

BENT FREQUENCY PRESENTS! (BANG FIST)

ACT YOUR AGE!

MAY 8th, 2005

www.bentfrequency.com

No7

The theatrical conversion of the emotional to the mechanical and, ultimately to sound. Spontaneous and, thus, placed under the jurisdiction of the dramatic tradition.

(BANG FIST)

In other words, we present you with the experience of life translated into music! This is the music of a lover's confession, of crossing a busy street, of the actor on the stage, self-aware and instinctual,

(bang fist)

mechanical and rehearsed.

(SNORT)



STUART GERBER :: SPEAKER
LISA LEONG :: PIANO
SARAH KRUSER AMBROSE :: DOUBLE BASS
MICHAEL KURTH :: PERCUSSION
TERESA NIKOLOVA-NOLEN :: VIOLIN
LISA LEONG :: PIANO
STUART GERBER :: PERCUSSION

JOHN CAGE
Bang Fist (1937)
"There is no such thing as silence. Something is always happening that makes a sound. No one can have an idea once he starts really listening. It is very simple but extra-urgent. The Lord knows whether or not the next (bang fist)"
EXCERPT FROM "45' FOR A SPEAKER" (1954)
THIS WAS ORIGINALLY FROM AN EARLIER BREAK, HENCE THE TWO DIFFERENT DATES

SYLVANO BUSSOTTI
Brillante (1975)
"The irony in this piece is decidedly grotesque. Certainly, the triumph of non-intellectualism, to the extent that the pianism becomes choreography, merits a form of respect. Vulgarly does not seek thundering applause. Thus encouraged, the virtuoso, performs in brilliance.
This pruned knowledge allows brutality to be skillfully cultivated. Then, there is no nostalgia."
SYLVANO BUSSOTTI

HERBERT BRÜN
Trio (1964)
Trio for flute, double bass and percussion
discarded
unintended
interrupted
"The Trio is composed for three players, who by an audible as well as visual intimacy cause the piece to become somewhat like a soliloquy for three."
HERBERT BRÜN

JAMES TENNEY
Diaphonic Toccata (1997)
"I'm not interested in musical emotion... I don't have any interest in drama-in fact, I do everything I can to avoid it."
JAMES TENNEY
"Logic restricted by the senses is an organic sickness."
TRISTAN TZARA
FROM HIS "DADAIST MANIFESTO" (1918)

GIORGIO BATTISTELLI
Il Libro Celibe (1979)
translates to "The Bachelor's Book"
"Rhythm was until now only the beatings of a dried up old heart: tinklings in rotten and muffled wood. I don't want to treat with a rigid exclusiveness of principle a subject where only liberty matters."
TRISTAN TZARA IN NOTE ON POETRY (1919)

18. Der Mondhock (The Moonspot)
One white spot from the bright moon
On the back of his black coat.
So Pierrot walks in mid evening
Searching for luck and adventure.
Instantly he's troubled by something on his suit.
He looks himself over and finds none enough—
On the back of his black coat.
Wait! he thinks: that's a spot of plaster!
Wipes and wipes, but can't get it out!
Soon he goes, swifter with fly, farther.
Rubs and rubs until early morning—
One white spot from the bright moon.
19. Serenade
With a grotesque giant bow
Pierrot scrapes on his viola.
Like the stick on one leg,
He dully plucks a pizzicato.
Suddenly Casandrea comes—
Berried
By the nocturne virtuoso—
With a grotesque giant bow
Pierrot sees on his viola.
Fast he throws down the viola.
With his delicate left hand
He grasps the bald head by the collar—
Drawing he plays on the baldspot
With a grotesque giant bow.

Thank You!!!
SUE AND NEIL WILLIAMS
JANE JACKSON
SHERRY ROEDLL JEFF RACKLEY
TOM KEY ROBERT CHEATHAM
EYEDRUM AND ALL EYEDRUM STAFF

(BANG FIST)
playbill
ARTISTIC BOARD
ROBERT AMBROSE
JASON CIVJAN
MATTHEW COWLEY
NICKITAS J. DEMOS
STUART GERBER
LISA LEONG

(bang fist)



INTERMISSION
ARNOLD SCHOENBERG
Pierrot Lunaire (1912)

