

COMPOSERAMA

Newsletter of The Composers' Cafeteria

Vol. 1, No. 1

August, 1987

HISTORY OF THE COMPOSERS' CAFETERIA

Part 2: The Name

Thomas S. Statler, University of California, Berkeley

In the previous issue of this newsletter, we discussed the philosophical justification for *The Composers' Cafeteria*. It was shown that, while the concept in its modern form was first postulated in writing by Immanuel Kant in his famous "island cafeteria" hypothesis, its roots can be traced back much farther, and can be shown to predate Christianity at least. While early references are somewhat vague, the exclamation of Alcibiades, "Καφετηριον! Καφετηριον!" at the moment of his tumultuous entrance in Plato's *Symposium*¹, is telling. Indeed, the similarity between the Symposium itself and a cafeteria has been remarked upon by more than one writer.²

In modern times, following the actual realization of *The Composers' Cafeteria*, a number of workers³ have used the Anthropic Principle to argue that we must naturally find ourselves in a universe where conditions favor the the evolution of new music groups. Others, carrying the argument one step further, suggest that *The Composers' Cafeteria* must have evolved as a condition for the existence of the universe as we know it.⁴

The philosophical inevitability of *The Composers' Cafeteria* having been firmly established, we will proceed in this and future installments to discuss the development of the modern Cafeteria.

It has been noted elsewhere⁵ that, given that the individual concepts of composers and cafeterias have each existed for many years, and that, indeed, several composers have been seen *in* cafeterias, and that a few have even been known to occasionally *eat* in cafeterias, it is surprising that *The Composers' Cafeteria*

per se was not realized until only recently. Referring to documents from the first days of *The Composers' Cafeteria*, it is evident that the founders themselves were undergoing a crisis, as it were, of terminology, hindering, in effect, their very understanding of the notion, or idea, that they, as composers, were, arguably, predestined, in a way, to achieve, and, parenthetically, damaging, even stifling, their creativity, though temporarily, with, paradoxically, an increase, or, at least, not a decline, in alternative modes of creativity, in, more or less, a fundamental sense, connected with, but not, necessarily, limited to, the terminology, or jargon, itself, and resulting, inevitably,

PLEASE turn to page 5

Waftings

Dan Plonsey

This morning as the sun rose from restful slumber, I had to stop my ears from exclaiming over and over, "Oh my! Oh my!" The keenly felt sense of wonder and pleasure was just too overwhelming for yours truly; I was obliged to step back reeling from the whirl of bustle on Madisonian Curtis Street; I *did* step back, and I found my eyeballs burling in happy unison a tune to which my nose all but cheerfully added the following lyrics:

How beautiful the sounds that waft
Nostrils dilate: all is well
Oh der *The Composers' Caf't*—
—Earia! Delicious smell.

Stepping back, I reminded myself that while musical terror is not always a pretty thing, it is entirely necessary. Bravely through the course of its first season, *The Composers' Cafeteria* made abundantly clear to those who were within earshot that a pattern of strikingly uneven creative works splattered upon an aural canvas is the only proper response to our troubled world of unending strifes. Ignored by critics, *The Composers' Cafeteria* blissfully shocked and bewildered its pleased audiences with a remarkable array



PLEASE turn to page 4

THOSE WHO READ OUR STUFF BITCH

Dear Folks who cut and paste text:

Where does it go to?

— Folks who pay cash to hear tunes

Where does what go to?

— Folks who cut and paste text

Dear Folks who cut and paste text:

You know—the *cash* we have to pay to hear you play those things.

— Folks who pay cash to hear tunes

Oh. You mean the three bucks we charge.

— Folks who cut and paste text

Dear Folks who cut and paste text:

That's right. That is just what we mean. It is the fate of those three bucks that is on our mind: "You are not a thing if that thing is not a hound dog," as a wise king once crooned.

