

*shouldn't we talk ?*

**J.K.Randall**

- I. c.9'
- II. c.5'
- III. c.17'
- IV. c.6'

**JKR bio :**

J.K.Randall, comfortably retired since 1991, lives in Princeton, where he taught for many years. Much of his work is available on the *Open Space* label.

**[Program note follows.]**

**Program note for *shouldn't we talk ?* :**

*Forget Weirdnesses ( : amazing multiphonics, sonic matches, extended resources, & all that ) .*

*What I'm after, needs Ordinary; needs, as between percussion and saxophones, the bald incommensurability that estranges them right there in their most routine, everyday, doings --- like banging on stuff vs. playing tunes.*

*Roughly, here's how my 4 mvmts go : {**\*Your Attention Please\***}*

I.

Carnybark [BARI+PERC] hawks the World's Tallest Midget (Or Somesuch), whose brief Strut [PERC] Gets Nowhere.

[A puzzled **SILENCE** ensues.] ??Start Over??

Yo! [BARI] Go! PERC assents.

& Solos Sententially.

ALTO unbuttons a jazzy, Practicerroom voice; whose licks PERC registers, then Waxes Sentential Again (giving carnybark the grand go-by), and stumbles into A Sludgy Groove. where SOPR infiltrates, Gabbles (flustering PERC), Narcissistically takes over, Pirouettes Out Of Orbit, and earns **#the gong#**.

--- whereupon PERC solicits, & delivers, a Forceful Anti-war Speech --- Sentential --- Mostly On Drums.

Encouraged (or is it heckled) by PERC, TENOR (a beginner with a halting investment in rhythm) Huffs Manfully to embrace phrase 2 of The Sheetmusic Version of **Body & Soul**.

II.

A Grandfatherly Rumination Pathetique [BARI] leads to A Cheap [+PERC] Funeral, which peters out in A Blaze Of Damped [SOPR+PERC] Ascension.

III.

Revamping Failures Familiar From Mvmt I, TENOR and PERC re-emerge in A Partnership Of Convenience; in which "**fft, CaCa**" supports Some Honky Hotcha, whose Addlecrotched Unraveling earns a {tasteful} **gong**.

Aping the sustained **SILENCE** surrounding the gong, A Sustained Blast by TENOR kicks off A Supercautious Game Of Virtual Checkers --- in which You Can't Tell whether they're playing each other, or Against Us. Whichever, a Rigorously Plausible Upshot earns **the gong** and an embarrassed **SILENCE**. (*Silence, here, is always realworld silence: never GaGaLand, as in **GAP5**, where time floats as space.*)

Thus It Is, that in The Doldrums Of Nothing-To-Do --- abruptly, some honky hotcha resuscitates; but its even feebler unraveling again earns **the gong**. Which heralds Some More (or is it more) Of The Same virtual checkers. Which is --- (in turn) --- (again) --- **gonged**. Yet These Guys Won't Quit; and this time contrive to simulate A Consequential Consummation, which seems, for a hopeful moment, to spring us into the clear; --- but : --- **{gong}** --- we are abandoned, in thrall to a Resigned, Drained, **SILENCE**.

Now that any imaginable remnant of energy has dispersed, PERC ushers in the only genuine patch of The Real Thing to be found here: namely, a ripoff of a Gerry Mulligan [+BARI] countermelody to ***Love Me Or Leave Me***; which is rowdily squelched by carnybark, re-appearing In Cameo.

However, enough PERC-energy leaks across the subsequent **SILENCE** to incite Supranatural Inversions Of Race & Gender, as ALTO lolls on the concluding lick from ***Lonely Woman*** --- a reverse from which mvmt III won't recover. ALTO turns out to be a Quite Persuasive, if histrionic, diva, who enacts for us A Comprehensive Madscene with which we cannot help but Empathize!! PERC attends closely, and works its way thru a responsive, Noticeably Hypersentential, interior monologue, which blossoms into a running Explanatory Aside To Us, and Outlasts The Outsneaking Diva.

IV.

Sensible of, nor intimidated by, a Jagged Landscape of PERC splatts, SOPR rises, by Steps Admittedly Logical, up into the stratosphere, where ***The Saints Go Marching In*** on their 1st 4 notes, in augmentation --- outfoxing the stars.

*{\*Continuity, consecution, in this precis, is, of course, surreal.\*}*  
*{\*as music is.\*}*

--JKR