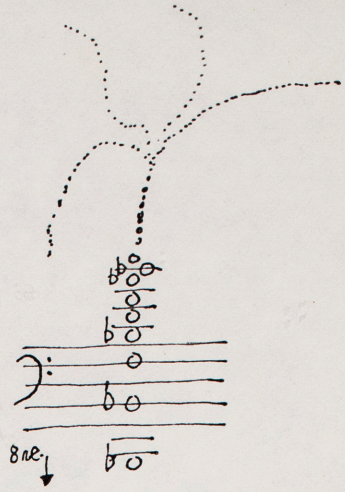
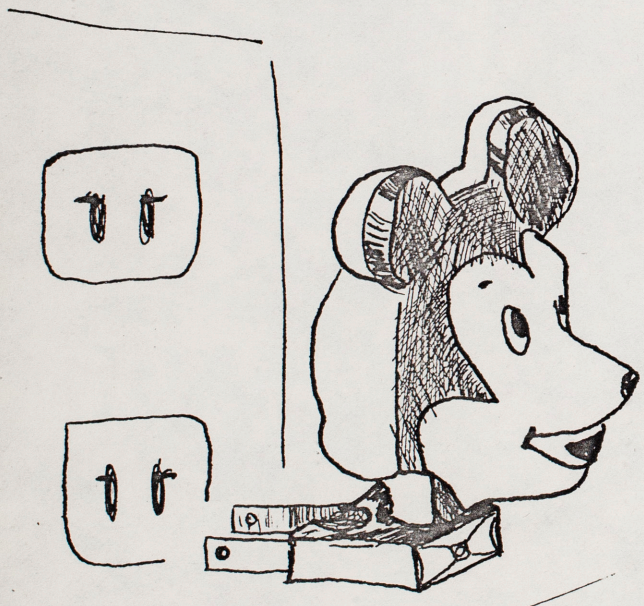


N N N N N Y Y Y Y A A A H H H E E E E E



don't like electronic music ♪..



