## Ein Düsseldorfer Sinfonie: Im Sommer, 2024

In 4 parts – with a pause

Each part is 10-15 minutes.

In general: rather quiet
Perhaps only listening.

So, what will the music be?

There are pitches to play:

Start at the beginning

End at the end.

Never quite the same; never quite different

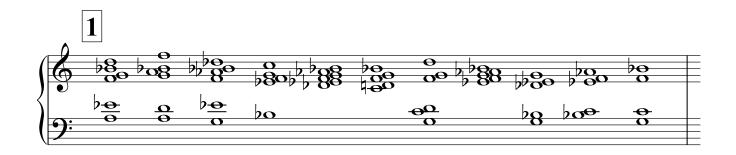
Not interested in arriving so much as unearthing.

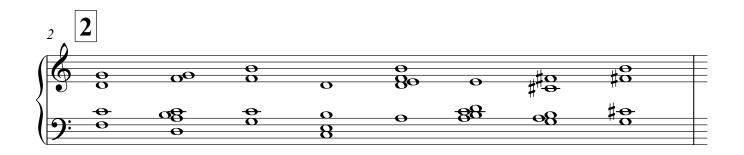
It has been a long time since I read this, but:

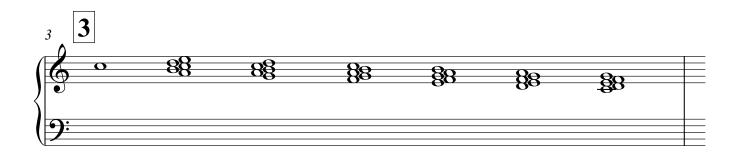
A concert is a series of moments in which something indefinable passes through sound and between people. The moments are sensuously immersive (sights, sounds, feelings, smells, tastes), but impermanent.

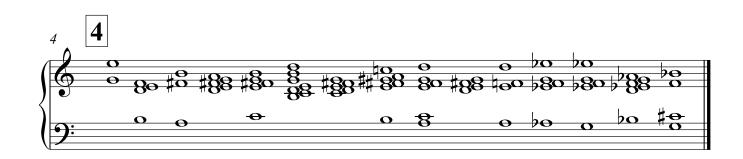
- Michael Pisaro-Liu

single pages each a place to dwell









## Part I

Everyone: smooth tones, long tones, one at a time.

Perhaps some time between them. I think with one exception: piano or vibraphone, etc, (someone): at steady tempo an unbroken stream of tones about 3 seconds from tone to tone 10-15 minutes. Start at the beginning End at the end. Things are real – only distant Plains – the expanse Mirages **Phantoms** It moves from here to there Un-interested in the forward-moving plot, but rather: the ever-present now. When your eyes are open, you see beauty in everything. If you don't have a conventional instrument Sing tones you hear Or a tone close to them (I'm not very good at singing, myself). Alternatively: smooth sounds, not rough, but long A pencil drawing a line A stone rubbing another. I see bodies moving Pedestrian Slowly Don't worry about the time The piano (or whoever) will eventually stop That's how you know we didn't arrive

But that we did it.

## Part II

I see bodies moving Repeating

Sounds

Pulses of repeated tones or sounds But small ones, nevertheless.

caringly daringly over and over again and again in wondering pondering communion

Sometimes long

But usually rather short.

I can hear birds

Small raindrops on my metal roof

Not much, but enough to smell it

I didn't have an instrument

I made music with the trees: their leaves, the wind

My breath

I heard someone reading

I can only really speak English

So, I wasn't sure if this was a private message that they said to themselves Or the luring of creation

Not a commandment

A luring

An initiation of a new dynamic into the creative space

Small drops

Something hidden in the interstices

I see bodies moving

Repeating

My breath

Humming the resonance

The rain stopped, but there was still a breeze.

# <u>Pause</u>

From my favorite poem... I've quoted it elsewhere:

"...Yes though
If there's such a thing as time at all I never saw it
move and if that's so then what am I

afraid of? I hung a muslin curtain to prove breeze..."

- "A Timeshare," Margaret Ross

Listen

## Part III

I'll start.

I listened to the wind (again)

I have never spoken with him, but I would love to

I've said this before elsewhere, but it seems to work:

"Complex," aperiodic, webs of notes. Molto rubato

Moving

molto sul point to molto sul tast

Always very faint, feathery, molto flautando.

Memories of baroque music.

Never line up – always shifting.

Rests from time to time

Not a gust, but a breeze, always.

Sound

Motion

Movement

Long threads of thin twine

Blowing in the wind

Gently Floating

Shadows – intersecting
A rustling

Perhaps this all sounds too serious

What I mean is: it's playful, in a way.

There is a park next to my apartment

Sometimes I walk there and watch the trees, the leaves, the people
It's hot in Texas – in the Summer, several days can reach as high as 40 degrees
But what can you do?

We are still here – dancing.

I would waltz across Texas with you, but let's let this hang in the air for a moment.

## Part IV

That was fun – but for now, I'd like to close with something different.

I will play these chords again and again

I'll change them from time to time

no sharps or flats, no particular mode

Memories of Spring
Dreams into the night

That's vague

I feel as if I started this piece as declarative and now I'm here realizing that everything will be fine, regardless

I haven't written much this year

I found that I have very little left to say on the subject of disappearing

But I have found that I have so much more to say on the subject of getting lost

This piece started with a clear map

A form, some time

But I found I would rather get lost in it

What else is music anyway if not the ornamentation of time

Time

Place

Some sounds

Us.

At this point, whatever is going to happen will already be happening

And it will be fine

caringly daringly over and over again and again in wondering pondering communion

single pages

each a place to dwell

Time

Place

Some sounds

And it will be fine