— Folks who pay cash to hear tunes

Oh! Now we know what you mean, and now we can deal with it in our way, in our own sweet time. The wad is blown on lots of things. We give some to those who wish to smash the dumb old guy in the White House, we give some to those who fly to that big moon which you can see at times up in the sky, we give some to the folks who clean up your mess, we spend some more in a crazed spree. We have lots to buy at the store; who would pay for it if not you? We like to have big things in our house which cost us lots of loot; we pass the costs on to you. We feel that we should waste your three bucks with no shame, and that is just what we do. We are out on the town this night as we were on the last night and will be on the next night as well. We run up a big tab; you pay it. Who pays the tip? Who parks our car in the lot? Why, you do, of course! But you are not there with us, so we have your cash in your stead. We sing the song like at that chain of stores which sell food:

Blah blah blah blah blah

We know just how you feel

You work and don't lie all day and

You want a not false but true deal.

— Folks who cut and paste text

Write on those notes which you send to us: To the Folks Who Cut and Paste Text, 2149 Curt is Street, BatEggRockKingEggLogEggYes CA 94(6+1)02. A piece or two of your text may have to be cut off if it is too big or if we don't know what it is you want to say.

OUR READERS CHIME IN! TO WHINE & COMPLAIN

To the editor:

In the most recent issue of *Composserama* (14, 65, Apr. 1987) Thomas S. Statler makes a number of "interesting" surmises in his untimely column, "History of the Composers' Cafeteria, Part 1: Philosophical Justifications."

We here in the Department of Classical Philology and Astrophysics at the University of Chicago are beginning to wonder about our colleagues at Berkeley. Clearly, Chicago long ago took the lead in the field, but it still comes as something of a shock to us that we should be obliged to notify you and the academic community at large of a series of outdated and methodologically questionable proposals in the recent articles which have veritably gushed out of your institution, seemingly past the now-lapsed review committees. How tragic!

Well, let me simply disabuse Mr. Statler and your editors of a few of the half-cocked and long

PLEASE turn to page 6

COMPOSERAMA

"It is immaterial if a song which does not relate to Sri Rama is or is not sung." — Tyagaraja
Newsletter of *The Composers' Cafeteria*, a non-profit collective of better people.

Vol. 1, No. 1

August, 1987

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(415) 548-1095

The Composers' Cafeteria is a large gathering of individuals with diverse needs, talents, desires, desired others, pets, relatives, patios, stoves, fingernails, magazine subscriptions, phrenological characteristics, biorhythms, favorite foods, toenails, vices, brands of oven-roaster poultry, and resemblances to persons living or dead. Some of us felt like writing the newsletter, some of us didn't and some of us weren't asked. Some of us have been reprinted. Those responsible for this issue of *Composserama* include:

Mark Dickinson, Kaila Flexer, Kathy Geisler, Michael Macrone, Chris Maher, Stephen Mays, I. McLerpelse, Dan Plonsey, Jenny Plonsey, Randy Porter, Dave Sazeradee, Tom Statler, and others...

All opinions expressed herein are guaranteed to contradict those of Cafeterians who chose not to write, who weren't asked, and even those who did write, even the author itself. All contents ©1987 by the authors.

Cafeteria, Composers' (1986-)

(i) *Out to lunch*; (ii) *A Platter o' percussion*; (iii) *Concerto we threw together a few days ago in E flat, Op. 16*.

(M)**(*) Verve VS/(vřz) 2323-K[12]. Nobody you don't already know with Snore in the Background Chorus; no conductor (as far as we can tell).

** Found on the floor KRKRK/HuH? 9456-0007-8756578483984675832020 [id.]. Cafeteria who were around at the time; composers. [cassette, or the remains thereof].

(X)* Geffen GSP/GSP!! 56098745678 [id.]. Eastman-Kodak O.; Karajan and Solti [CD only].

