379
N81d
NO.2380
V.2 Score

THE SQUIRREL CAGE

Music by

Timothy Tom Kloth

Text by

Robin Kay Willoughby

Based on the story by

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INSTRUMENTATION

FLUTE AND PICCOLO	(one player)
CLARINET AND BASS CLARINET	(one player)
SOPRANO AND TENOR SAXOPHONES	(one player)
TRUMPET AND FLUEGELHORN	(one player)
TROMBONE	
PERCUSSION ONE	
PERCUSSION TWO	
PIANO AND CELESTA	(one player)
VIOLIN	
CELLO	
CONTRABASS	

Percussion One Detail

- triangle
- splash cymbal
- bell tree
- suspended cymbal, medium
- ratchet
- suspended cymbal, low
- wind chimes
- temple bell, high
- siren whistle
- temple bell, med.
- gong, large
- temple bell, low
- timpani
- vibraphone
- orchestra bells
- xylophone

Percussion Two Detail

- bell tree
- triangle
- police whistle
- slap stick
- ratchet
- tambourine
- wood block
- splash cymbal
- suspended cymbal, medium
- high-hat cymbals
- snare drum
- bass drum
- gong, large
- timpani
- vibraphone
- orchestra bells
- chimes
- crash cymbals

NOTATION

PI - damper pedal

PII - sustenuto pedal

PIII - una corda (soft) pedal

n.v. - no vibrato

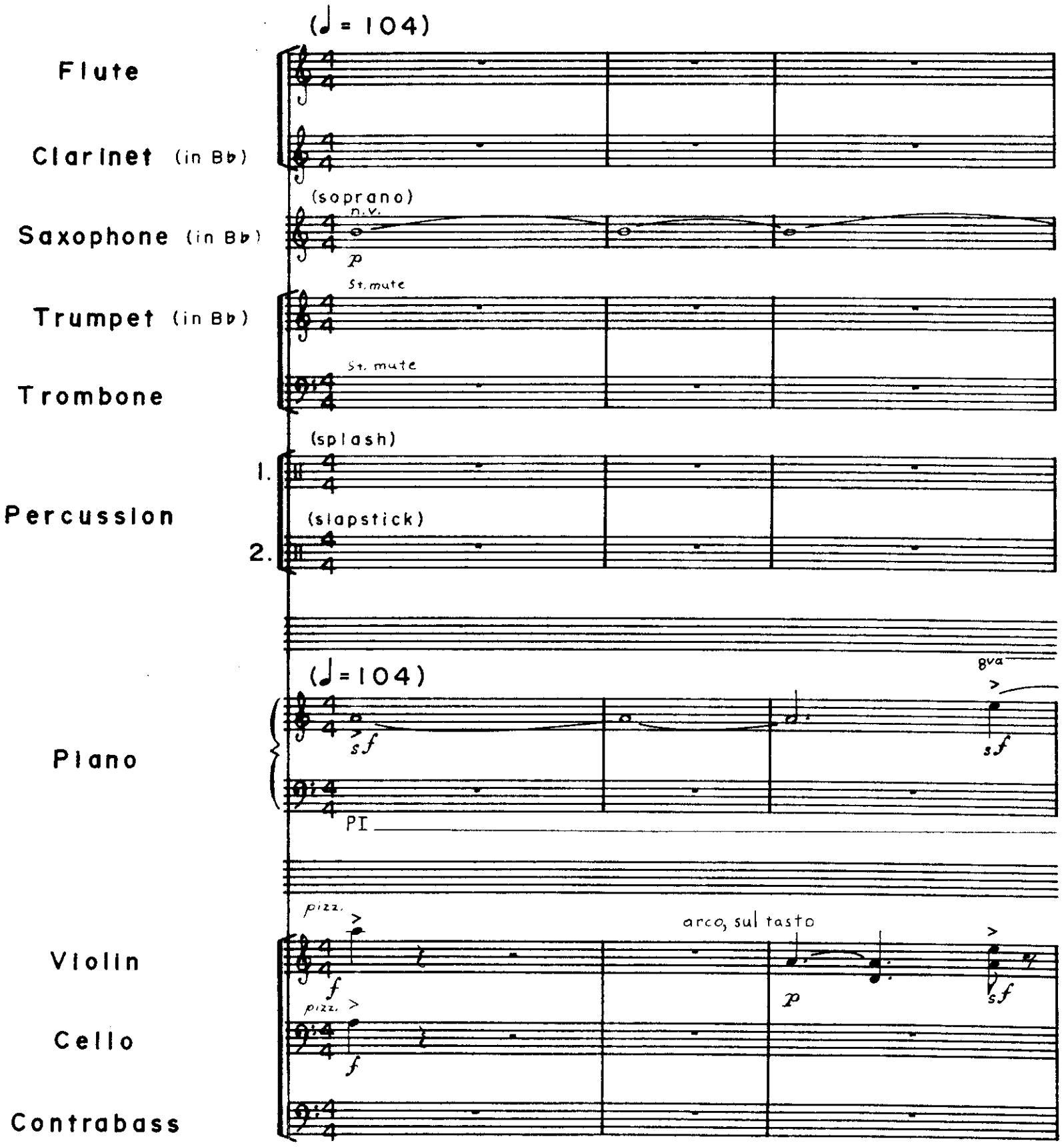
8ba - octave lower

- snap pizzicato

- rimshot

Duration ca. 45 minutes

Performer: The performer is heard playing a word-game such as: AtlantA, AkroN, NorfolK, KnoxvillE, etc. . . . ,



Copyright by

TIMOTHY TOM KLOTH

1985

pr f.

7

fl.

cl.

mp

p

s.sx.

tpt.

tbn.

t.
perc
2.

8va

7

pno

sf

PI

vln.

vlc.

cbs

p

arco, sul tasto

sf

simile

p

sf

simile

pizz.

arco

pizz.

mp

The terrifying thing, ... if that's what I mean, I'm

(st. mute)

mp

(st. mute)

mp

choke

15va

8ba

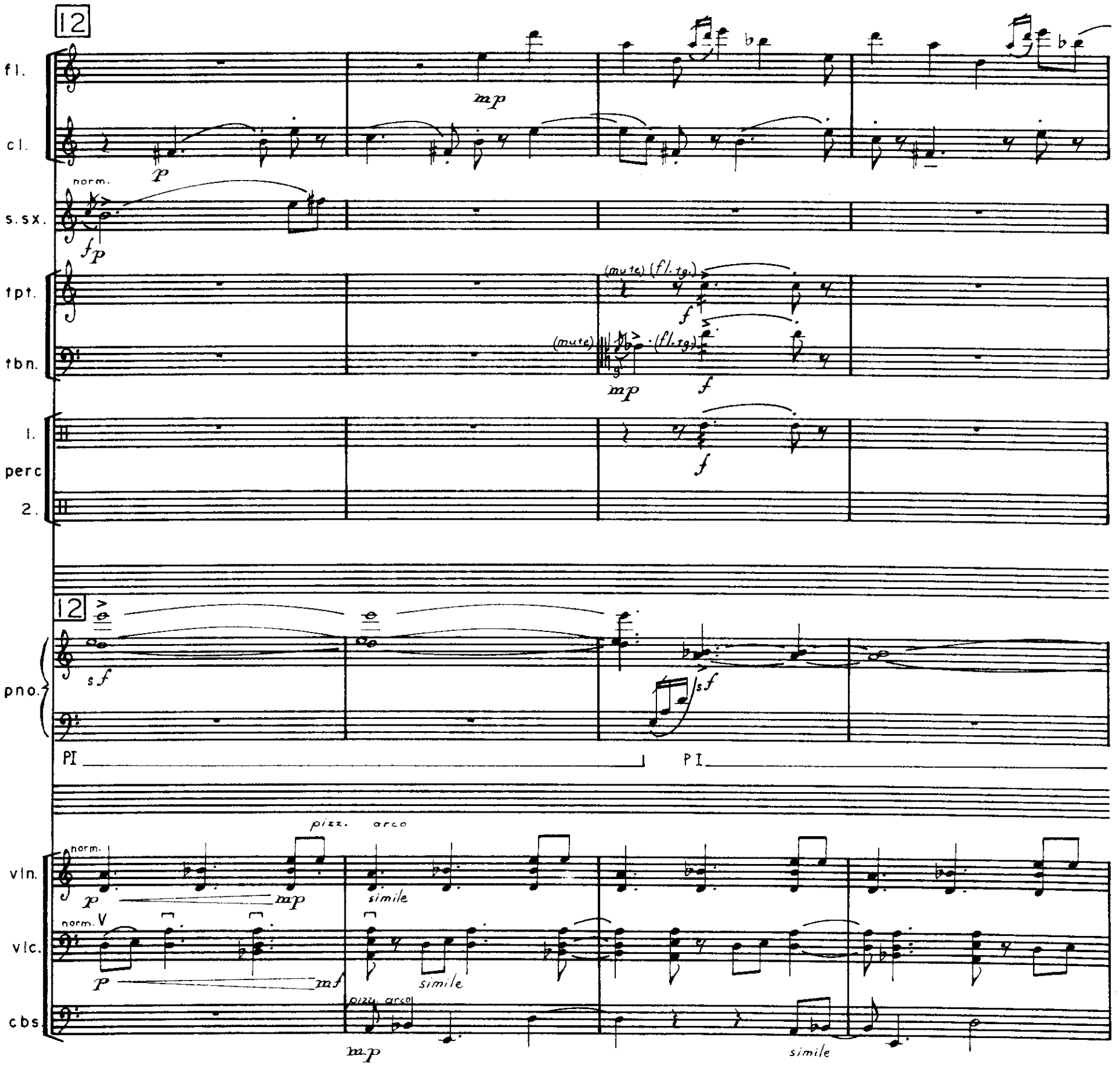
PI

arco

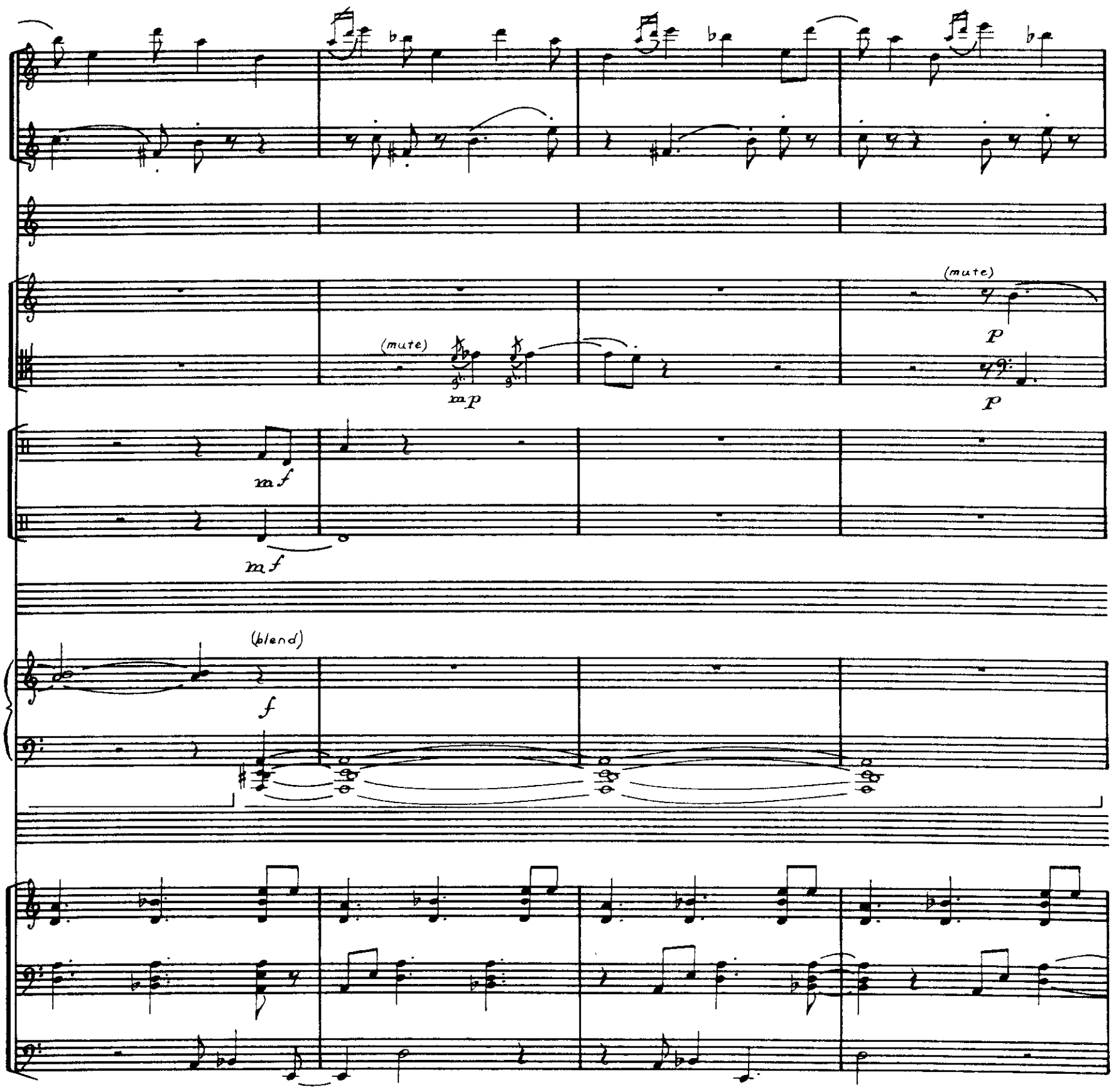
pizz.

arco

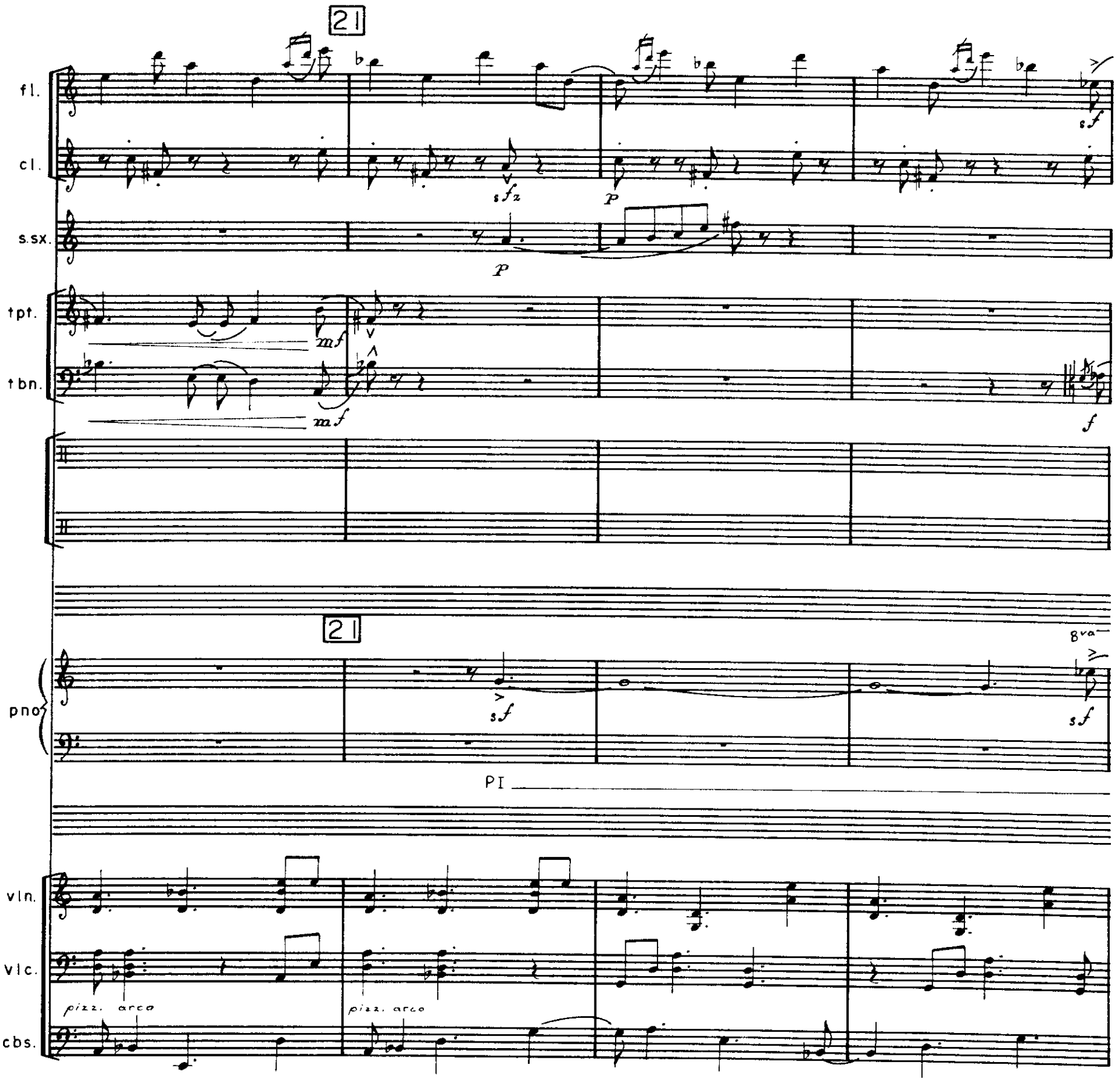
prf. not sure that "terrifying" is the right word, the terrifying thing is that I'm free to say anything I like, but that no matter what I do say it will make no difference, . . .



to me, to you, to whomever differences are made. But then what is meant by "a difference"? Is there ever

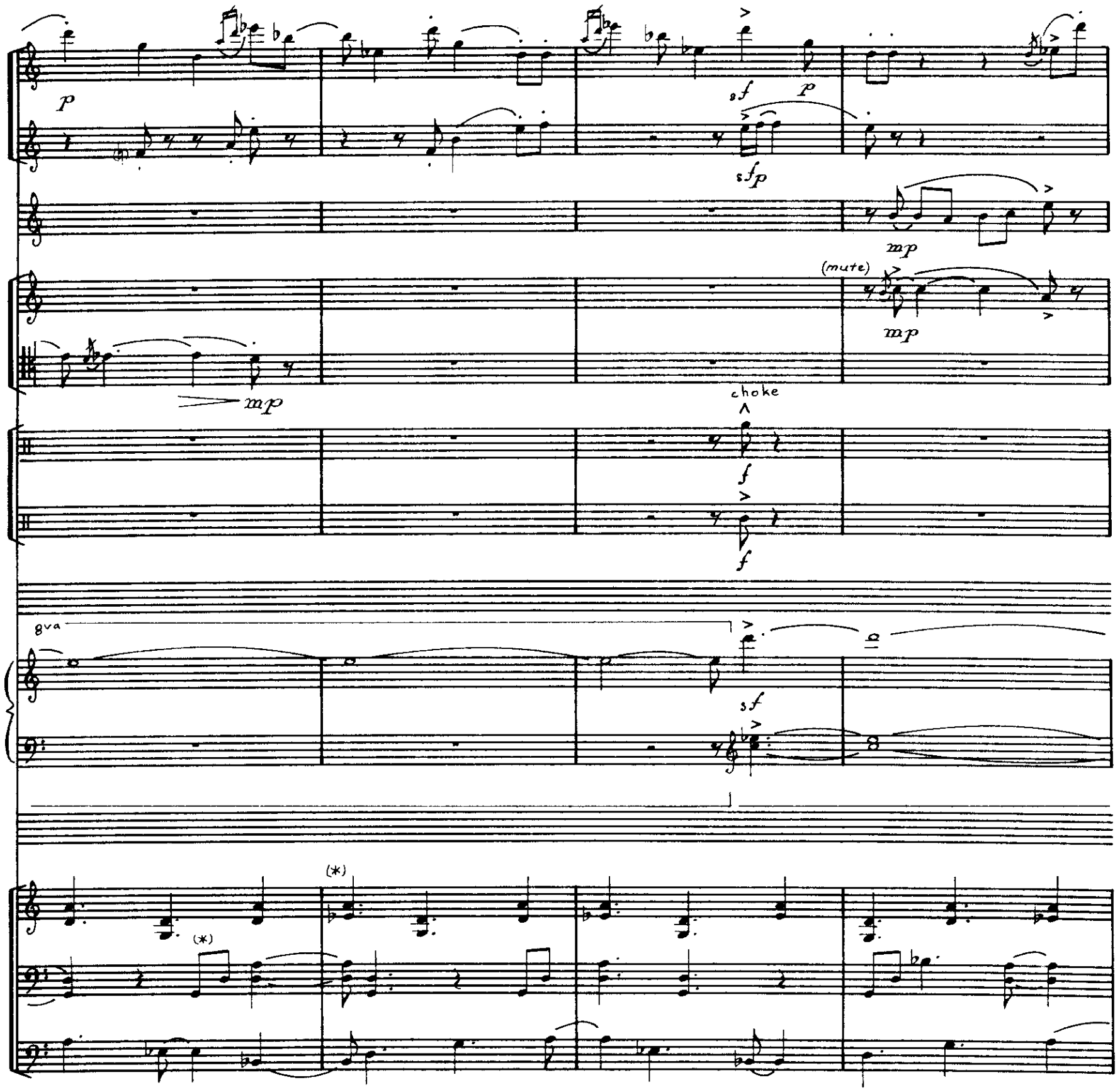


prf. really such a thing as change? I ask more questions these days; I am



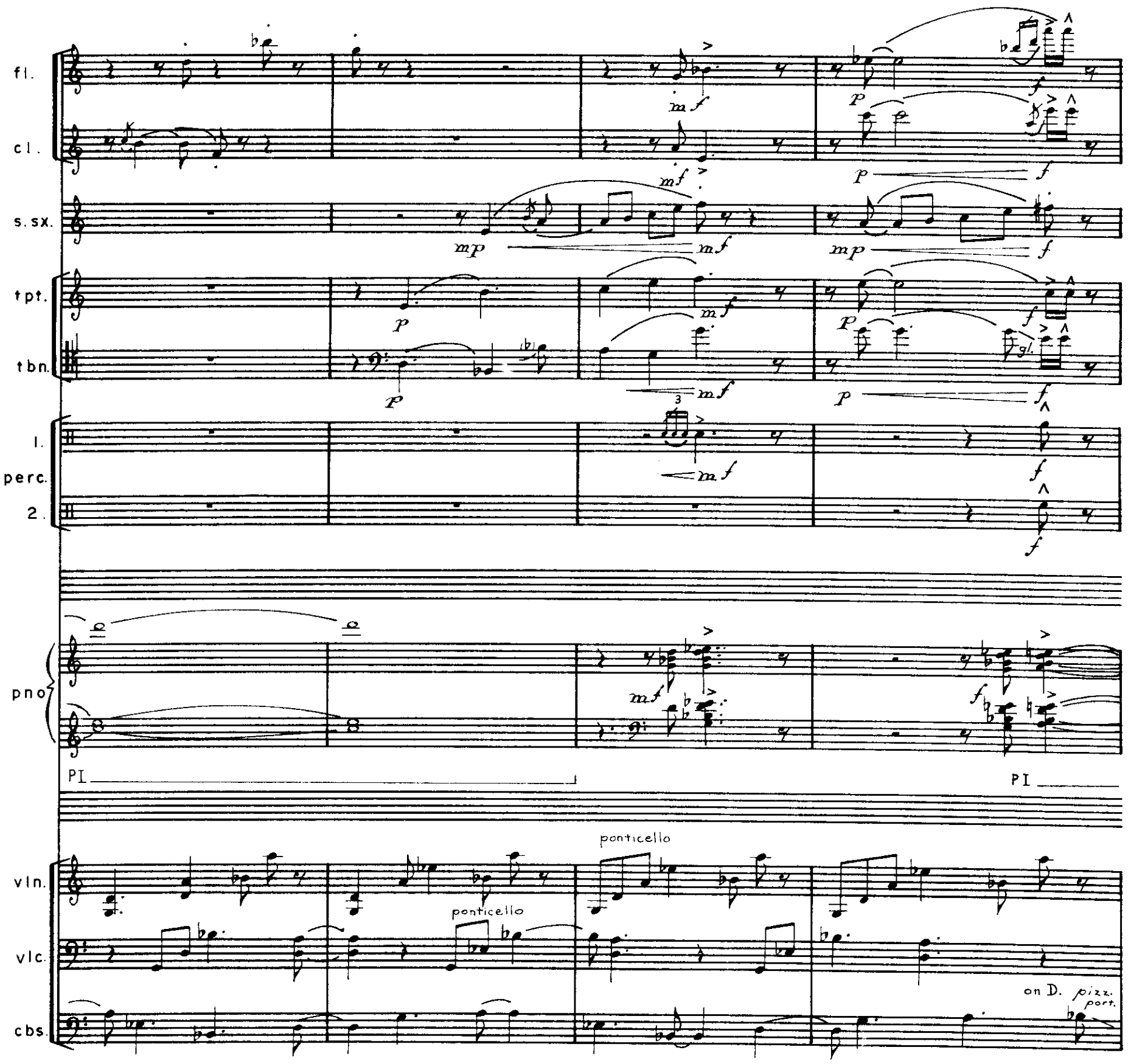
less . . . ah . . . programmatic altogether.

I wonder: is that a good thing? This is what

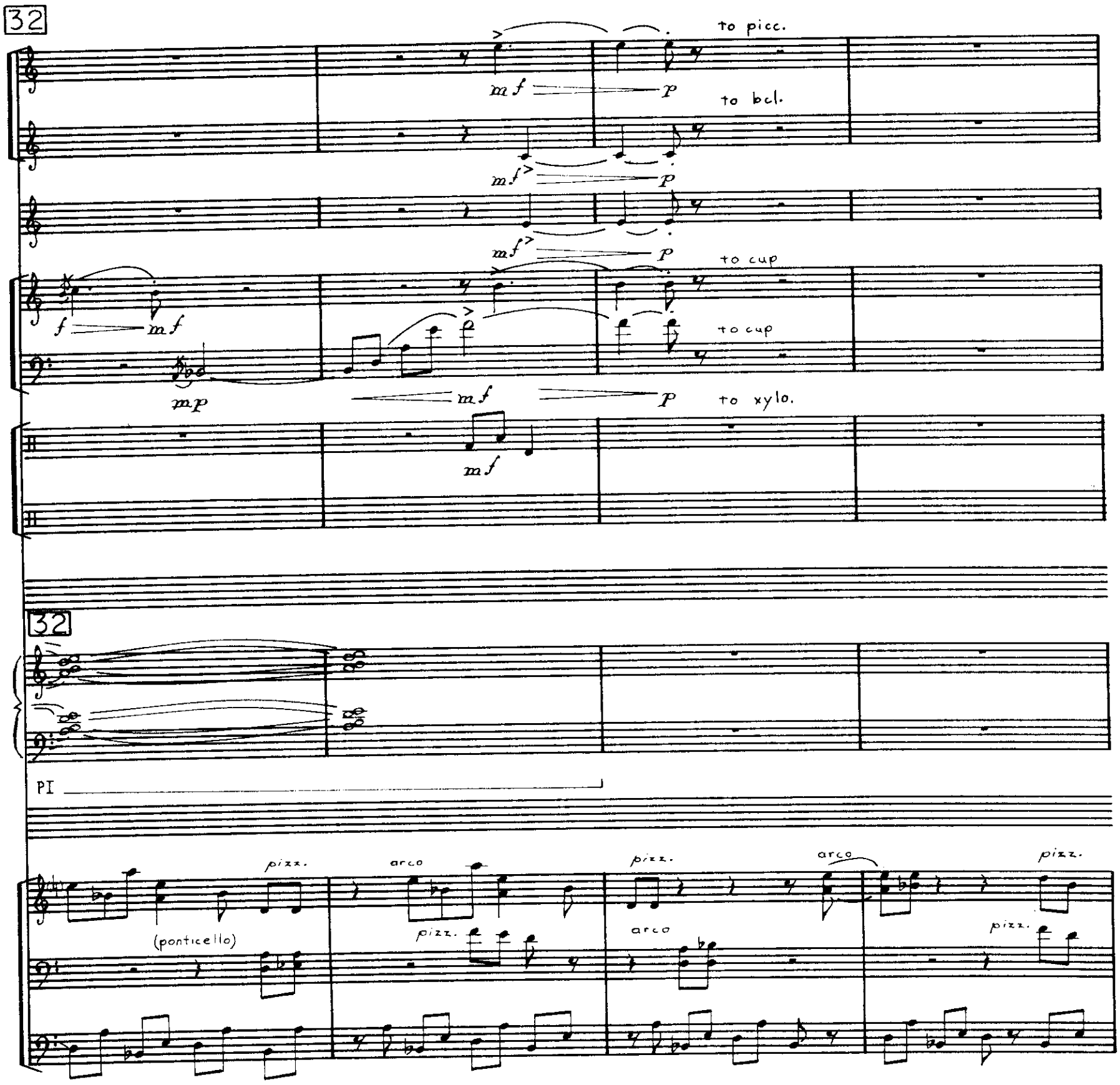


(*) gradually move towards the bridge.

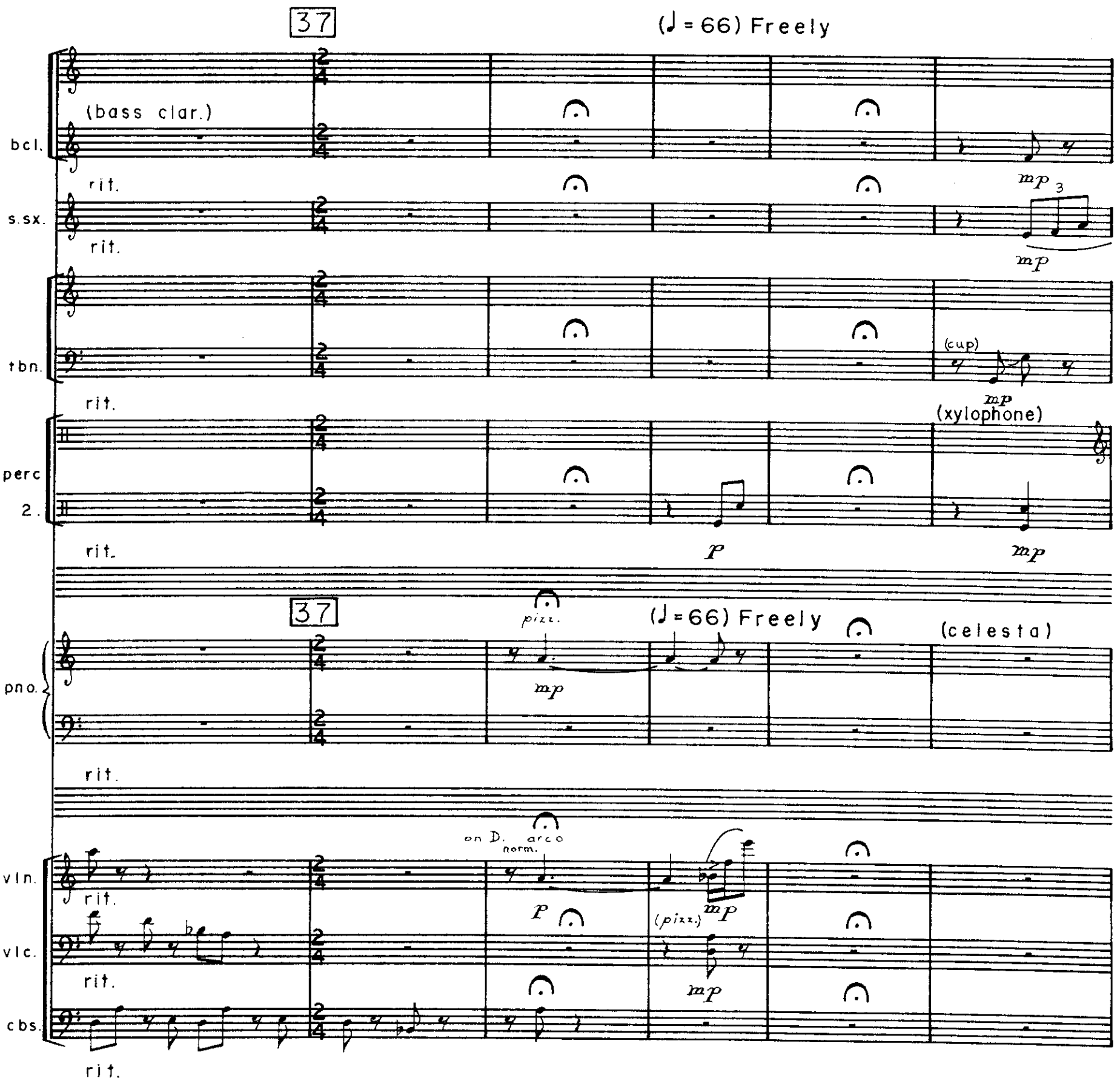
prf. it's like here: a built-in stool, a floor, walls, and a ceiling, forming, as near as I can tell, a cube. White, white, white, . . .



white this, white that, white light, no shadows, not even
on the underside of the stool; me, of course, the mike, and . . . I've described the microphone at
length before.



prf. Perhaps I'll describe it again, but not now, . . save it for later. Though why not now? . . . . Why not the mike as well as anything else?

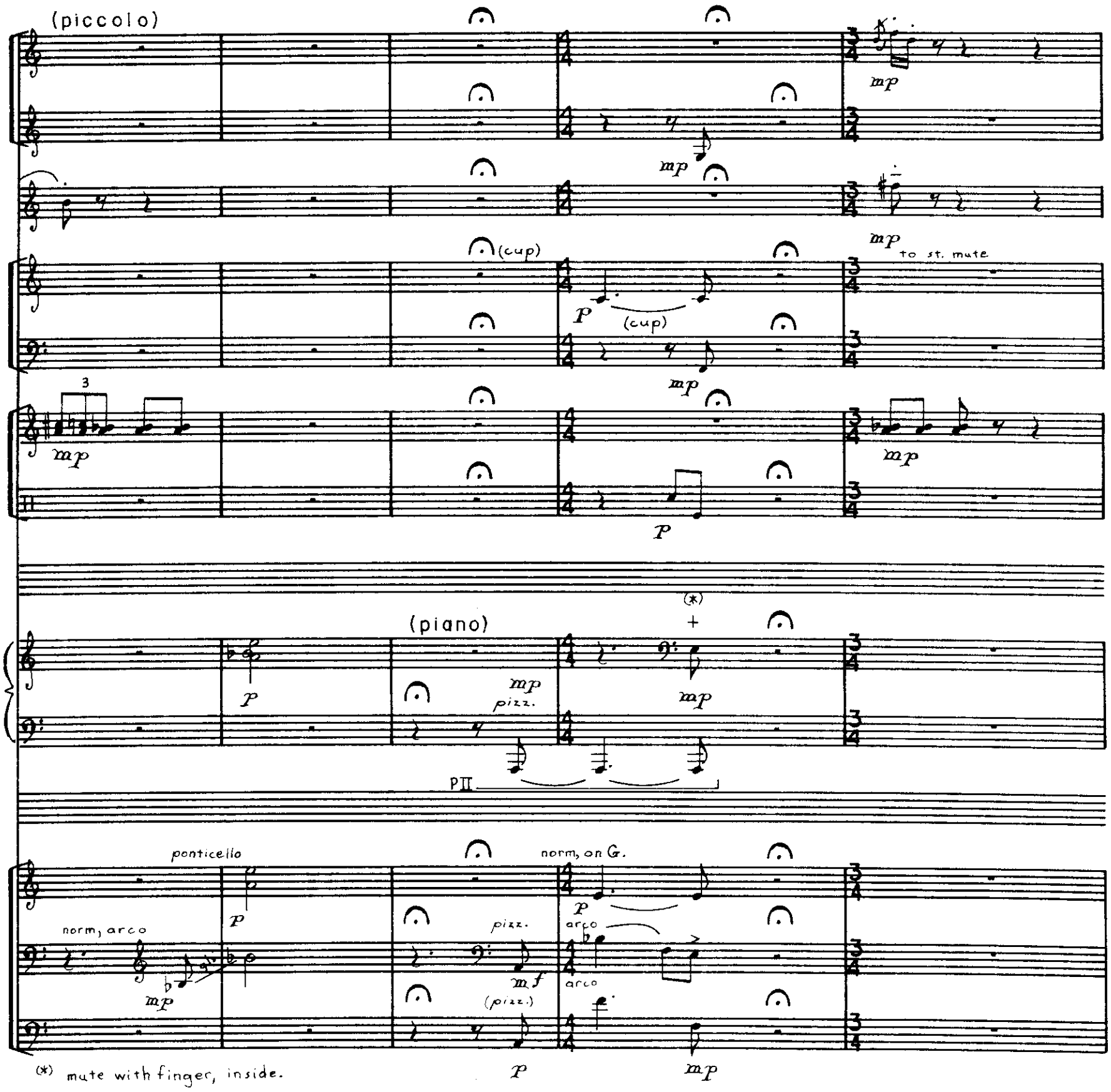


Of my many questions, "why" seems

to be the most recurrent. . . . . What I do

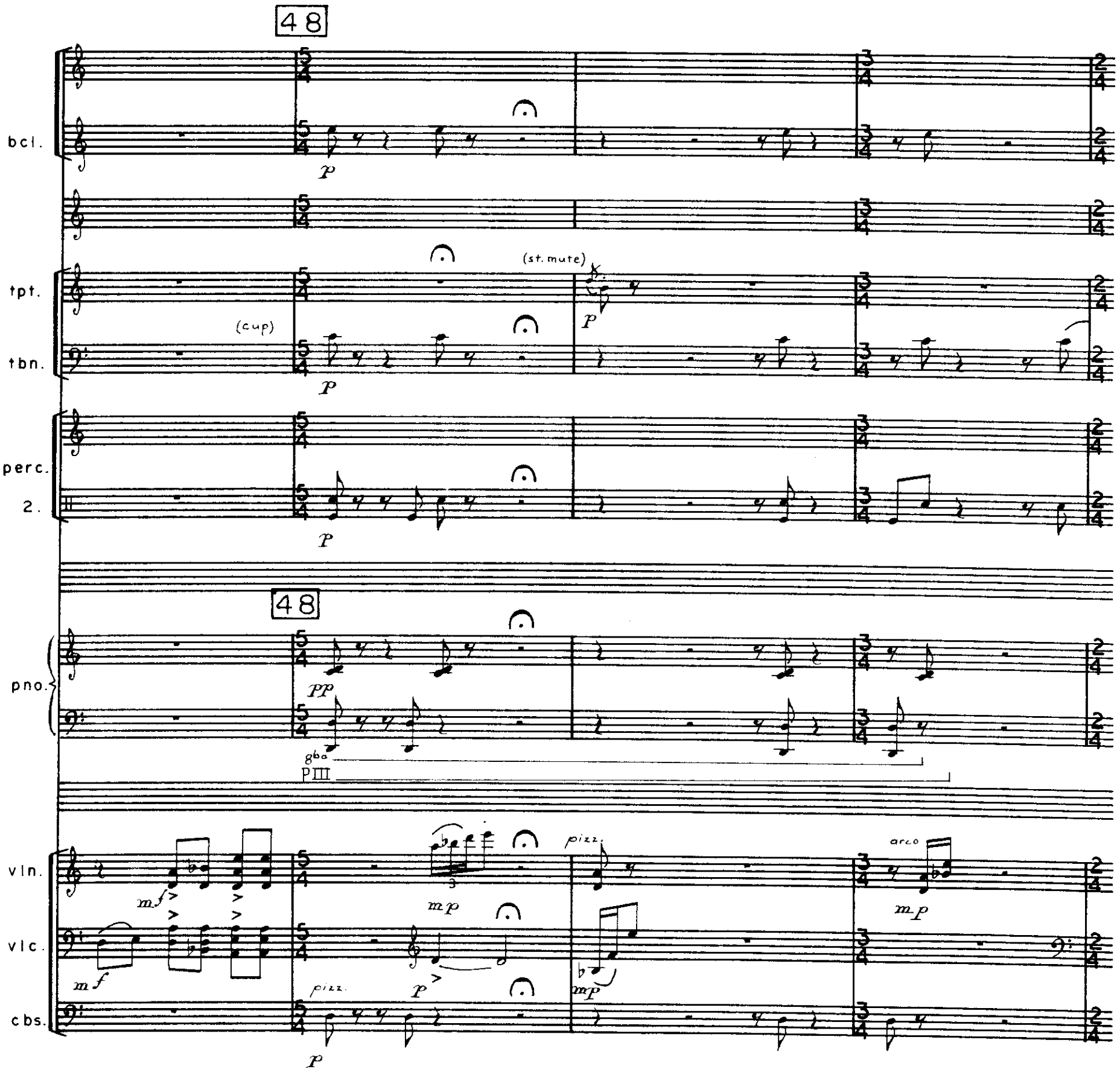
is this,

listen. . . . . Here's one wall, ...

