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— Harry Partch —

PLECTRA AND  
PERCUSSION  
DANCES

# CASTOR & POLLUX

*A Dance for the Twin Rhythms  
& Gemini*

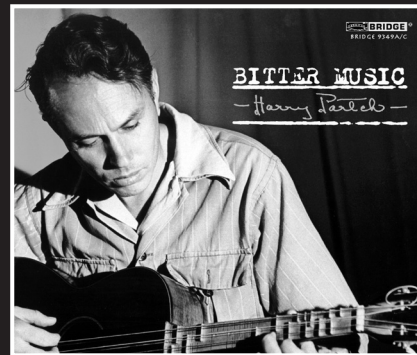
(14:58)

## CASTOR

- |1| **Leda & the Swan (Insemination)** (1:53)  
Kithara, Surrogate Kithara, Cloud Chamber Bowls
- |2| **Conception** (1:51)  
Harmonic Canon & High Bass Marimba
- |3| **Incubation** (1:51)  
Diamond Marimba & Low Bass Marimba
- |4| **Chorus of Delivery from the Egg** (1:50)  
all the foregoing instruments

## POLLUX

- |5| **Leda & the Swan (Insemination)** (1:50)  
Kithara, Surrogate Kithara & Low Bass Marimba
- |6| **Conception** (1:51)  
Harmonic Canon & Cloud Chamber Bowls
- |7| **Incubation** (1:52)  
Diamond Marimba & High Bass Marimba
- |8| **Chorus of Delivery from the Egg** (2:00)  
all the foregoing instruments



**Harry Partch *Bitter Music***  
**Music of Harry Partch, Vol. 1**  
BRIDGE 9349A/C · Three Discs

*This long-lost journal of Harry Partch's homeless wanderings during the Depression (from cleaning sewers to having tea with Irish poet W.B. Yeats) is an extraordinary musical portrait of an American pioneer, chronicling his occasionally hilarious and often heartbreaking struggles against all odds to forge a new music system outside the classical tradition.*

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Bob Gilmore, "Ring Around the Moon," *Harry Partch: a biography* (Yale U. Press), 207; used by permission.

**Text:**

Arthur Rimbaud, "A Season in Hell," trans. Louise Varèse (New Directions, 1952); used by permission.

**Photographs:**

Partch photos – Fred Lyon (ca. 1953), used by permission.  
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# RING AROUND THE MOON

— A Demee Fantasia for Here and Now —

(9:20)

- |    |  |        |
|----|--|--------|
| 9  | <b>First Phase</b><br>"Ring Around the Moon"         | (2:55) |
| 10 | <b>Second Phase</b><br>"One, two, three, four..."    | (2:15) |
| 11 | <b>Third Phase</b><br>"Shake hands now boys..."      | (2:48) |
| 12 | <b>Fourth Phase</b><br>"Mumbo jumbo, hocus pocus..." | (1:22) |

Gate 5 Ensemble performs *Ring Around the Moon* (December 1953)



# EVEN WILD HORSES

*Dance Music for an Absent Drama*

—u—  
(24:03)

## ACT I (9:02)

- |13| **Scene 1** (3:06)  
A Decent and Honorable Mistake  
*Samba*
- |14| **Scene 2** (3:02)  
Rhythm of the Womb, Melody of the Grave  
*Heartbeat Rhythm*
- |15| **Scene 3** (2:53)  
Happy Birthday to You!  
*Afro-Chinese Minuet*

## ACT II (9:26)

- |16| **Scene 1** (3:25)  
"Nor These Lips Upon Your Eyes"  
*Rumba*
- |17| **Scene 2** (2:26)  
"Hunger, Thirst, Shout, Dance!"  
*Naniga*
- |18| **Scene 3** (3:36)  
"Land of Darkness and of Whirlwinds"  
*Slow, Fast, Wild!*

This recording was funded in part through a grant from the  
Aaron Copland Fund for Music, Inc.

**Special Thanks:** Danlee Mitchell, Royer Labs, Jeff Bloom, and finally  
Scott Hackleman - for rescuing the suicidal Kithara the weekend of  
the concert & recording.