The Cafeteria's *A Platter o' Percussion* is arguably the most exquisitely numbing American chamber work of the last three minutes (with Piston's *Fourth* a close runner-up, except that it's not a chamber work; Elgar's *Introduction and allegro for strings* neck and neck, except he wasn't American; Carter's *String Quartet No. 3* a distant third, except that in his case we find "numbing" a potentially politically explosive adjective, so we'll just back out on the ambiguity of the three-minute rule). We have been eminently well-served by both Verve and Geffen in their packaging of the *Platter* with two other works that have absolutely nothing to do with it, all in the delightful spirit of



the Cafeteria's performances of recent memory. The Geffen set is remarkable in its blatantly exploitative duplication of the Verve sequencing, itself the consequence of the Verve marketing staff's stunned reaction to the sounds of a half-destroyed tape apparently smuggled out of Cafeteria headquarters and mutilated in the mail, along with the label's office copy of *Radio & Records*. The poached cassette is bottom-heavy and unattractively boomy in the bass, and so severely damaged at the spools that it won't survive even one more listen, so the consumer is advised to think for a few seconds before purchasing it. The Verve transfers of the spaciouly audiophilic 12-album set are made at a high level on chrome tape, but, although detail is not as sharp as in some versions we've admittedly never heard, the reverberant acoustics and annoying timbre appear to offer no serious problems, and audiophiles are directed to this lively package, among the first issues in the Verve "Walkman" series, soon to be reissued in the "Boombox" series.

The Geffen release—which follows hard on a bizarre internescine corporate war incited by the label's brilliant, but by all accounts nascently psychotic, A&R genius who has heretofore served the company well in landing deals with Elton John and Diana Ross,

when he barricaded himself in the janitorial closet downstairs, next to the offices of a once-reputable law firm, whose partners were driven to acts we simply haven't the time to detail here when said A&R mastermind blasted the mutilated cassette (which had perhaps thirty-four and one-half plays left to its account at the time) continuously for a period estimated by harried representatives of another law firm called in to represent the label at somewhere between 56 and 59 hours (some have disputed including lunch breaks in the total, others have argued that the injured firm never took lunch breaks, still others have pointed out that the Geffen reps took lunch breaks all day long),—is repudiated because Karajan and Solti, whatever the merits of their powerful, balanced, incisive, superbly chiseled, resonant, spacious, exceptionally vibrant, splendid, direct, detailed, urgent, warm, ponderous, visionary, fossilized, deeply emotional, heroic, and nimble readings in a symphonic, and preferably safe as an electric range, context, have missed several consecutive Cafeteria meetings now, and because the laser transfer cruelly and brutally screws the timbre up to a maddening sticking point, distorting the gradation of dynamics from the hushed piannissimo of the close of the scherzo to the weight of the great opening statement of the finale of *Concerto we threw together a few days ago in E flat, Op. 16*, not yet heard with overwhelming effect on any disc. The playing itself is so characterful throughout and so authentically unrehearsed that one would want to report that these discrepancies are of no moment, but alas they are, and alack the Eastman-Kodak group proved collectively negligent in service as "pomp" directors at the Cafeteria show which was not the most recent, but we think the one before that, but we don't really remember.

Jennifer Rycenga Plonsey

mice
wind
machine
buzz
high
parallel
stiff
pain
Mozart
motion
midway
army
egrets
shadows
wings

SUGARPUP: It's been too long since we had a fantastically dreary Monday together. Here's an idea - let's cross the Atlantic. Maybe it will pour, gray ocean, we will be confined to our bunks.

I LOVE YOUR...TOES!

TRANVESTITE BOUTIQUE
SUMMER MATH WITHOUT FEAR!
TRAIN & JUMP ON SAME DAY

ARTISTS ASSOCIATED IN ATTENDANCE

Chris Maker's Corner

"Philosophy in the Cafeteria"

"It's the nuts and bolts... of my life... that interest me the most: the family, the sewing... fixing up the house... that basic stuff/my husband is my best friend/chocolate... is about as good as life gets/life keeps me in shape! You run after your husband and kids all day and that's pretty good shape; that's good enough shape you need to do a show."

— Sally Jessy Raphael

Umm... need to do a show... We of *The Composers' Cafeteria* do believe that every musical composition deserves one performance. If that seems too evident on tonight's particular program, you must focus on the idea, this belief in this practice of programming, which is the beauty of *The Composers' Cafeteria* (with its ugly name) itself alone (which's why the name itself may one day become beautiful in a day of retroactive crowning glory!).