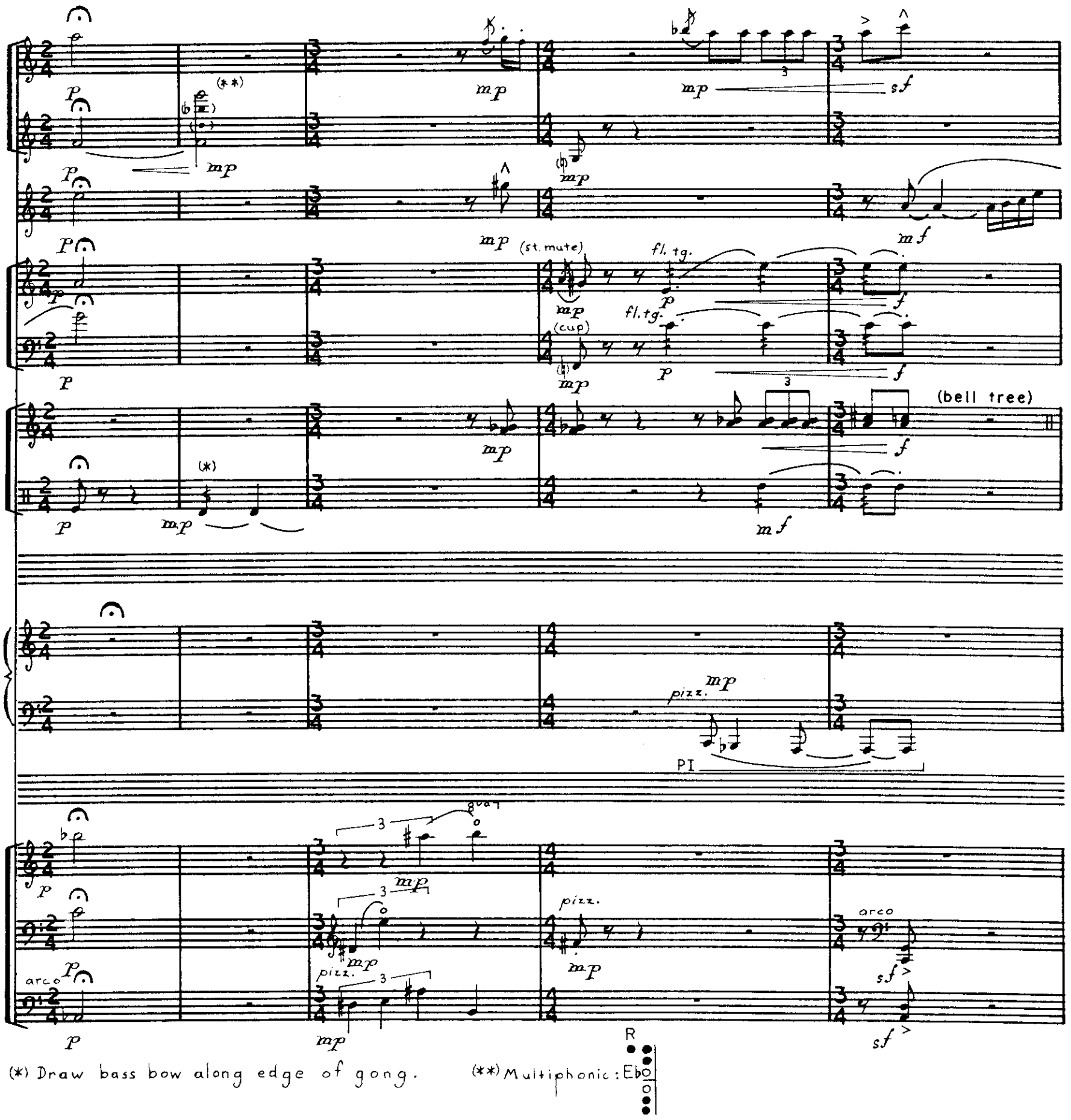


prf. here's number two, ... rounding

third now, ... and he's home!

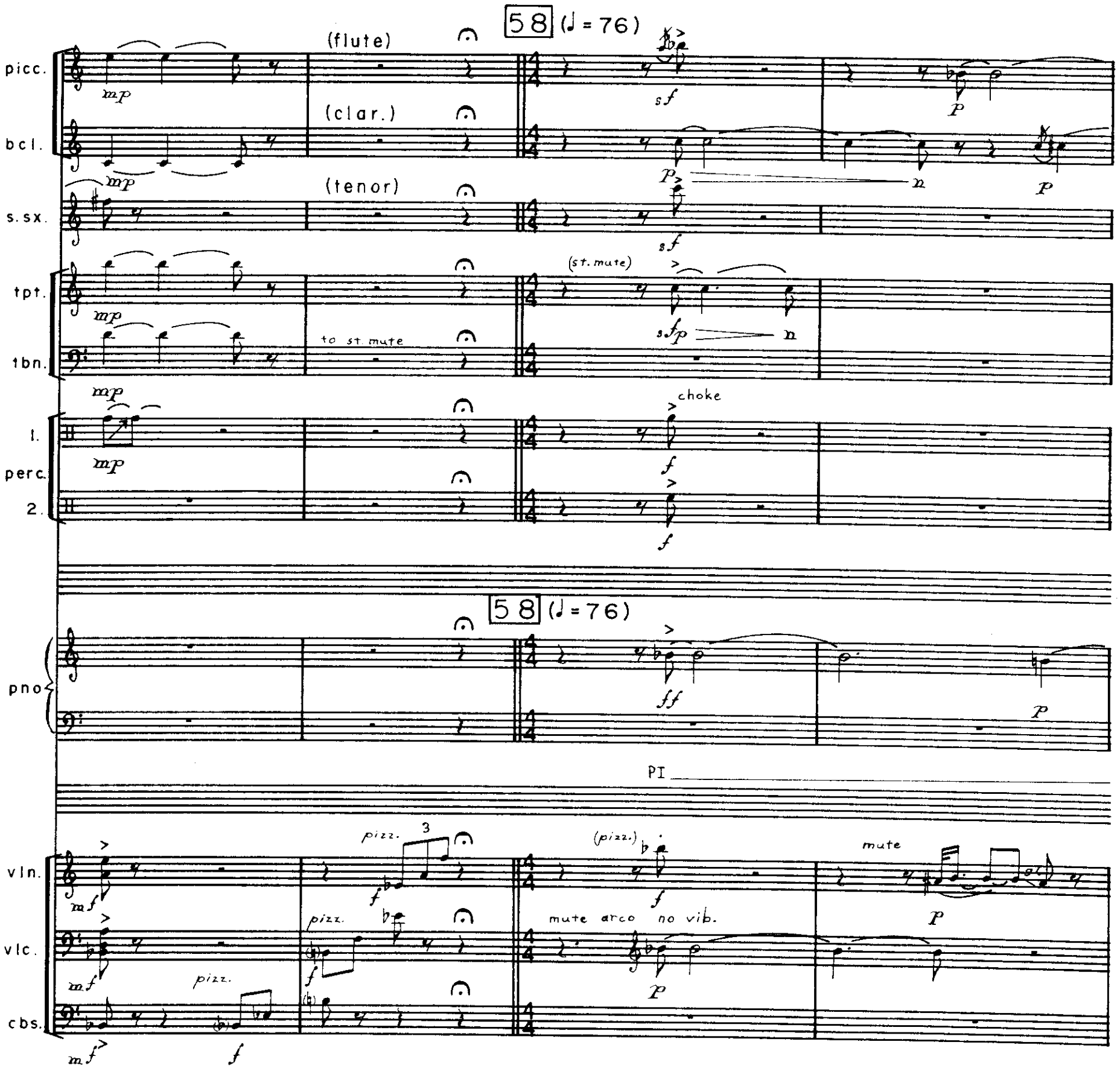


Testing, testing, one, two, three, testing, anyone out there?



prf. Can't call it large, but it serves. Sometimes I jump, . . but there's really not much incentive --

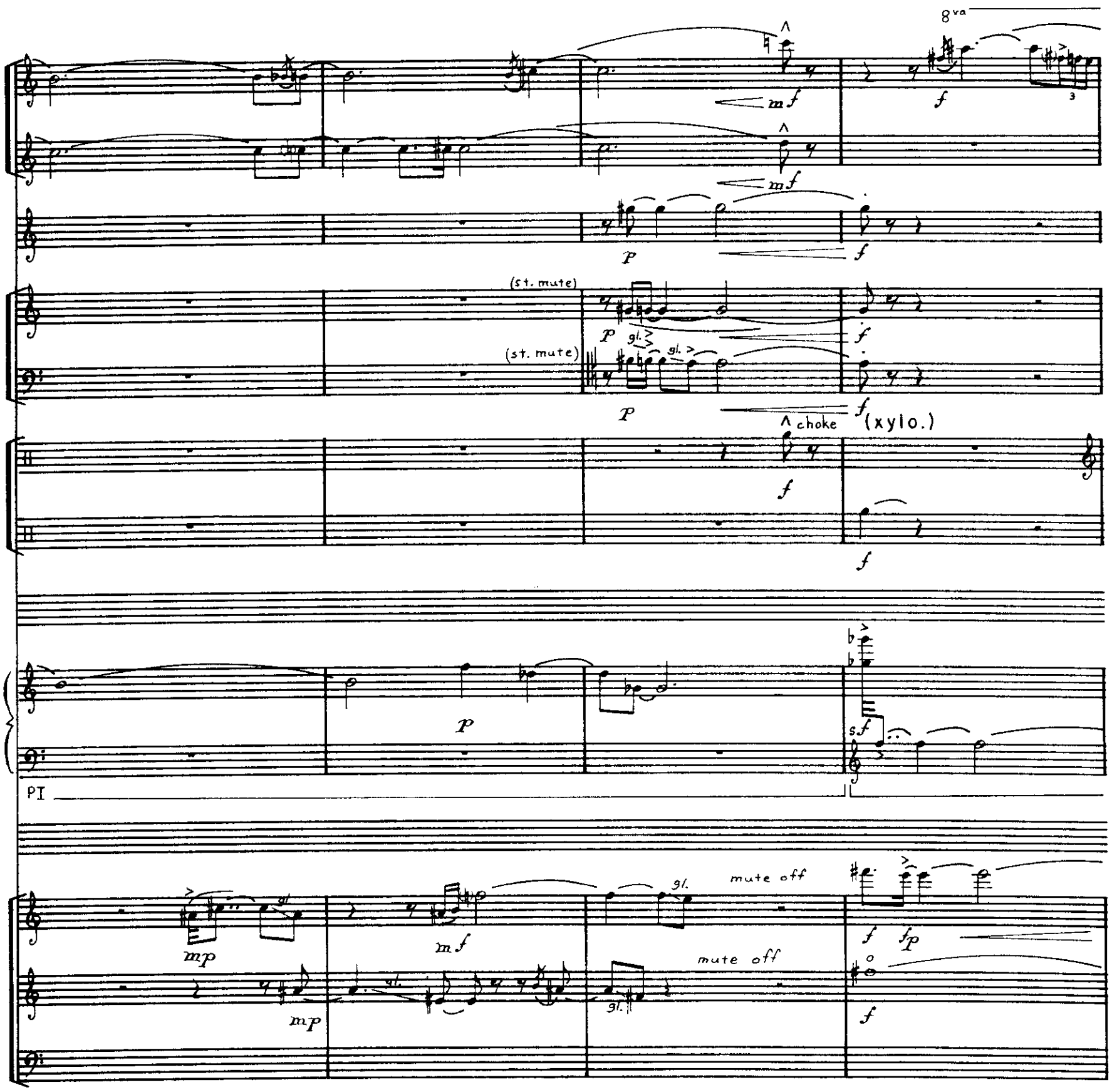
nothing to jump for.



The speaker's too high, the ceiling's even higher,

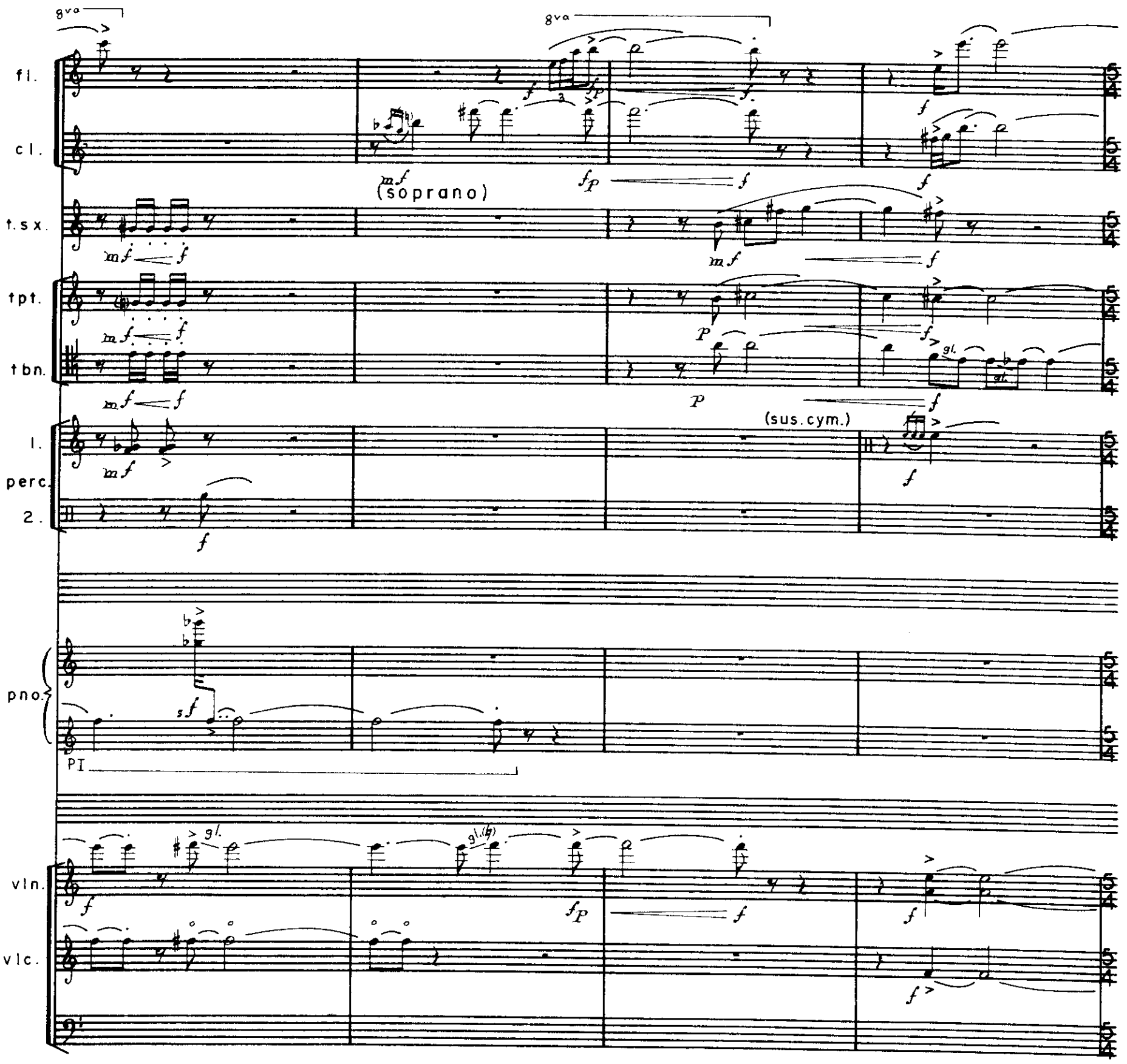
and the stool is so low that it's no challenge at all.

Well, if I thought someone were entertained by it, ... sometimes I exercise,

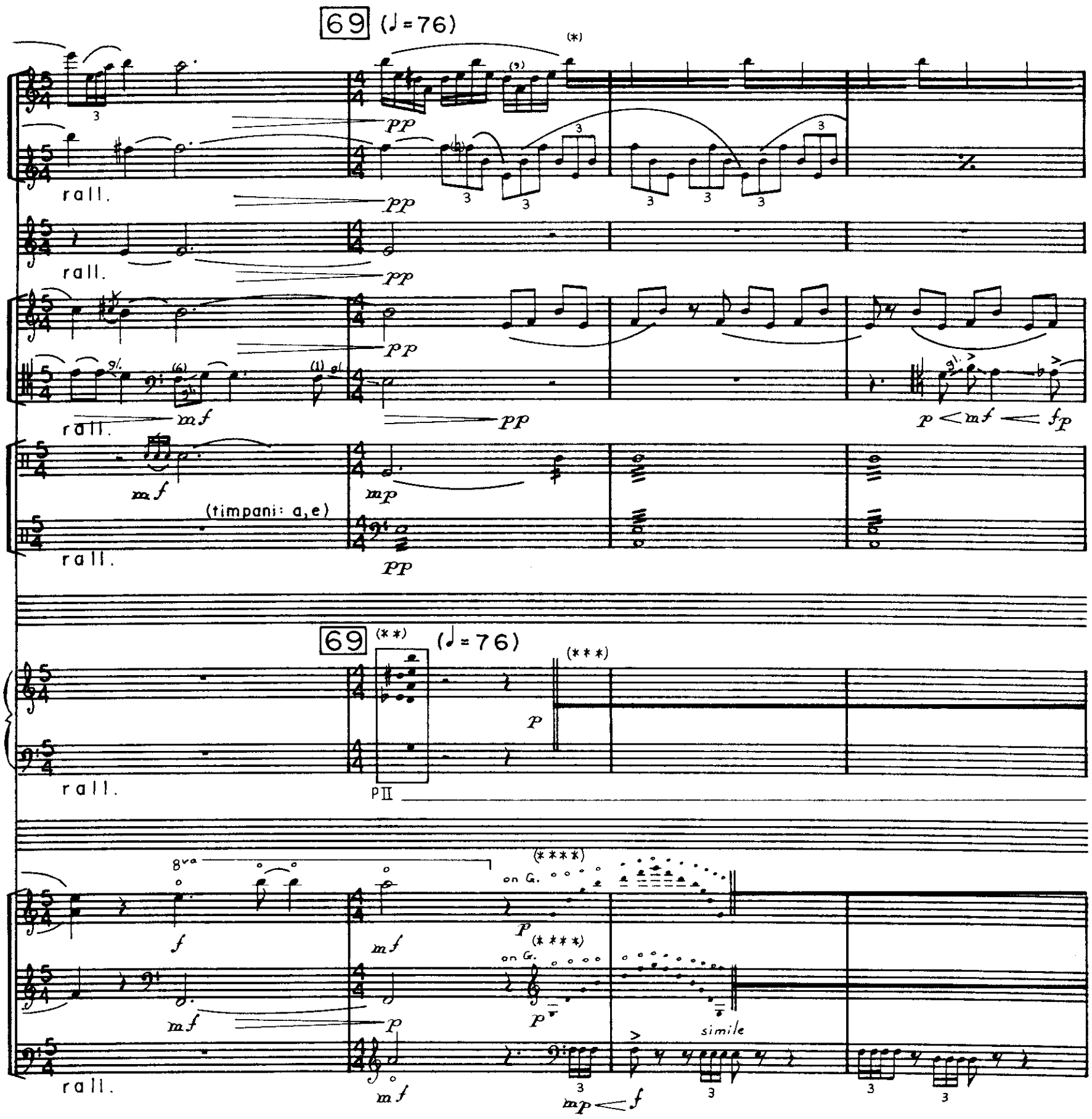


prf. not enough, though . . . getting fat . . . I eat myself to death . . . it's the only way!

It's truly impossible to kill oneself here,



and believe me, I've tried. The walls and floor are padded, so I only get a headache if I beat my head against them, the stool and mike have hard edges, but whenever I try to use them, ...

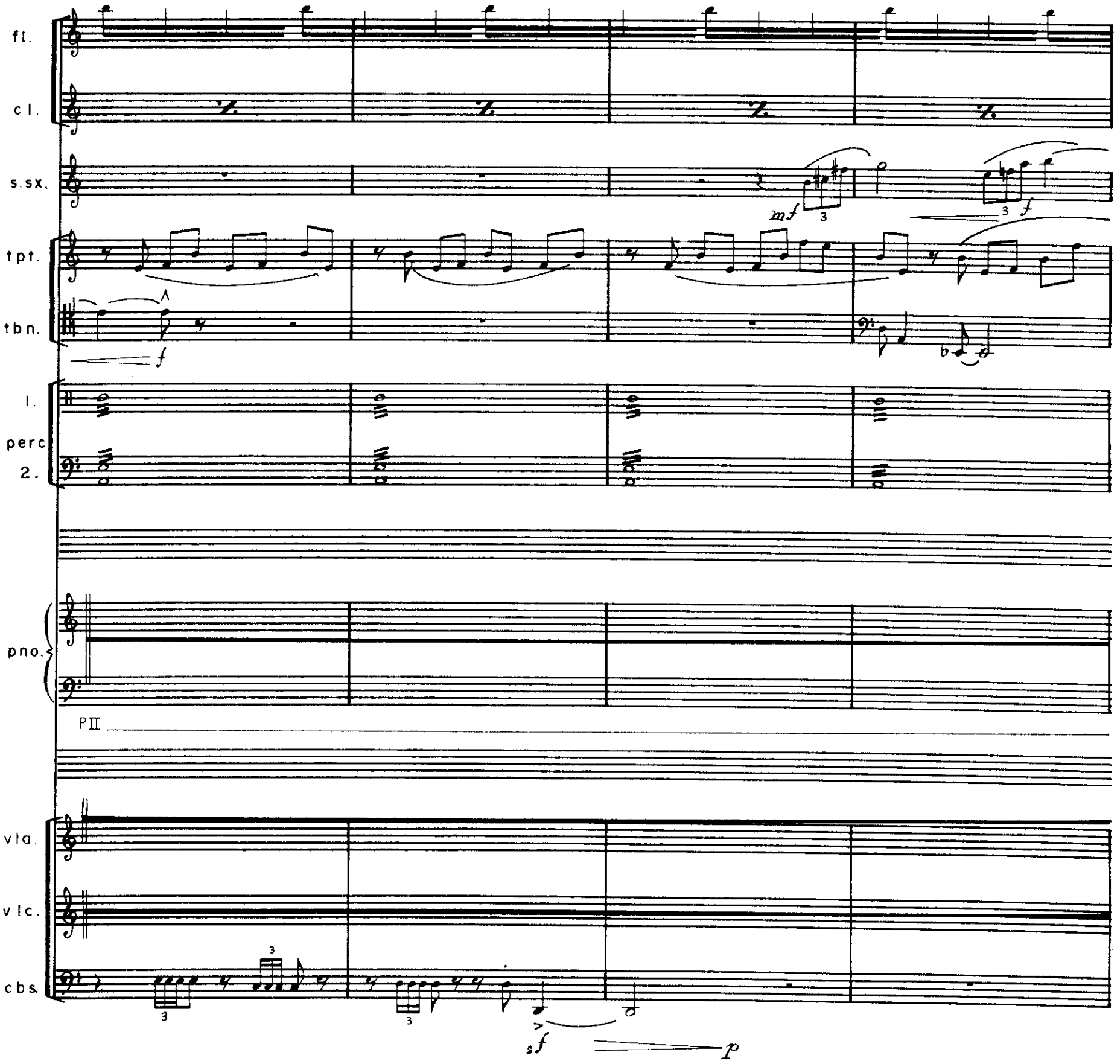


(*) figure continues. (**) silently set. (***) rake strings with hand. (****) harmonic gliss.

prf. they're withdrawn into the floor. That's how I know there's

Once I was convinced it was God, and that this was heaven, or hell; I

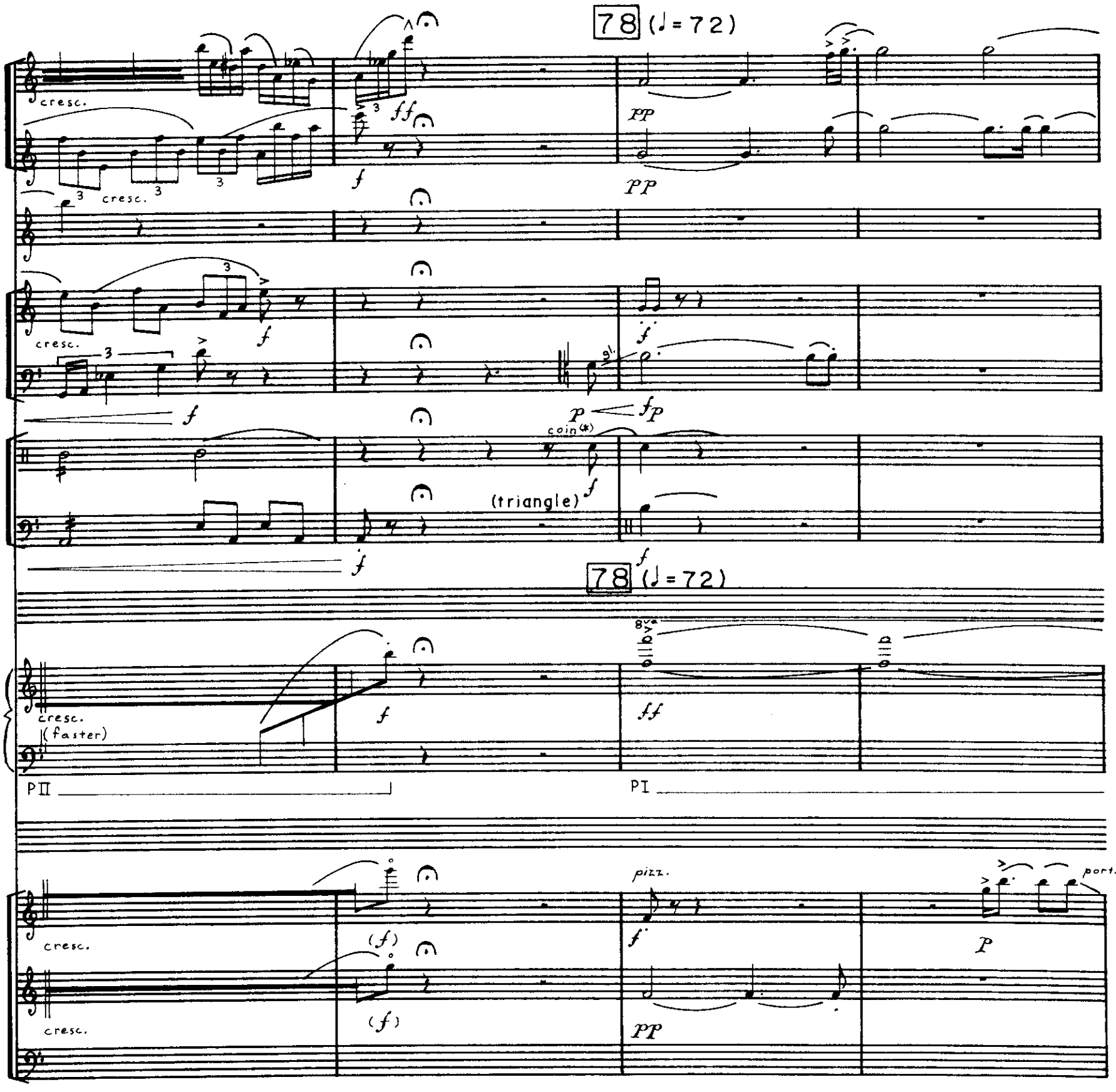
thought it would go on like this . . . .



for all eternity.

But if I were in eternity, I couldn't get any fatter, now could I?!?

Nothing changes in eternity! So I console



(*) draw from crown to edge.

perf. myself knowing I'll die someday. After all, man is

mortal! I just eat all I can to make that day come faster.

The news says that

fl.

cl.

s.sx.

tpt.

tbn.

coin (*)

(xylo.)

l.

perc.

2.

pno.

8va

PI

vln.

vlc.

cbs.

(*) draw from crown to edge.

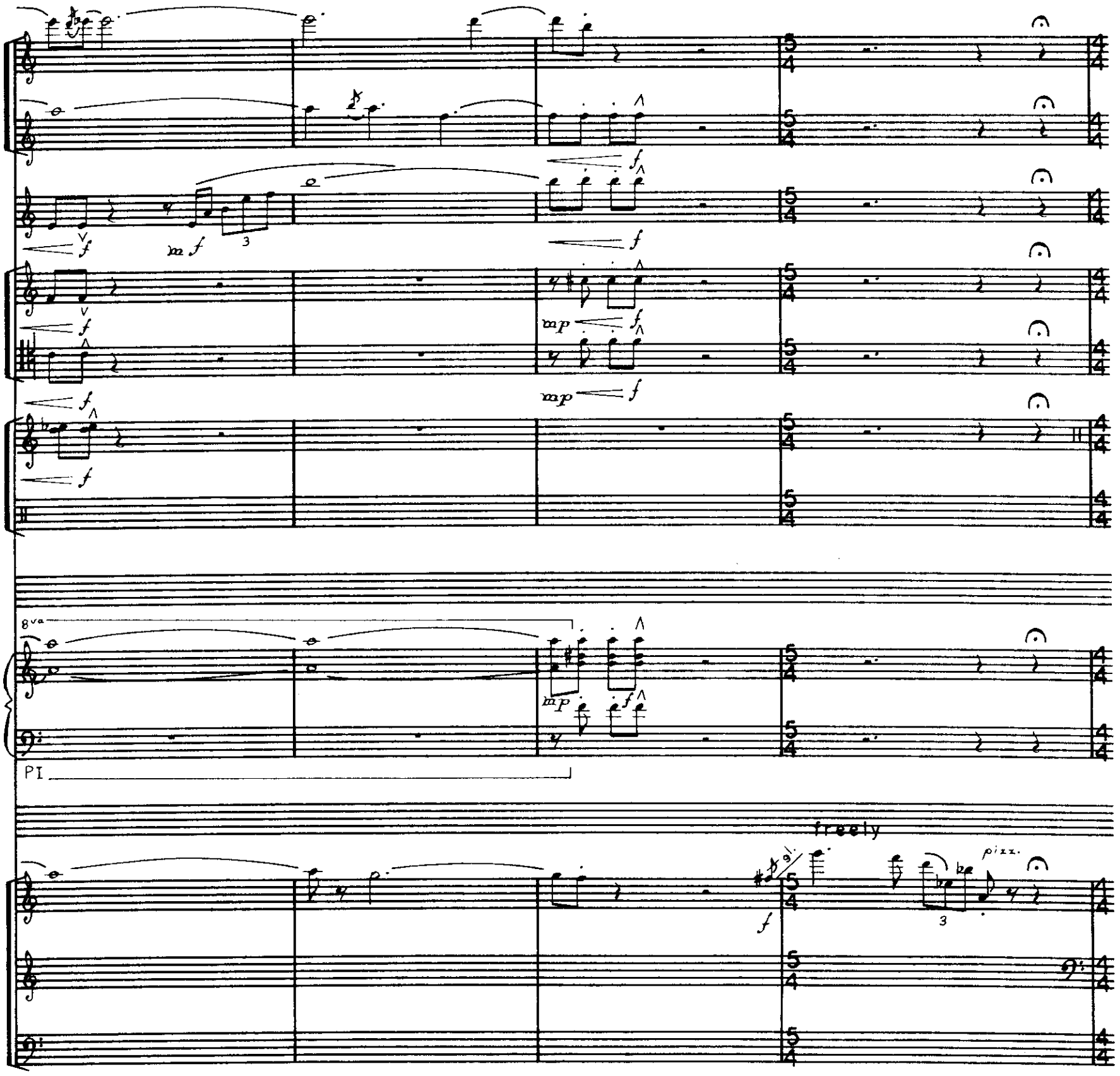
will give me heart disease. It's fun, too, that's the real

reason I do a lot of eating . . . what else

is there to

do? Over there's

the little, uh,

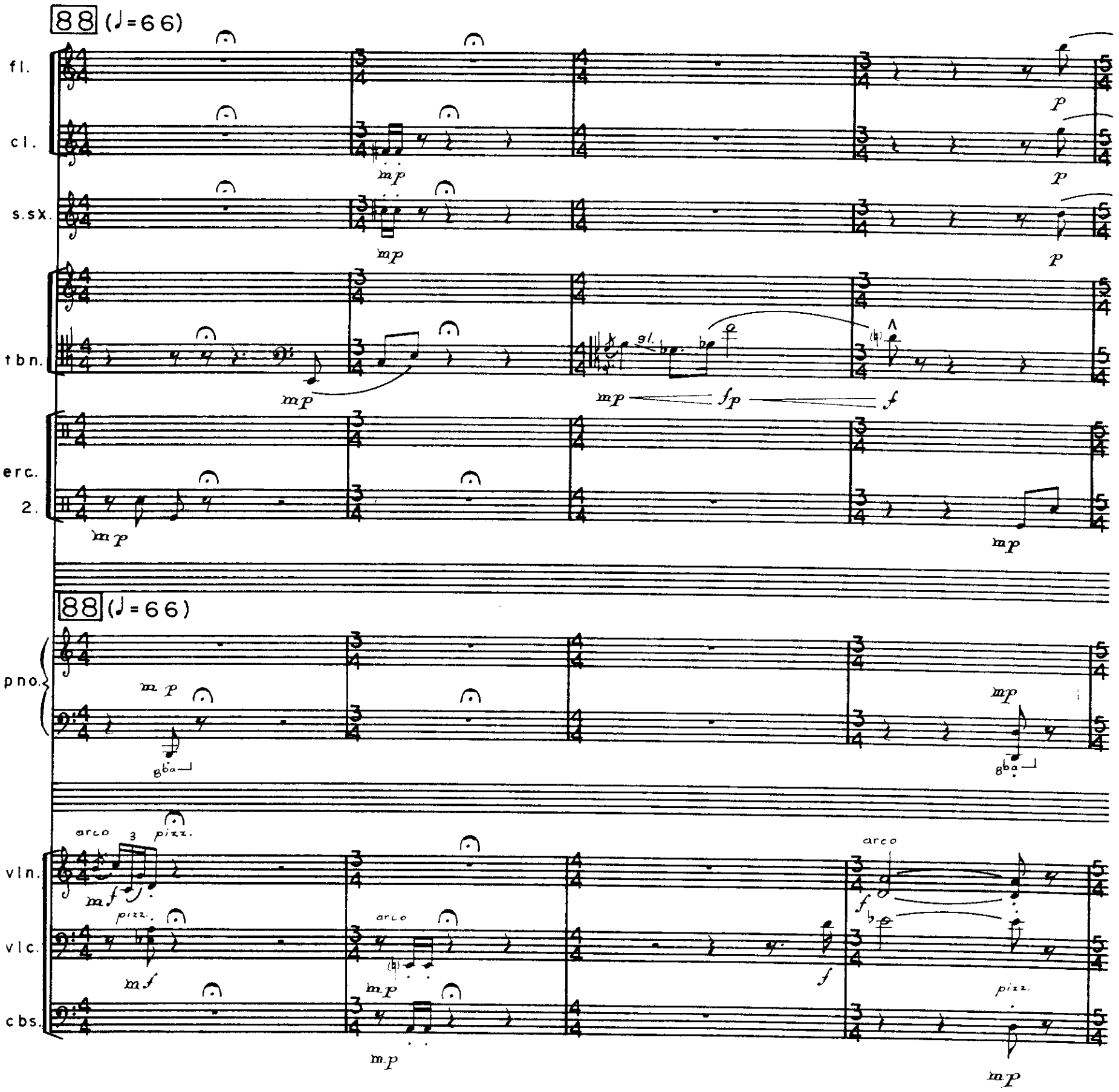


. . . . nozzle, sticking
out of the wall,
and all I have
to do is put my
mouth to it.