David Mable
April 3, 76

A SPACE IN WINTER RETURNED TO THOM MILLER

winter place
white earth mass droning silence

listening

in frozen will truth flowers
unused sound as music

ironwood tree

fields

snowing

afternoon

set to evening

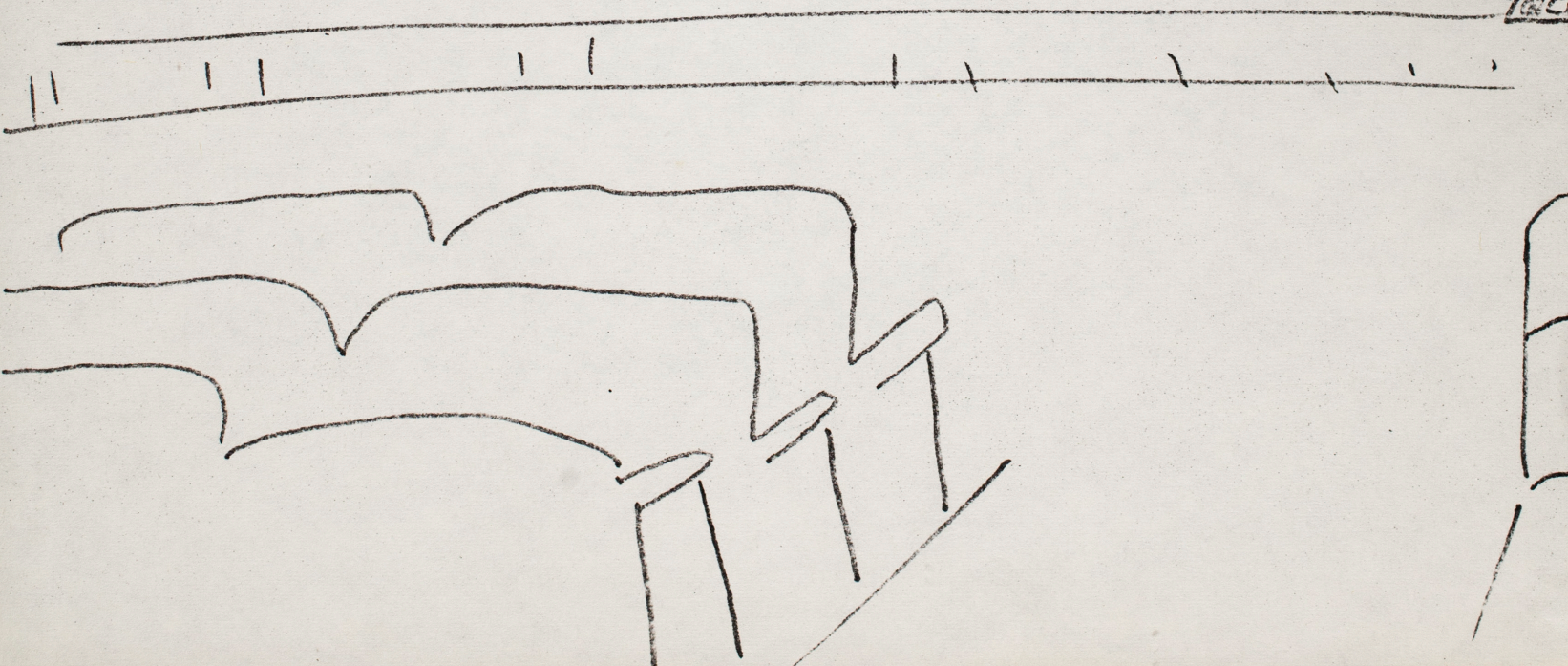
re-call a place

a space

in winter

D. Miller

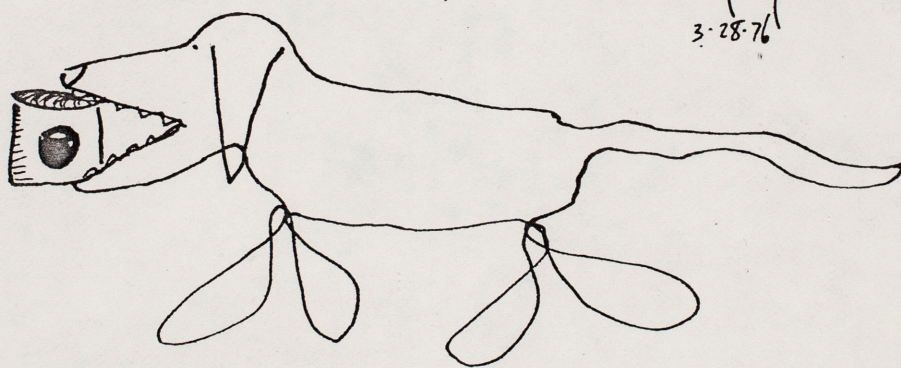
"AN ELECTRONIC BRUNHILDE, MODULATING THE RING"



8.77

"Peace (sic) for Squid"
for Andy Schloss

Under a bright light, open a can of pitted, ripe olives.
Play an olive by blowing across the top until a
whistling sound is produced. When your dog yelps,
give him the olive. Continue until all olives
are gone, or your dog is.



WINDCIRCLE

"Always live with all your holes open." Capt. Beefheart

Everyone is seated in a circle. Wind instruments, both "real" and found (pipes, tubing, anything that can produce a sound by blowing through or across it) are on the floor in the center of the circle. Various bells, too. And a bottle of whiskey. Each person has a percussion instrument (found or other) and begins by playing a steady pulse together. Let yourself become a part of the pulse. Different sounds become one sound through the common pulse. After a period of time, an individual gets up, sets his ^{or} percussion instrument down, and goes to the center of the circle and takes a wind instrument. (S)he then leaves the circle, goes to another part of the room/building, and plays. Explore the instrument - find out what music it can make and give it the breath to make it. Return to the circle, put instrument back in center, and take bell(s). Join the pulse, this time playing the bells. And so on ... until all are playing bells and the pulse rings on and on.

Note: more than one person may be gone from the circle at a time - no turns are taken. Be generous with your time. Wind instruments may be used by more than one person. Perhaps choose one which you have never played before.

For purposes of ritual, pleasure, and health standards, each participant may drink from the liquid fire in the center, prior to leaving the circle.

David Mapple
1.26.76

❖ SEVEN SONGS ❖

Dez. Mahler

SEVEN SONGS

July 1974 to February 1976

to be sung
embellished
shared

David Mahler

1st SONG

I wish I had the words to say the way I feel.

for Thom Miller 2nd SONG

two to make mu - sic

Two voices, each moving freely
from line one to line two.
One voice substitutes
at any times.

3rd SONG

... for the birth of David Michael Friebova

Here is a song that I can sing a ny - time, here is a
song that I can rhyme. 1. Mu - sic be in your ears
to charm you, col - ors be in your eyes to please
you, sun - shine be in your sky and shin - ing
up - on you.

2. Friends be at your door to greet you,
Wisdom be in your heart to keep you,
Freedom be in your day
a blessing to guide you.

3. Laughter be at your call a - waiting,
Sorrows be gentle in their hurting,
Lovers be sweet and true,
and warm be your memories.

4th SONG

Flutes, whistles, winds play

whistled, then sung, freely adding the words, "The piper at the gates of dawn."