Bad Composers * Bad Composers * Bad Composers * Bad Composers

Roger Sessions
Pauline Oliveros
Peter Maxwell Davies (usually)
Elliot Carter
Charles Wuorinen
Earl Brown
Ellen Taaffe Zwilich
Jacob Druckman
Bruce MacCombie
Krzysztof Penderecki
Conrad Cummings
David del Tredici
Jon Appleton
John Adams
Billy Joel
Sally Jessy Raphael
Donahue

sers * Bad Composers * Bad Composers * Bad Composers * Bad

The Law of the Cafeteria is that admission to the group is contingent upon the petitioner's willingness to perform music more-or-less indiscriminately and promiscuously. Still, this writer has yet to perform in this context yet has received four performances (and something like twelve rehearsals) to date, and many a freebie. At this writing, it sure is easy to get into *The Composers' Cafeteria*—one's received lovingly. The simple idea behind the group has resulted so far in an orchestra of 30-some odd players. Perhaps you should join or do something else. But for now... sit back and try to enjoy the music—and if you don't enjoy the music, ask yourself if you can't appreciate the *idea* as something beautiful in itself; about as good as life gets? (If not) Why don't you think about chocolate, you pig?

DA

David Sazeradee

FROOP
BOAT
MM-BAOW
M MM BAOW
GE FLOP FLOP M BAOW
CHOMP CHOMP CHOMP
GELULP CHEWB
MM BAOW
LICORICE FARM COW
NOW!
HEY NOW!

HAD ENOUGH YET?

Ear Waft

THANK YOU from page 1

of both talent and non-talent: on the one hand, producing music so tasteful that you could become sincerely ill—what with all of its use of ornate flaptitude, the three logically extended mode-rapids, the characteristically amphibious melodies, delayed counterpoint, various pinwheels of ancient chords, trills, and arpeggios; and on the other, withholding the knowledge that *The Composers' Cafeteria* had spat gobs upon the musical establishment. And guess what? No, not just that we agree that we're talking big, stringy gobs, but that the establishment *would* have eaten it up—grinning—and offered to the rest of the world an American version of the Cafeteria—a toothless sham/front of creativity—*had* the establishment only been present in person... but it was not. Couriers were kept breathless and globular, conveying messages backwards and forwards.

And so: the loyal Cafeterians take hope that in this, their second year, they will receive the proper attention, the careful roasting of and fawning upon by a more objective *American* crowd, so that they can then 180 degrees just as loyally turn about face and embrace, marching, the values determined by the *Central Committee of the N.E.A.*, which reads, in part, as follows:

Perform various experiments in perception of sound. This is crucial, for—as Richard Felciano has been instructed to say—"It is no longer acceptable to push notes around on the page without knowing whether the sponsor's message is being transmitted properly (subliminally)." How right we were when we told him to say that!

BALLOON RIDES
ROMANCE, EXCITEMENT, ADVENTURE
I'M HOLLYWOOD BOUND...WANTA COME?
AM I YOUR MOTHER?
WHO'S A SLEEPY HEAD?

The Name

THANK YOU from page 1

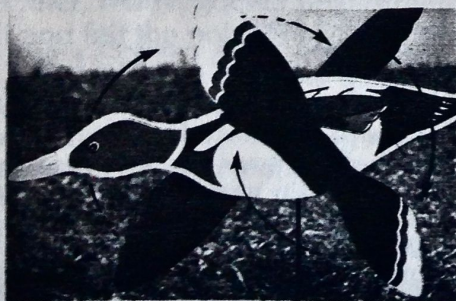
in a collection, virtually a plethora, of names, each, to a greater or lesser degree, failing, sadly, to express, even at all, the concept that they, over many hours, strove, in vain, to capture, viz.:

The Gotham City Philharmonic
In Locus Ponens
Berkeley Union of Musical Scribes
The Musical Mugs
Not the Oakland Symphony
Attack
Slur, Pick, 'n' Twang
Cattle Music
Cats & Dogs Music
Program/Antigram