KATHRYN HARTGROVE - SPRECHSTIMME
SARAH KRUSER AMBROSE - FLUTE TED GURCH - CLARINET
TANIA MAXWELL CLEMENTS - VIOLIN/VIOLA
BRAD RITCHIE - CELLO PETER MARSHALL - PIANO
ROBERT J. AMBROSE - CONDUCTOR

1. Mandstrucken (Moonstruck)
The wine that one drinks with the eyes
The moon spills nights into the waves,
And a Spring flood overflows
The silent horizon.
Desires, visible and sweet
Countless swim across the flood
The wine that one drinks with the eyes
The moon spills nights into the waves
The poet, who practices devotion,
Enraps himself on the holy drink.
He turns against the sky ecstatic
Headling reeling racks and slaps
The wine, that one drinks with the eyes.

2. Columbine
Moonlight's pale blossoms,
The white wonder-roses,
Bloom in July evenings—
O! I'd pluck just one!
To ease anxious suffering,
I search on dark streams
Moonlight's pale blossoms,
The white wonder-roses,
All my longings would be stilled
if I might, fabled, stalk
Slightly tipsy—strew petals
in your brown hair (o!)
The moonlight's pale blossoms.

3. Der Dandy (The Dandy)
With one phantasmal light beam
The moon lights the crystal fountains
On the black, high holy washbasin
Of the silent dandy from Bergamo
In the resonant bronze basin
The fountain laughs light, metal clings
With one phantasmal light beam
The moon lights the crystal fountains
Pierrot of the waiver countenance
Stands moving and thinks: how shall he make-up today?
Shoves aside the rouge and the Orient green
And paints his face—sublime style
With one phantasmal moonbeam.

4. Eine blasse Wischerin (A Faded Laundress)
A faded laundress
Washes nighttime's pale clothes
Naked, silver white arms
She stretches down into the flood
Through the clearing creeping winds
Slightly agitate the stream
A faded laundress
Washes nighttime's pale clothes.
And the calm maid of the sky
By twigs tenderly fluttered
Spreads across the dark meadows
Her light-woven linen—
A faded laundress.

5. Valse de Chopin
Like a puffed drop of blood
Colors a sick man's lips,
So raptures in these tones
A charm seeking annihilation.
Wild air's accords disorder
Despair's glacial dream—
Like a puffed drop of blood
Colors a sick man's lips
Hot and jocular, sweet and tony
Melancholic dyes wafted,
Neyen come into my senses
Like a puffed drop of blood.

6. Madonnen
Rise, o mother of all sorrows
The altar of my verses!
Boiled from your meager breasts
The sword's arger has spilled
Your eternally fresh wounds
Resemble eyes, red and open.
Rise, o mother of all sorrows
On the altar of my verses!
In encoined hands,
You hold your son's corpse
To show all mankind—
But the gaze of men shames
You, a mother of all sorrows.

7. Der kranke Mond (The sick moon)
You nocturnal deathlike moon
There on the sky's black pillow
Your gaze, gross with fever
Enchants me like alien melody,
On insatiable love's body
You die, of longing, buried deep,
Your nocturnal deathlike moon
There on the sky's black pillow
The beloved, who in senses' rut
Thoughtless creeps to the beloved,
Is aroused by your beams' play—
Your pale blood wrung from torment,
Your nocturnal deathlike moon.

8. Nacht (Passacaglia) (Night)
Obscure, black giant moths
Killed the star's splendour
A closed book of spells,
The bottom series—hushed
From the mats of lost depths
Waits a score—reverberant mumbled?
Obscure, black giant moths
Killed the star's splendour
And from the sky earthwards
Stinking on heavy wings
Unreleasable the monsters (glide)
Dropt into the human
Obscure, black giant moths
Killed the star's splendour
I've awakened!
Splendor's image
Dispersed—dispersed!
Black the flag flaps
At me now from the mast
Pierrot! My laughter
I've awakened!
O give me again,
Vit of the soul,
Swarmer of Lyric
Highestness of the moon,
Pierrot—my laughter!

9. Cabot an Pierrot (Prayer to Pierrot)
Pierrot! My laughter
I've awakened!
Splendor's image
Dispersed—dispersed!
Black the flag flaps
At me now from the mast
Pierrot! My laughter
I've awakened!
O give me again,
Vit of the soul,
Swarmer of Lyric
Highestness of the moon,
Pierrot—my laughter!

