll be off to school, to the old school. That's what your Uncle Melon would say, anyhow. Then you'll hang around with your race car driver uncle who has twenty brothers named Victor, also. And maybe you'll eat crackers n' corn dainties along the way. But even then, you won't be satisfied until your Uncle John has given you a good schooling on the ways to rock, the ways to roll. Not to forget your old, old uncle Tom. You really have a lot of Uncles. But a boy who has game like yours will always have something to do on those long, winter Finnish evenings.

75% Sale Rea (Buy More Remix) - Roll up, roll up, roll up, for the not twenty, not fifty, but a massive seventy five percent off sale of the century. Instead of getting just eight tunes, you're not getting sixteen, you're getting a total of thirty two tunes, or even more for your money. And considering you've paid a grand total of nothing for this music-disc, it's even more of a bargain than you expected, eh? You get tunes for thing and your kicks for free. So to conclude, it would be cool if we could thank Mr. Aleksi Eeben for being the marvelous main act, the Commodore computer for being the bouncer at this party, and most of all, the seventy five percent discount that has made all of this possible. If it wasn't for that discount, then none of us would be here. And so we can give thanks to the discount most of all, right? Thank you discount - you made our millennium.