5th SONG

for Peter Garland
Victoria Brown

man - y years be - come a song
in mo - ments sung for you

many people I have known
many people I have known
but one like you, like you

many places I have seen
many places I have seen
and each is part of me

many glasses filled are drunk
many glasses filled are drunk
with thoughts of you, of you

6th SONG

green
ev - er - green
for - est

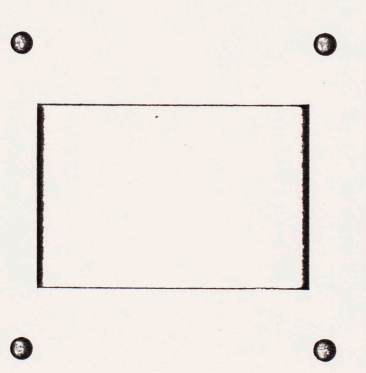
three voices, each repeating freely and
moving freely between the three parts

7th SONG

wheat - fields

lies[/]
(pronounced "lee-ace"[/])

a self-portrait through
text, slides, taped
musical excerpts, and a
nice imported beer, to
be drunk at a sustaining
pace during the reading



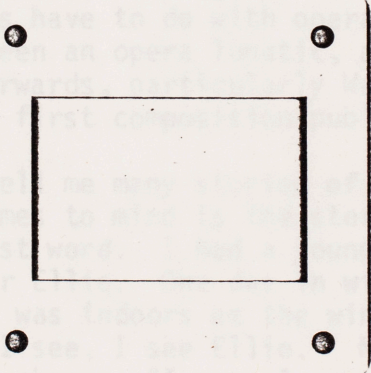
David Mahler
September, 1975
"Ourselves" and/or

Lies

Lies

lies
(pronounced "lee-ace")

a self-portrait through
text, slides, taped
musical excerpts, and a
nice imported beer, to
be drunk at a sustaining
pace during the reading



David Mahler
September, 1975
"Ourselves" and/or

Lies

lies

lies

The title of this piece is taken from an African word, lies, which means a reflected image, or more specifically, a reflected image of self, as opposed to a reflected image of someone or something else. The word is used in the physical sense, as in a reflection in a mirror or glass or water, and is also used in a less literal manner, for example, someone's work or possessions are referred to as their "lies." During the reading of my self-portrait a tape will be played which contains excerpts from some of my compositions of the past nine years. Many of these pieces have been heard at concerts I have given in Seattle, but some of the pieces I have never played before an audience in this part of the country.

*

I was born in Spokane in 1943. My family moved to Idaho, where I lived until the age of four. Most of my early musical recollections have to do with opera. Since about the age of six I have been an opera lunatic, and I knew the operas backwards and forwards, particularly Wagner. Also at the age of six I had my first composition published, a little waltz.

My parents tell me many stories of when I was a young child. One which comes to mind is the story of how I learned to spell my first word. I had a younger sister named Eleanor - we called her Ellie. One day in winter Ellie was playing outdoors. I was indoors at the window and noticed her and I exclaimed, "I see, I see Ellie." My mother, upon hearing this, repeated the phrase, "I see, I see Ellie," and pointed to a large icicle hanging from the rain gutter of our house. By her repetition I came to realize that I,C,I,C,L,E were the letter symbols for the word icicle.

I attended music classes at Curtis Institute in Philadelphia. My first serious musical work, composed there at the age of nineteen, I marked Opus 62.

In 1967 I taught music in Cincinnati. When my class was told of John Cage's statement to the effect that there is no such thing as silence, everyone was quiet. They were listening for silence. The only sound to be heard was the swish of one student's pencil as he copied down, "There is no such thing as silence."

After seriously considering the possibility of joining a service band, I chose instead to work as a music copyist.

lies

lies'

As far as my music goes, I learned more in six months as a professional copyist than during my four years at the conservatory.

In 1970 I flew to Africa to study drumming.

I have recently initiated the practice of charging people performance fees for performing my pieces, but in inverse proportion to a piece's length; \$300 for seven minutes - \$25 for twenty-four hours. My zodiac sign is Aries with the Sun in Pisces.

