

Disclaimer

“We of The Composers’ Cafeteria do believe that every musical composition deserves one performance.”

— *Chris Maher, February, 1987*

“Every piece deserves to be heard once.”

— *The Composers’ Cafeteria motto (by default)*

“We of The Composers’ Cafeteria have no common tastes in music, but we do share the proposition that each composition deserves to be heard once. Okay, and also that each proposition is true at least once. And *this* is the ‘once!’”

— *Dan Plonsey and Tom Statler, May, 1987*

“Every piece deserves to be heard once—but *not by us!*”

— *And who might that be?*

Tonight’s Cafeteria

This is where Tom writes something about music or not about music... who knows what he writes? It will be here, though... where that which he will write will appear. None of us can hold our breath until we turn blue, but if we could, we would hold it that long and longer (if we could), while waiting, you understand, for Tom to write something about music and the Cafeteria or maybe about something else entirely. I don’t mean to imply that it matters one way or another what Tom says. After all, who really cares? Who gives so much as a single fig? He could *talk* about figs, as an example of a non-musical subject which could be his, all his. Here, right here. It *will* be here. It will be *here*. Now I’m thinking: but... another non-musical subject doesn’t spring to mind. Uh, uh, uh, oh yeah—he could talk about figs.

— *not-quite-yet, but soon-to-be by Tom Statler*

Tonight’s Composers

Hello, Tom is the first piece Tom Statler will publicly perform in California after moving to Boulder last fall.* Shortly before moving, he performed in *Goodbye, Tom*, at a venue about a block from here. The three movements are parodies (in the more serious Renaissance sense of the term) of the composing styles of the three main performers of this piece: Tom, Jenny, and Dan, to whom it is collectively (and affectionately) dedicated. The major difference between this and *Goodbye, Tom* is that the Beethoven references have been deleted and replaced with a lot of stupid stuff concerning baseball and strawberries that threaten to completely obliterate Dan’s movement. Oh well. Sorry about that.

*It is with some trepidation that we are allowing him to play with us, since he is currently on suspension from Two-Body Relaxation for injuring the team captain with a line-drive—don’t get him mad!

— *James Jacobs*

It Is a Beauteous Evening

It is a Beauteous Evening
by William Wordsworth

It is a beauteous evening, calm and free,
The holy time is quiet as a Nun
Breathless with adoration; the broad sun
Is sinking down in its tranquillity;
The gentleness of heaven broods o’er the Sea:
Listen! the mighty Being is awake,
and doth with his eternal motion make
A sound like thunder—everlastingly.
Dear Child! dear Girl! that walkest with me here,

If thou appear untouched by solemn thought,
 Thy nature is not therefore less divine:
 Thou liest in Abraham's bosom all the year,
 And worship'st at the Temple's inner shrine,
 God being with thee when we know it not.

— Linda Seltzer

Two Arias From the Opera “Tammy Bakker’s American Epic”

Text for “We Love You Tammy” by Raul Rothblatt and William Shakespeare (from *King Lear*)

Text for “The Empire Divided” by Raul Rothblatt

Tammy Bakker has recently had some hard times. Her business is doing poorly and her husband has been less than fully faithful, but worst of all, the *American people have not come to her aid*. We all need to help Tammy in any way possible—donating time, giving up money, buying her new line of make-up called “Bakker’s cover-up,” or simply by watching her television show. As you all watch this performance tonight, think of her troubles, and remember: without you, there could be no Tammy Bakker. Amen.

— Raul Rothblatt

Vision in Clouds at Sea is loosely associated with an earlier piece of 1988, *Harbor*, for solo percussionist.

— Mitchell Clark

Philharmonia Philanthropica

The composer’s intention is to give each member of the audience the experiential experience of being a philanthropist and enjoying the fruits and privileges that philanthropists enjoy during their philanthropic enjoyment.

Please choose the giving method that means *most* to you. Philharmonia Philanthropica Phun Money cheques have been provided for hypothetical giving (an optimal choice for most!) so that you needn’t suffer the restraints of your personal financial reality. However, for *some* very *special* people real pennies or dollars will feel more appropriate to actual philanthropy than any hypo-\$ ever could.

Review: The following are gratefully accepted and acknowledged by the Philharmonia: Chair endowments, pension/retirement funds, gigmasters, your music, objects-in-hand, named/honorary gifts, unspecified (\$ only), and volunteerism (present tense only).