Not the most elegant
way to feed, but it
tastes damn good! Sometimes I just stand there for hours and let it

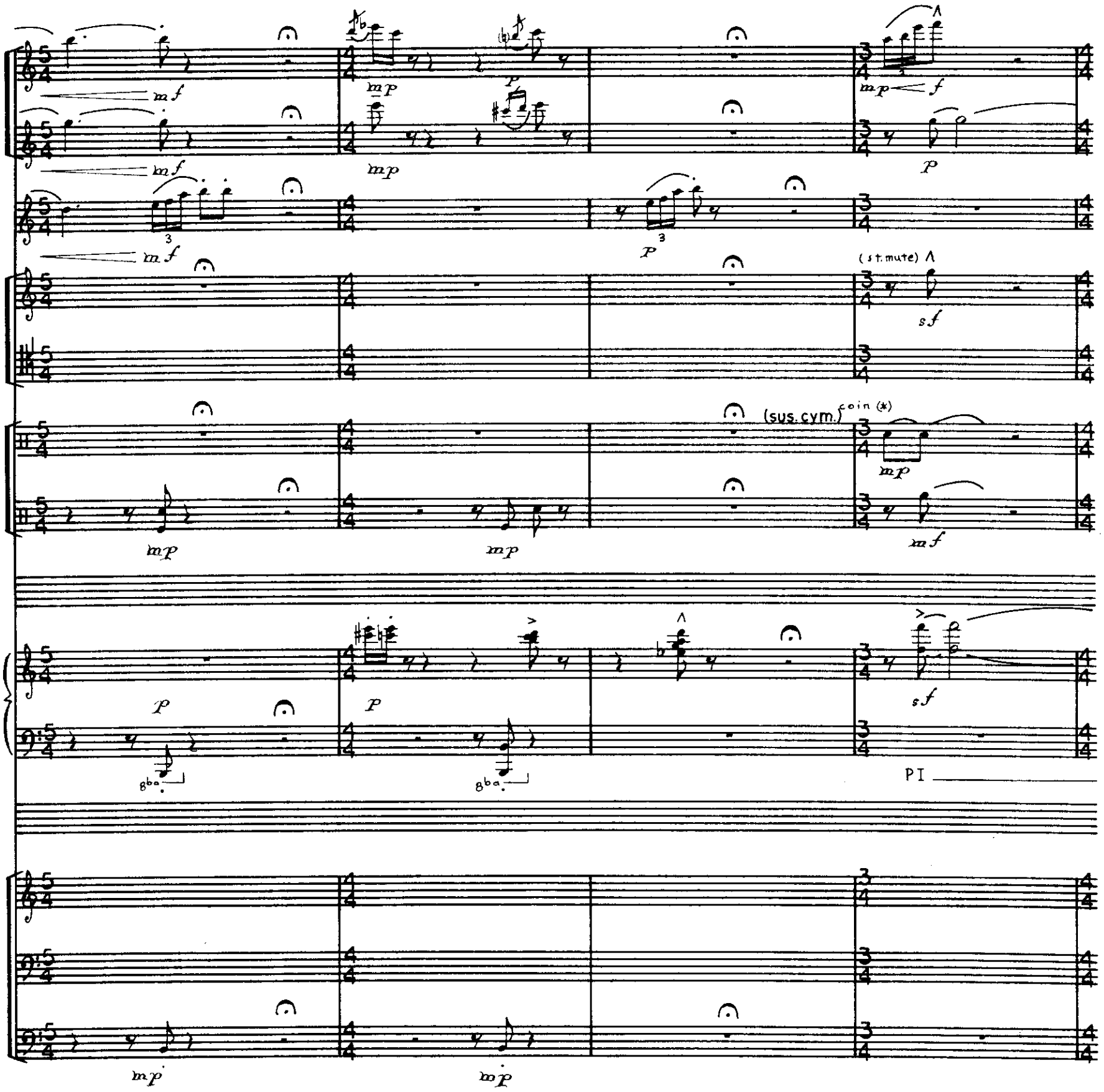
perf.

trickle in . . .



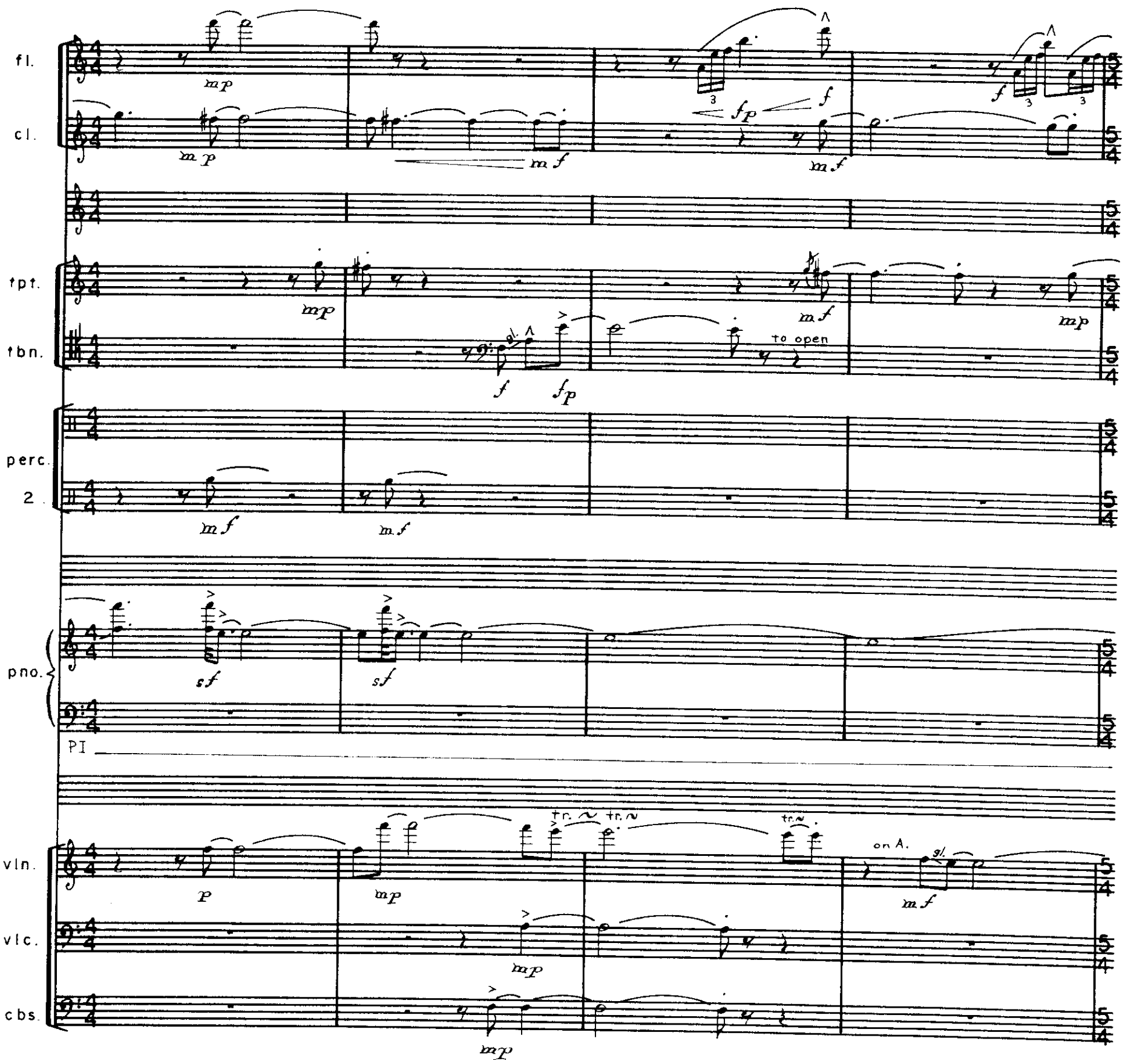
until I
have to
trickle.

That's why
the stool has
a lid, ... moves on
a hinge; . . . quite
clever, ... If I sleep, ... I'm not aware
of it.

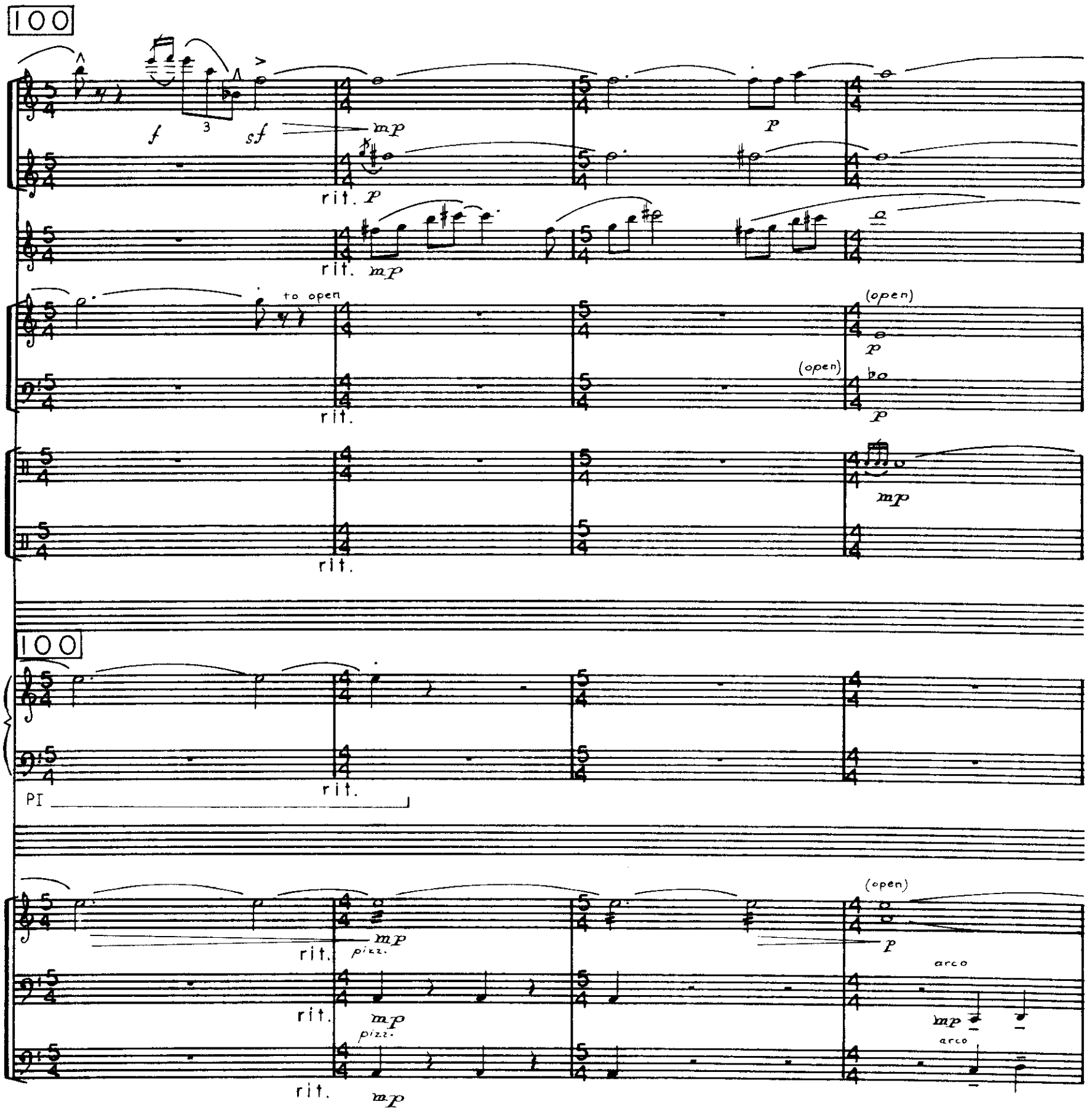


prf. I do catch myself dreaming, though, but I can't

seem to dream at will. I would like that exceedingly.

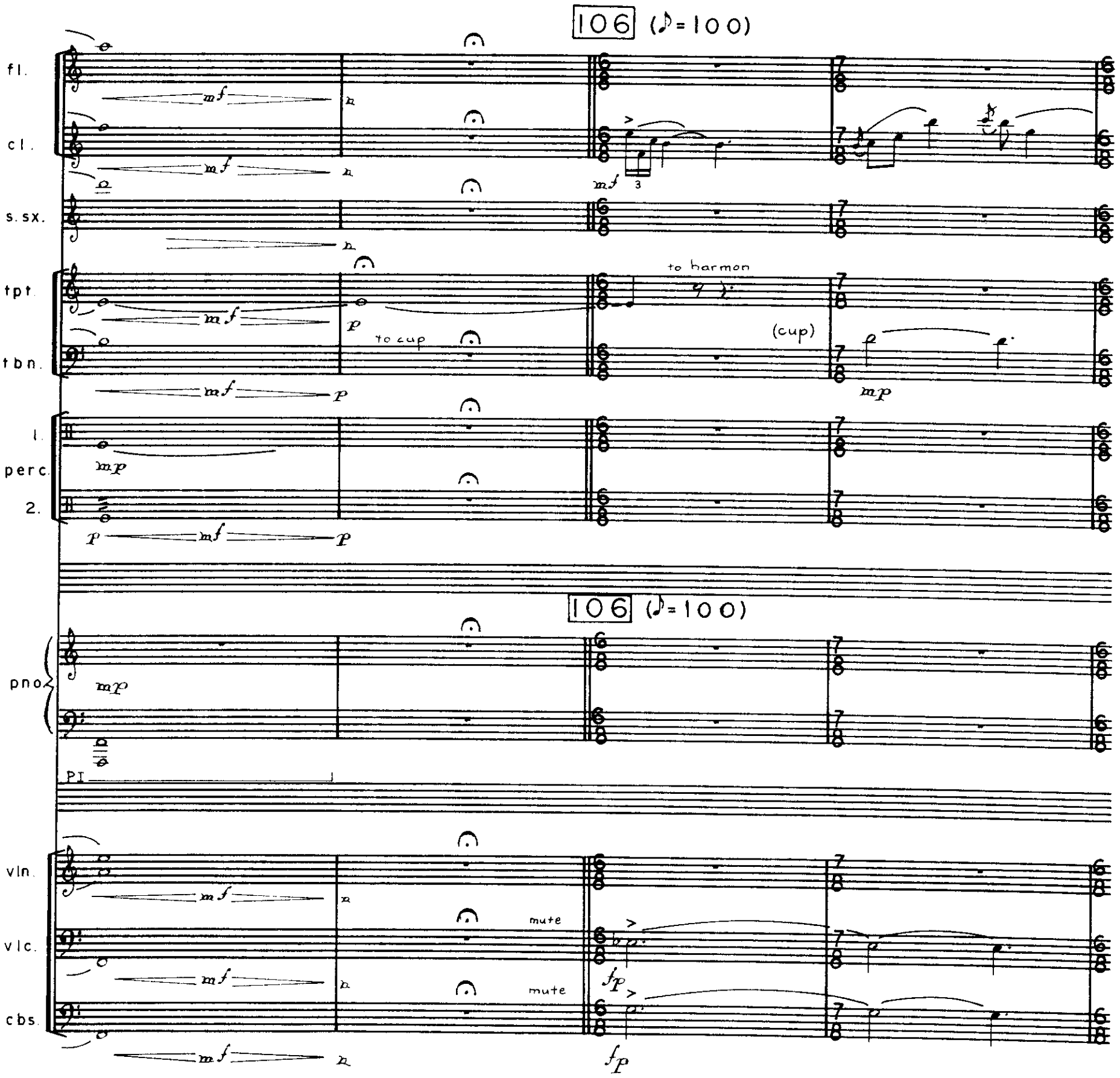


That covers all the vital functions, well . . . all but one, but there is an accommodation for sex, too. All the comforts of home.



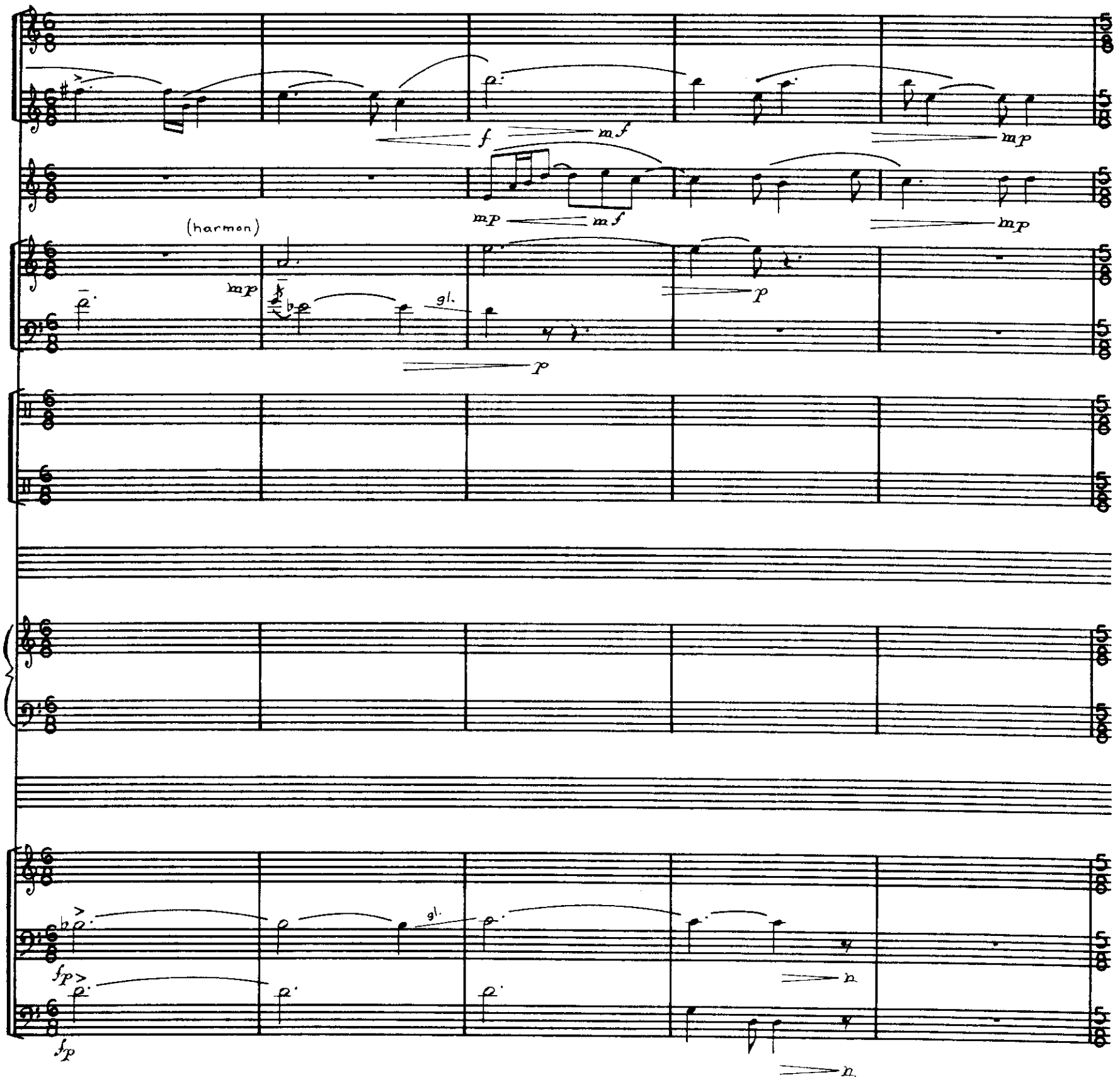
prf. I have no memory of any

time before this, and I can't say how long "this" has been going on.



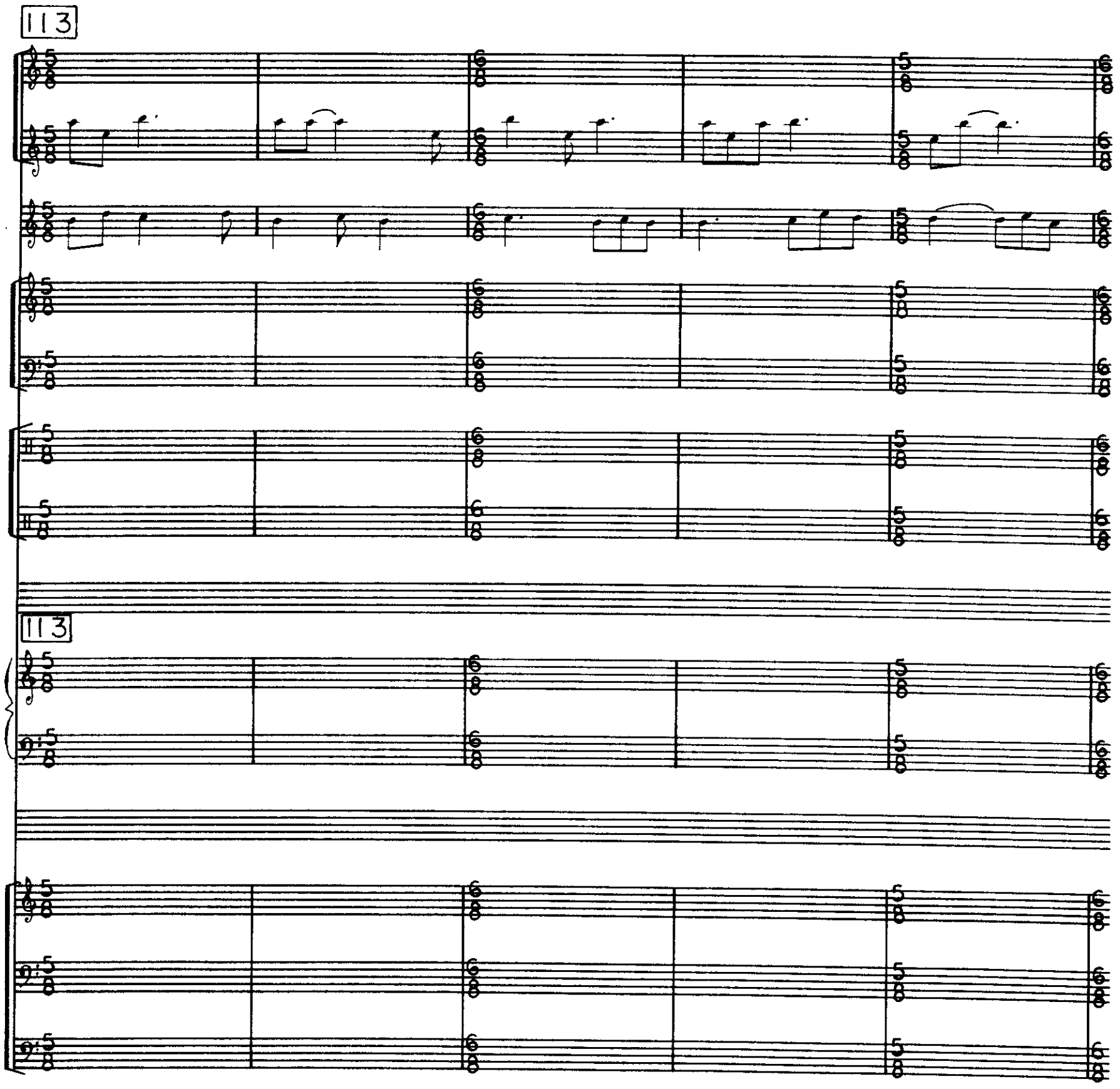
The radio says it is (Insert date of actual performance), though I don't know what conclusion I can draw from that.

Listening to the news, I know my position here is not typical; they've described prisons more hospitable than



this, but; maybe they're lying, ya'know, covering

prf. up, maybe even the date's not real, and every day's broadcast is an elaborate hoax, a script, and it's really 1950, not (Insert present year). Or maybe



they're antique tapes, and I am living

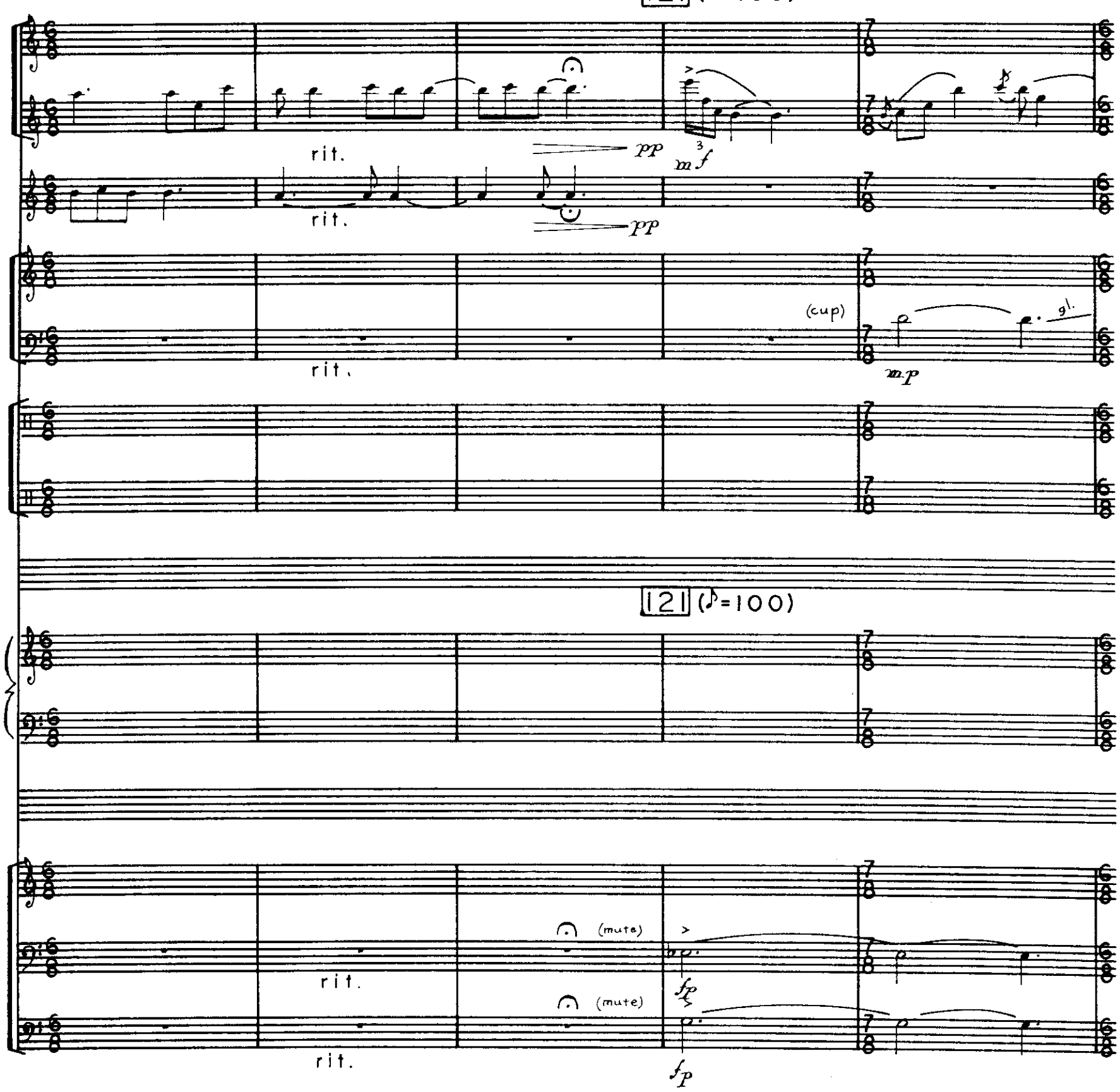
centuries after the fact, a fossil.

There's no way to judge.

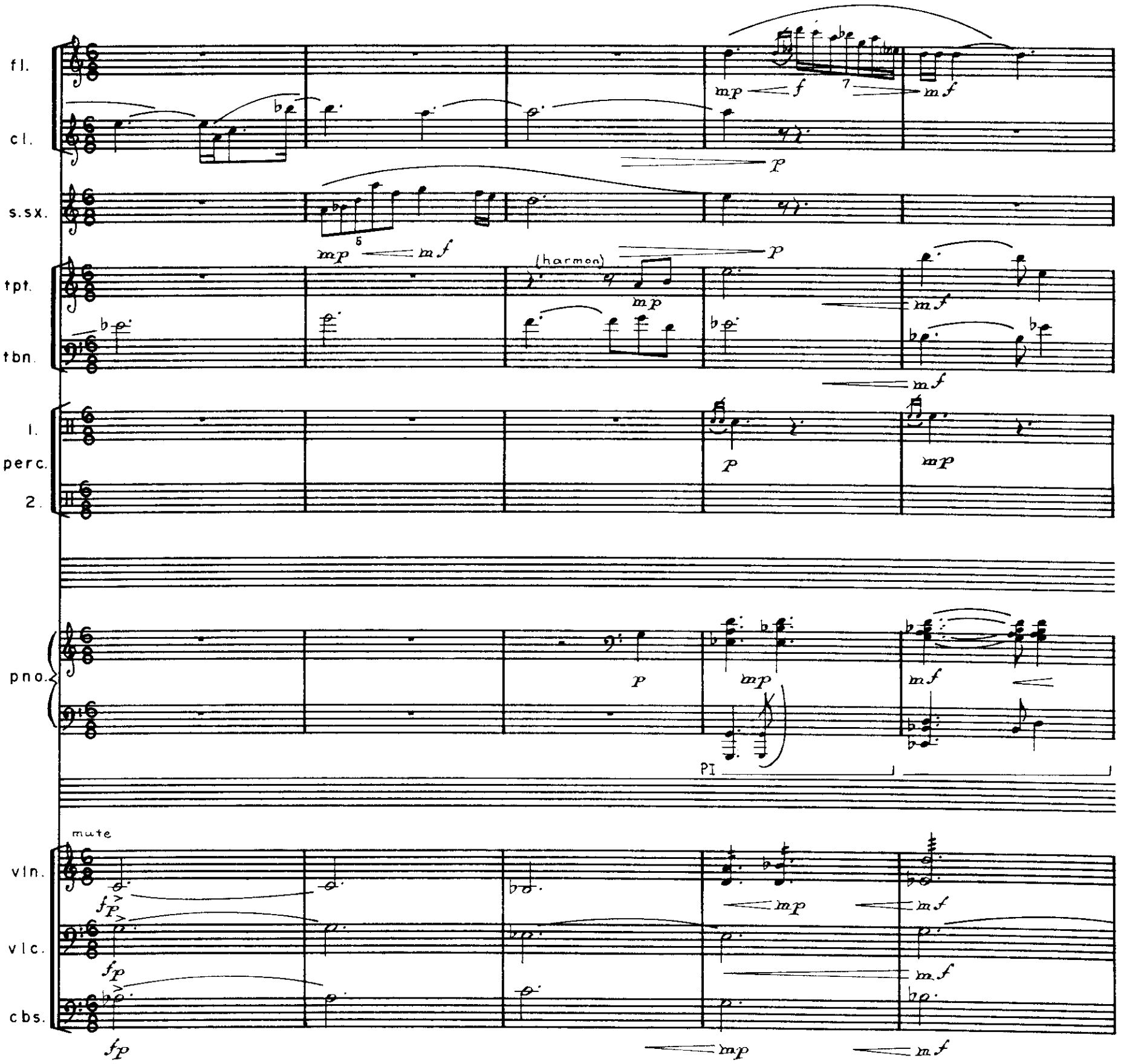
Sometimes

I do my own

show, . . . stories about the people on the news,

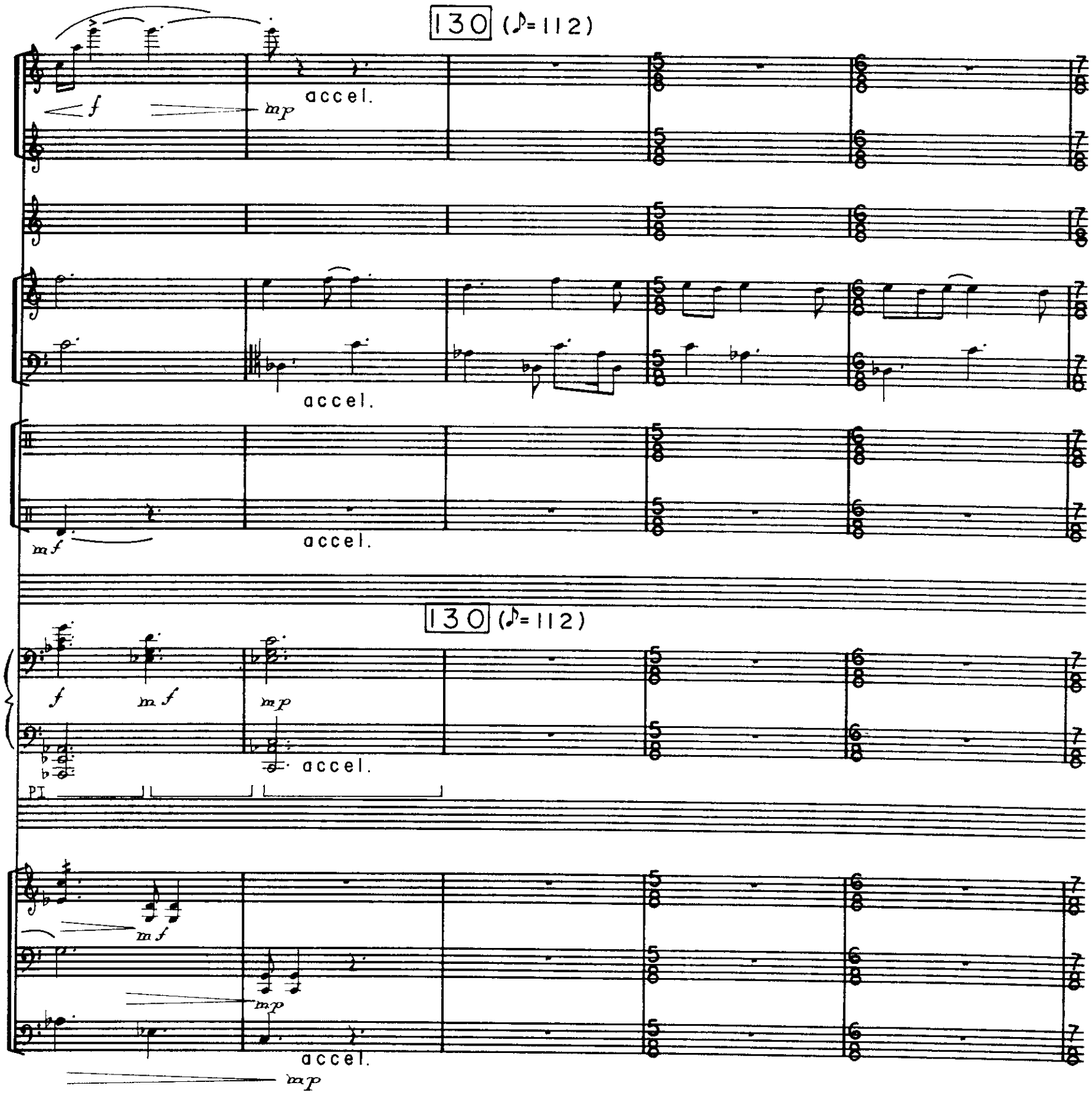


they're the best. Sometimes they're just about people I makeup,
but those aren't so good because, . . . they're not so good
because . . . everybody's dead, I think; I may be the only one
prf. left, the sole survivor. They just keep me
here, the last one
alive, ...