Not until later does a pattern emerge, suggesting an imminent epiphany:

Composers' Conversion
Composers' Countenance
Composers' Corona
Composers' Courtesy
Composers' Combinations
Composers' Convolutions
Composers' Congregation
Composers' Confessions
Composer's Clothing
Composer's Coat
Composers Clandestine
Composers Courageous
Composers' Charisma
Composers' Carnival
Composers' Corral...

and so on. Finally, at the side of the page, one finds "The Composers' Cafeteria," written slightly askew.⁶



COMPLETELY CONFIDENTIAL
ANONYMOUS™
A COURSE IN MIRACLES.
All the WILDEST WOMEN go
OUR MYSTICAL DANCE FOR YOUTHS AND STUDENTS
See your profile altered before your eyes
NEW ALTERNATIVE TECHNIQUE
Your honest personal experiences wanted
If you're not Russian what are you.

Clearly it was immediately recognized as the embodiment of perfection. We can hardly imagine the excitement that must have flooded through the room at that moment, infusing the founders with a deep elation, a profound realization that *this* was the one Name for which they had been searching. The first struggle was over.

Next: Fear and Loathing in the Cafeteria.

NOTES

¹This particular exclamation is omitted from most modern editions because it was awfully noisy just at that moment, what with everybody talking and all, and it was pretty hard to hear.

²Well, all right, one.

³Plonz, D., 1986, *Metaphys. Rev.* 119, 1042.; Bach, J. S., 1987, *J. Dead Comp.* 12, 432.

⁴Wiltake, I., V, 1987, Ph.D. Thesis, Bob's School of Physics. A proposal to test this hypothesis, by making a complete survey of all plausible alternate universes, is under consideration for funding by DOD.

⁵Schoenberg, H., 1987, *J. Cafeteriol.* 33, 735.; or maybe Forte, A., 1986 *Psych. Today* 84, 212. Actually, the dog ate my references last week, but I think I remember most of them.

⁶Or possibly askance.

THE CAFETERIA DIAMOND

Stephen Mays

deaf tire

reaches

for horse carrying

sandwiches;

python

refuses no-

hitter

swings for bleachers.

grounder copper

white;

elephant stampede

at third base

cello hot dogs

mustard-

eaters.

Guest Editorial Policy

Mark Dickinson

Malicious abuse of privilege
 Frequent accidental deletions or rearrangements
 Continuous, intentional falsehood
 Blind luck tempered by imaginative hindsight
 Charismatic degeneracy and its encouragement in others
 One might hide all the erasers in one's beard
 Ingeniously executed plagiarism
 Decadent banquets, raucous drinking bouts, and much loud argument (with shouting)
 Cellular automata
 Active, induced paranoia: everything is a code or a signal of conspiracy
 Actual gastrointestinal reprocessing of all submitted articles
 Progress toward transparency (or in an ideal situation, complete invisibility) should be paramount
 Regular consultations with a tank of reptiles
 Deliberate imitations of famous Olympic athletes
 Embarrassment and intimidation; mayhem in the offices
 Magnificent gestures plus a short attention span
 Authors and editors alike should work to convince themselves that their efforts reflect the intentions of a vast, supernatural dentist
 Confinement and exploitation of a boorish attitude

Letters

THANK YOU from page 2

suspect notions which abound in this most recent foray into Socratic textual history. As everyone, at least at Chicago, knows, the exclamation (*Καφετεριου!*/*Καφετεριου!*) attributed to Alcibiades, putatively in the *Symposium*, is actually a corruption introduced in the footnotes of K. Q. Phrasko's fanciful edition of *The Public Works of Plato* (Ukase, 1915). A rather breezy consultation of my *Definitive and Textually Rigorous Works, Major and Minor, of Plato and Company* (Chicago 1986) (reviewed by J. J. Wedgwick in the *very same issue of Metaphysical Review* which Statler cites to support his claim, "Perhaps, as some scholars believe, the *Symposium* is, if not, actually, a forerunner of Augustan, nay, Ciceronian, which is to say, later, ontological studies of cafeteria, then, we might say, with little dispute, you'd agree, it is, then, finally, interesting"! would reveal that Phrasko's *Καφετεριου* is an extrapolation of Alcibiades' exclamation upon his cataclysmic arrival on the scene of the *Protagoras*: *Καφετεριου!* ("Idealism, my toe!"). Other editors have not had the good sense to include this latter exclamation in the *Protagoras* because they claim that it is, in fact, a corruption of Hermogenes' *Καφετεριου!* ("Not really,

