

A WORLD FINGERING MUSIC

Disclaimer

It's a false fingering.

Tonight's Cafeteria

The Composers' Cafeteria has fumbled the world fingering chart. Groping about in the dark, they wonder aloud: "Was it this or some *other* world which fingered our music?"

"Without a doubt, the world's got fingers in our musical pie! Our four-and-twenty blackbirds are flipping—those light taps send us away. Our music has been given the world's false finger." The Cafeteria cracks its knuckles again. "Our musical pages are yellowing now and are trampled beyond ringing."

The Composers' Cafeteria has dirtied its hands with seventeen (or so) concerts, and has thereby thumbled its way into the hearts of many. . . Now The Composers' Cafeteria dons baseball gloves to be more precisely digitized in its double-ninth outing.

— Dan Plonsey

Tonight's Composers

METAMORPHOSES I: Artemis Divertamented

What can I say about this piece? Whatever I say would probably be wrong anyway, which is pretty sad, considering I'm the composer. I think this piece is highly unified, but I have no idea how, being that the different movements have no consistent style, let alone thematic connections or anything high-falutin' like that. There is some unity in the spirit behind each movement, but it's really irrelevant.

I read an article in the paper a couple months ago which has stayed on my mind. The article talked about the pros and cons of clapping between movements, and after seeing good reasons for doing either, came to the conclusion that it is better not to clap because doing so would disturb the unity of the piece. I think this is a wrong conclusion. After all, Mozart did not expect his audience to be full of musicologists listening to subtle thematic connections. His audience was rowdy by today's standards and would applaud to get an encore of a single movement. Some concerts of the 18th century would not even play all the movements continuously, but would play one movement then maybe have an aria or two, play another movement etc. I think Mozart wanted people to enjoy his music, and people went to hear his music so they could listen to some good tunes.

I think I try to write good tunes that many people can appreciate. If you want to analyze my music, go ahead, but there are better ways to enjoy my music.

— Raul Rothblatt

Text for Movement 3 (by Sir John Suckling (1609–1642)):

SONG

Why so pale and wan, fond lover?
Prithee, why so pale?
Will, when looking well can't move her,
Looking ill prevail?
Prithee, why so pale?

Why so dull and mute, young sinner?
Prithee, why so mute?
Will, when speaking well can't win her,
Saying nothing do't?
Prithee, why so mute?

Quit, quit, for shame; this will not move,
 This cannot take her.
 If of herself she will not love,
 Nothing can make her:
 The devil take her!

Text for Movement 4 (by Ovid (43 B.C.–?A.D.)):

The Epilogue
 From **Metamorphoses**

Now I have done my work. It will endure,
 I trust, beyond Jove's anger, fire and sword,
 Beyond Time's hunger. The day will come, I know,
 So let it come, that day which has no power
 Save over my body, to end my span of life
 Whatever it may be, Still, part of me,
 The better part, immortal, will be borne
 Above the stars; my name will be remembered
 Wherever Roman power rules conquered lands,
 I shall be read, and through all centuries,
 If prophecies of bards are ever truthful,
 I shall be living, always.

Selected Extras

For in the study (at that moment), the obsessive musings of the 88 musing aleatoric nightbirds, upon pondering reflections, decided to take their chances.

— Harald Dünnebier

Wind Quartet for Gerhard Gesell

Critics have said of **Michael Macrone's** *Wind Quartet for Gerhard Gesell* (1987–1989):

"[*Gerhard Gesell*] is a step forward in the best possible medium for Macrone's vision—the grim humor of *Iphigenia in Tauris*, *Lear*, Machiavelli's *Mandragola* and Jonson's *Volpone*. . . . Macrone has said the final word to date in the long indictment of 'special activities.'" *Kenneth Rexroth*

"*Gerhard Gesell* [is] a grotesque and disturbing but wildly comic tune. To be sure Mr. Macrone's humor is not always of the best kind. Neither is Brendan Sullivan's." *Harold Hobson, London Times*

“Now these voices, sometimes they sang only, and sometimes they cried only, and sometimes they stated only, and sometimes they murmured only, and sometimes they sang and cried, and sometimes they sang and stated, and sometimes they sang and murmured, and sometimes they cried and stated, and sometimes they cried and murmured, and sometimes they stated and murmured, and sometimes they sang and cried and stated, and sometimes they sang and cried and murmured, and sometimes they sang and stated and murmured, and sometimes they cried and stated and murmured, and sometimes they sang and cried and stated and murmured, all together, at the same time, as now, to mention only these four kinds of voices...” *Samuel Beckett*

I Wait

Aphrodite

Forth broken seed
horses to shore

Tearful eye

Love
fire to be

mirror

death's heart, white foam

Blue

Poseidon call to me

Sparrow
Sparrow

wander

sky wander

seashell

I kiss the sea,

once more brief heart just

break curve
break dark glass

I wait.

— Steve Barr and Stephen Mays

Hakajin Boogaloo

In pursuit of cultural emancipation, the ungente hakajin (of Europe, North America, and lately ubiquitous) attempts feigned tribalism shinjami rhythms, techno-subversive self-mockery and...

— *Ed Herrmann*

The Diary was composed in the fall of 1985, at the request of oboist/poet Ramon Gonzalez. The piece is in three large sections, of which the central one is an instrumental interlude. Biographically the piece is important to me, since it marked the end of a compositional 'slump.' Ramon's text (as set—this is an excerpt from a longer poem) is given below.

around and around churn aimlessly
the words which begin
the dreary ancient anecdote
would that its fuel
should no longer be encouraged
and yet, restlessly does she shallowly ooze.

Turning back the hands of time has dithered many
for knowledge of the past awakens seemingly useless facts.
But the haunting memory overshadows
the ensuing boredom
And foundations once thought solid begin to crumble amid
gentle streams of perception.

— Jennifer Rycenga Plonsey

Desudation Loop 2—Another Thing Forgotten

This is another in a series of human + live tape performances. The idea of interactive music in an electronic context is more palatable than forcing musicians to move to Florida. I'm also concerned with the digestive system and the conceptual "musical enzyme."

— Randy Porter

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MORE!

We apologize, Cootie, for any inconvenience we may have caused you. We didn't *enjoy* slapping that string bass so illugubriously. But—you *do* know—if this music could be paved over—then, swinging, we would welcome you to this cement world. And perhaps even let you wear the special shoes. There would be regular garbage collection, and ticketing of sacred garbage at the crossroads. Of course, nine-mouthed tickets would have to be illegitimized lest you enter the caves of Hell. The reason for this *descent-ridicule* being for the sake of the sophisticated lady, Sophia, who we are presently interrogating—you see.