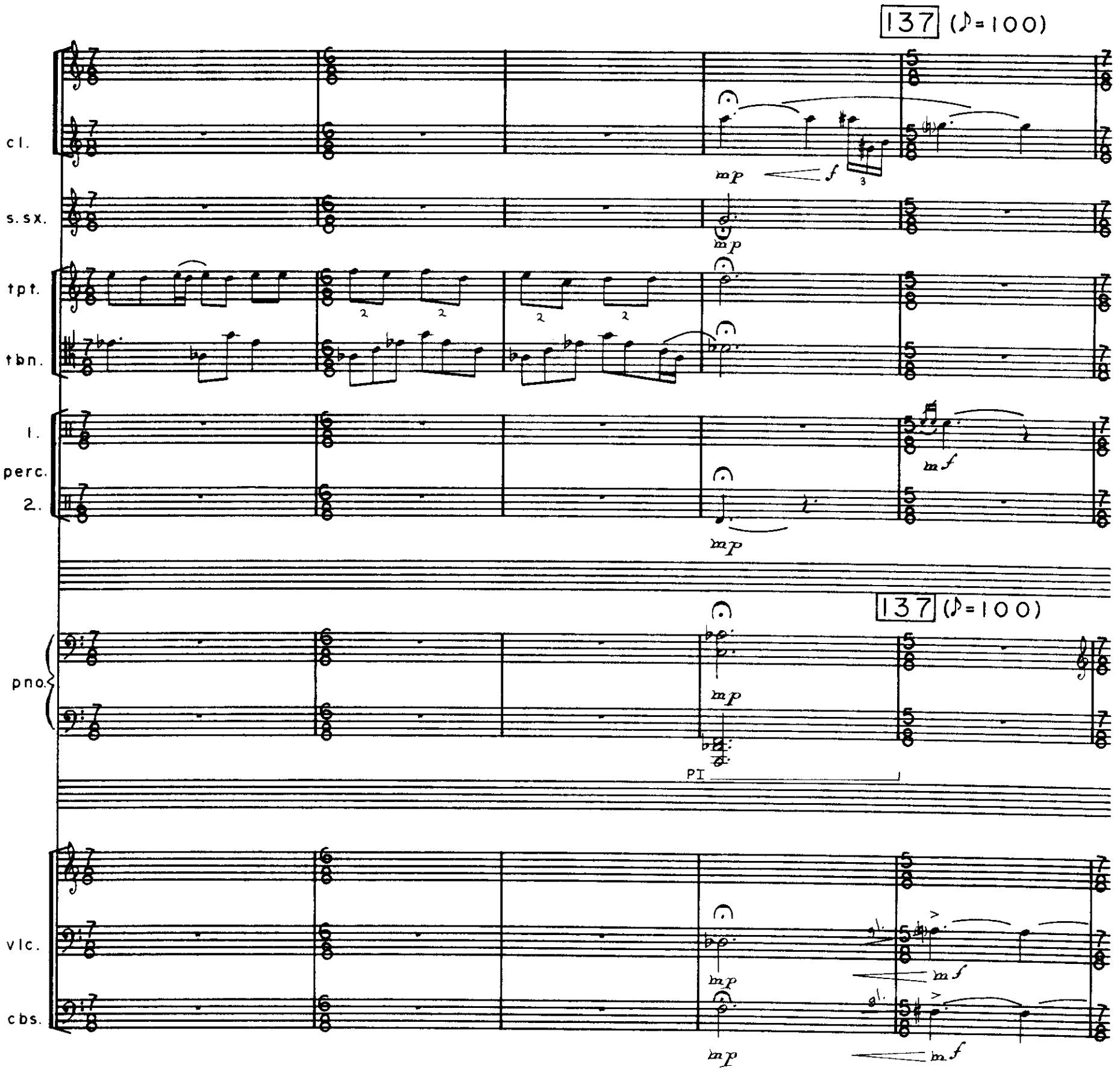


in this cage, to look

at, to observe, to . . . . Why do they keep me alive?? And if everyone is dead, then who are the supposed observers?? Aliens?? Real aliens? Nahh, . . . why would they study me?

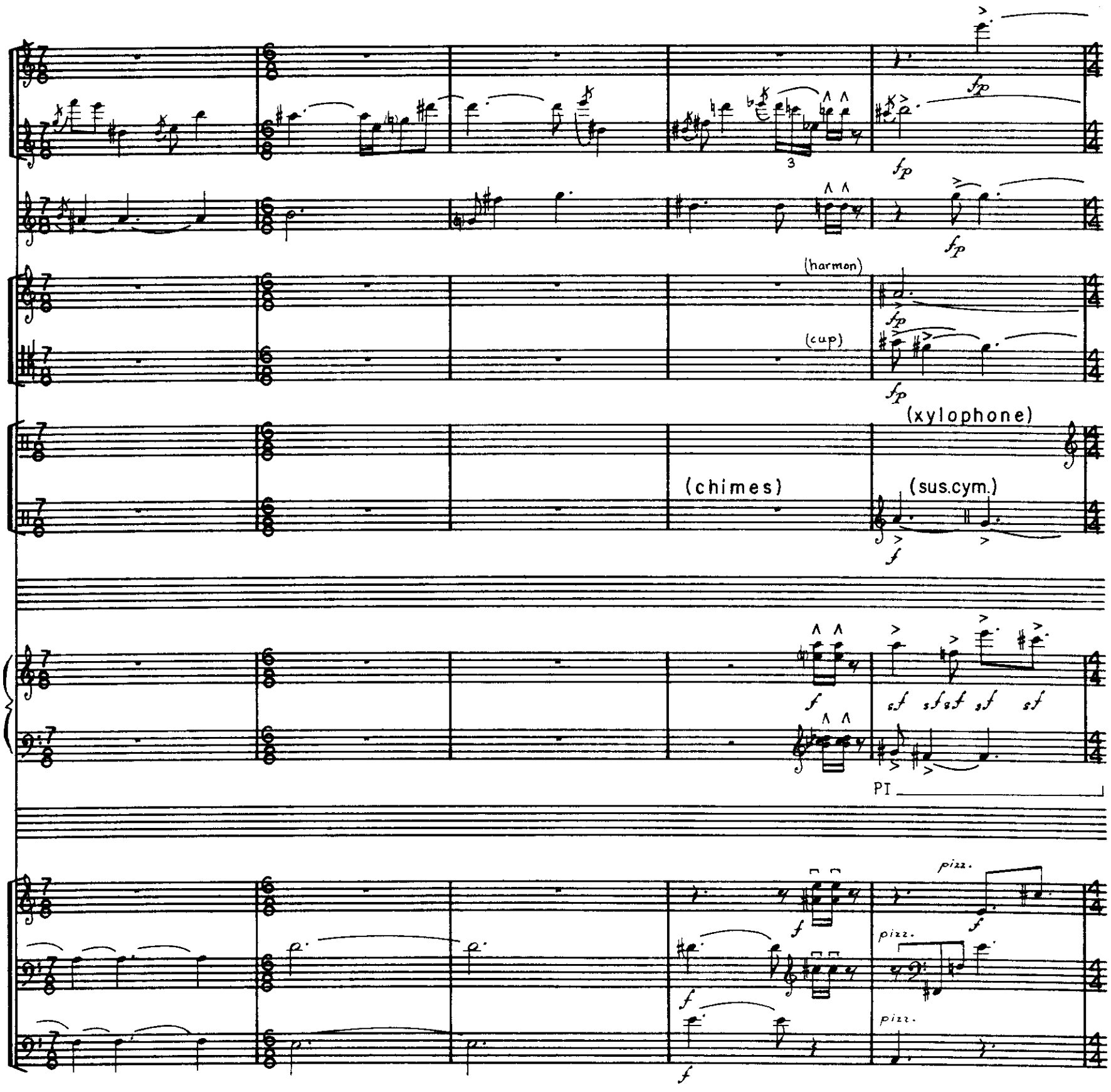


What could they hope to learn?? Is it an experiment? What am
I supposed to do? Are they waiting for some particular response,
prf. or lack of one, to confirm some theory of behavior, or destroy it? Maybe
I'm the con-
trol group. Are the testers happy with

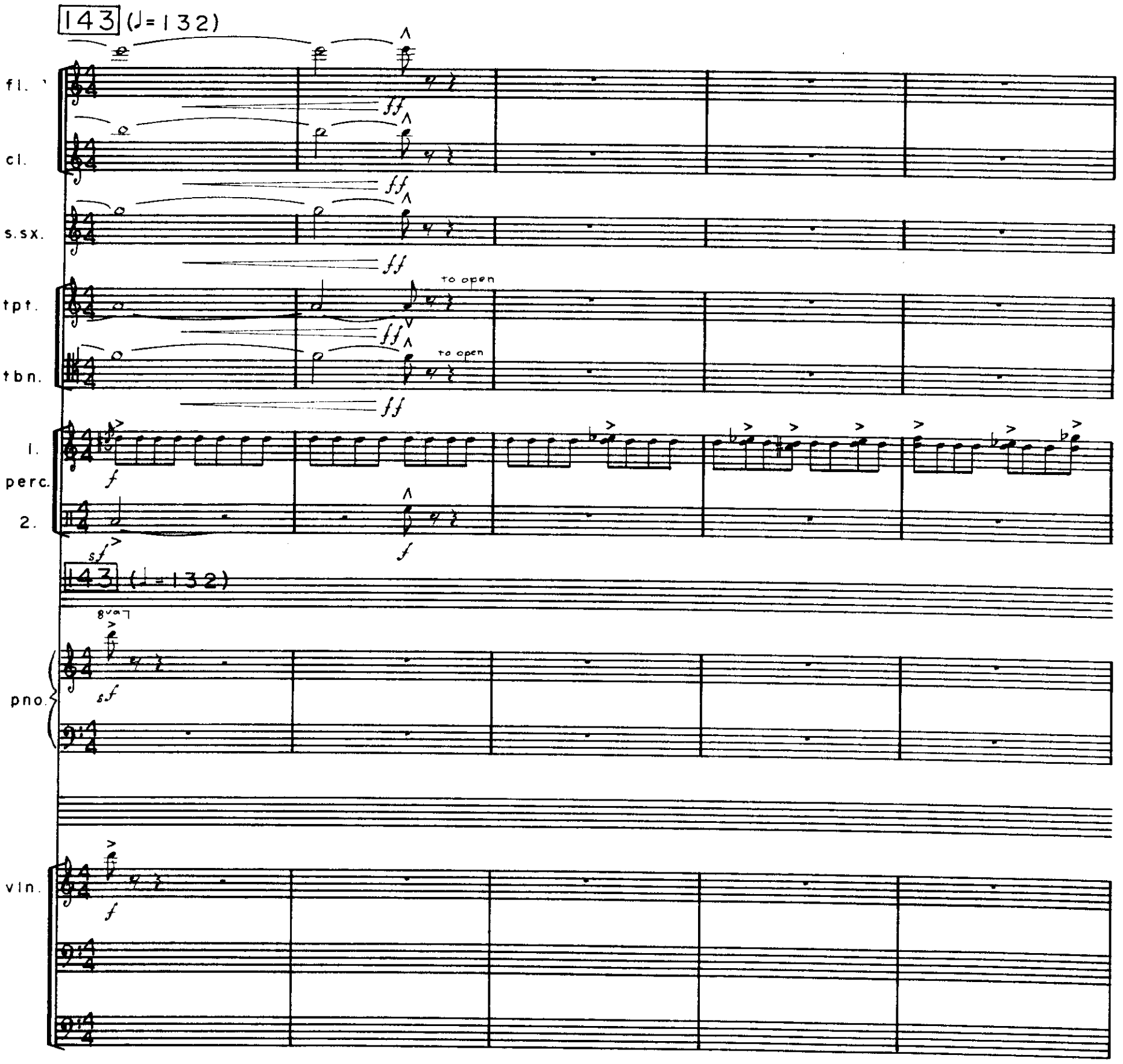


their results? They give no indications. They efface themselves, behind these walls, this ceiling, this floor. Perhaps no human could stand the sight of them.

But, maybe they're only scientists,



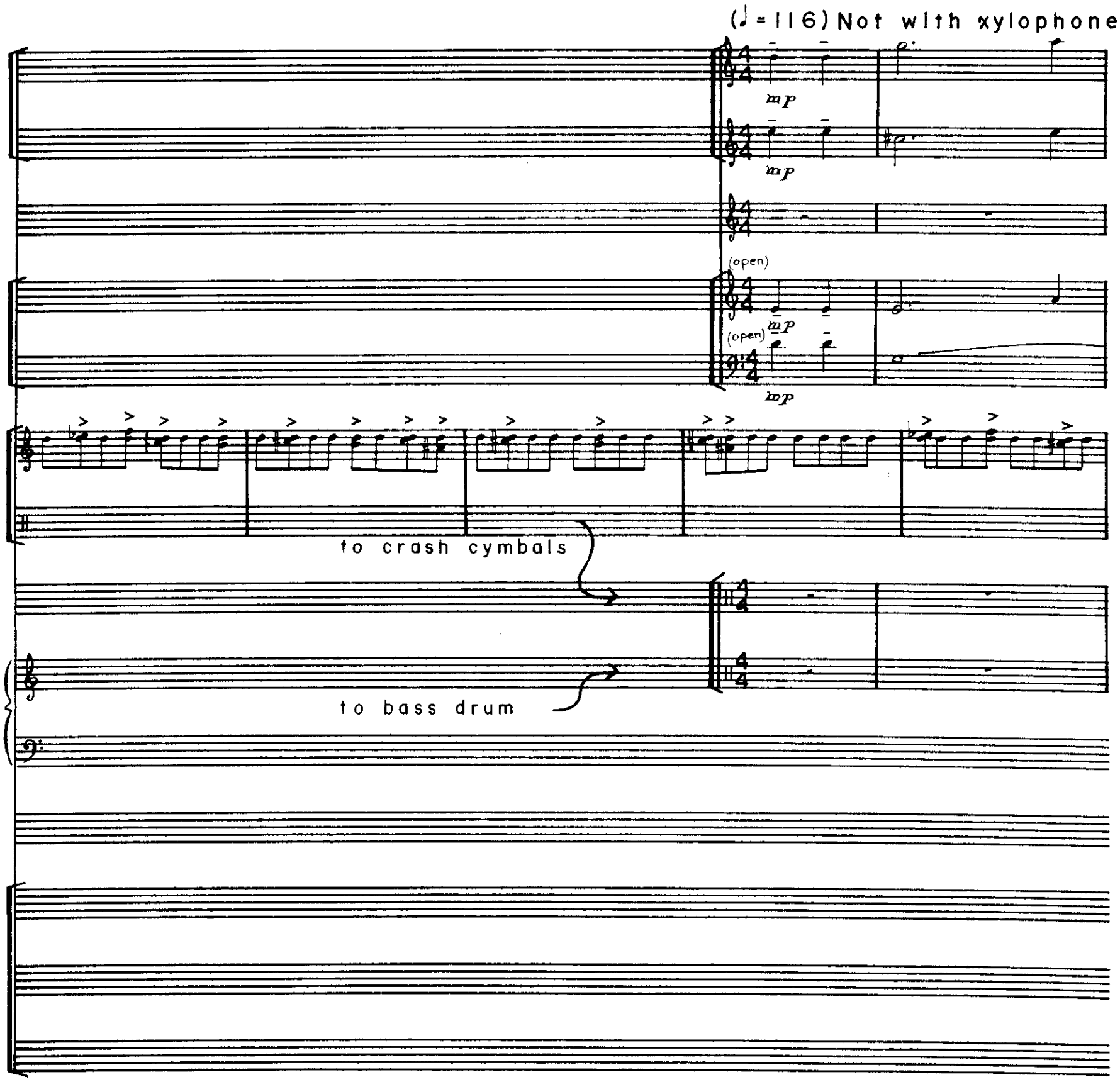
prf. and not aliens at all. Ivy-league psychologists, perhaps, just like those on all the talk-shows. Blustery mutterers talking through their mustaches, tapping their teeth with their horn-rimmed eyeglasses,



or is it their briar pipes? No, wait, maybe it's clipped-diction

Army doctors studying debriefing techniques.

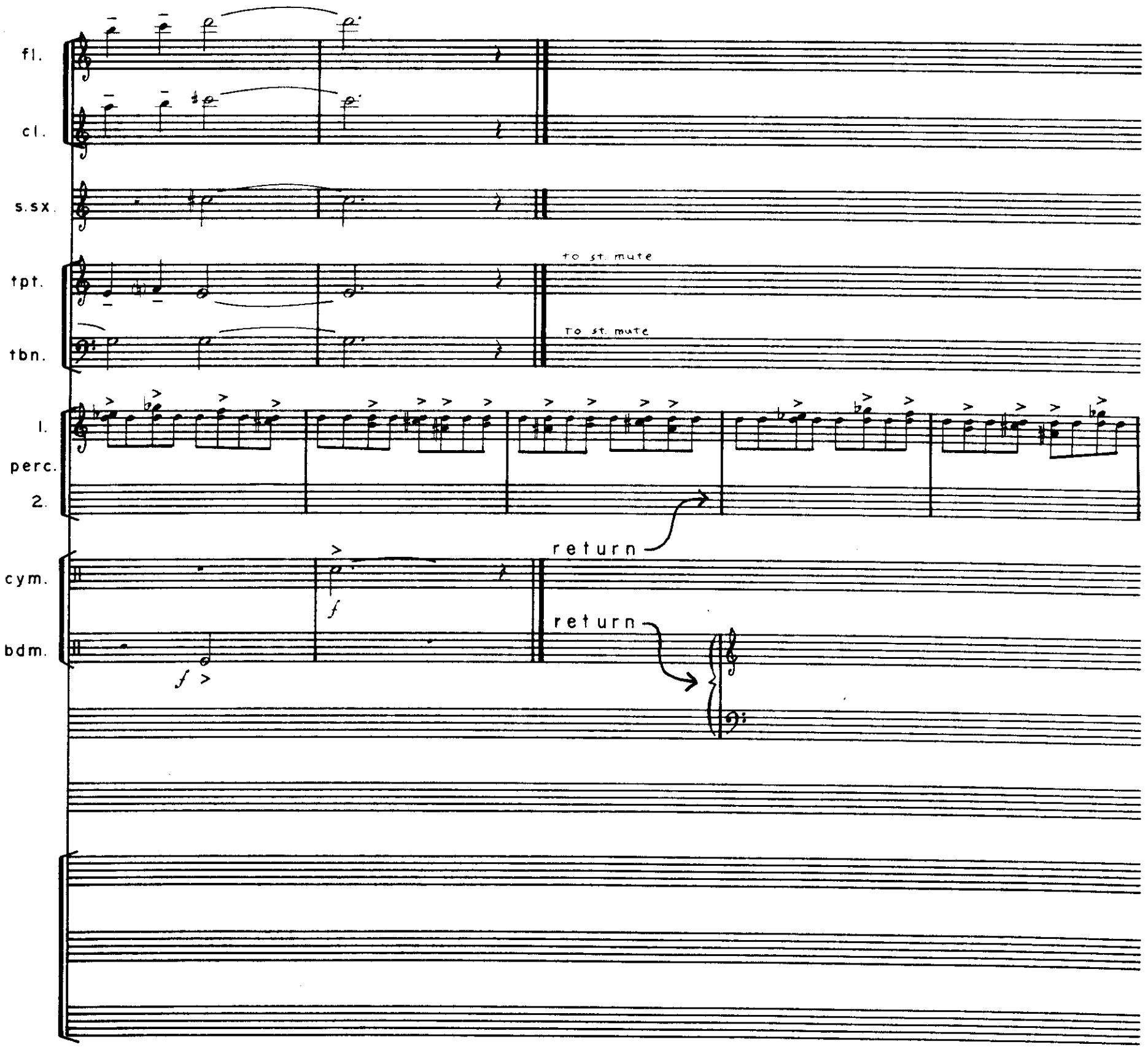
"Just following orders, sir"!



prf.

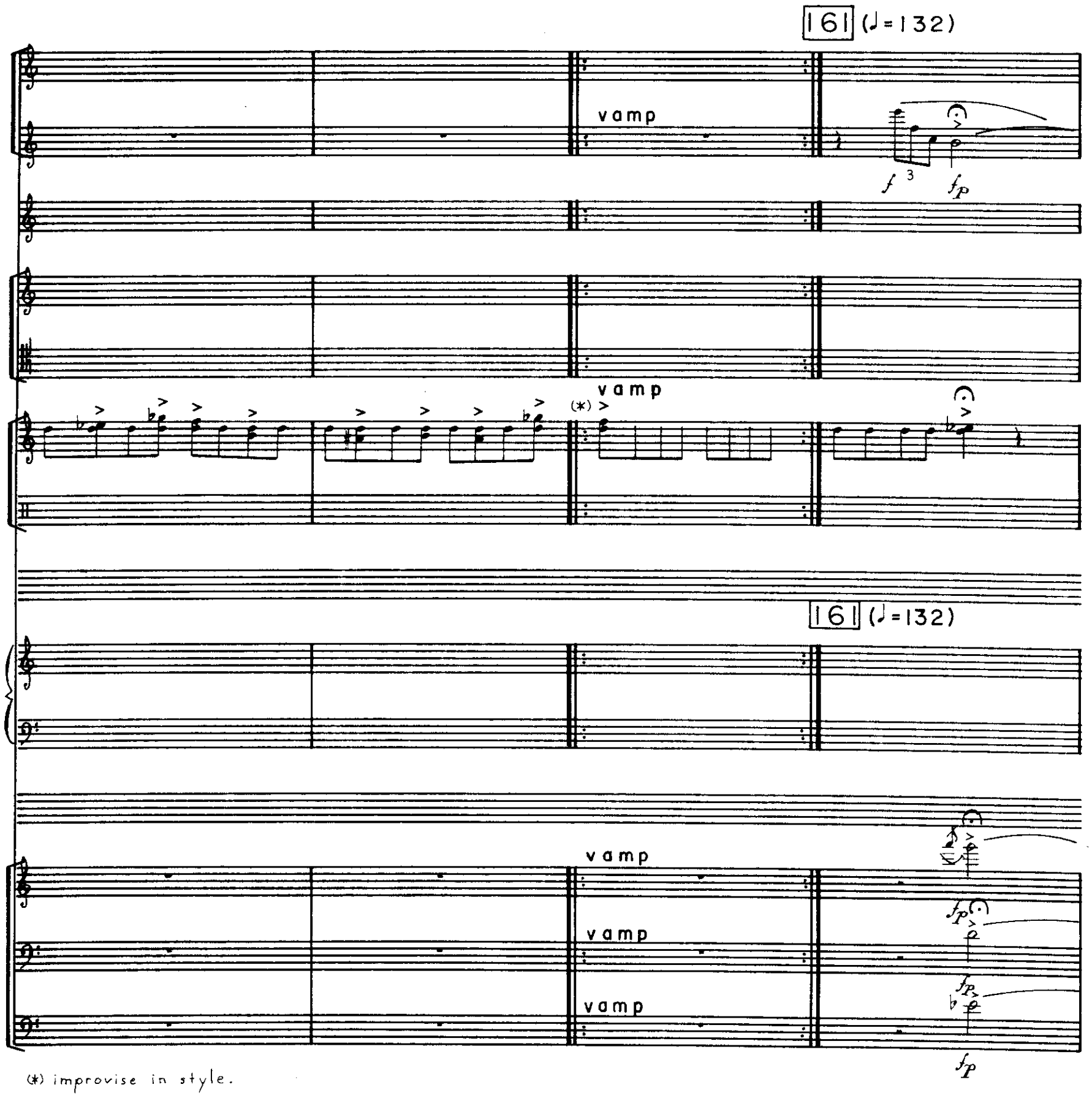
History and a concern for freedom have forced them to violate their own

private moral codes,



Maybe I volunteered for this experiment!

Is that right? Oh, God, I hope not!! Do you read me, professor?



(*) improvise in style.

Do you read me, Major?

Will you let me out now?

I want out of this experiment right now! Yeah,

prf.

fl.

cl.

s.sx.

(St. mute)

(st. mute)

tpt.

tbn.

to open

to open

l. perc. 2.

pno.

vln.

vlc.

cbs.

pizz.

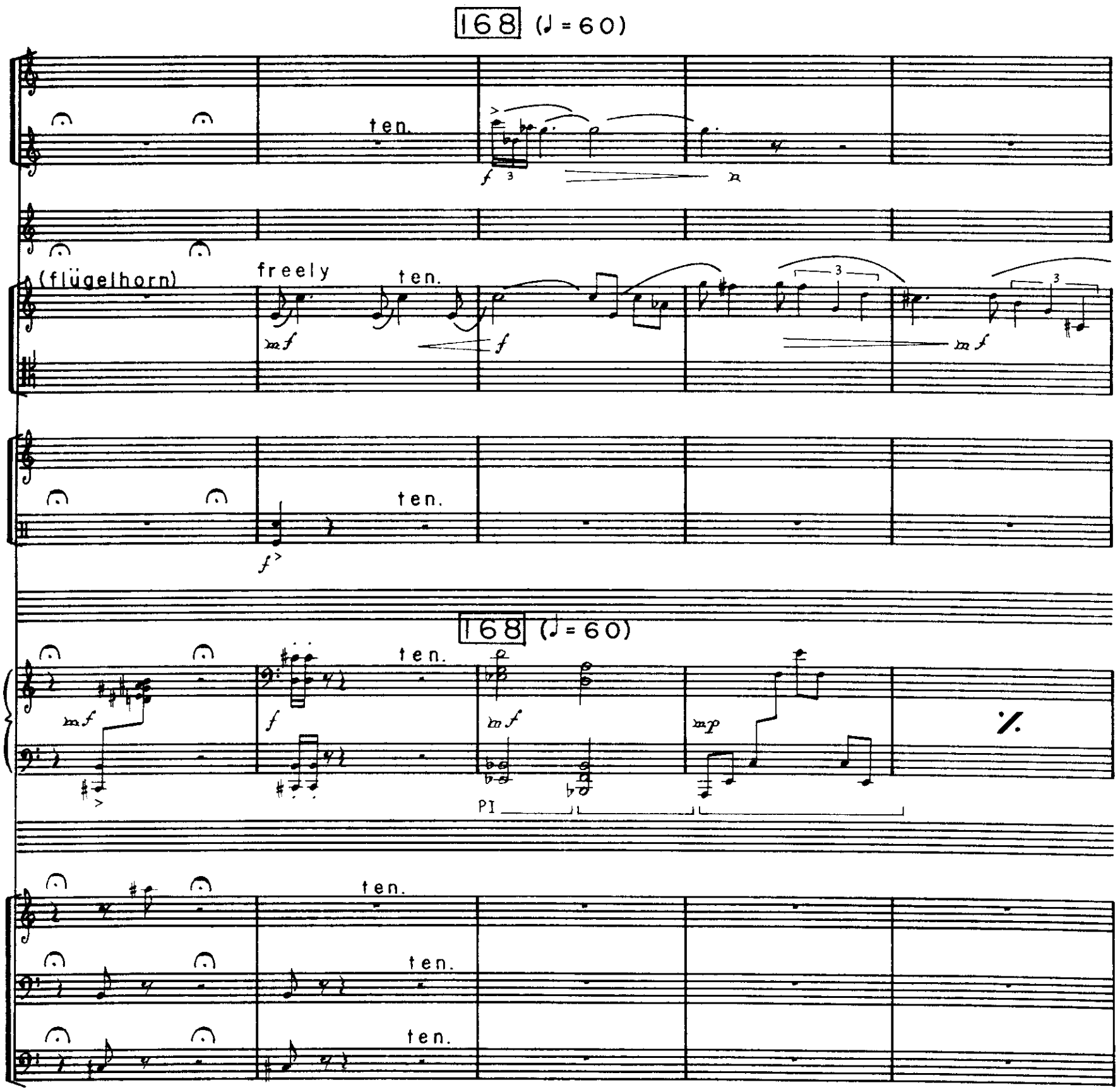
pizz.

pizz.

10-4, Roger, over

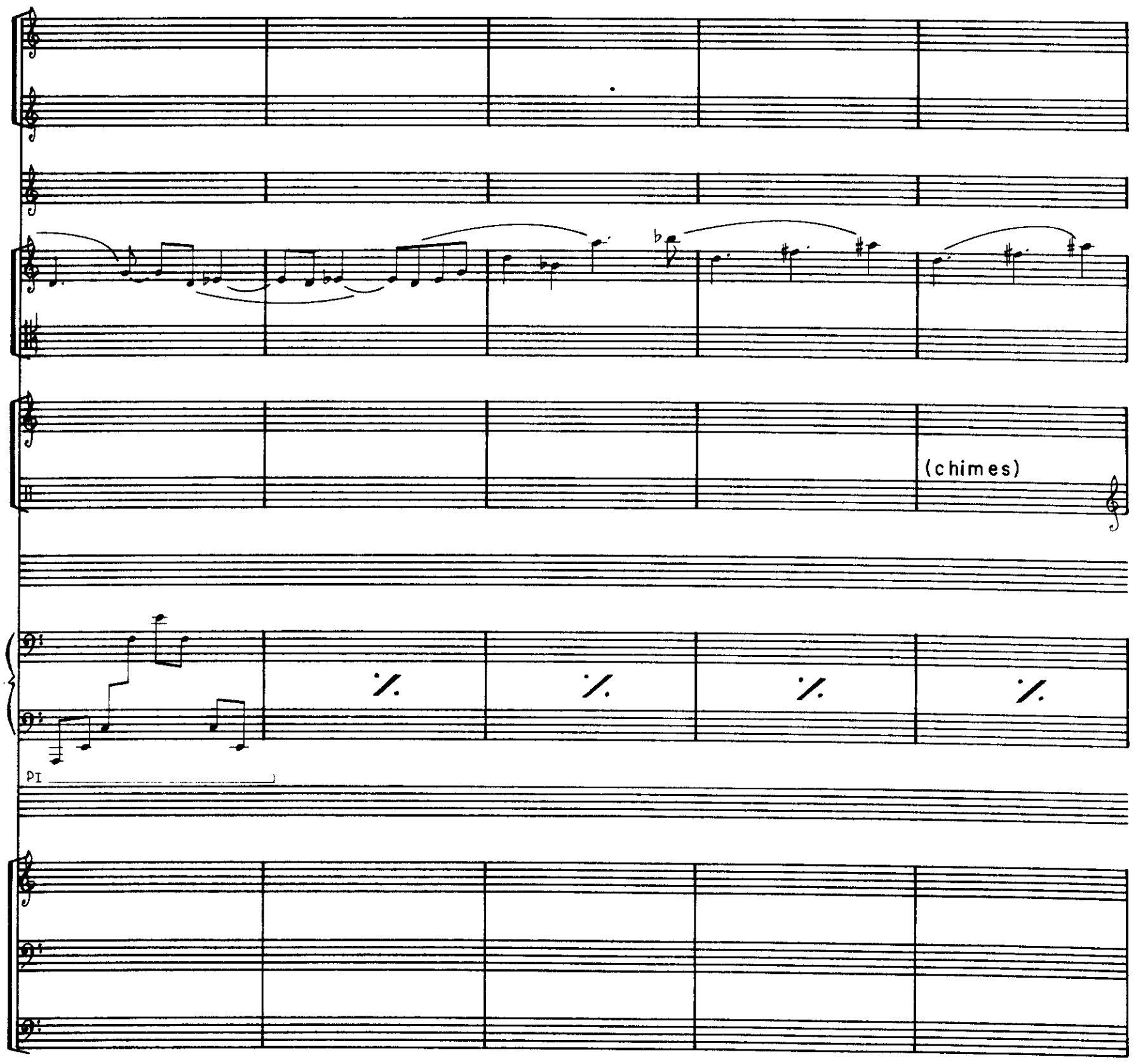
and out! Ah, ol' mike

and me, we've been through that routine before, tried damn near every

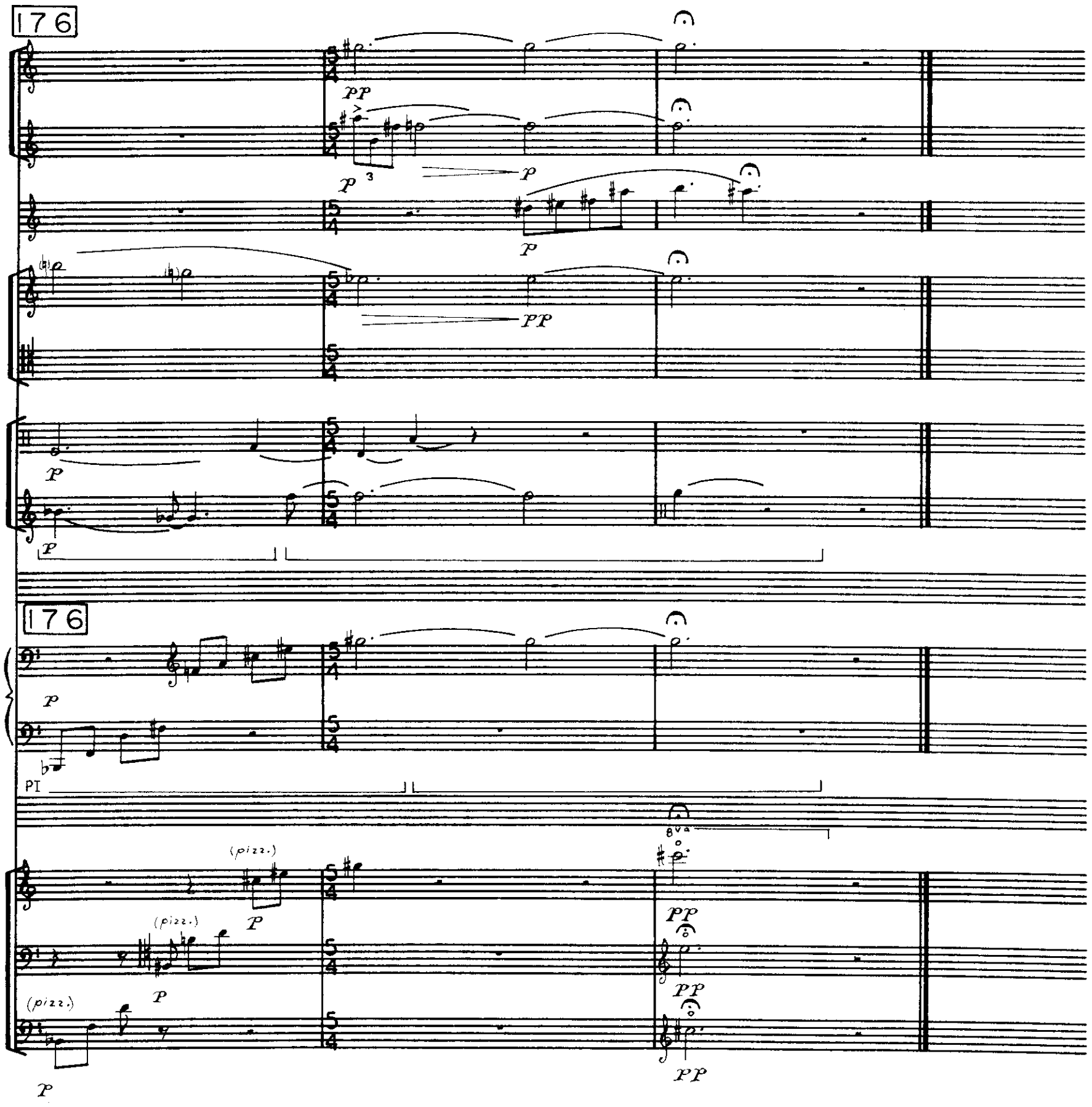


prf. password there is, haven't we, mike? And, as you can tell; can you tell?? We're still here.