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June 9, 2013 - *Disney Hall/Redcat Theatre*, Los Angeles  
"Introduction to Plectra & Percussion Dances," recorded 1953 at  
KPFA-fm, Berkeley, California: courtesy of Innova Records.

**Liner Notes:**  
Harry Partch, "Castor & Pollux" & "Even Wild Horses" first  
appeared in *Enclosures 3: Harry Partch* (innova), used by  
permission of the Harry Partch Estate Archive.



while their 2012 3-CD release of Partch's *Bitter Music* earned a Grammy® nomination for "Best Classical Compendium".

In 2008, Partch re-premiered the *Plectra & Percussion Dances* at REDCAT, music that hadn't been heard since its first performances in 1953: "Partch managed to be ahead of his time & behind it at the same time. Schneider and his wonderful ensemble are the latest announcement that whatever time it is, Partch's time has come." – *LA Times*

**Erin Barnes** (Diamond Marimba, Eroica & cymbal), **Paul Berkolds** (voice), **Alison Bjorkedahl** (Kithara), **Matt Cook** (Canon, Surrogate Kithara & Eroica), **David Johnson** (Cloud Chamber Bowls & Chromelodeon), **Ulrich Krieger** (Saxophone), **Yumi Lee** (Percussion), **Tom Peters** (Canon), **John Schneider** (Guitars & Canons), **Derek Stein** (Adapted Viola), **Nick Terry** (Bowls, Bass Marimba, Eroica & fight bell), **T.J. Troy** (Bass Marimba & voice), **Alex Wand** (Guitar & Canons)

As always, our gratitude to the artisans who have helped re-create Partch's instruments: *Skip Abelson/Bill Slye* (Diamond & Bass Marimbas), *Skip Abelson* (Cloud Chamber Bowls), *Kent Arnold* (Chromelodeon), *Chris Banta* (Marimba Eroica), *Greg Brandt* (Adapted Guitars), *Scott Hackleman* (Kithara, Surrogate Kithara & Harmonic Canons), *Robert Portillo* (Adapted Viola).

## ACT III (5:31)

- |19| **Scene 1** (3:00)  
*"Had I Not Once a Lovely Youth?"*  
Conga
- |20| **Scene 2** (2:30)  
*"Let Us Contemplate Undazed the Endless Reaches of My Innocence"*  
Tahitian Dance

## BONUS TRACK

- |21| *Partch's 1953 introduction to the live broadcast of the Premiere on KPFA-fm (Berkeley, California)* (7:11)



## Re-Premiering *Plectra & Percussion Dances* (1952)

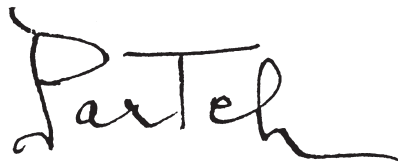
After the November 19, 1953 live broadcast premiere of Partch's "Satyr Play music for Dance Theater" at Berkeley's International House, the Gate 5 Ensemble only played the work three more times, on subsequent Tuesdays the following month at the composer's Sausalito studio. That was it. Luckily, the ensemble had recorded the work months before, and though it lacked the first three sections of *Castor & Pollux* & the tenor sax in *Even Wild Horses*, the widely reviewed 12" green vinylite disc helped to cement Partch's growing reputation.

Sadly, the work has never been seen or heard as Partch intended it. In spite of their best intentions, the original recording was peppered with rhythmic mistakes, wrong notes, foot tapping, and lacked the tenor saxophone part. But most importantly, it was conceived for "Dance Theater": "This conception depends very much on a synthesis of music with other arts: with dramatic dancing, with lights, with costumes, with stage sculpture...This music very, very aggressively demands cooperation with other arts in order to achieve fulfillment - very aggressively." *Castor & Pollux*, the opening panel of the triptych, has been choreographed a half dozen times, most notably by Elizabeth Winters (1958), Virginia Storie (1966), Mark Morris (1980), Liz Hoefner (2006) Molissa Fenley (2007) among others, but surprisingly, the bulk of the work remains undanced to this day.