10. Raub (Thief)
Red, princely robes
Bloody drops of old fame
Sleep in the death's snarls,
Below in the grave vaults,
Nights, with his swiftness,
Pierrot descends—no robe
Red, princely robes
Bloody drops of old fame
But there—their hair on end,
Pale face charms them to the spot:
Through the gloom—like eyes—
Stare from the dead's cavity
Red, princely robes.

11. Rot Mouse (Red Mouse)
For a terrible I and Supper
By the mark gleams of gold,
By flickering candlelight
Near the altar—Pierrot
His hand, he's arrested,
Rips up the priest's vestments
For a terrible I and Supper
By the mark gleams of gold.
With concentrated bearing
He shows the atrocious walls
The dripping red I and
His heart—in bloodied fingers—
For a terrible I and Supper

12. Gefährlich (Dangerous Song)
The withered whore
With stony neck
Will be his last
Beloved.
In his breast
Stuck, like a nail
The withered whore
With stony neck,
Stare, like the ice toering,
On her neck a small red
Lunatic will die.
Circle the top of neck,
The withered whore,
On his sterner's neck, slicing
he moon, the stinging scarier

13. Entschlafung (Rehearsing)
The moon, a shining scarier
On a black silk cushion,
Glaudy huge—4 slices down
Through the parent dark night,
Pierrot stumbles about the nest
And stares up in the face of death
At the moon, a shining scarier
On a black silk cushion.
His knees chatter under him,
Sawoning he headlong collapses
He lances: he beam whitening
pensive down
On his sterner's neck, slicing
he moon, the stinging scarier

14. Die Kreuzen (The Crosses)
Holy crosses are the verses
That the poet must bleed for
Stuck on blood by the white
Flapping swarms of ghosts
Swoody gorged upon corpses,
On parade in blood's world
Holy crosses are the verses
That the poet must bleed for
Dead the head—will the singless
For the scattered noise of rubble
Slowly the sun sinks below
A red king's crown
Holy crosses are the verses

15. Heisssein (Hotness)
Swoody plaintive—acrydial sighing
From an old Italian pantomime,
Tinkles over how Pierrot's become so
Wooden, so modern sentimental
And it chimes through his heart's desert,
Chimes subdued through his senses again,
From an old Italian pantomime,
Swoody plaintive—acrydial sighing
In Casandrea's polished skull
While his eyes shriek through the air!
Then he ramps down with his thumbs
His genuine Turkish tobacco
In Casandrea's polished skull
While his eyes shriek through the air!
Then he twists a perturbed cherry pipetern
Into the glossy baldspot
And contentiously smokes and puffs on
His genuine Turkish tobacco
In Casandrea's polished skull

16. Gemahnt (Mean Trick)
In Casandrea's polished skull
While his eyes shriek through the air
Pierrot, the hypocoerite, bores
fondly,—with a trumpet
Then he ramps down with his thumbs
His genuine Turkish tobacco
In Casandrea's polished skull
While his eyes shriek through the air!
Then he twists a perturbed cherry pipetern
Into the glossy baldspot
And contentiously smokes and puffs on
His genuine Turkish tobacco
In Casandrea's polished skull

17. Parodie (Parody)
Knitting needles, bright and gleaming
In her gray hair
The dianna sits knitting
There in a small red dress
She's waits in the above
Knitting needles, bright and gleaming
In her gray hair
The suddenly—hark!—a whipper
A wild breathy giggles softly
The moon, that rusty mucker
Apes her with his eyes—
Knitting needles, bright and gleaming

18. O alter Doh (O Old Perfume)
O old perfume from fabled times,
All my ill learner I let slide,
Ravish again my senses!
O my sun-finned windows
I see the clear and lovely world
And dream beyond
For Maschal moonstruck...
O old perfume—
Ravish me again

19. Heintzert (Baccarosa) (Journey Home)
The moonbeam is the radder,
The water fly serves as boat
So Pierrot sails toward the south
With a fair wind for his passage
The stream hums deep scales
And rocks the light dory,
The moonbeam is the radder,
A water fly serves as boat
To Bergamo, his homeland,
Pierrot now returns,
Weak gleams in the east
The green horizon
The moonbeam is the radder,
A water fly serves as boat

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21. O alter Doh (O Old Perfume)
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All my ill learner I let slide,
Ravish again my senses!
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I see the clear and lovely world
And dream beyond
For Maschal moonstruck...
O old perfume—
Ravish me again