They are aliens,

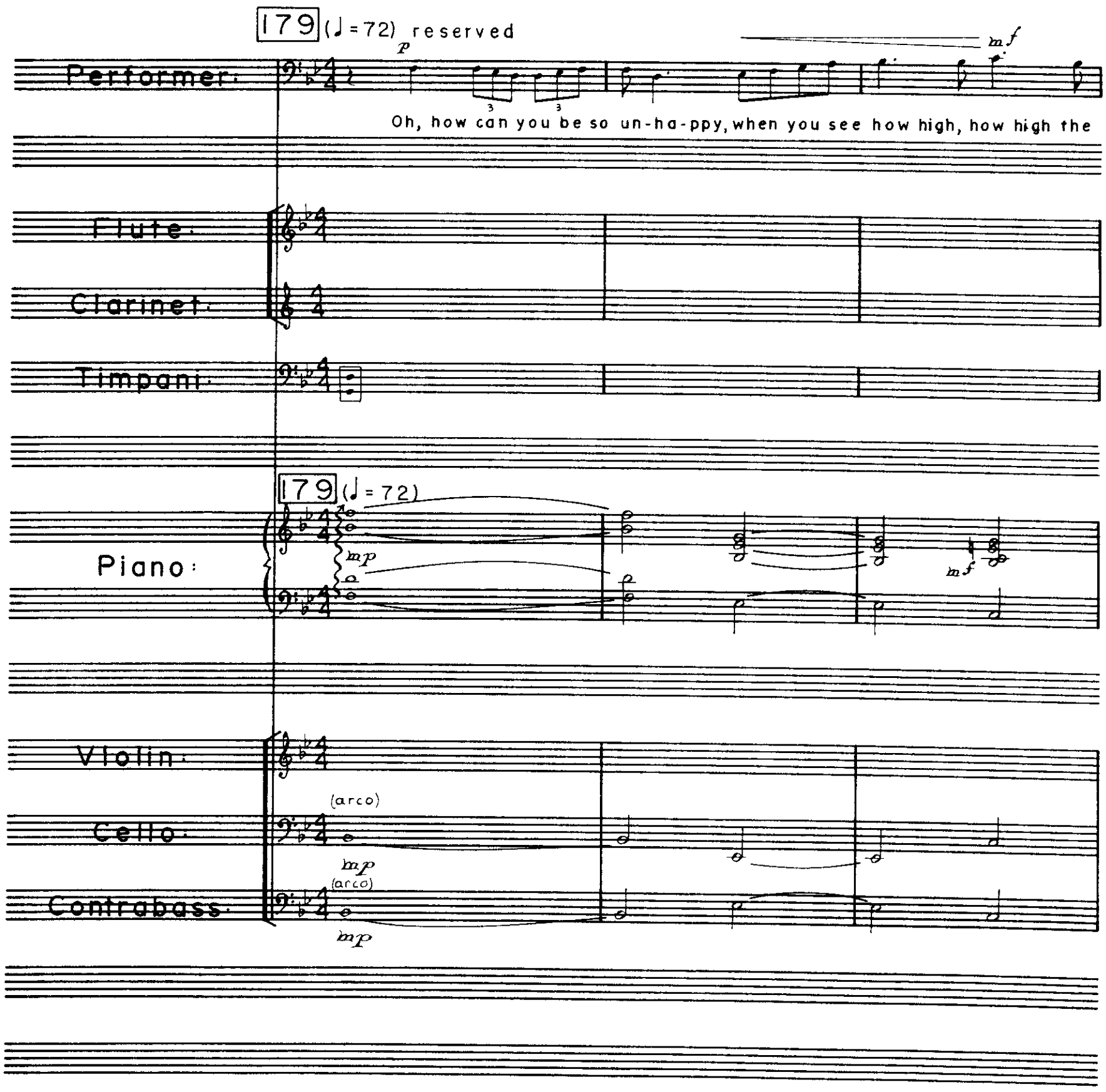


obviously.



Sometimes I sing. Do you like Opera Buffa? Here's a composition I call "Grand Central Terminal." That's what Grand Central Station really is. I would've won that contest, if I'd only had a way to call the station.

Here goes:



full voice

f

mp sub.

cei-ling is? Oh, my! The cei- ling is, so ve-ry high! So

f

f

mf

mf

f

mp

mf

pizz.

f

pizz.

f

pizz. arco

f

arco

mp

mp

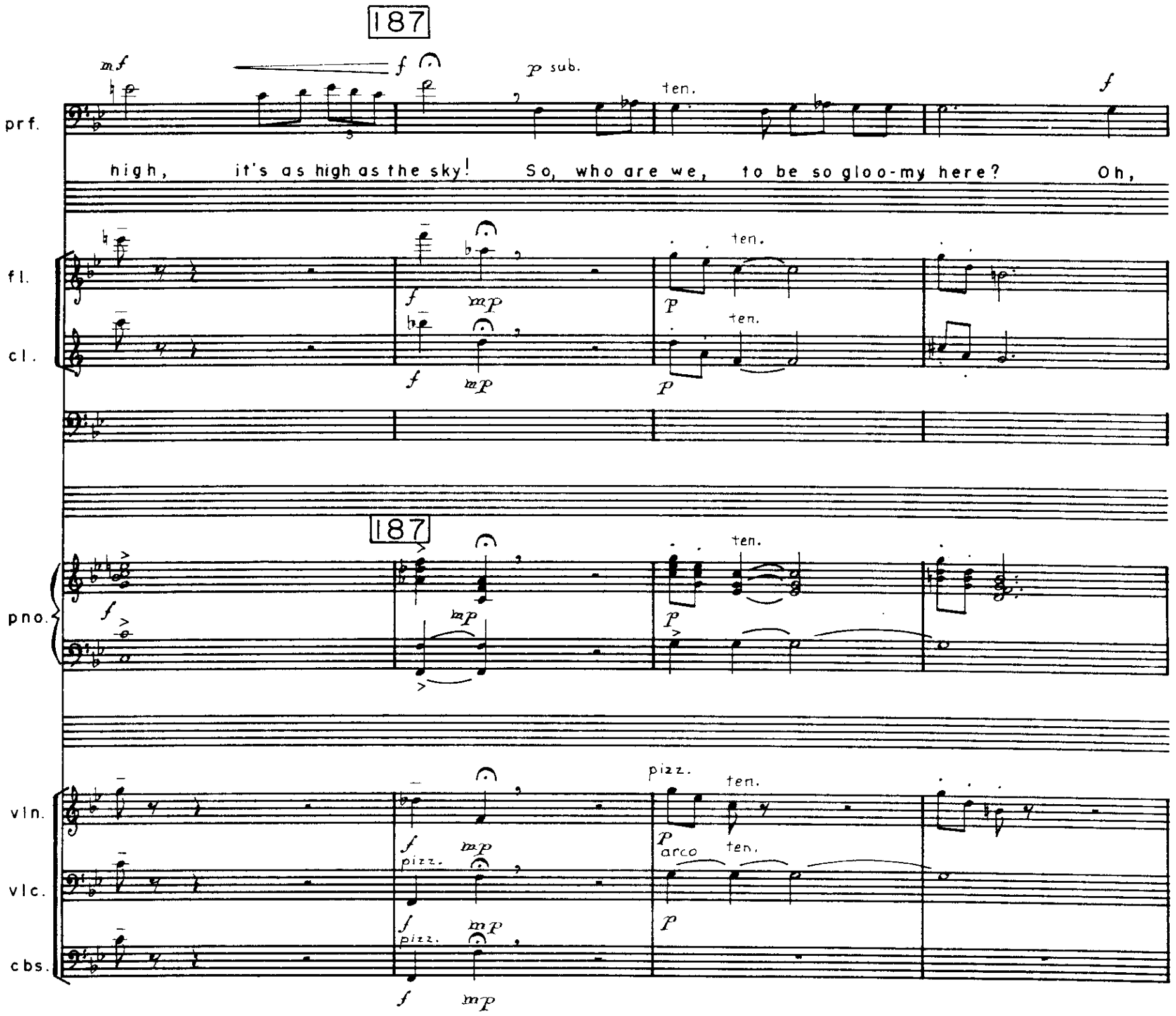
arco

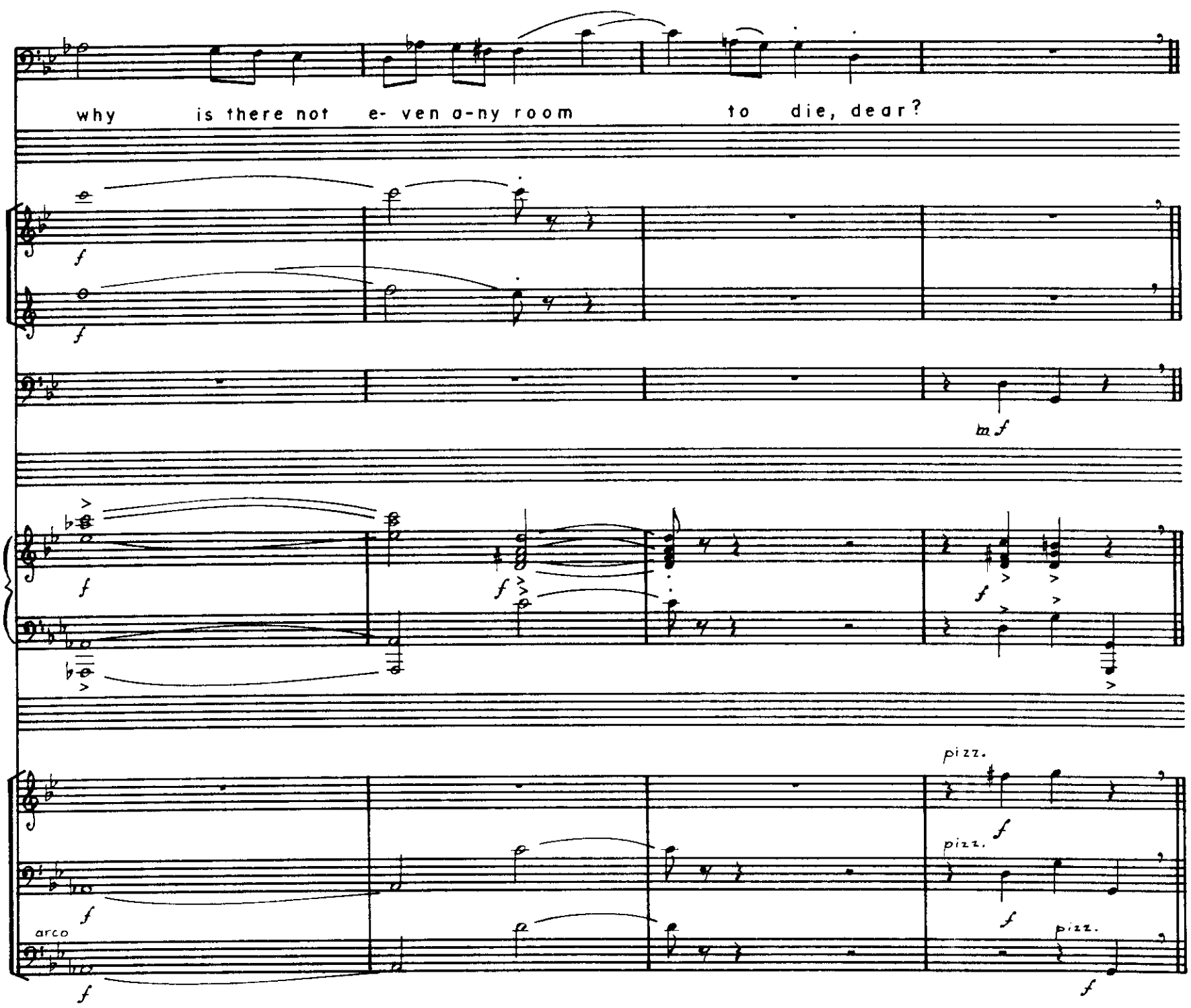
mf

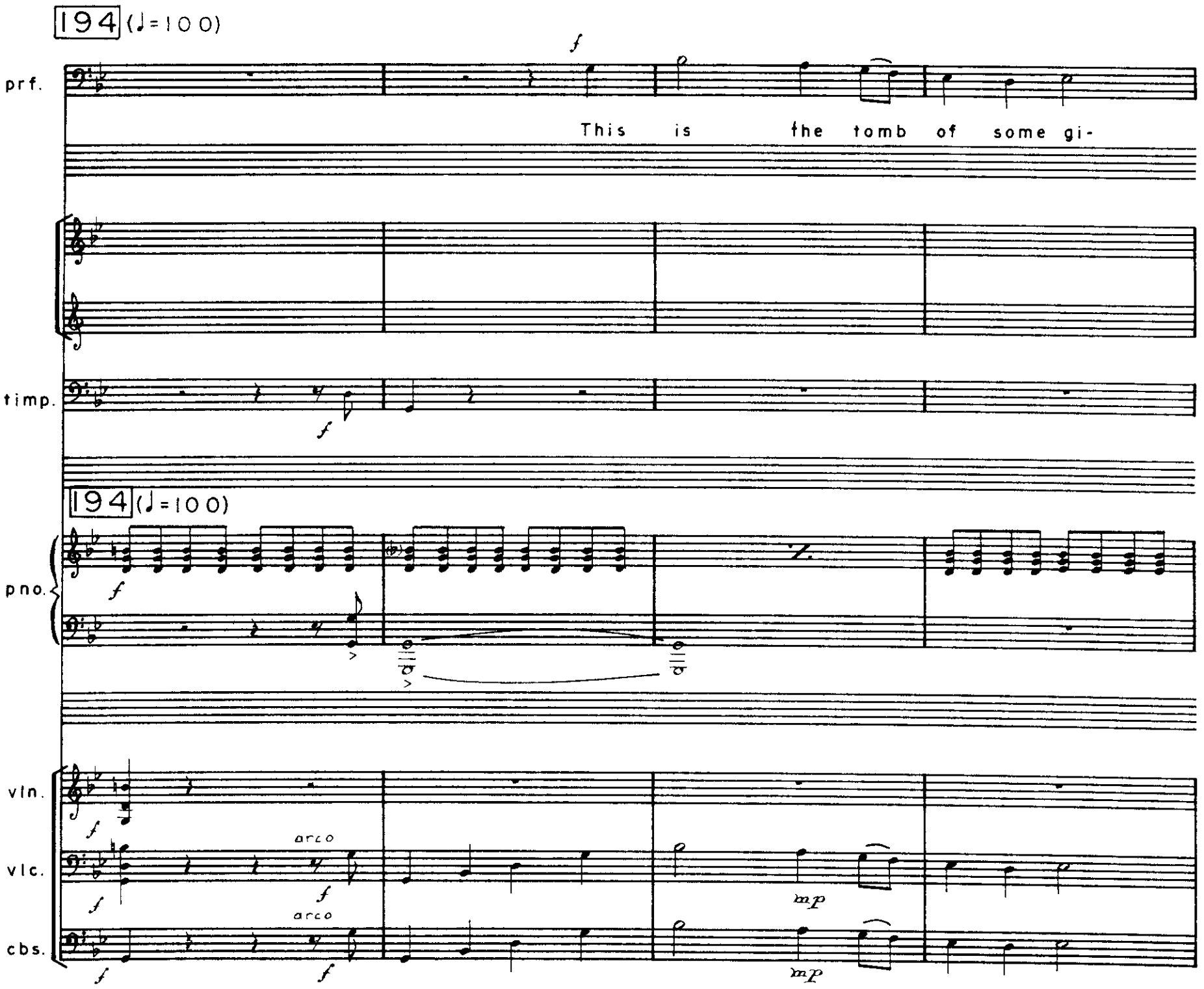
mf

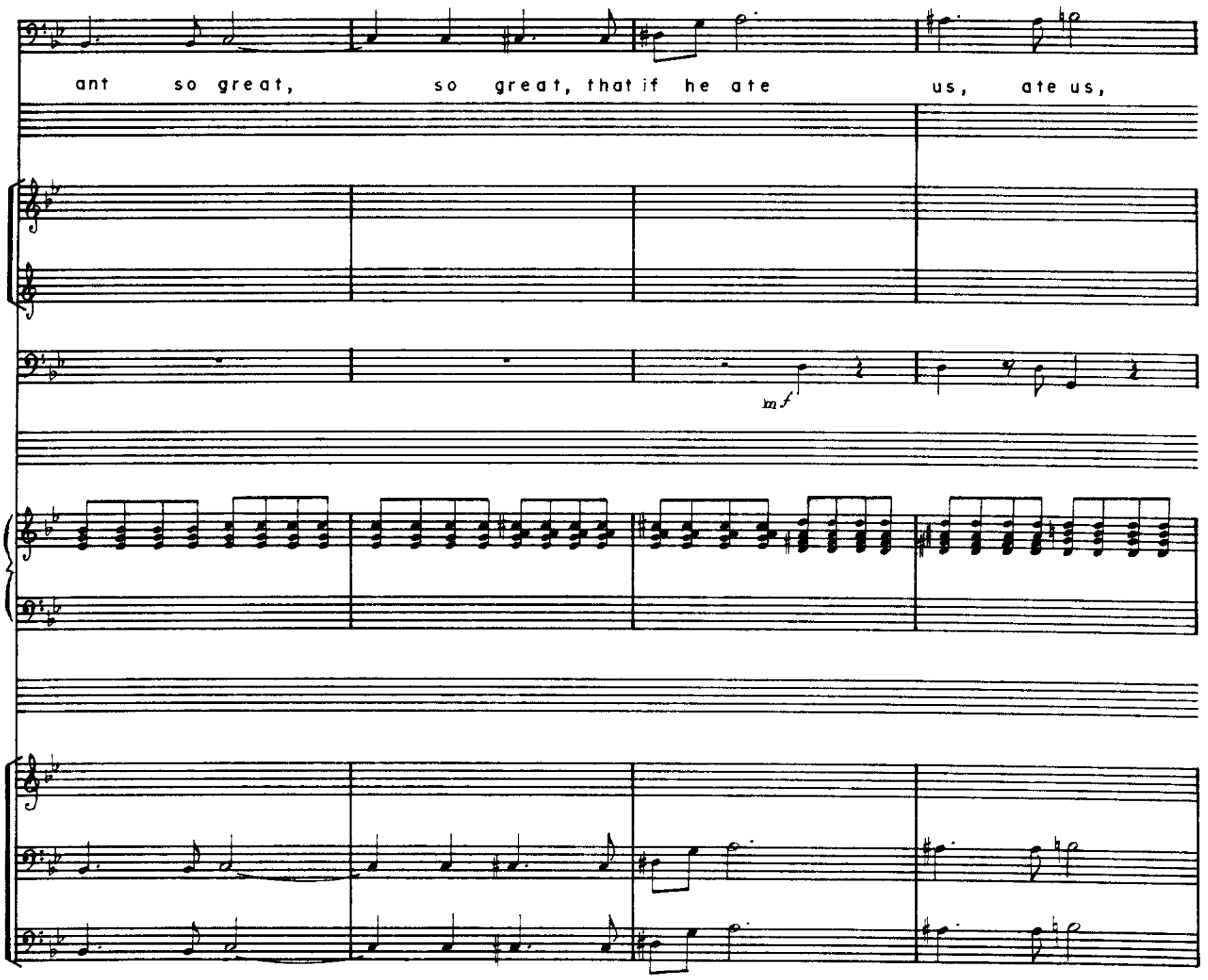
mf

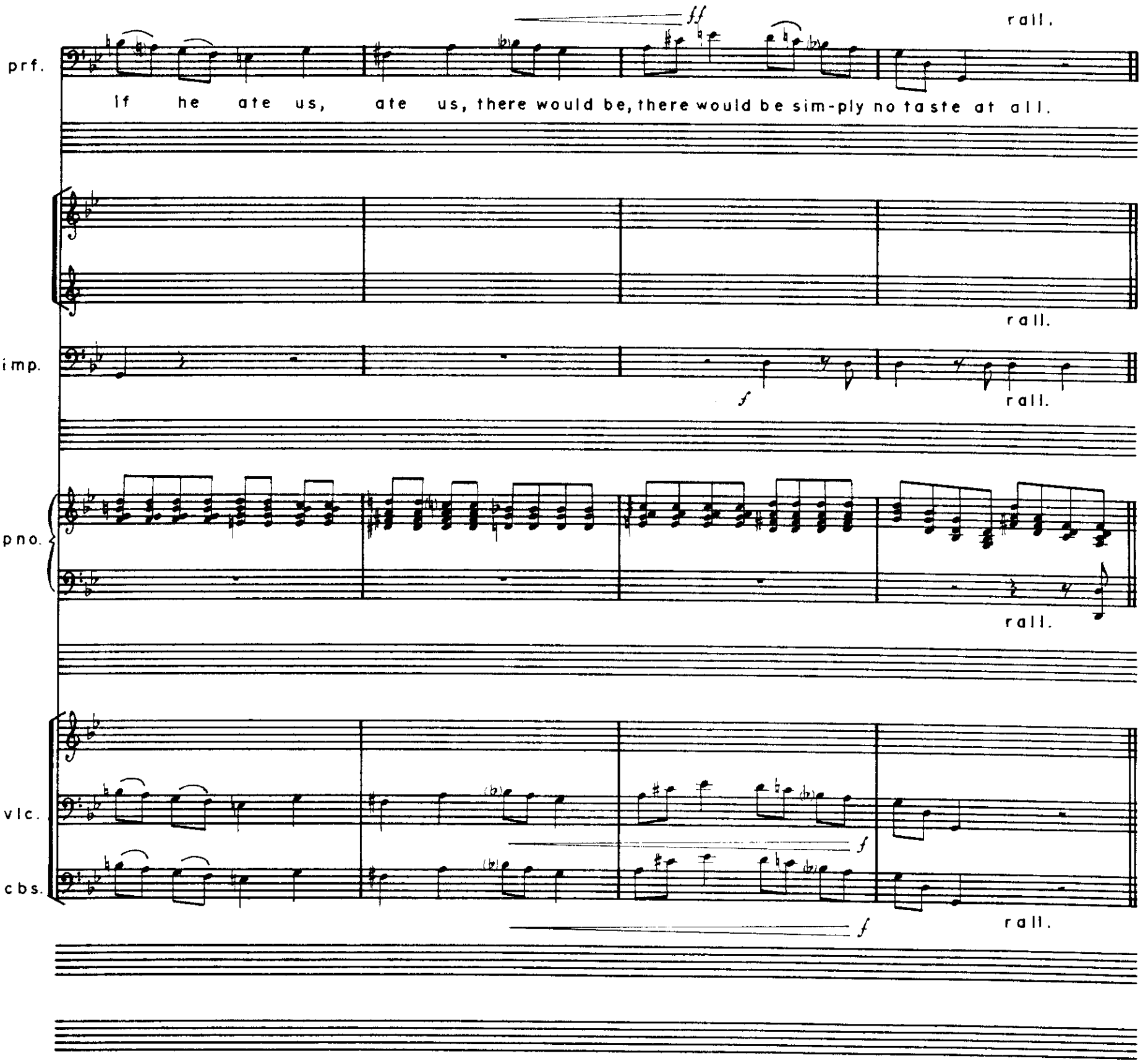
(*) snap pizz.


187
prf.
mf
f
p sub.
ten.
f
high, it's as high as the sky! So, who are we, to be so gloo-my here? Oh,
fl.
cl.
f
mp
p
ten.
pno.
187
vln.
vlc.
cbs.
pizz.
arco

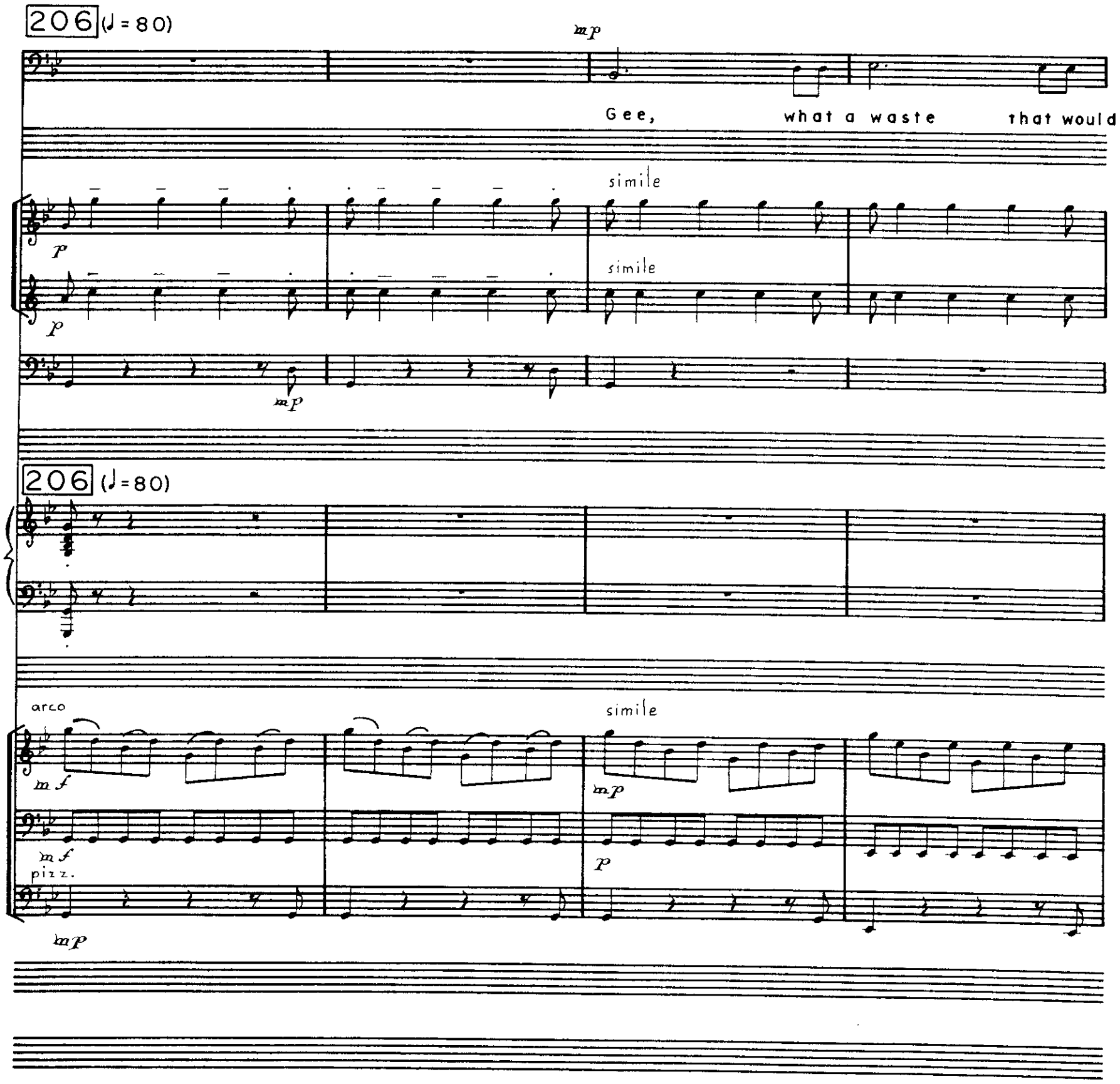

why is there not e- ven a-ny room to die, dear?
pizz.
pizz.
pizz.
arco

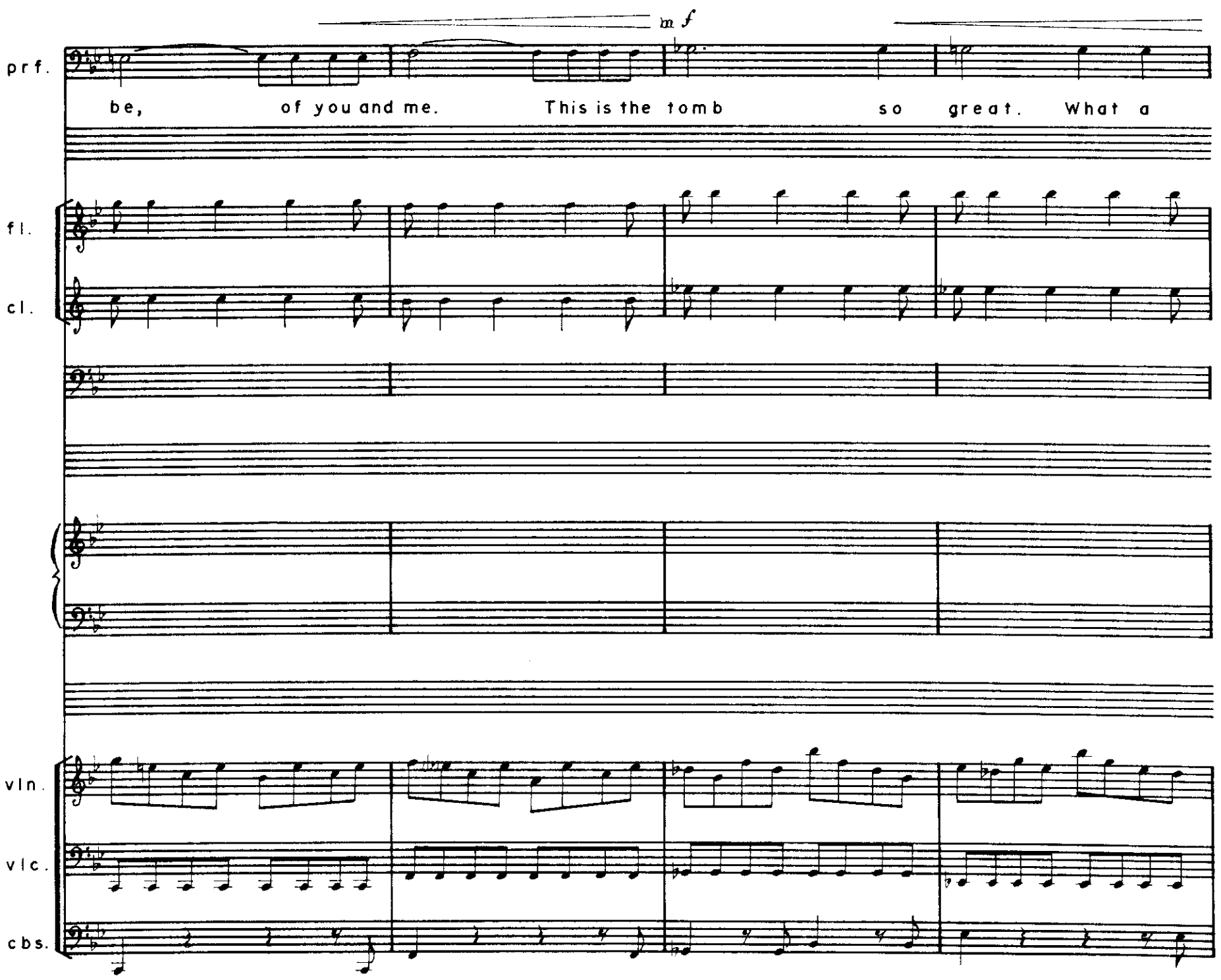

194 (♩=100)
prf.
f
This is the tomb of some gi-
timp.
f
194 (♩=100)
pno.
f
vln.
f
arco
vlc.
f
arco
cbs.
f
f
mp
mp

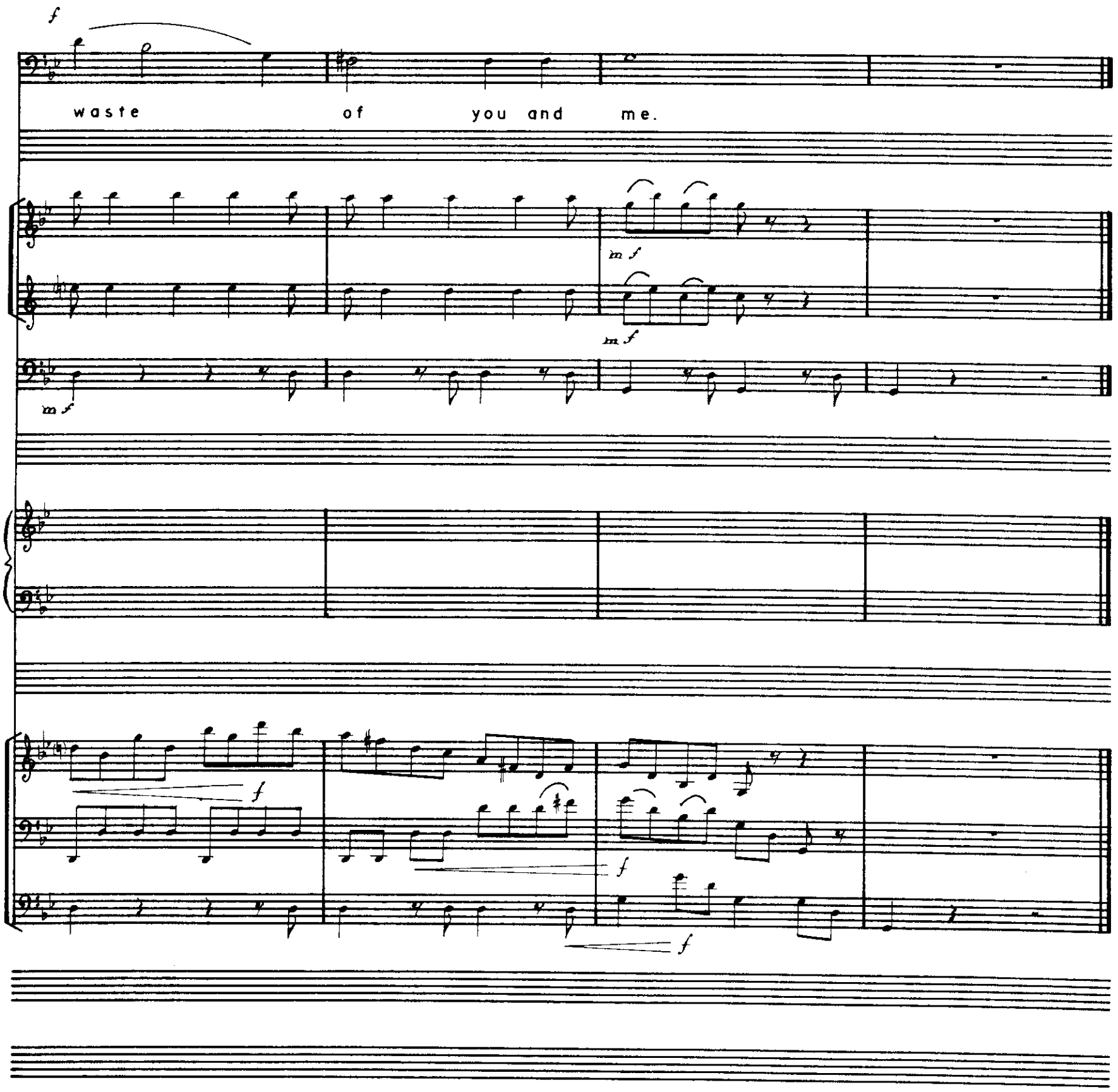

ant so great, so great, that if he ate us, ate us,
mf


rall.
prf.
If he ate us, ate us, there would be, there would be sim-ply no ta ste at all.
ff
rall.
timp.
f
rall.
pno.
rall.
vlc.
cbs.
f
rall.

206 (♩ = 80)


mp
Gee, what a waste that would
simile
p
simile
p
mp
206 (♩=80)
arco
mf
simile
mp
mf
pizz.
p
mp


m f
prf.
be, of you and me. This is the tomb so great. What a
fl.
cl.
vln.
vlc.
cbs.


f
waste of you and me.
m f
m f
m f
f
f
f

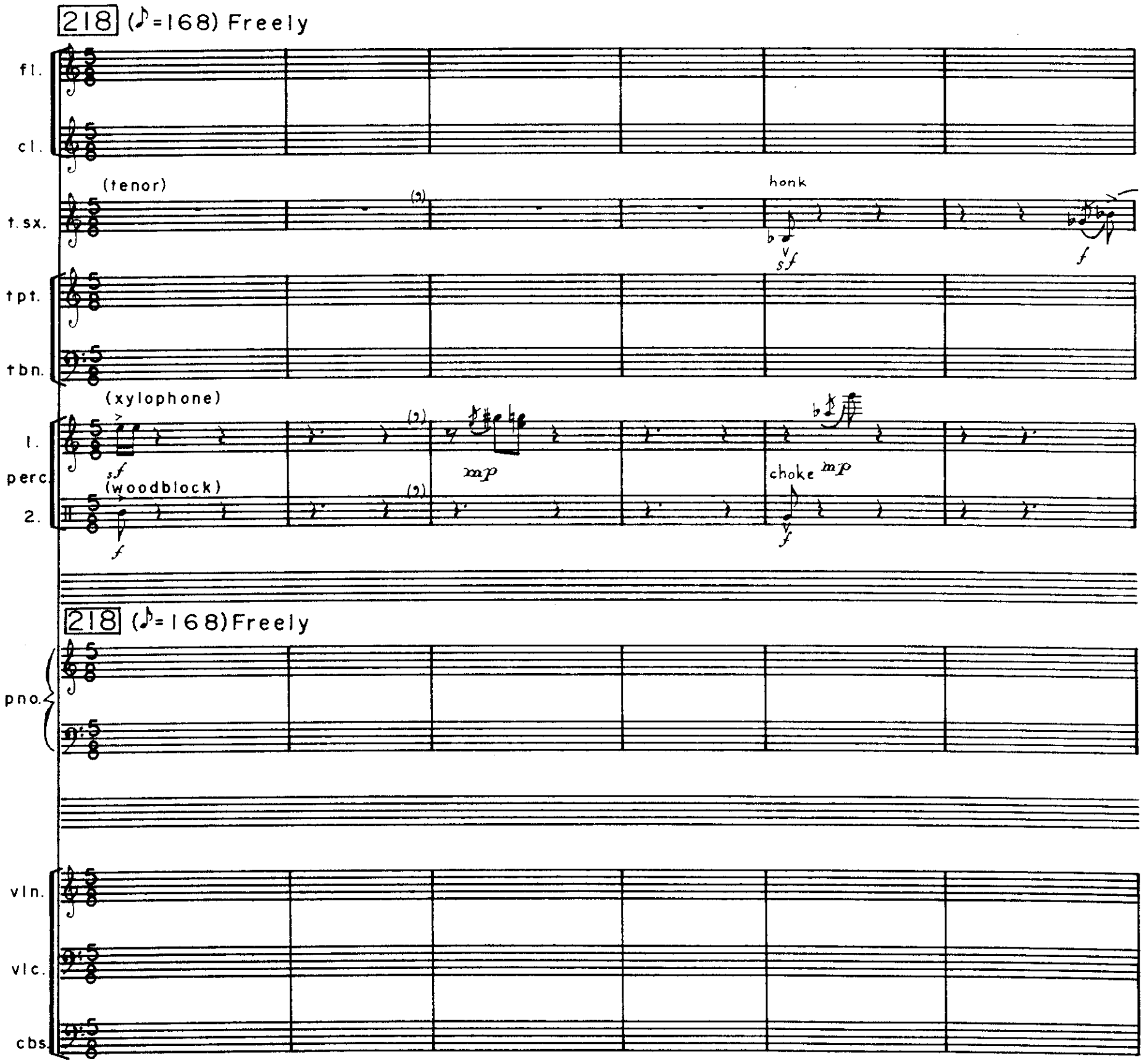
Thank you, thank you.