Over the past decade, our group has accompanied three of those choreographies and premiered *Sonata Dementia* (the basis of *Ring Around The Moon*), so I was very eager to hear the entire set. In 2008, a full fifty-five years after their initial outing, we re-premiered the *Dances* in their entirety, tenor sax and all. But the two remaining panels of this extraordinary work still have yet to be staged....

Care to Dance? - J.S.

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A handwritten signature in black ink that reads "Partch". The letters are stylized and connected, with a long horizontal line extending from the end of the word.

is the Grammy<sup>®</sup> Award nominated ensemble that specializes in the music & instruments of the iconoclastic American Maverick composer Harry Partch who, between 1930 and 1972, created one of the most amazing bodies of sensually alluring and emotionally powerful music of the 20th century. Partch wrote music drama, dance theater, multi-media extravaganzas, vocal music and chamber music---all to be performed on the extraordinary orchestra of instruments that he designed and built himself. Founded by John Schneider, they have performed for Chamber Music in Historic Sites, the LA County Museum of Art, UCLA's Partch Centennial Celebration, Sacramento's Festival of New American Music, Repertory Dance Theatre (Utah), Mills College *Songlines*, the Gordon Getty Concerts at the Getty Center, the Carlsbad Music Festival, Grand Performances, Jacaranda, *April in Santa Cruz*, Guadalajara's *International Book Fair*, and San Francisco Symphony's *American Mavericks*. Partch is the resident ensemble of *MicroFest*, ([www.MicroFest.org](http://www.MicroFest.org)), performing yearly at Disney Hall's REDCAT theatre since its creation in 2004. Their choreographed 2006 REDCAT performance of *Castor & Pollux* was released on the DVD *Enclosure 8: Harry Partch* (Innova Records),

*noir, et je vécus, étincelle d'or de la lumière nature.*

darkness, and I lived--gold spark of pure light.

*De joie, je prenais une expression bouffonne et égarée  
au possible.*

Out of joy I took on an expression as clownish and blank  
as possible.

*Appréciations sans vertige l'étendue de mon innocence.*

Let us contemplate undazed the endless reaches of  
my innocence.

---extent --L.V.

*A Season in Hell and The Drunken Boat*, by Arthur Rimbaud, translated  
by Louis Varese, New Directions Paperback ©, '45, '52, '61.

# 1. CASTOR & POLLUX

## — A Dance for the Twin Rhythms of Gemini

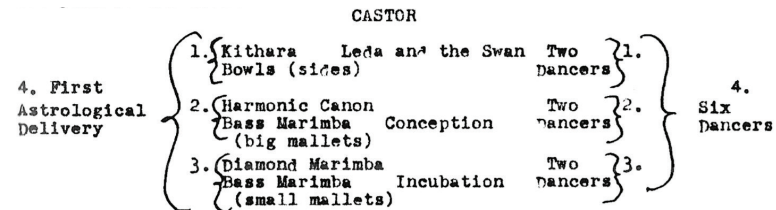
### Argument

A tribute to the twin stars of luck. Atonal-dynamic dythiramb. A ritualistic ecstasy. An abstracted musical idea about an astral rhythmic origin, all very, very mythologic. It begins with a rape and ends with a horoscope - biologic to astrologic. Plain logic gets in too, simply because luck is so mysterious, because we look up at the stars and wonder like hell, and feel that luck does or does not favor us because of the momentary way they stare at us. The stars are so convenient for this purpose, and remote at the same time, and - like luck - so mysterious. (We have to use them some way!) Those with a profound interest in the details of this story's lucky rape (can anyone object to getting raped by a god? even in the form of a swan?) can try to unscramble Greek mythology. It's too much for me. Anyway, Castor and Pollux, the boy twins, were sired in swan-rape, then hatched from eggs (in human form), suffered mortal toil in love with each other, ascended to the heavens, and by now are counted among the astral governors of the fates of a lot of Americans, about fifty million of whom will gladly admit it. The dance, then, is a handmaiden to living American folklore, which seems to have had a birthday once in a while

before 1492 (can the Pulitzer Committee be wrong?). The music is both passionate and gay, both whimsical and ecstatic, and should be maintained throughout at a spirited tempo (no rubato anwhere). Each section is an abstract sublimation – representation of the process its title implies, and its length in music has no bearing on comparative procreative time actualities – insemination as against incubation, for example. Thus, a brief and passionate incubation is not only possible, it is mandatory. The work is a study in the elaboration of rhythms in a precise time-involvement. The identification of the numbers has as its purpose the outlining of a humanistic approach to this small rhythmic problem, one that ties in with knowledge, observation, experience, and folklore. It is not intended merely to suggest the music or the dance as representative erotic behavior. The various life processes consummate in a delivery, with which the silent horoscope takes over.