— Carol Adee

How Pleasure Hasn’t Argued Clean is one of many possible compositional “realizations” of a particular melody and narrative, known collectively as *Bootless Ragpicker*. The story and music meander through rural and urban settings populated by little-known and well-known characters, real and fictional. On the July 1 Cafeteria concert, a longer and more polymorphous exploration of this realm will be undertaken; tonight’s composition is a two-part canon-tour which skirts the periphery of the Senator’s *Museum of Animism*: “[Museum] is an incensed idol who says to each visitor, ‘Clod! Shorten your reach, with existing handicrafts. No dashing miserable *pitch* is permitted! Off with your bumpkinish shoes!’” *Museum* is the institutionalization (in 1672) of Mouseios of the Muses: “‘Before, an organism; after, a god,’ says Apollo.”

Also, note carefully the accordion tuning, which suggests that one accordion is in constant motion relative to the other—while the constant amplitude of each implies that a constant distance between the two is maintained—refuting, in passing, the laws of perspective, even! [*i.e., the composer vainly wishes to attribute the out-of-tuneness of these ridiculous instruments to the Doppler effect. Ha! Ed.*]

If this compositional byproduct falls into a genre, it will surely be the *Geographical Opera* (the *farmer’s* opera); cardboard creatures viewed from that angle at which their two-dimensionality is apparent, but not quite prominent enough to be fully at rest: “Reams of readers dote along with Shakespeare: ‘How Pleasure hasn’t argued clean!’”

— Dan Plonsey

Altar Piece marks a number of milestones: first piece of my thirties, first MacPiece, and first five-movement work in probably a decade. The entire work is based on a nine-tone scale which allows for tonal centers to arise and fade with alacrity, as well as providing an ambiguity concerning the relations between various beloved major and minor triads.

When one chooses to write a five-movement work, one seemingly has arch form thrust upon one's self. While it is true that the middle movement here, "Enfolding", is the centerpiece, the outer movements are not so much symmetrical as paired. The first two—"Angelic Troubadours" and "Rhythm Icon"—continue some of my recent interest in heterophony, as well as sharing a common rhythmic motif of 3-2-3; while the outer two—"The Seven Sisters" and "Shaking"—represent a new interest in thematic development and modality (respectively). All four outer movements are also concerned with velocity, or the (pre-Newtonian) questions "Why do things move? and what keeps them going once they start?"

"Enfolding" is the 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 personal line or on the parameters of decision for the other players.

I am very grateful to Tom Statler, James Jacobs, and DJP for giving me the opportunity to write such a demanding work. An extra nod to DJP for the charming idea that propels the fourth movement.

— Jennifer Rycenga Plonsey

The Cat Club

I protest—I am not really a poet. But lately... another story, return to an early story, a book which greatly influenced my youth and mind: *The Cat Club*, by Esther Averill. The theme is that in order to "belong" to anything worthwhile, one must have something worthwhile to offer. The individual must know her unique skills. Lately, I have felt like the heroine of Ms. Averill's book (a black cat named Jenny linsky), in both wanting to belong, feeling I have something to offer, and not being so sure as all that. Hence, this poem, dedicated to the wonderfully accepting Harald Dünnebier and Anne Pagliarulo, and set to music in a gentle confirming way by HD.

What can you do
Feline sublime?

Feet don't touch the ground

Long hair tangled

woven nest of tones

leaping all around

A knocking at the door

the ceiling collapses

known below by sound

May I come in?

She has found herself

home again

down

beneath the soil

fertile fuel plants

the grass grown

— Jennifer Rycenga Plonsey

Amorphous Carbon is about betweenness, the links between musicians, and problems of scale. It's easy for us to comprehend things that are about the same size and happen over about the same time scales as human beings (from a hundredth of an inch to a few miles, and from a fraction of a second up to a couple hundred years), but what about the things that are vastly larger or smaller, that are incredibly fast or imperceptibly slow? The idea of tiny objects separated by immense distances is contrary to our intuition, and yet that's the way most of the universe is put together. Which, then, is more important, the bits of dust or the space between? Could musicians play together even if they were not in causal contact? As we play, those of us on stage will be gradually collapsing to molecular size; you in the hall should imagine yourselves expanding so that by the end of the piece you are at least several million miles across.

YOUR PART in *Amorphous Carbon*

- **WOMEN: Hum a high note.**
- **MEN: Hum a low note.**

You can hum individually, collectively, or in subgroups of any size. You can hum whenever the mood strikes you, but the best times would be when the on-stage sounds are sparse.

— Tom Statler

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MORE!

The Composers' Cafeteria's next concert is less than two weeks away! On **Saturday, July 1**, at **8PM**, the Cafeteria will present a concert of entirely new and distinctly different music at the **Noe Valley Ministry at 1021 Sanchez, San Francisco**. Works by **Mantra Ben Ya'akova, Thea Farhadian & Jennifer Rycenga Plonsey, Johanna Johnson, Joy Krinsky & Steve Barr & Stephen Mays, Chris Maher, Jay Stebley, Harald Dünnebier, James Jacobs, Dan Plonsey** and **more(?)** will be performed.