Sometimes I just sit here singing old songs, or singing along with whatever's on. I wrote some of my songs years ago, at least I assume it's years.

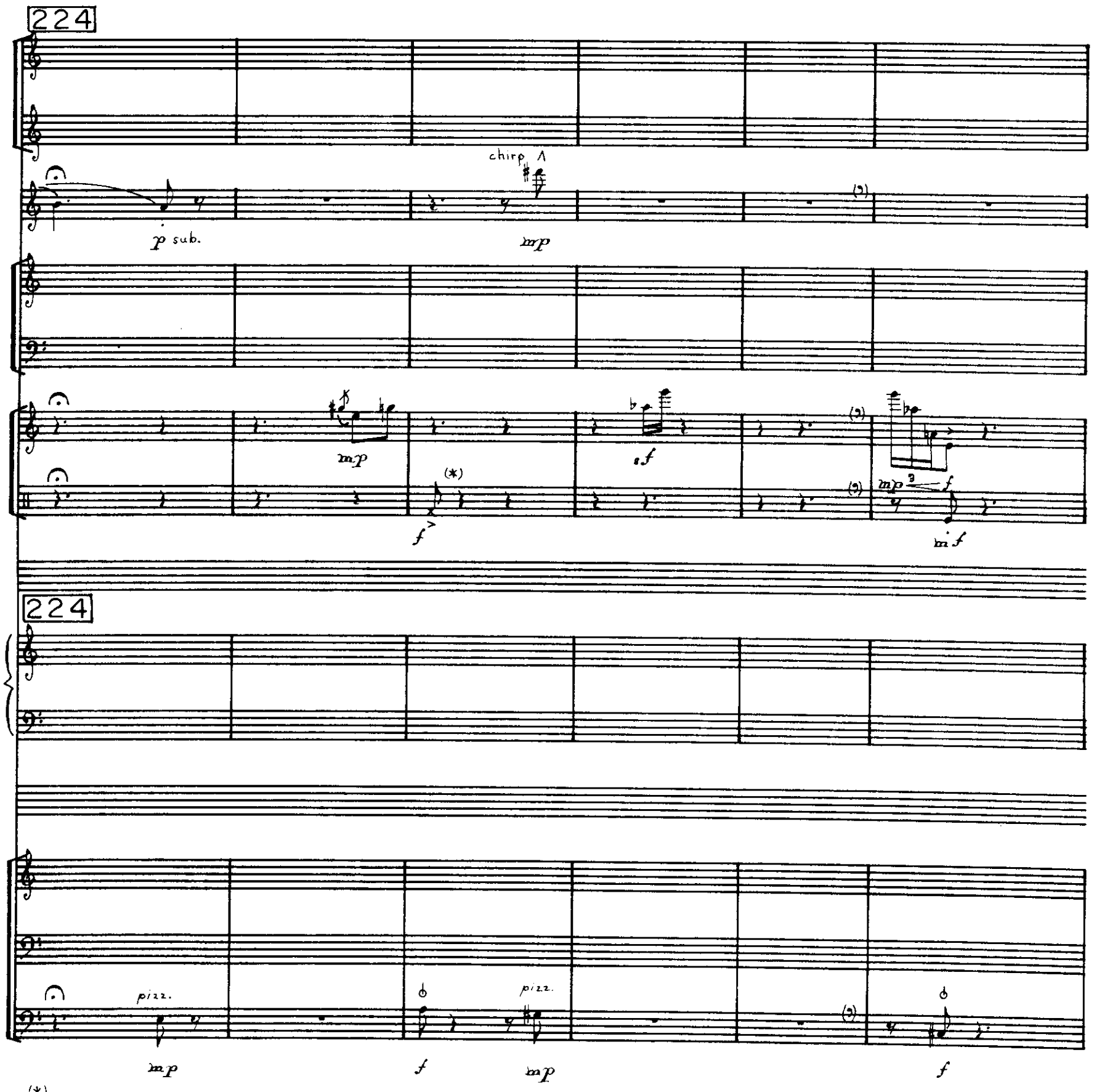
prf. (cue:) I have no measure of time:

no day, no night, no waking or sleeping, no chronometer but the radio, ticking off the dates.

I can remember as far back as 1957.

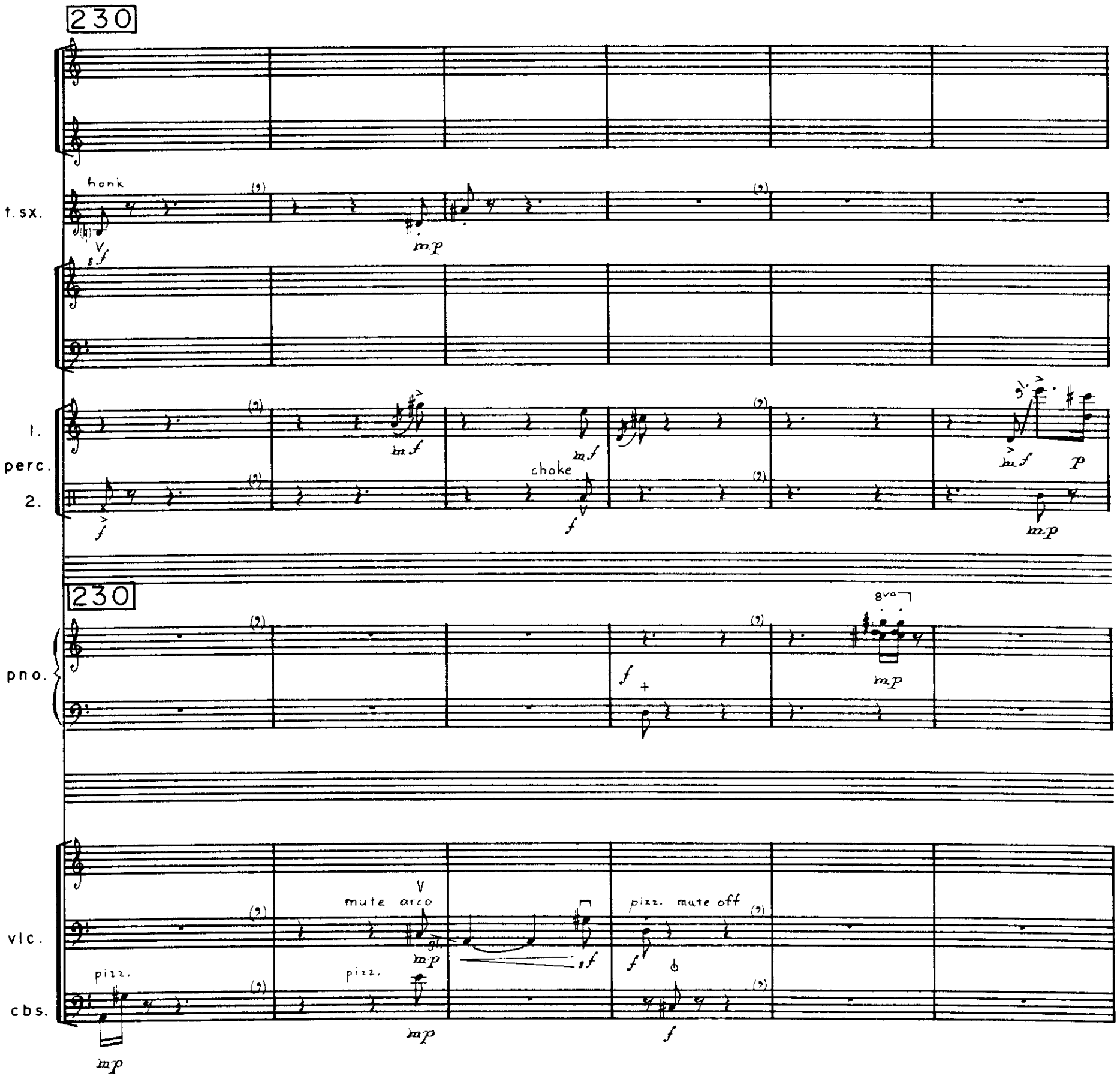


I wish they'd give me a tape recorder, for a diary, something t'record my progress, tape things off the air,



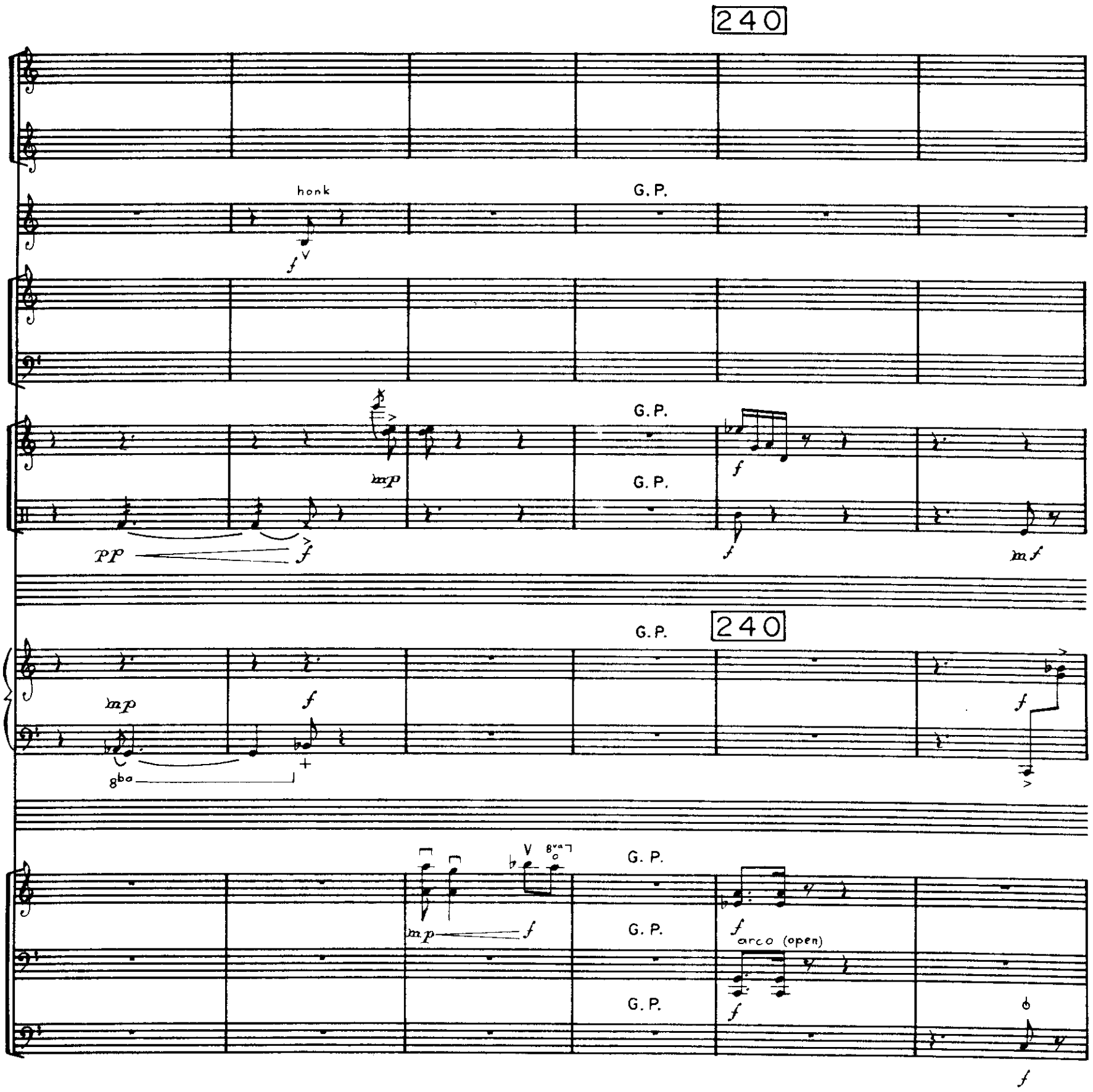
(*) rim shot.

prf. imagine how they'd pile up! Towers and stairs and cozy burrows of tapes!



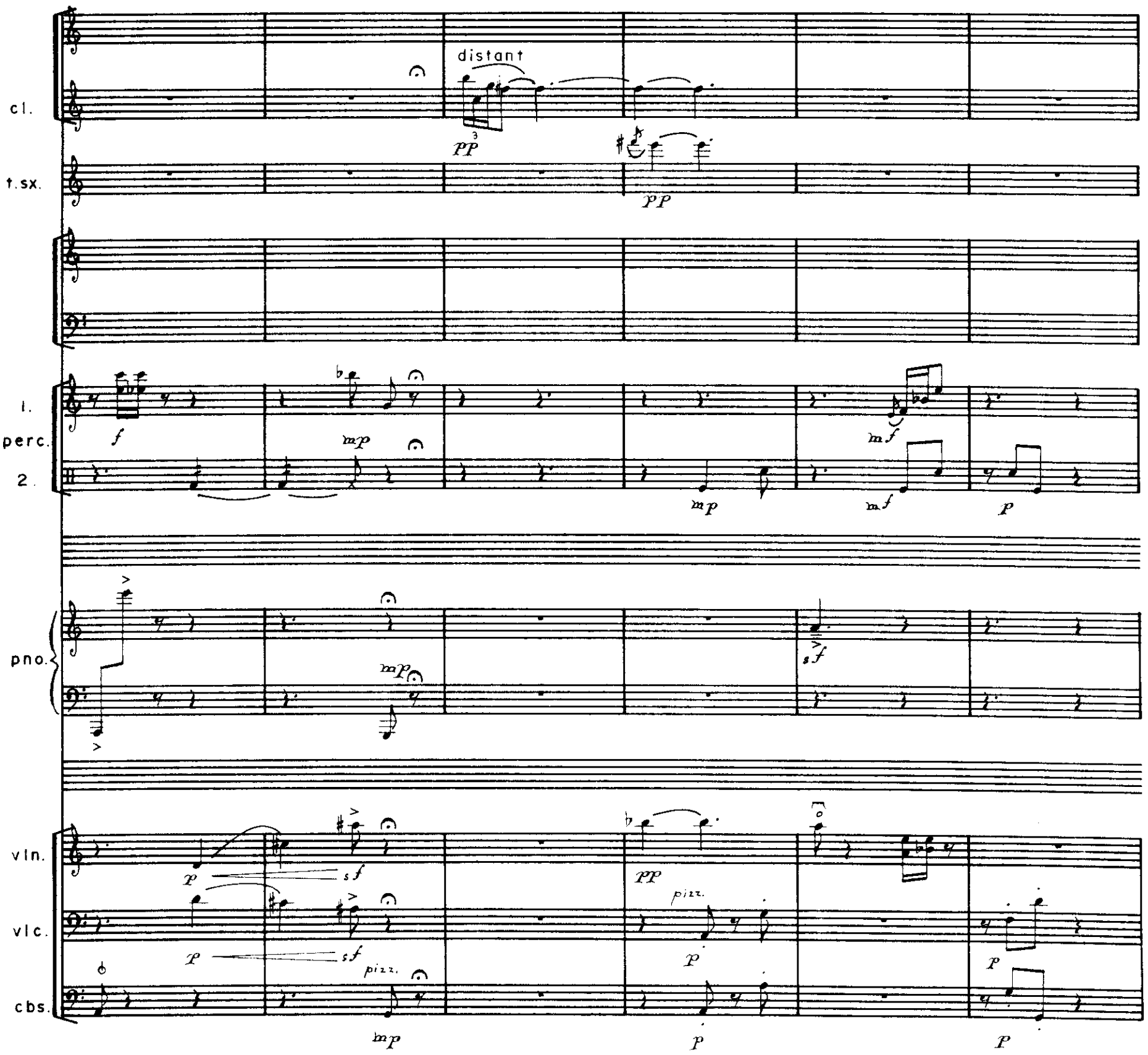
Wouldn't that make the decor more humane??

If I only had a way to save something,



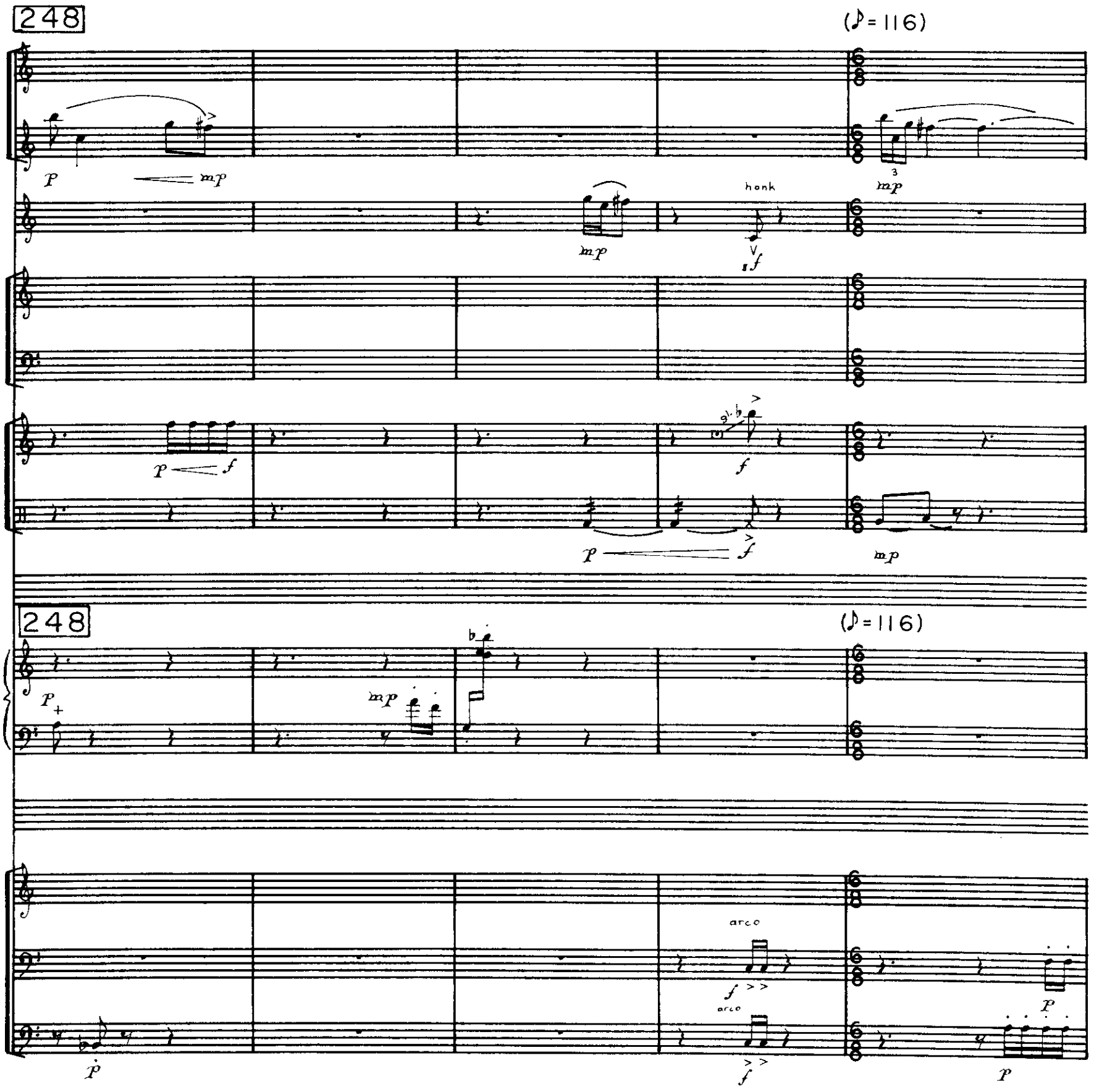
prf. it would really humanize this ol' cube of mine. I should be thankful, I suppose, for what I have.

What if the station



goes bankrupt?!! They have those fund drives, ya'know, and there's no way

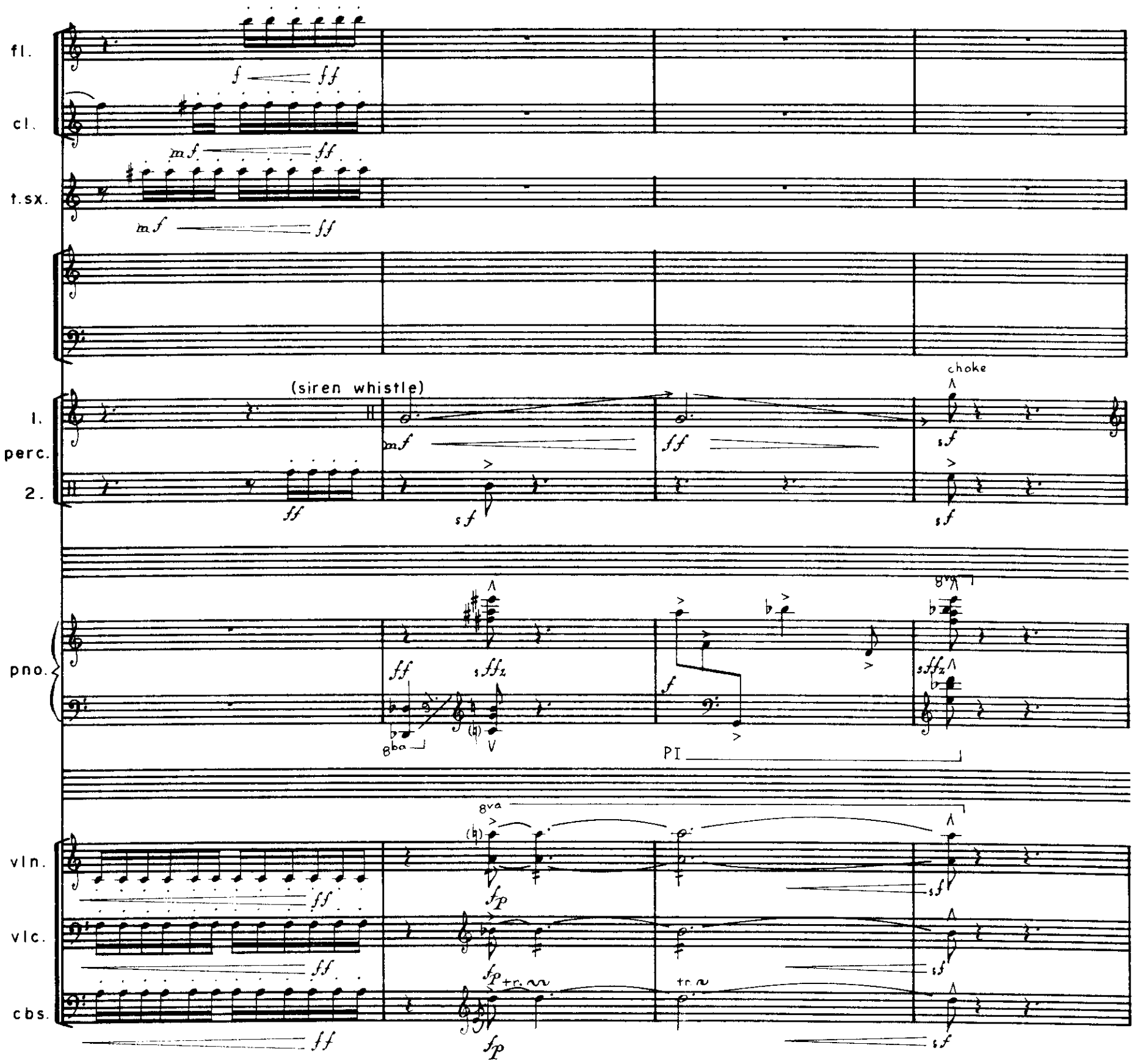
I can contribute! I feel so guilty when they beg their listeners for money, . . . What if there was a



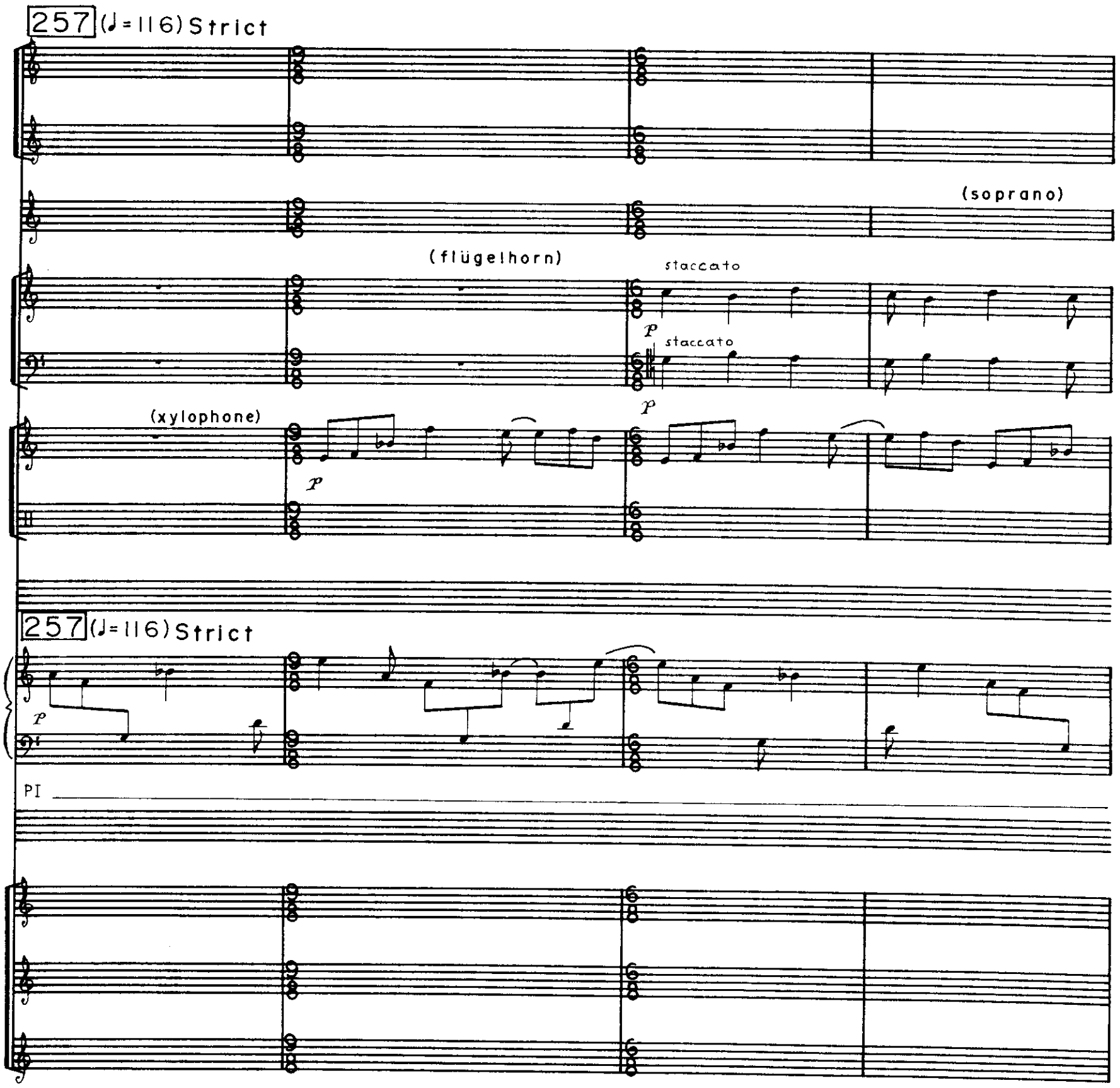
prf. **real national alert?** **This is not a test, I repeat, this is not a test of**

the Emergency Broadcast System! **I wonder if I'd**

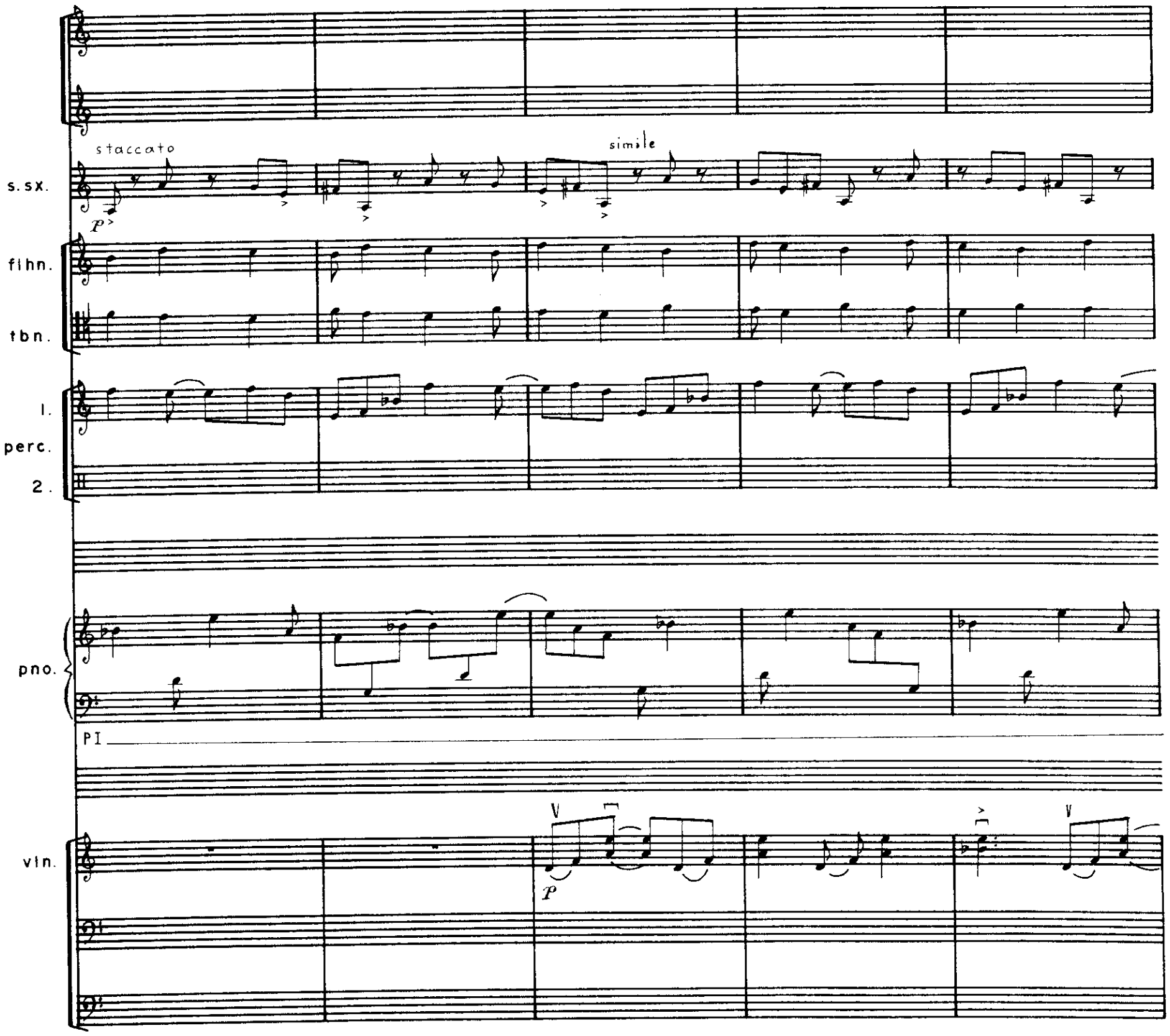
be pro- or anti-



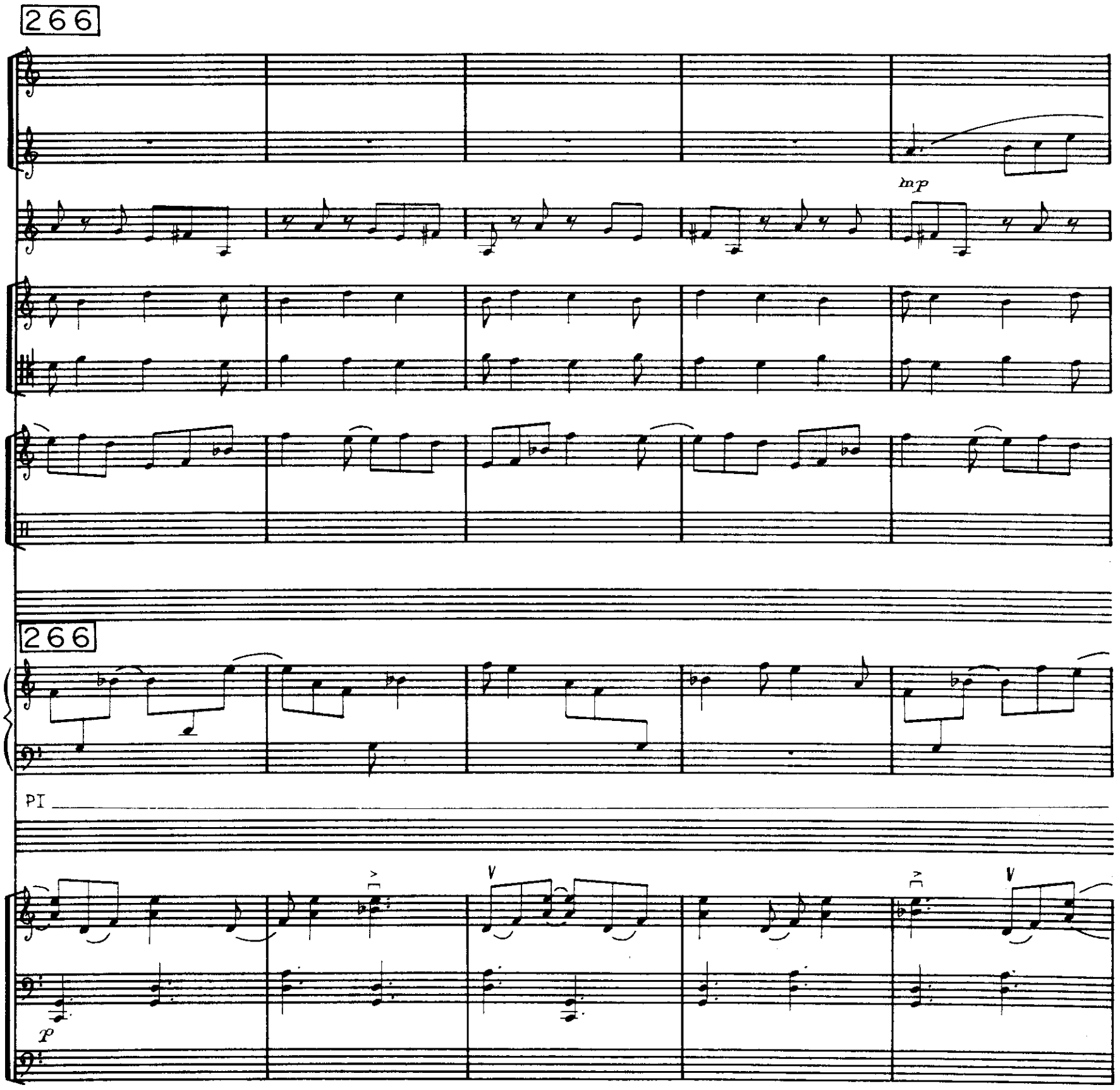
nuke if I were out there? It certainly seems to be a central issue of modern morality.