#### Instructions on Music and Dance

The plan of the work:



#### Act III, Scene 1

– "N'eus-je pas une fois une jeunesse amiable?" –

Conga

*N'eus-je pas une fois une jeunesse amiable, heroique, fabuleuse,*

Had I not once a lovely youth, heroic, fabulous,

*à écrire sur des feuilles d'or, trop de chance!*

to be written on sheets of gold, good luck to spare!

*Ah, les mille amours qui m'ont crucifié!*

Ah, the thousands of loves that have crucified me!

#### Act III, Scene 2

– "Appreciations sans vertige l'entendue de mon innocence" –

Tahitian Dance

*Enfin, ô bonheur, ô raison, j'écartai du ciel l'azur, qui  
est du*

At last, O happiness, O reason, I brushed from the sky the azure  
that is



Act II, Scene 3

- "Patrie de l'ombre et des tourbillons" -

Slow, Fast, Wild!

*Je tombais dans les sommeils de plusieurs jours, et, levé, je*

I would fall into a slumber of days, and getting up would

*continuais les rêves les plus tristes. La terreur venait.*

go on with the same sad dreams. Terror came.

*J'étais mûr pour le trepas et par une route de dangers  
ma faiblesse*

I was ripe for death and along a road of perils my weakness

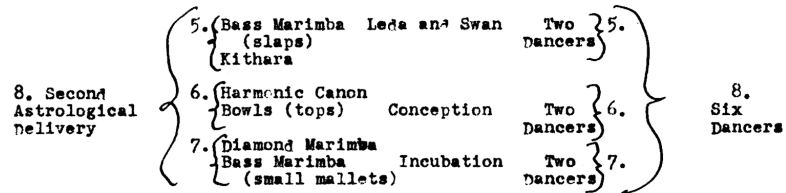
*me menait aux confin du monde et de la Cimmérie,*

led me to the confines of the world and of Cimmeria,

*patrie de l'ombre et des tourbillons.*

land of darkness and of whirlwinds.

POLLUX



Each of the eight numbered sections should take no more than two minutes to perform. The quarternote has the same time value throughout; each section is equal to 234 quarternotes. In Castor each of the first three sections requires pairs of different instruments and dancers, all three of which have identical measure patterns, but not necessarily the same rhythms. Number 4, then, is the total of these, played and danced simultaneously. Thus, three different compositions become one composition - the Delivery, the logical result and the sum total of the factors that make it inevitable. Pollux follows the same plan - Numbers 5, 6, and 7 being combined to result in Number 8. The work should be performed straight through, as the numbers indicate, without the slightest beat distortion at section ends and beginnings.

## 2. RING AROUND THE MOON

### — A Dance Fantasm for Here and Now

"*Ring Around the Moon* is, by any standards, one of the oddest compositions in Partch's output. A reworking of a rejected instrumental piece called *Sonata Dementia*, it is loosely slung together in four "phases" lasting a total of nine minutes. The piece seems willing to gamble any claim to coherence on the chance of unleashing, before an unsuspecting audience, an outrageous "satire on singers and singing, on concerts and concert audiences, on music in 43-tones to the octave, on grand flourishes that lead to nothing". Indeed, it is hard not to laugh out loud at the singer's farcically irrelevant contribution to the proceedings: at sporadic intervals he injects a succession of nonsense phrases, all to be delivered with precise timing and delicate expressive control. Musically speaking, while hardly one of his more important works, *Ring Around the Moon* has a refreshingly alert feel: a willingness to take risks, to explore new ensemble sonorities without worrying about their ultimate persuasiveness. The music is laced with Partch's idiosyncratic humor, from the amusingly meandering, densely microtonal chord sequence at the beginning (salvaged from his 1943 or 1944 exercise in tonality flux for the Chromelodeon), to the wonderfully melodramatic ending when the voice, accompanied only by glissandi on Adapted Guitar II, declares (and for no apparent reason): "Look out! He's got a gun!"