Concerning my music: People frequently ask me what my definition of music is. It is work, that is my conclusion. I believe that musical notation should change the noun music into the verb music. To this end, for about two years I did all of my compositions on graph paper. In fact, I spent a year in Korea studying oriental calligraphy in order to apply it to the needs of graphic music notation. One of my early word pieces was entitled EAR PIECE and read,

THE PERFORMER TAKES ANY OBJECT(S) SUCH AS A PIECE OF PAPER CARDBOARD PLASTIC ETC AND PLACES IT ON HIS EAR(S) HE THEN PRODUCES THE SOUND BY RUBBING SCRATCHING TAPPING OR TEARING IT OR SIMPLY DRAGGING IT ACROSS HIS EAR HE ALSO MAY JUST HOLD IT THERE IT MAY BE PLAYED IN COUNTER-POINT WITH ANY OTHER PIECE OR SOUND SOURCE IF THE PERFORMER WEARS A HEARING AID IT WOULD BE BEST TO MAKE THE SOUNDS CLOSE TO THE MICROPHONE (OF THE HEARING AID) THE DURATION OF THE PERFORMANCE IS UP TO THE PERFORMER CHILDREN PERFORMING EARPIECE SHOULD BE WARNED NOT TO STICK THEIR FINGERS TOO FAR INTO THEIR EARS AS THEY MAY SERIOUSLY DAMAGE THE INNER EAR

The composer Daniel Lentz once told me this story about Terry Riley and the Florida class in the theory of harmony. The problem of modulating from one key to another described as being "very distant" was discussed. After an hour, the instructor asked Terry Riley how he, Riley, would solve the problem. Riley began with his usual four-letter word and then added: "I wouldn't make a problem out of it; I'd just go from one to the other without any transition."

At various times in recent years I have used the names of famous musicians on my compositions in the hopes of increasing the chances for publication of my works. So I have, on different occasions, signed pieces with the name Liberace, or Artie Shaw, or Spike Jones. My one previous attempt at an autobiographical composition was in 1970 - a piece for oboe, accompanied by the Atlantic ocean, a chest of drawers, and the

lies'

lies'

lies'

Lies'

Federal Bureau of Investigation.

As the composer Daniel Lentz very interestingly points out, at Oxford the Doctor of Music wears embroidered apple blossoms on his robe. I believe that in composition it is good practice to borrow, both ideas and literal quotations from other composers. As former attorney general John Mitchell said, "Don't steal from yourself, always steal from someone else."

I believe that music is communication. I believe that Opera is the highest form of musical achievement, and that electronic music is the cutting edge of the avant-garde. Speaking of apple blossoms, as I was earlier, I wrote a piece for marimbas by the name of APPLE BLOSSOM, inspired by the poem, "Apple Blossom," by Laurence Weisberg, which reads in part:

"What is sex it is not a flower or a flower only
blossoming from belly not a tree with infinite hands
on everything it is a power & I do not meet it square"

As the composer Daniel Lentz says, "A poor joke is better than a good one."

Lies'

As a former public school music teacher, I am concerned with the growing imbalance between the scientific and the artistic emphasis in our schools. The following family story from my past may shed some light on why I feel the way I do about my music. As a child my father had many chores to perform in the course of a single day. One of these was the collection and chopping of the family's firewood. My Uncle Harry, my father's younger brother, often held the log of wood while my father did the chopping. According to my Uncle Harry, who is not noted for imperishable truths, and my father, who often lies, Dad chopped off the middle finger of my uncle's left hand. Following the initial hysteria, they found the missing finger and hid it so that my Grandfather and Grandmother would not know what had happened. My Uncle Harry's wife, June, assured me one day about 10 years ago that this was true. She added (in strict-confidence), "I love that missing finger more than I love your Uncle Harry."

What others have said about my music:

Lies'

"I'm rather outnumbered but I do believe that Mahler's Penetration (as it will be referred to in official reports from the avant) is a peaceful one.....("terror is good for you"....."good old no-count terror") I got pretty nervous too and so would you, what with not knowing if Mahler, me a friend, an enemy, or a piano is eventually if not NOW going out that 3 story window into the Rhine, or if the scissors will stop at (with) the necktie, or if beejezes the day of rechnung

Lies!

is upon us all"

and, "A piece is not truly banal unless all its elements are banal, and this is far from the case of Mahler."

The sounds which I use in the pieces I write have been referred to as:

the first enormous jolt of the San Francisco earthquake
tearing a long, long strip of calico
a large dog shaking a baby kitten in its mouth
a mishap in the kitchen
a sloppy landing at Zurich
a ship rolling over a thousand marbles

My favorite compositions of my own include:

"Revelation in Courthouse Park"

"Pieces of Eight"

"Orbit No. 3"

"Balances"

"How Much Better if Plymouth Rock Had Landed on the Pilgrims"

"King Speech Song"

And finally, a reviewer after attending a concert in which I played some of my own pieces wrote, "He has caused near riots. When he plays, it's for keeps."

Lies!



* note: taped excerpts from the following pieces are suggested:

"Spacecraft" MEV

"She Was A Visitor" Robert Ashley

"Night Music" Richard Maxfield

anything by Morton Feldman, and anything else deemed suitable