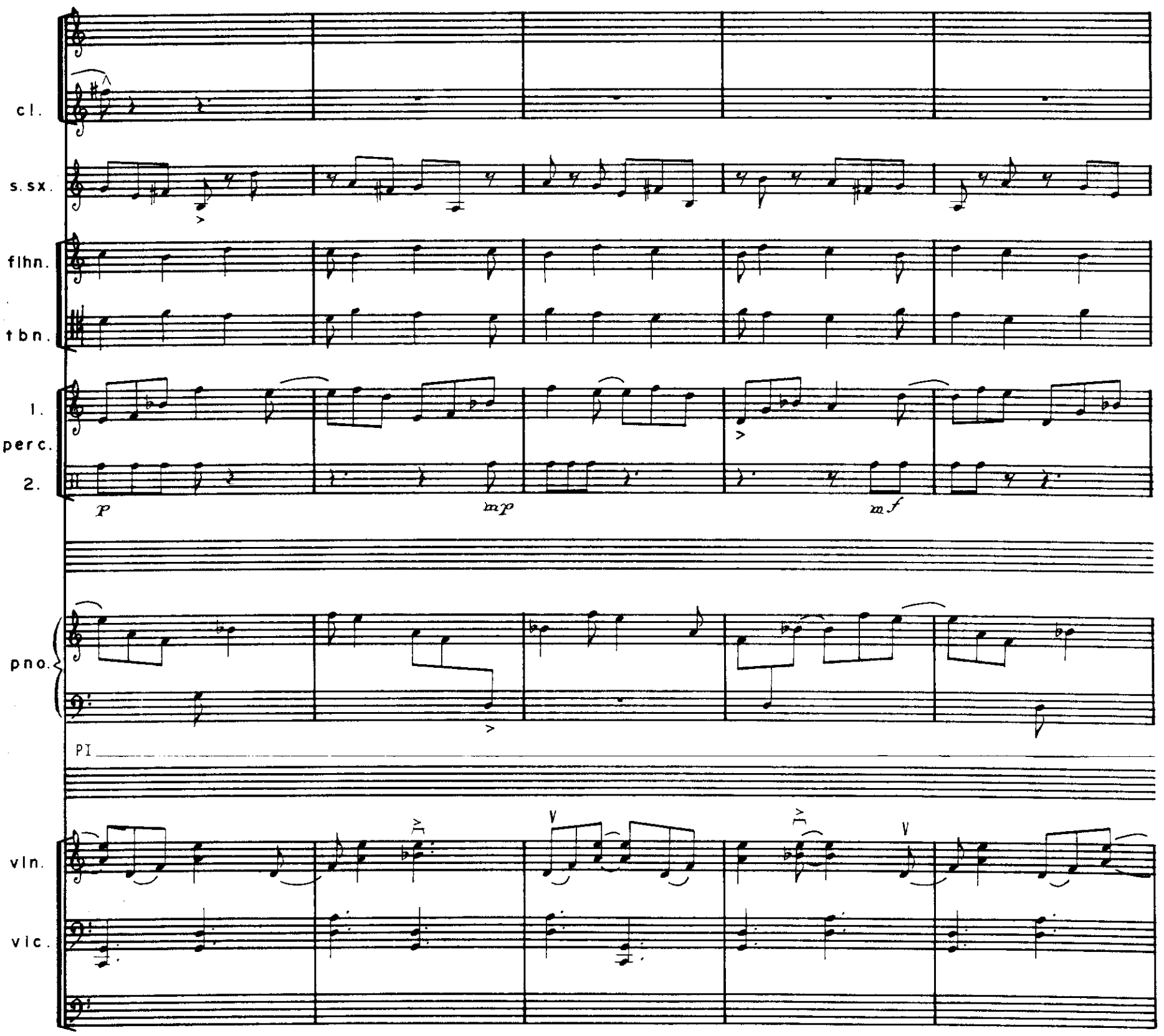
prf. I'd have to take some stand. I've often pondered the problem . . . . . .



and I guess that, deep down, I favor disarmament, but, honestly, ...



prf. I wouldn't object if I knew the bomb would drop right here on me.



276

mp *sf*

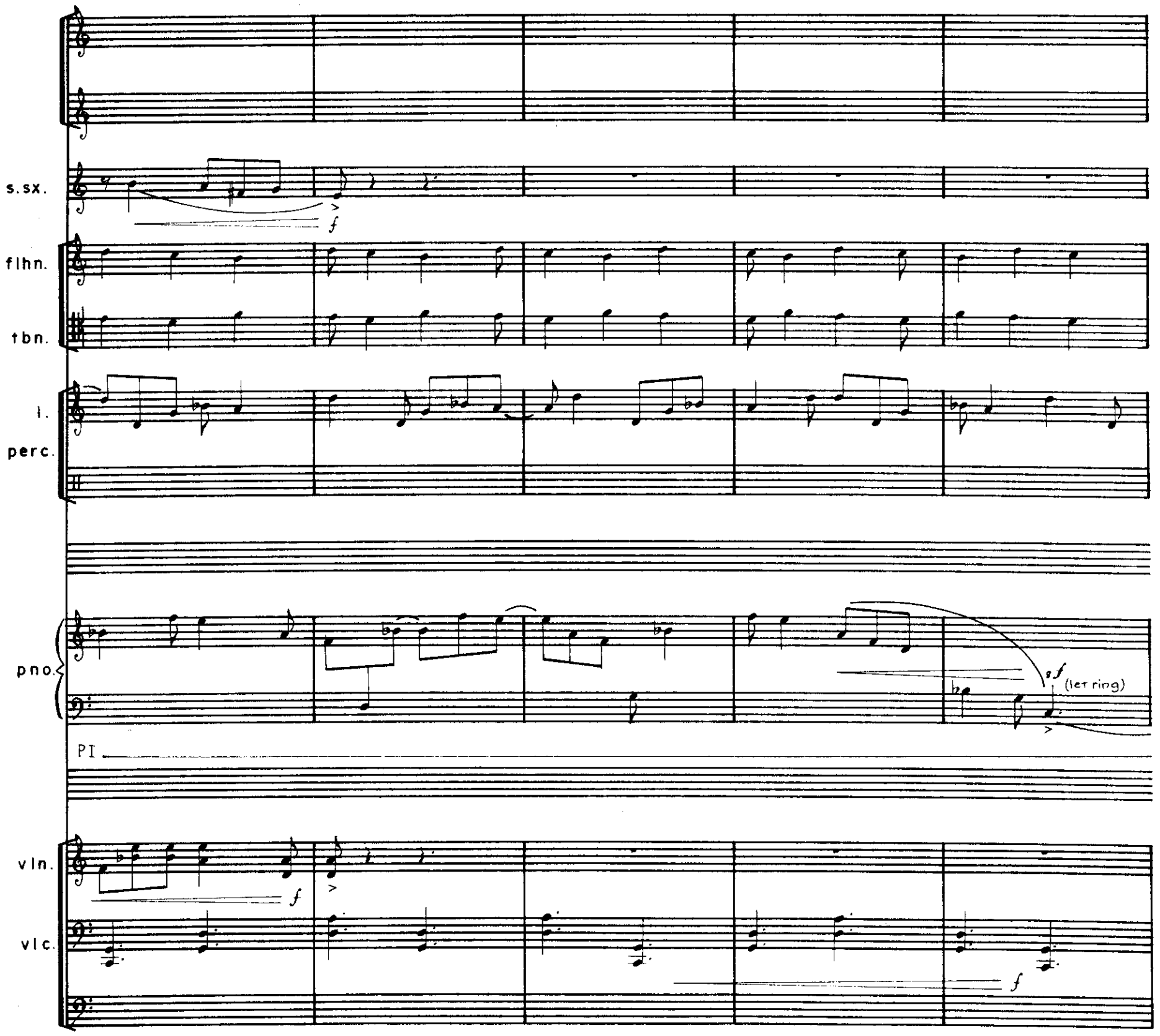
mp *f* *f* *sf*

276

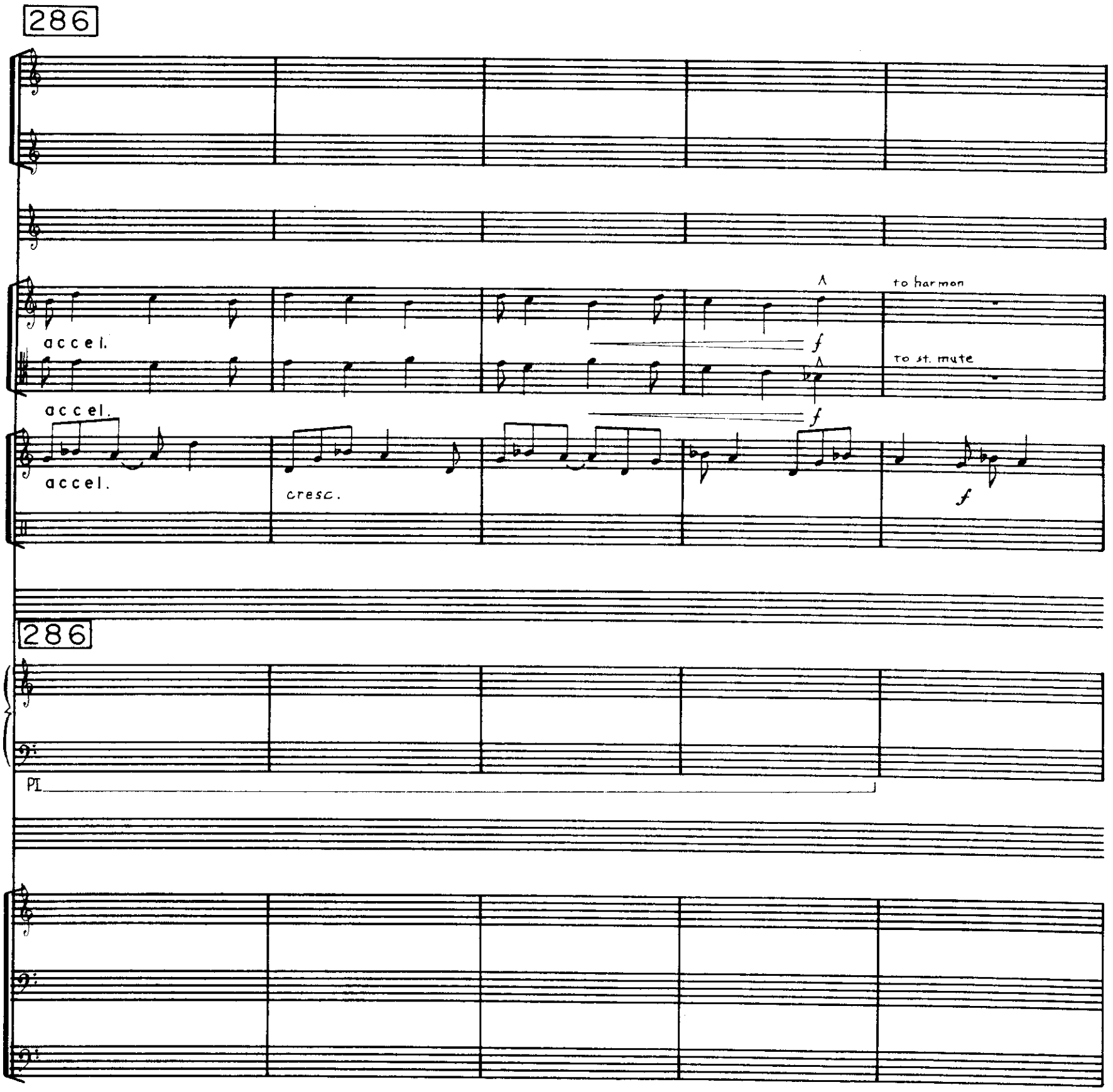
PI

(*) siren whistle, perc. I

prf. Boredom is not, as you might suppose, a great problem. Suprisingly soon, in fact, ...

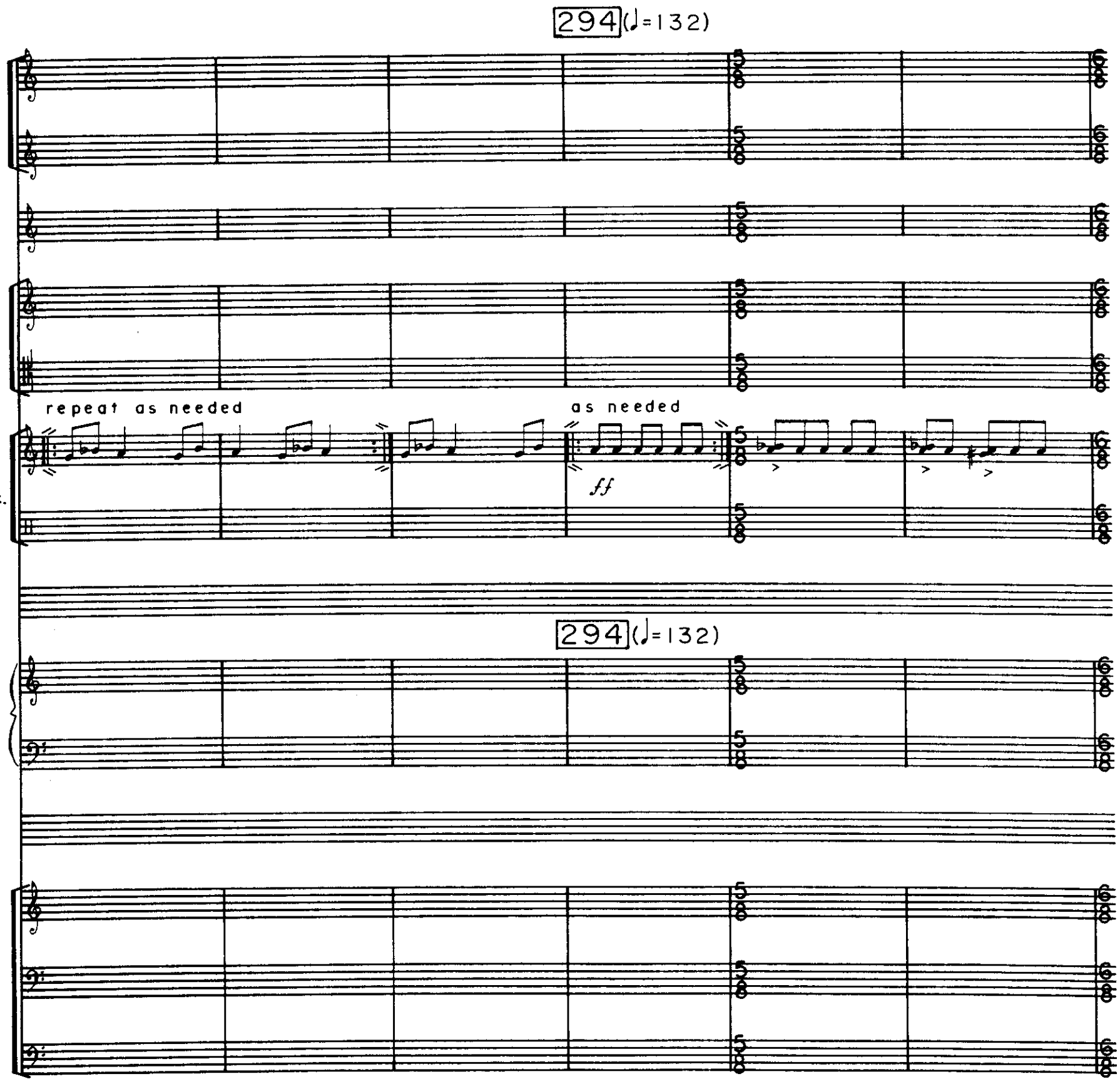


boredom becomes a great challenge. A stimulus.



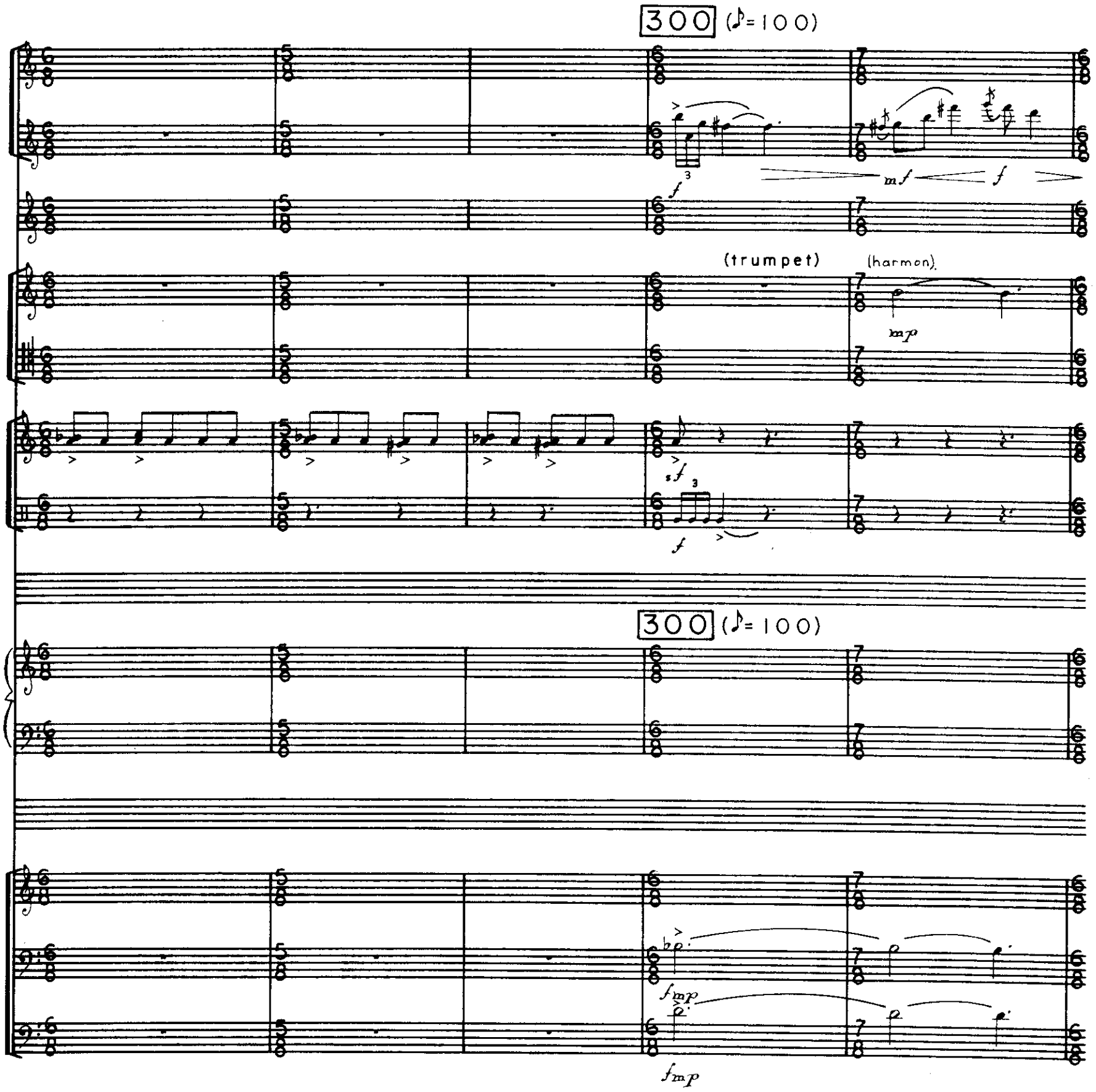
prf.

My body; would you be interested in my body?

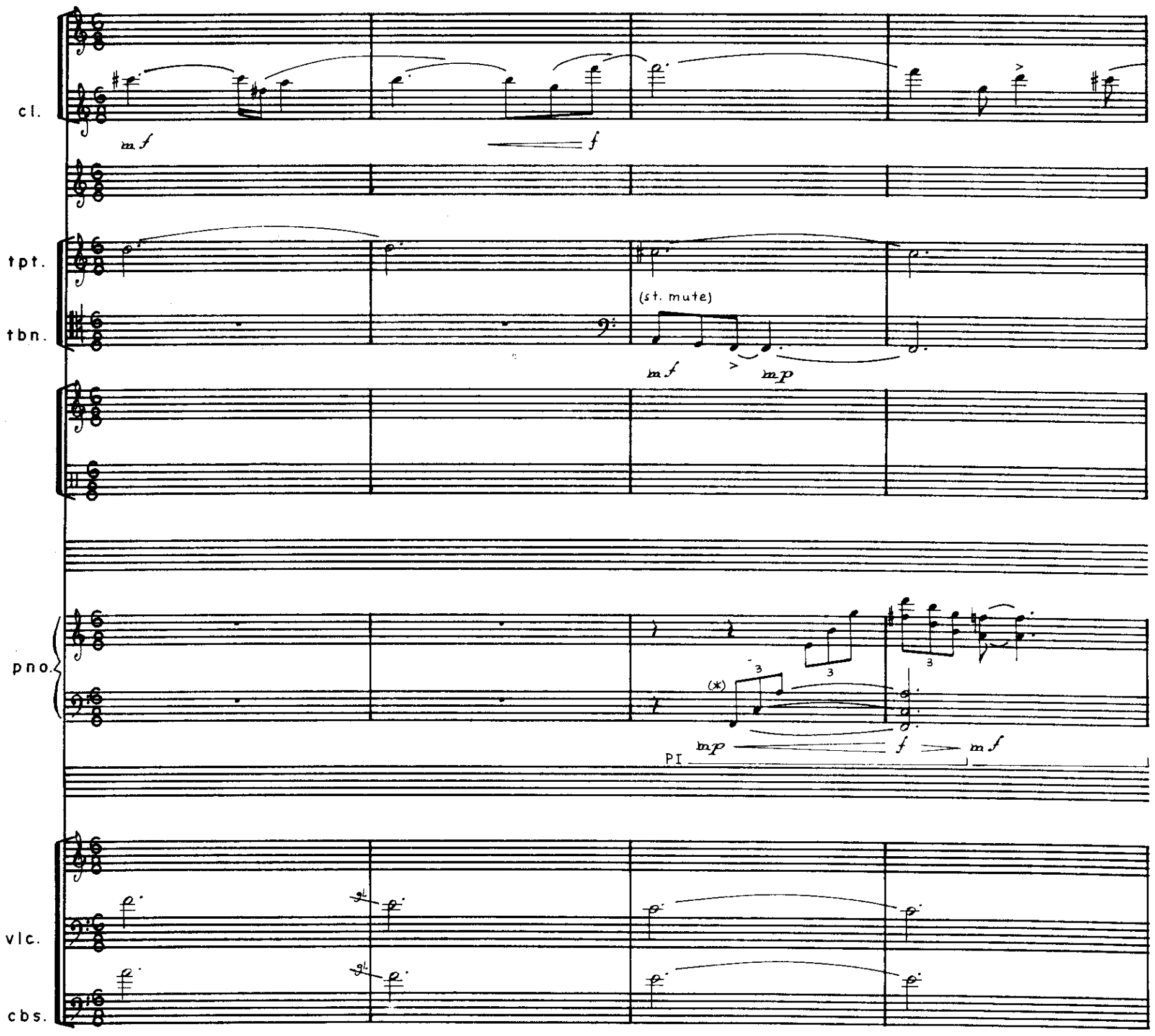


I used to be.

I used to regret that there were no mirrors

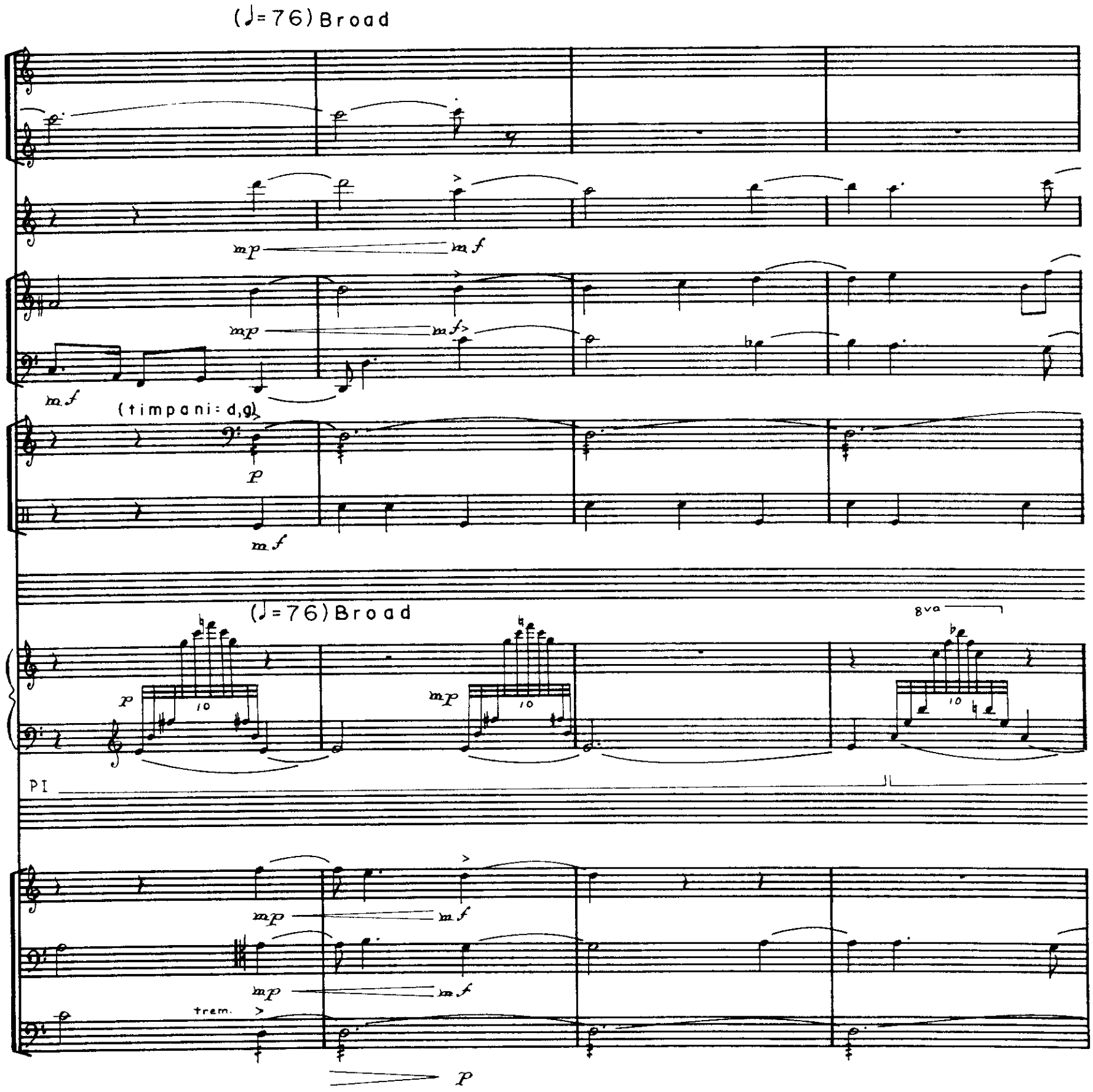


prf. here. I'm grateful now. How gracefully, in those early days, the flesh would wrap itself about the skeleton; now, how it droops and languishes! I used to dance by myself for hours on end -- leaping,

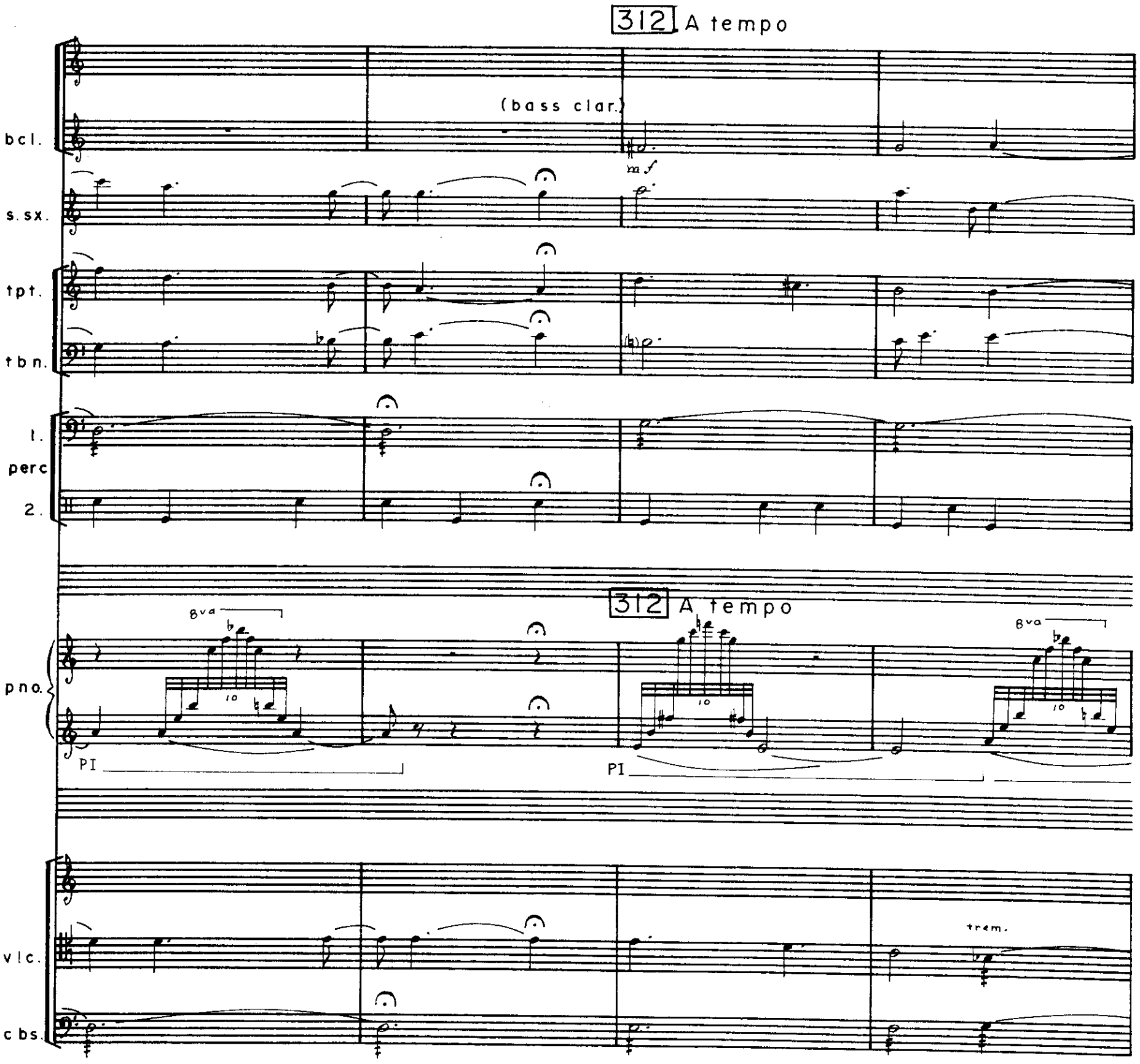


(*) continue to hold these keys.

rolling about, hurling myself spread-eagled against the padded walls, I became a connoisseur of kinesthesia. There is great joy in movement; free, unconstrained speed. . . . . .

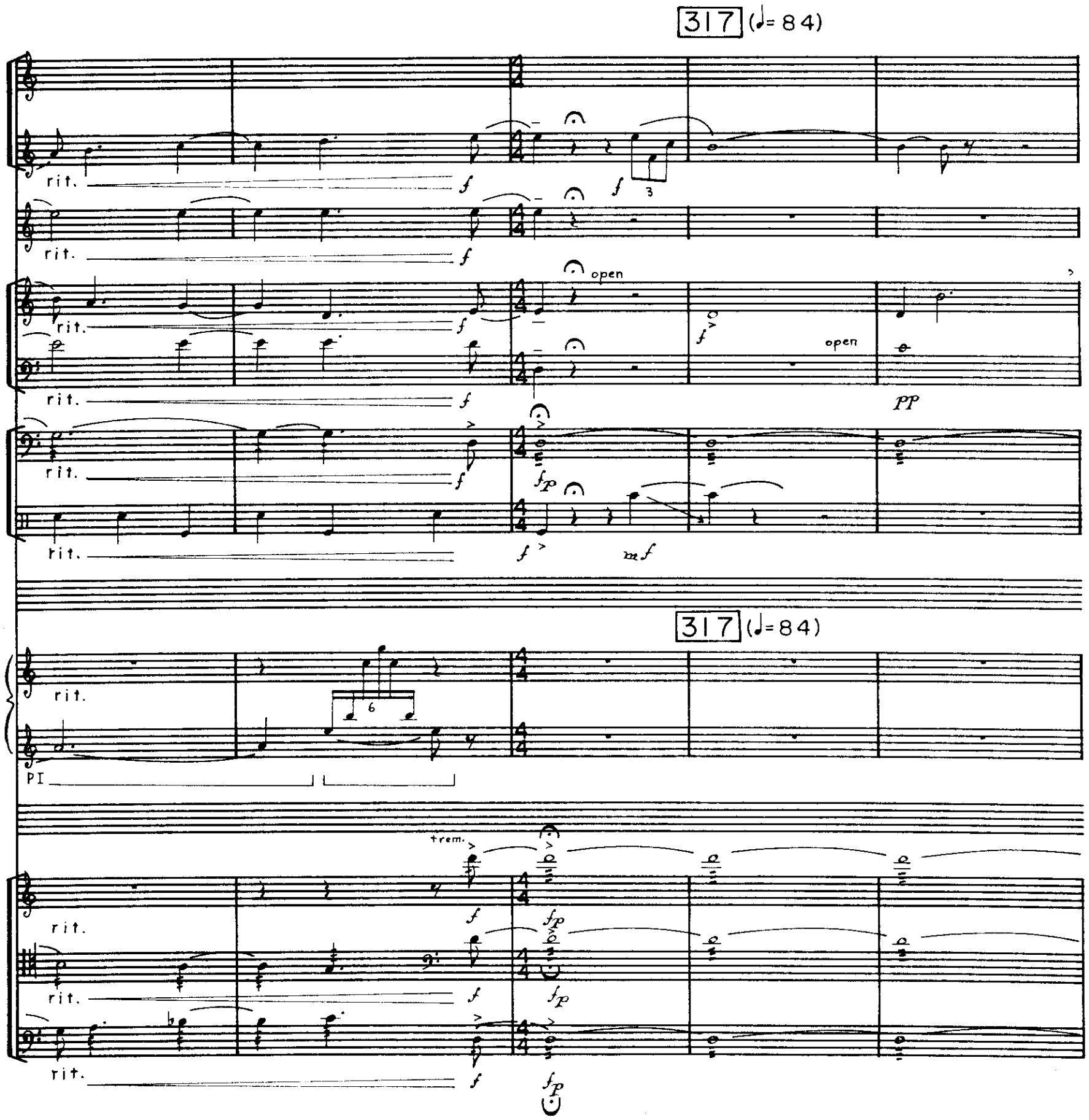


prf. Ah, life is so much tamer now. Age dulls the edge of pleasure, hanging in wreaths of fat on the supple Christmas tree of youth.