— Bob Gilmore

*Au matin j'avais le regard si perdu et la contenance  
si morte,*

In the morning I had a look so lost, a face so dead,

*que ceux que j'ai recontrés ne m'ont peut-être pas vu  
that perhaps those whom I met did not see me.*

*Je disais adieu au monde dans l' èspace de romance*

In kinds of ballads I said farewell to the world.

*J'écrivais des silence des nuits. Je notais l'inexprimable.*

I wrote silences, I wrote the night. I recorded the  
inexpressible.

*Je fixais des vertiges.*

I fixed frenzies in their flight.

*Faim, soif, cris, danse, danse, danse, danse!*

Hunger, thirst, shouts, dance, dance, dance, dance!

Even Wild Horses

---

Act II, Scene 1

- "Ni cette bouche sur tes yeux" -

Rumba

*Comme ça te paraître drôle, quand je n'y serai plu,*  
How queer it will seem to you when I am no longer here,

*ce par quoi tu as passé. Quand tu n'auras plus mes bras sous*  
*ton cou,*

all you have gone through. When you no longer have my arm  
beneath your head,

*ni mon coeur pour t'y reposer, ne cette bouche sur tes yeux.*  
nor my heart for resting place, nor these lips upon your eyes.

Act II, Scene 2

- "Faim, soif, cris, danse, danse!" -

Naniga

### 3. EVEN WILD HORSES

- Dance Music for an Absent Drama

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Acts begin with Bowls solo. Scenes are separated by Cymbal.

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Titles of the five final scenes are taken from A Season in Hell, by Arthur Rimbaud, translated by Louise Varèse (New Directions, Norfolk, 1945.) The French text of Une Saison en Enfer can be introduced here and there, as desired, by a tenor sax and a Hawaiian guitar, and the resulting cacophony will be no worse than most recitation to music -- probably better. If the players are good improvisers, they can reproduce the French language in a way that is fairly intelligible to cultivated Frenchmen (a dubious value), and wholly convincing to cultivated Americans and Englishmen, who are outraged if their pink Debussy reverie is penetrated by understandable words in music. With the sax and guitar speaking French, which in the best circles is considered an appropriate language for music, no one will be upset by the necessity of trying. Fragments of the Rimbaud text in the original French are used in the five final scenes--in this score--to show what might be done. The bilingual pair will of course be omitted by ensembles with a phobic attitude toward impertinence. Inconsequential. Brass is the only absence noted by the modern ear.

## *Ring Around the Moon*

As a whole, the work has strong rhythms, complex rhythms, delicate and subtle rhythms, and some tonal accumulations that are fairly sudden and fairly wild. In summation--rhythmic-tonal wilderness!

The many percussive sounds are achieved in a variety of ways. It all sounds slightly sadistic, but a particular sound is determined by (a) what kind of a weapon the vibrating body is hit with, and (b) where it is hit. The Bass Marimba is struck with (1) large, soft heavy mallets; (2) small, comparatively hard mallets; (3) small, comparatively soft mallets; (4) a large wire affair that looks like an egg beater; (5) a pair of whippers from a variety store (or a kitchen drawer); (6) bare, flat palms; and (7) the tips of rigid fingers, striking hard and fast like snake fangs, and (8) ends of sticks. The full power of the resonator is excited by strikes directly over it; less resonator tone, and different complexes of overtones, are gotten by strikes near the nodes and ends.

The 9/8 Eroica is struck with large, soft, heavy mallets, and on the resonator with a small mallet. The Diamond Marimba uses a variety of mallets from hard to soft, and also ends of sticks, a small egg beater, and the whippers. The Wood Block (a scrap of oddly cut 2x4 redwood with a high, primitive kind of tone complex), attached to the Eroica, is generally struck with hard mallets. The cymbal is struck either on the edge or on the hub--on the hub there is a dull thud followed by delicate resonance. This

### FIRST PHASE

Ring around the moon, rain by noon.  
Well, bless my soul.