Socrates, I don't see that at all; I simply can't agree, and I don't feel like arguing about it any more!"), scribbled in the margin of the *Cratylus* but collated into *Protagoras* by an inept 12th century scribe. This claim, however, as I show in my impeccable book, is ludicrous. Perhaps the nitwits at Columbia, Berkeley, Oxford, and the ilk, reject my reading because they can't keep *Καφετεριου!* straight from Archimedes' *Καλιφορνιου!*

But why go on? I suggest that Mr. Statler procure my exemplary text (and, perhaps, the last few volumes of the *Journal of Philological Cafeteriology!*) and "bone up" before the next Midwestern Symposium on Tone Clusters and Galileo's Inheritance of Renaissance Neo-Platonism! See you in Urbana!

W. W. Snortin
 University of Chicago

THE AUTHOR RESPONDS:

The letter by Mr. Snortin raises several interesting questions. Unfortunately, most of these relate to the apparently bizarre tenure policies at Chicago. While I suspect that his criticisms were originally constructive and well-intentioned, it is most regrettable that he should feel it necessary to resort to name-calling and outright insult in order to make his point, and equally regrettable that these remarks should be associated with such a justifiably renowned institution as the University of Chicago.

I do not consider myself obliged to defend my work against charges of being "outdated and methodologically questionable" from someone who has already concluded that I (and, apparently, many of my esteemed colleagues) are "nitwits." However, I do wish to make one point. By emphasizing that a review of his own treatise appeared in the same issue of the *Metaphys. Rev.* as an article which I cited, Snortin means to imply that my knowledge of the literature is incomplete. This is a *desperately sick lie*. Indeed, I am familiar with Wedgwick's review of Snortin's book, from which I quote:

Never before, in this reviewer's memory, has someone attempted to foist off on the academic community such a confused, erroneous, mistaken, fallacious, haphazard, incomplete, flawed, naive, and downright *wrong* assemblage of totally unwarranted claims. W. W. Snortin and his book should be lined up against a wall and shot.

Perhaps, while I am "boning up" on the *J. Philol. Cafeteriol.*, Mr. Snortin should re-read his clippings.

T. S. Statler

P.S. By the way, the Midwestern Symposium on Tone Clusters and Galileo's Inheritance of Renaissance Neo-Platonism is in Evanston, you boob.

Address all correspondence to Composerama Editors, 2149 Curtis Street, Berkeley, CA 94702. Letters may be edited for purposes of space or clarity.

Dear Friends of the Cafeteria,

I decided not to get into one of my metaphysical discussions at this time. I'm sitting here listening to Mahalia Jackson and instead I'm going to give to you a story, on the short side, which my father wrote a long time ago. Take care, and I hope to see you at one of our concerts next month. Kathy Geisler

FROM A KNOCK....

By Martin Geisler

Mama had a way of saying things which combined the vernacular of the old world with the language of the new. Her grammar was always precise, but not in English. She translated literally all of the proverbs and traditional sayings that were deeply rooted in her experience from childhood. The one that I took to most came out when I was ten years old. I had been playing softball and somehow, in my talented athletic way, I took a healthy cut, missed the ball, lost control of the bat, and gave myself a good swat in the head. Of course I couldn't tell Mama about it for fear that she would prohibit me from playing again with "those little bums in the schoolyard." When the weekly head-wash came around a few days later, Mama got her fingers on my skull and felt the nob. She got awfully upset and had to know all the details on how I got hurt, how long ago, whether there was pain, if the swelling went down or up, had I been to a doctor, or the clinic. Why was Mama so upset? Because, as she placed it, "From a knock comes everything." Now when you're only ten years old, the meaning of "everything" is "everything." I was terrified. I had no idea of what evil the lump on my head

