

Disclaimer

Tonight's composers accept no responsibility for the lack of in-jokes in tonight's disclaimer.

Tonight's Cafeteria

Scene. *Café Noir. Evening.*

Indicia and Gaffer meet and discuss Da Nang.

Indicia. There is nothing like a roasting ear.

Gaffer. How dangerous are silverfish?

Indicia. (*opening the back of a 35mm camera*) Silverfish
can ruin a lifetime of book knowledge without a whisper.

Gaff. Thumbone's attorney arrived yesterday in a
lifeboat, stinking of half-cocked hamadryad stories and
fuck-all too late for the morning recital.

In. I know. Everything was hands-off; nobody said a
word, then you started complaining about the breakwaters in
Da Nang.

Gaff. Losing the lights at Da Nang wasn't a problem but
not everyone knew that, so it became a mystery instead.

In. Except that you lost a voice between the sheets.

Gaff. Leica sang himself to death. "My lovely white
suicide," as he used to say. Blanched like a coastal forest.

In. His metaphor?

Gaff. Yes.

In. If Da Nang intelligence had remained a part of
Leica's operation, it would have been lit permanently from
below—unlike **Beethoven's skull from above**.

Gaff. Precisely. When Leica discovered he could pass through
the basic patterns in Da Nang like silverfish, **Beethoven's skull
from above** began to glow.

—*Tao t'ieh*

Program Notes

Four Stay-fresh Baggies for Trio with Leftovers

The transformation of musical forms is often paralleled by developments elsewhere in society. The "bagatelle" or "baguette" was a form used in the 18th and 19th centuries by composers to group together small musical trifles for their gem-hungry audiences. In the twentieth century, the age of plastics came into being: "an era of the sham and the bogus" (Thumbone's dictionary). The moment of synthesis came about in the mid 1960's. Extraordinary amounts of food left over by the people and the state has to be stored properly by agents extra-ordinary. Two such people are: Ludwig van Beethoven, top professional, and his partner, me, talented amateur, otherwise known as **THE AVENGERS**.

— *Dan Plonsey*

Enfolding is the first offspring of my intoxication with Sienese art of the late Medieval/early Renaissance variety. The rich, velvet textures portrayed in the garments and clothes of these artists' Madonnas are given musical form. There is no grand climax to the work, but rather a texture which invites us to enter and explore, and which remains in some sense mysterious, even to the performers. Each player has a great deal of interpretive space in this work, and their personal decisions can have an impact on both their own line or on the parameters of decision for the other players.

— Jennifer Rycenga Plonsey

Malfeasance is a word that begins with the letter 'M.'

— Dan Plonsey

Twelve Days in Five Minutes refers to the days between November 13th and 24th of last year, and to some of the things that influenced me during that period. These included the frustrations of preparing a concert and of sending out job applications, the sad demise of the Plonseys' cat, Goethe, the collapse of a friend's marriage, and the death of a colleague, hit by a car while running near his home.

This piece was written as a last-minute substitute for another work on the Composers' Cafeteria program of December 11. That other piece, scored for string quartet and brass trio, had to be cancelled because, after three weeks of phone calls, all I was able to scrape up was one violin, one cello, and a trombone. I owe Thea, James, and Boo my sincerest thanks, both for their playing and because *Twelve Days*, literally, would not have been written without them.

— Tom Statler

The set of pieces **Angelic Troubadours** and **Rhythm Icon** are representative of a new interest I have in motion, or the questions: "Why do things move?" and "What keeps them going once they start?" Typically, my answers are not strictly Newtonian, but heterophonic. Both movements utilize a 3–2–3 rhythmic proportion, and a 9-tone scale consisting of c natural minor plus a major 3rd and 7th.

— Jennifer Rycenga Plonsey

The title **Turtles All the Way Down** comes from the punch line of a great old story told alternatively about astronomers or sociologists. In one version, an astronomer finds himself talking to a very self-assured little old lady who insists steadfastly that the Earth is flat. He tries to reason with her: "If the Earth is flat, what does it rest on?" "The Earth rests on the back of a giant turtle," she declares. "Ah," says the astronomer, "but then what does the *turtle*..." "Uh-uh, you can't fool me," the LOL interrupts, "it's turtles *all the way down*." In the other version, a sociologist studying Native American religions is interviewing an old shaman, who is explaining how the Earth sits upon a giant turtle, who stands on the back of another turtle, who stands on the back of another turtle, etc. The sociologist can't accept it. Finally, in exasperation, he blurts out, "But what's at the bottom of all those turtles?" "You just don't understand," says the shaman, "it's *turtles all the way down!*"

What does this all mean? It means that *somebody's* got completely the wrong idea about this piece, that's what.

— Tom Statler

Sounds Between: Intelligible Forms *the* Transposed Eye

James Jacobs, *Cello*; Dan Plonsey, *Laotian Mouth Organ*; Jennifer Rycenga Plonsey, *Viola*; Tom Statler, *Clarinet, Percussion*.

Approximatif

(edited by $\begin{matrix} \text{P} & \text{E} \\ \text{O} & \text{C} \\ \text{R} & \text{M} \end{matrix} \begin{matrix}) \\ o \\ s \end{matrix}$)

I do.

ironic

to one day

be wedded

at peace

on the wire

the tick is

embedded in me

legs are like strings

vibrate

making sound I

cannot hear

the work

of perspective

I look for it

to see if it is whole

the squirrel

trying the tree

up, down

who cares

— *Stephen Mays*

Goodbye, Tom is the last piece Tom Statler will publicly perform before he moves to Boulder, Colorado. There are no original ideas in this piece. The first, third and fourth movements are portraits/homages to the personalities of the performers. The second and fifth movements contain a quote from a dead but honorary Cafeterian, who, were he alive, would make Composers' Cafeteria meetings even more difficult.

— *James Jacobs*