### SECOND PHASE

One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten, eleven, twelve, thirteen, fourteen, fifteen, sixteen, seventeen, eighteen, nineteen, twenty, twenty-one, twenty-two - X - Y - Zee.

### THIRD PHASE

Shake hands now, boys - and at the sound of the bell,  
come out fighting.

### FOURTH PHASE

Mumbo jumbo, hocus pocus, hoity toity, hotsy totsy, acey deucey, hoochy koochy, hinky dinky, heeby jeeby, harum scarum, helter skelter, honky tonky, palsy walsy, lovey dovey, pitter patter, teeter totter, tootsie wootsie, piggy wiggy.

Razzle dazzle, rosy posy, georgie porgy, roly poly, walky talky, namby pamby, wishy washy, twiddle twaddle, tittle tattle, fiddle faddle, shilly shally, dilly dally, silly billy, willy nilly, fuddy duddy, hunky dory, teenie weenie, itsy bitsy.

Lookout! He's got a gun!

element slowly accruing and stormy tonal masses rise and fall intermittently--contrapuntal sweeps by four hands on the Canon and undulating tremolo with small, soft mallets in high-register Bass Marimba. When these surges subside, Kithara and low Bass Marimba are exposed--naked and derelict in their reckless move to the appointed end. And over all, the viola sings passionately: Yes, this is all I can say, and this is the way I have to say it! Again, and finally, at the end, the devastating honesty of Rimbaud: "At last, O happiness, O reason, I brushed from the sky the azure that is darkness, and I lived--gold spark of pure light. Out of joy I took on an expression as comical as possible.... Let us contemplate undazed the extent of my innocence." Crescendo, and a two-measure, fortissimo, eighth-note, one-tone reiteration by all percussion.

- H.P.

CURTAIN

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is also true with tops trikes on the Cloud-Chamber bowls. A side strike gives a full, glassy, bell tone, or long duration, while a top strike is a different tone in pitch, and of very short duration. Kitchen whippers used on the top strikes add a wire rattle to the sum total. Finally, the Kithara does its percussive bit by allowing gentle slaps against a resonating arm.

Act I, Scene 1

--A DECENT AND HONORABLE MISTAKE--

Samba

Bowls solo. The instruments begin vigorously and confidently--end violently. For the greater part, however, the insinuating Samba beat (egg beater in the higher register of the Bass Marimba) delicately teases the murmuring and melodious canon. The Samba is suddenly abandoned for a few fast measures in 13/16 time, but this must have been wrong, because the Canon suddenly explodes and--spontaneously--the other instruments all come to a shuddering realization. The mistake, and a quick end.

ACT I, Scene 2

--RHYTHM OF THE WOMB--MELODY OF THE GRAVE--

Heartbeat Rhythm

Cause and effect. The Bass Marimba (low register) has a serene, steady heartbeat--it was always there, but it is heard now for the first time. Then the high-register heartbeat begins, very softly,

delayed two triplet eighth notes behind the low beat. The Kithara then takes up the low beat--even slower, but no less steady, while the Canon comes in with a soft high beat, exactly twice as fast. Return to the double-exposure beating hearts of the Bass Marimba. All this must sound very salutary and reassuring, but alas! Viola, Guitar and Chromelodeon fill the entire scene with a melody--a melody that is sure of nothing--not even where it is going. The immanence of death in the fact of life!

ACT I, Scene 3  
--HAPPY BIRTHDAY TO YOU!--  
Afro-Chinese Minuet

The door opens. Long before this scene came to its appointed hour it was a minuet, with a face pretty and characterless. Then a Chinese guitar and an African marimba walked on stage (from opposite sides, of course), and life took on new meaning. In fact, it began all over--happy birthday--not anniversary. Nevertheless (or--consequently), the scene is full of contradictions. The familiar melody, as the Diamond Marimba hears it, flows smoothly and easily, yet single tones and even little sections, are obviously in the wrong octaves, and this elusive displacement, plus the Chinese twang, the African off-beat, and the Debussy-like murmurings of the Canon, give this new life a strange and ominous push into the world!