would generate. Mama said, From a knock comes cancer, From a knock comes tumors, From a knock comes insanity- especially a knock in the head. - Everything comes from a knock. But what Mama really meant was that everything could come from a knock, but didn't have to come. Naturally, the intonation of "comes" was determined by the subject matter at the time, because Mama used the concept incessantly whenever she wanted to express cause and effect. If somebody was rich, Mama would begin to talk about the wonders of money. Why was it so wonderful to have money. "From money comes everything." Cars, fur coats, beautiful homes, travelling, "Everything comes from money" - including more money. Mama's philosophy was patently clear if one took the trouble to examine it carefully. If somebody in the family caught a cold, Mama would hasten to give them two aspirins, hot tea, and a lot of blankets to sweat it out. It was important to get rid of it as quickly as possible, because if one didn't, "From a cold, comes everything." - the Grippe, Pneumonia, Bronchitis, or asthma. So nobody in our house ever got a cold and felt at ease until the last vestiges were gone. Naturally, Mama's slogan applied to many other things such as a "cut", a "cough", "hiccups", a "fall", "Worry". No matter what the subject, Mama's version always gave the impression of some mystical type of wisdom which always left the victim mulling while she quietly and knowingly went about her business. And sometimes, when I sit here writing about Mama, I think to myself, "From a typewriter, comes everything."



Stephen Mays

THE TEAR IN GOETHE'S EYE: A SOUND
OCCURRING IN FELINE GENE POOLS

haystack tray;

newsletters'
lettering, sloth

climbing the inkwell: x
x y

y x x y x r s
cigarette, *Ostinato*?

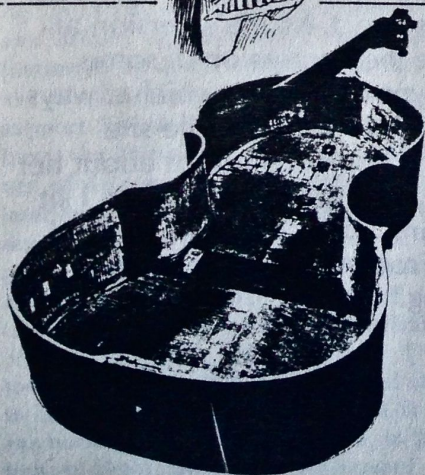
the orchestra pit, Appassionata

cobra markings cetane

music stands;

shelling abalone, divers with torn
faces

and me
pearly.



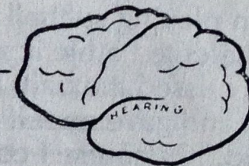
These are waves in the
air. They come to our
ears.

They have effects in our
ears and brains. Those
effects are sounds.



Drawing raspberry flakes

oh yes, now here comes one of those
immobile beams with something missing:
some curves, some angles, some moves
are missing; everything way too straight
oh well, moss, clippings, dark sun, light
round shadows of puddles so three are
that blade of yellow of right around
twig point behind left said "mark
says dot-leafy oh and eggs!"



wisp fidic tandem
woosh play whoa
wave twist play touch
jump

Randy Porter

to do is to understand
I know it is it
life is the great joy

Here is a brain.
The part of the brain
which does the most
work in hearing has the
word HEARING on it.

Ten in a year? A month? A day? Aye,
McLeppelse? One, two, three connoisseurs nod, car-
rying eggs in their cups down the sewer? The Viet-
namese name for the god "United States Divinity
(Viet Cong)," is *Puo Irtok*. McLeppelse, you sin:

A: Bits of Buddha-backwards bears.

T: Held as mystical elan but why are tiny architects
real pissed off. Sin, don't miss! (The right-fielder
made a terrible overthrow that the pitcher had to
dive for.)

Stockhausen whistles like you or I: netless; eats scram-
bled marshmallows. I by me, aye, light eye, wife of Oz
wisdom, cues tin lightheaded west; where's a noxious
offer?