ACT III, Scene 1  
--"HAD I NOT ONCE A LOVELY YOUTH?"--  
Conga

Bowls solo. The simulacrum of youth. A whole flock of years have flown by. At the scene's end, Rimbaud (the 18-year-old!) looks back: "Had I not once a lovely youth, heroic, fabulous, to be written on sheets of gold, too much luck!..Ah! The thousand loves that have crucified me!" The Diamond Marimba makes a pathetic attempt at gayety, bouncing off to the cymbal every few beats, just to prove that it was young once too. While the Chromelodeon--which suffers no pretense--groans, long and softly, yet with a strangely piercing overtone, both delineated and intensified by tolling Bowls. And the Bass Marimba conga beats on and on--and on--disembodied, impersonal, as though a compulsive accent a half a beat too soon were foreordained in the pattern of the universe.

ACT III, Scene 2  
--"LET US CONTEMPLATE UNDAZED THE EXTENT OF MY INNOCENCE"--  
Tahitian Dance

Self-justification. The momentary purge of personality by the crisis of storms. Sublimation of torment in the realization of self-perception--"the extent of my innocence." The beat is fairly fast, and steady, throughout--maintained indirectly on the low-register Bass Marimba (the Tahitian element) by passing accents, and a constant triplet on the lowest Kithara strings. The Tahitian



end. The fast Ñañiga is carried throughout by the Wood Block and Cymbal, while fast and intricately syncopated Bass Marimba fingertip slaps inject a nasty, disdainful, furious factor in the scene's complex. Single-measure interjections (highly personal) are made by Chromelodeon, Guitar and Bows. Percussion dies, and a Brahmsian Canon introduces "le regard si perdu..." Alternate measures--one measure of percussion and one measure of foreboding voices--rise to a pitch of "fixed frenzy" on the final "danse!"

ACT II, Scene 3

--"LAND OF DARKNESS AND OF WHIRLWINDS"--

Slow, Fast, Wild!

Slow 9/8 Eroica beats--and Wood Block echoes--introduce the Canon melody and lurking tremolo. Another beginning means another end, and this end is achieved simply because the slow but constant acceleration of Eroica-and-other-marimbas beat, and the slow but constant accumulation of strange tonal masses, will eventually be unendurable (or beyond human powers to execute!). "I would fall into a slumber of days, and getting up would go on with the same sad dreams..." Fast and piercing one-tone reiterations of two marimbas: "Terror came..." More marimbas--one-tone--louder, faster, higher: "I was ripe for death..." Same from marimbas--only more so: "... and along a road of perils my weakness led me to the borders of Cimmeria, land of whirlwinds and darkness" which is as close as English words can come to an imitation of an artful tenor sax quoting Rimbaud.

ACT II, Scene 1

--"NOR THESE LIPS UPON YOUR EYES"--

Rumba

Bowls solo. Many years have passed. The very words--four spotless words each one by itself, placed so, together--carry a lifetime of melancholy, a nostalgic never, a rhythmic gone. "How queer it will seem to you when I am no longer here--all you have gone through. When you no longer have my arm beneath your head, nor my heart for resting place, nor these lips upon your eyes. For I shall have to go away, very far away, one day." Thus--Rimbaud, at the scene's end. The sadly passionate viola, the despairing Kithara and Chromelodeon, and Rimbaud, are all carried along bodily--corporeally--by the gently rumba-ing percussion.

ACT II, Scene 2

--"HUNGER, THIRST, SHOUTS, DANCE!"--

Ñañiga

A fairly sure respite from brooding melancholy: adventure, movement. "A-wa-a-ay!" shouts a voice at the scene's opening. The result of this is new inherent attainment, but also a new desperation: "In the morning I had a look so lost, a face so dead, that perhaps those whom I met did not see me...In kinds of ballads I said farewell to the world: I wrote silences, I wrote the night. I recorded the inexpressible. I fixed frenzies in their flight...Hunger, thirst, shouts, dance, dance, dance, dance!" Again, Rimbaud, at scene's