The Composers' Cafeteria

The Composers' Cafeteria 1987 Fall Schedule

Day	Date	Time	Location	Admission
Thursday,	September 17	8:00 PM	Trinity Chapel Dana & Durant, Berkeley	\$3
Sunday,	September 27	7:30 PM	Noe Valley Ministry San Francisco	\$3

Composers: Marc Culbertson, Harald Dünnebier, Kaila Flexer, Kathy Geisler, Johanna Johnson, Joy Krinsky, Michael Macrone, Stephen Mays, Jennifer Rycenga Plonsey

(Same program for both September concerts.)

Sunday,	November 1	8:00 PM	Mills College Concert Hall Oakland	Free
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Composers: Gino Forlin, Kyle Granger, Ted Greenwald, James Jacobs, Randy Porter, Raul Rothblatt, Clark Suprynowicz, Marc Wahrhaftig

Friday,	December 11	8:00 PM	Eighth Street Studio 8th and Dwight Way, Berkeley	\$3
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Composers: Carol Adee, Shelly Brown, Chris Maher, Dan Plonsey, David Sazeradee, Irene Sazeradee, Elaine Schnaidt, Tom Statler, and maybe others not yet conceived/born...

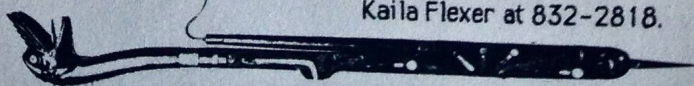
The above concert programs may be subject to some minor changes due to elevation, rotation, settling of contents, etc.

The Crescendo School offers music classes and workshops for musicians and non-musicians alike. We also have a full complement of instrumental and vocal instructors who teach privately. (Many of our faculty are affiliated with *The Composers' Cafeteria*.)

This Fall, the Crescendo School will hold classes in music appreciation, improvisation, composition and performance.

The Crescendo School is a consortium of independent professional musicians who believe that music is exciting and should not intimidate. Our classes are conducted in a laboratory setting: You will be discovering, experimenting, asking questions, and interacting with new ideas. You will also walk away with some hard musical facts.

For information about classes or private instruction, please call
Kaila Flexer at 832-2818.



100% TOTAL HONESTY PAGE

Yes, this is where we try to get you to send us money. We know these sorts of things are always tedious and boring, but at least we saved it 'til the end.

The trouble is this: in spite of what the Folks Who Cut and Paste Text said, *The Composers' Cafeteria* is a fairly low-budget operation. We don't give our concerts in the best halls, but only in the places we can afford to rent for an evening, and we don't even pay the performers who are kind enough to donate their time and talents. We don't charge admission, though we do ask for a \$3 contribution; but of course we realize that not everybody is in the happy position of being able to afford \$3 for a couple hours of music. What it comes down to is that sometimes the door receipts cover the cost of the concert and sometimes they don't.

Anyway, we're not doing this newsletter because we have extra money and we're looking for something to waste it on. We're doing it because we want to, and we have no idea whether it's going to turn out to be worth the effort or not. Basically, it cost us about 50¢ to get this copy to you. We're not going to ask you to subscribe; if you're on our mailing list we're going to keep sending you these things as long as we can find you. But if you had a good time reading *Composerama*, you could make us very happy by sending whatever you think is appropriate monetary encouragement. And, if you would like to support the musical activities of *The Composers' Cafeteria* — perhaps help us to give concerts in places that don't have rock walls, brick floors, and hard wooden benches that occasionally have other names starting with "p" — then you could make us even happier by sending a little more than you normally would have.

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..... Detach at any of these three dotted lines
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Please enroll me as:

_____ A Friend of the Cafeteria	Name and Address
_____ A Good Friend of the Cafeteria	_____
_____ A Very, VERY Good Friend of the Cafeteria	_____
_____ In a Serious Relationship with the Cafeteria	_____
_____ Worshipped by the Cafeteria	

Amount of contribution: _____

Write your check to: *The Composers' Cafeteria*, 2149 Curtis St., Berkeley, CA 94702