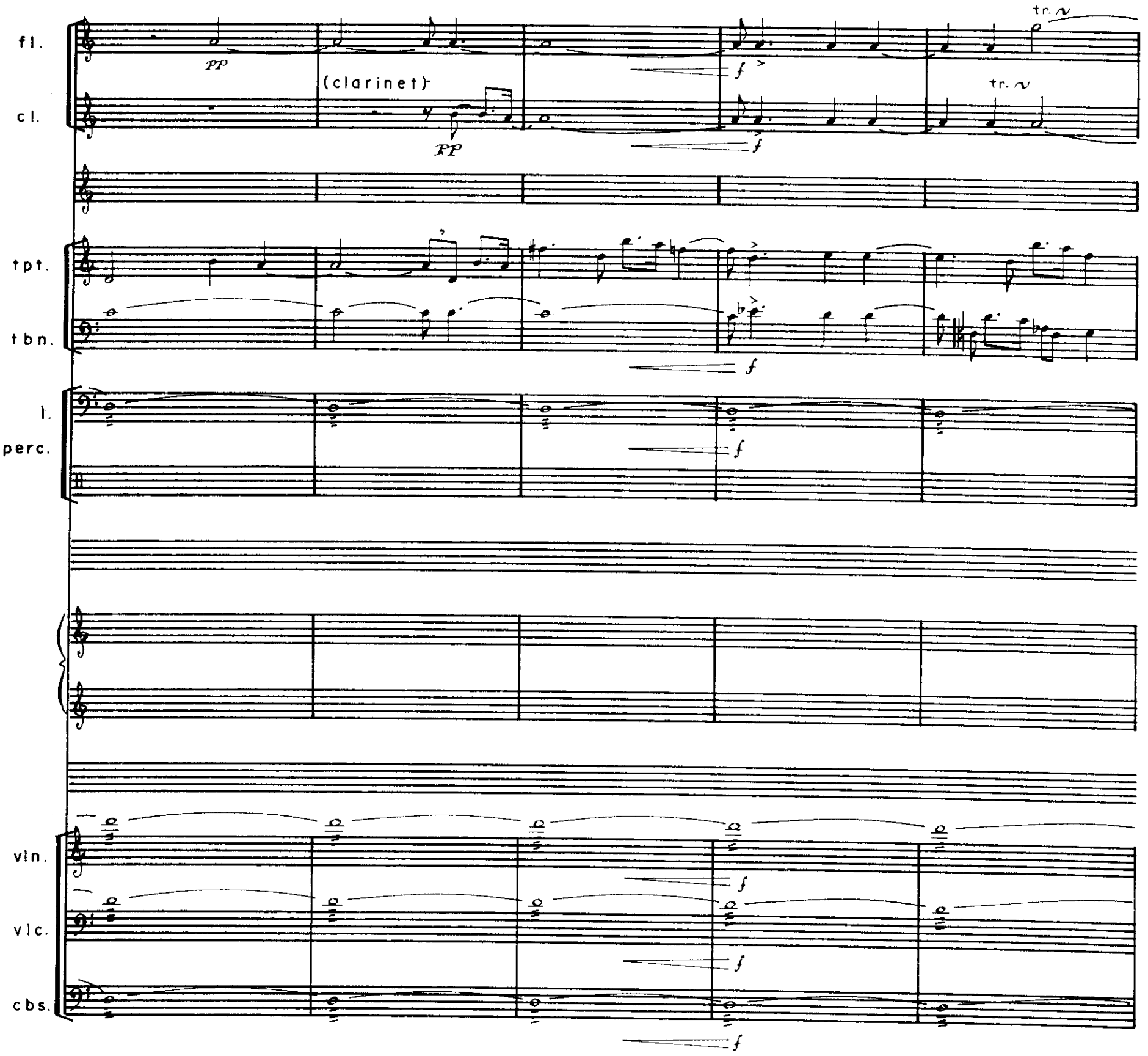
I have
various
theories
about the
meaning
of life, life here, that is. If I were somewhere

else, outside,

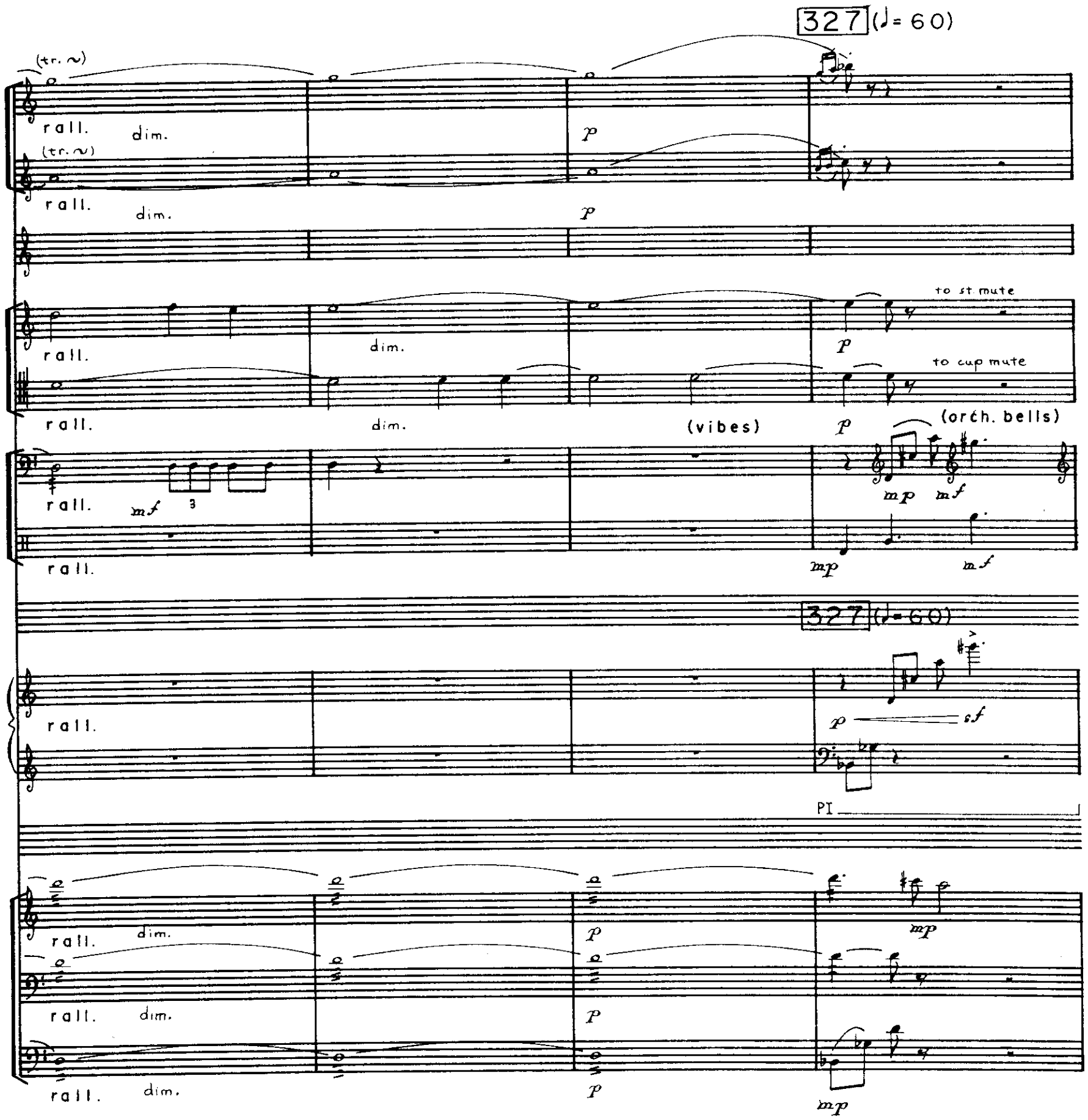


prf. where so many exciting things happen every day, (Insert local current events).

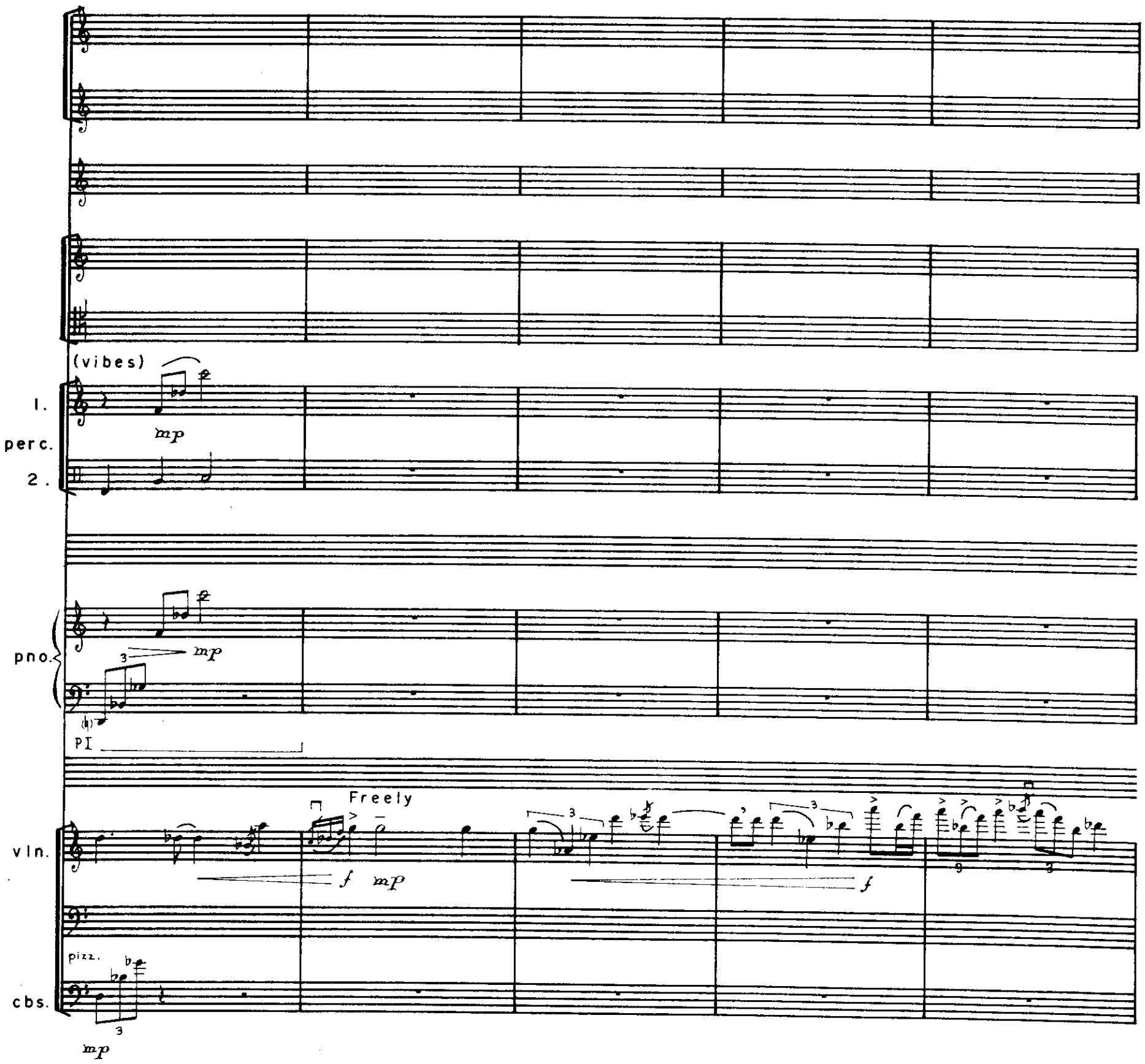
One wouldn't have to worry whether life had a meaning.



In the daytime, one could shop for a multitude of goods, then, in the evening, after lobster at a fine

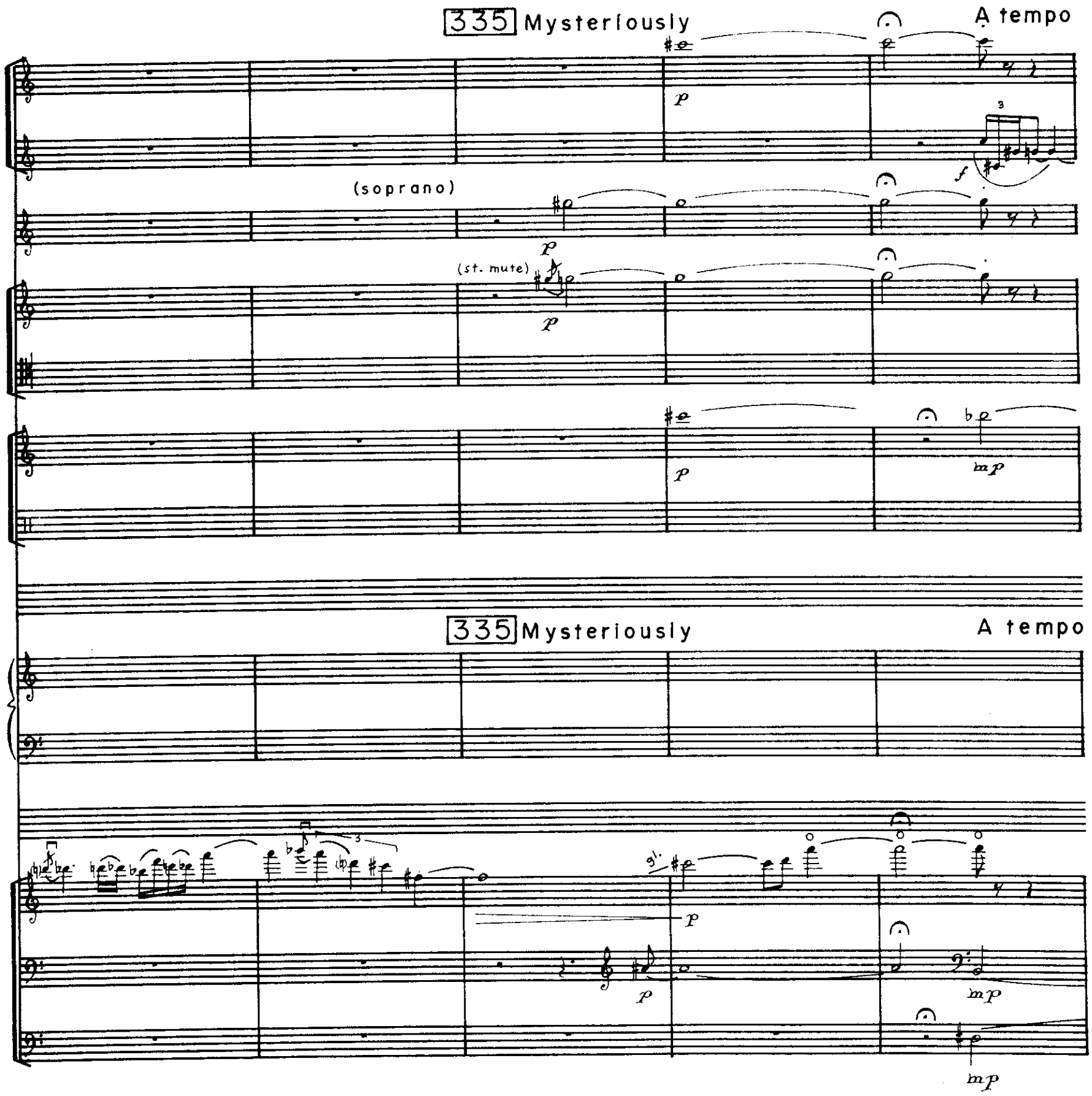


prf. restaurant, off to the cinema. Life would be so full if I were living in (Insert local city)! I spend a lot of time imagining what (Insert local city) would be like, imagining what other people are like,

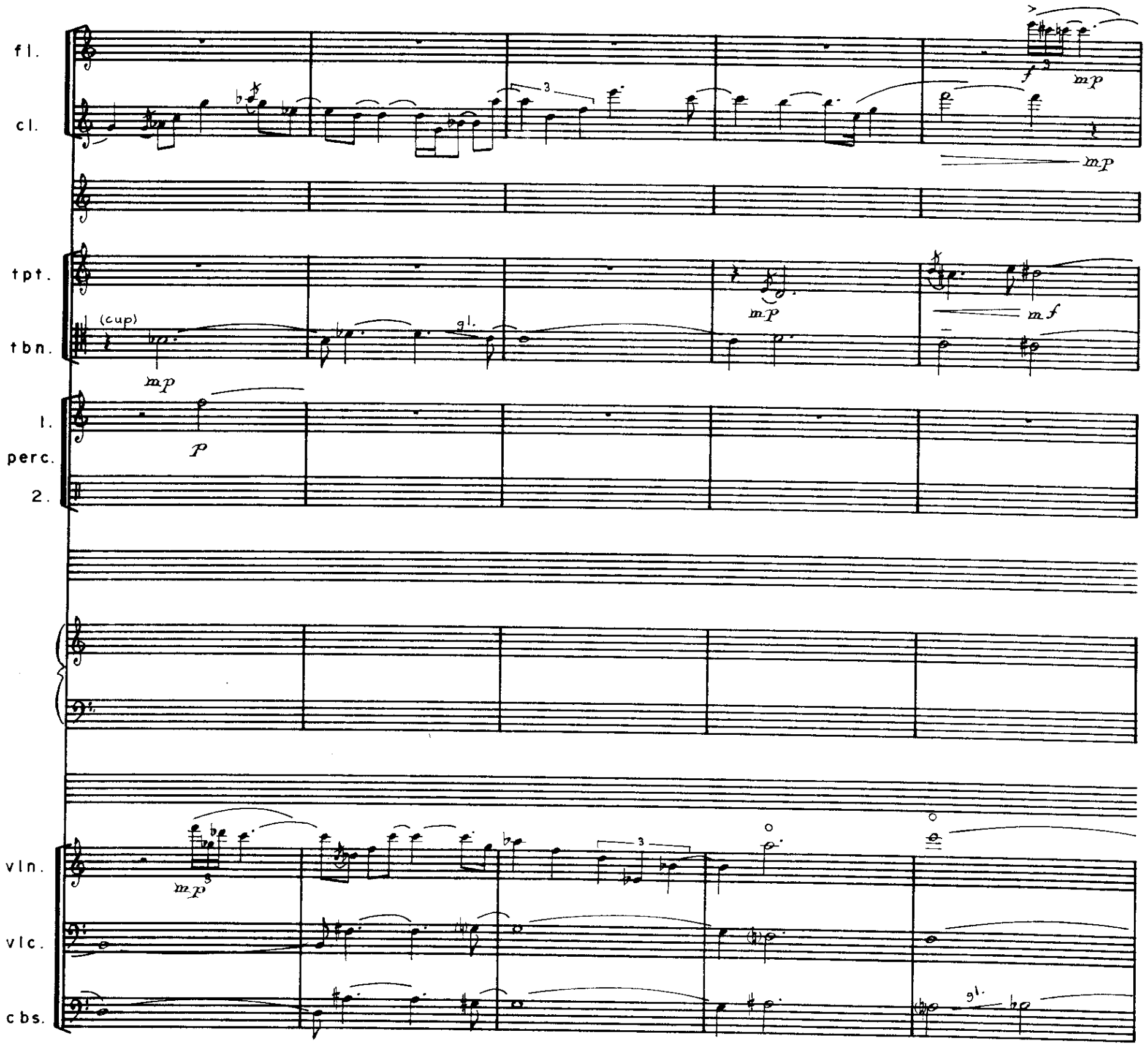


what I would be like with other people,

in a sense, my life is full, imagining such things. One of my theories is that "They" -- you all know who "They" are, don't you? --

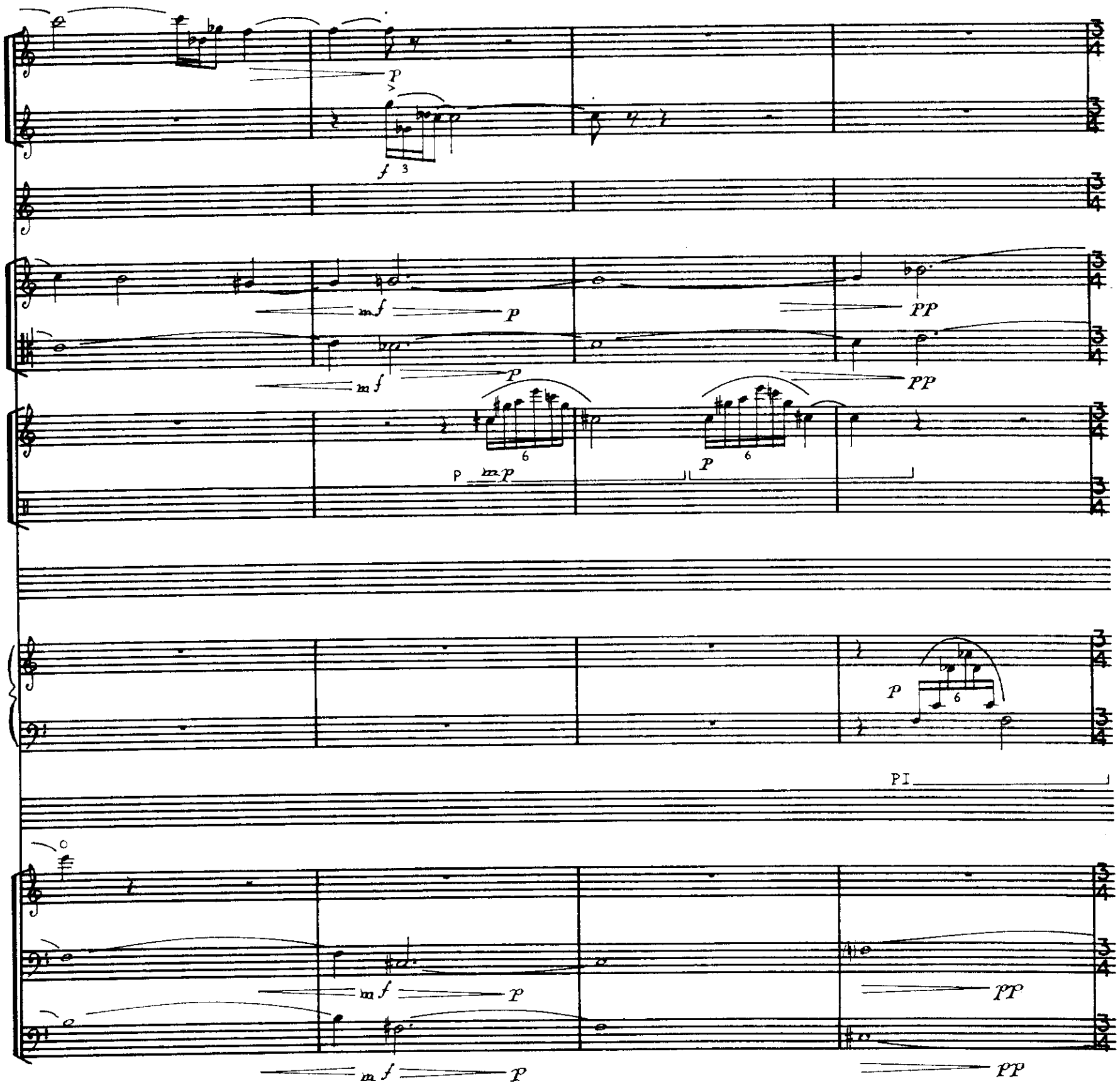


prf. "They" are waiting for me to make a confession. This poses problems. Since I remember nothing of my previous existence, I don't know what I should confess. I've tried confessing to everything: political crimes, sex crimes -- I especially like to confess to sex crimes -- traffic offenses,

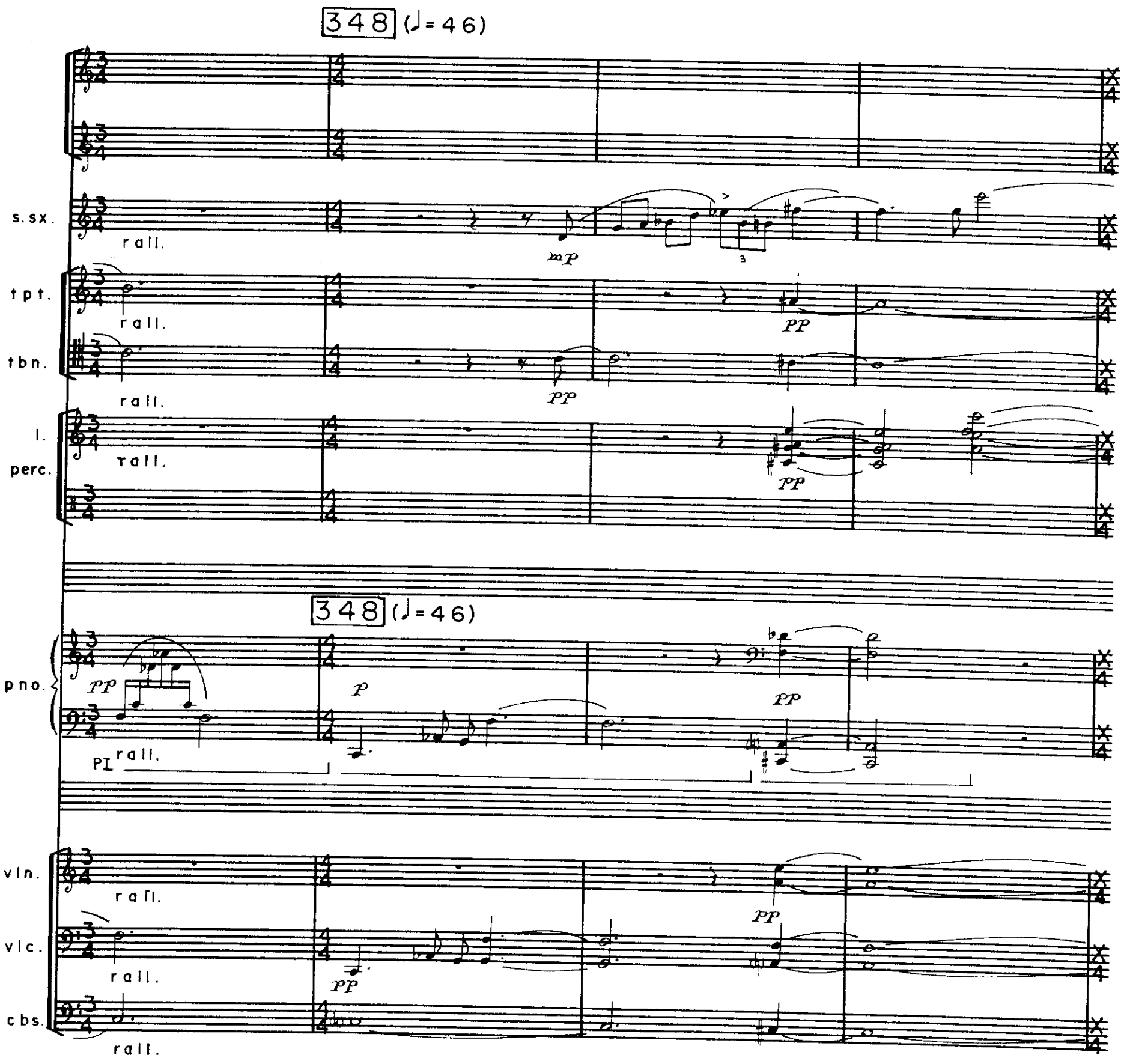


union membership, spiritual pride, my God, what haven't I confessed to? Nothing seems to work.

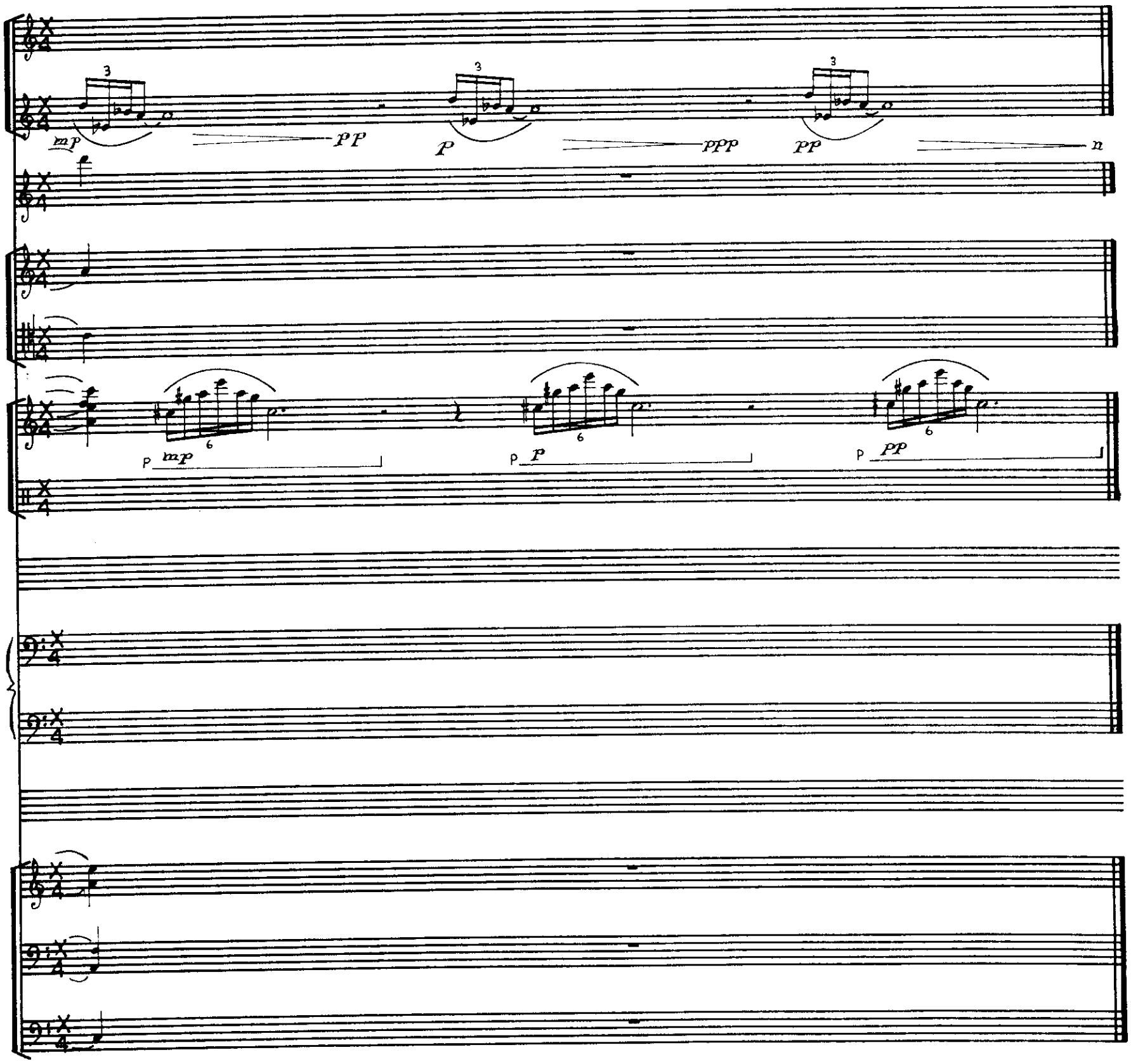
Perhaps I just haven't confessed to the crimes I really did commit, whatever they were.



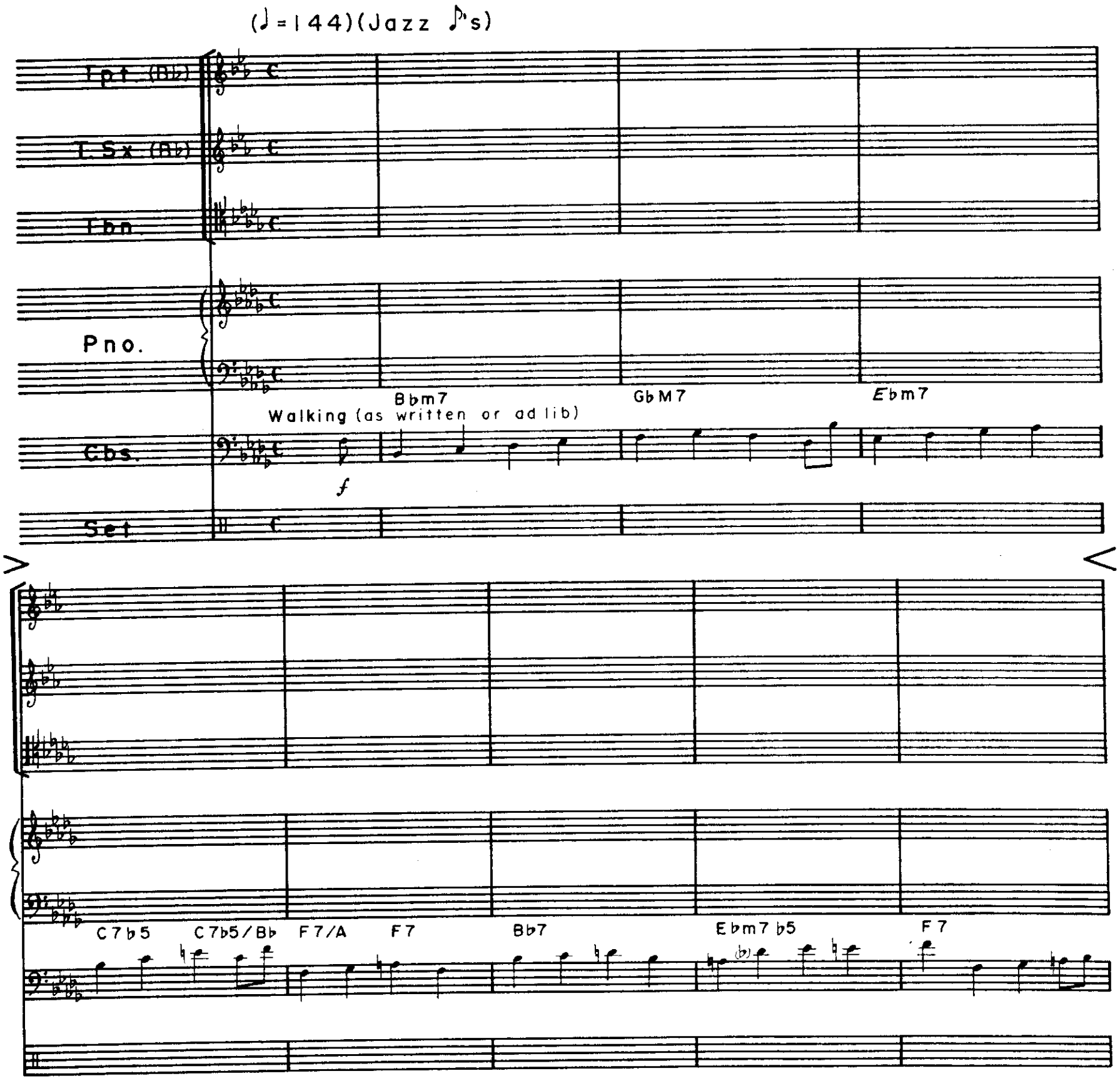
prf. Or, perhaps, which is more likely, the theory is at fault.

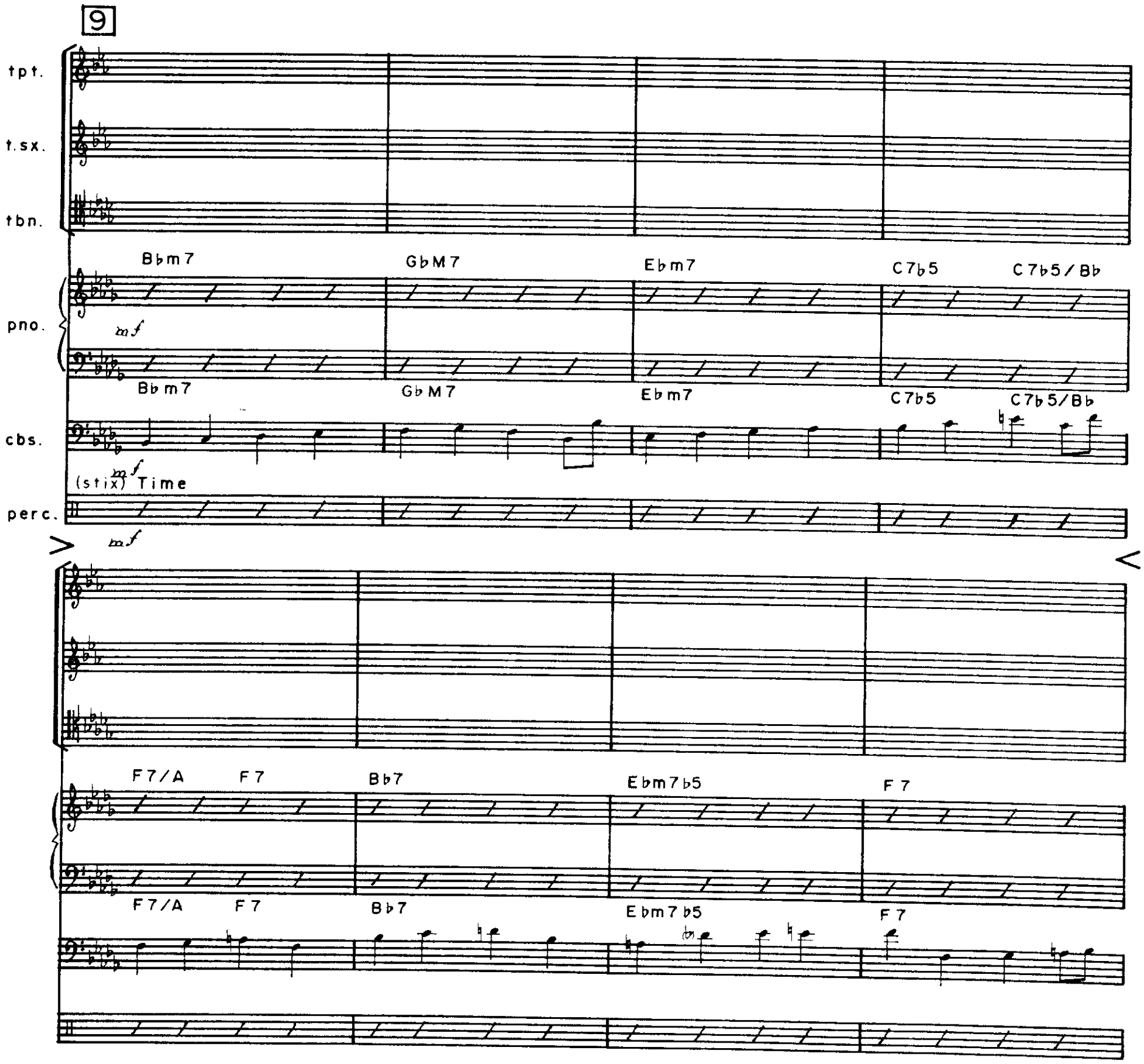


I have another theory.



(Cue:) Announcer I: The performance was recorded on Wednesday the twenty-eighth of April, 1982 at the Music Hall Recital Hall in Ames, Iowa. I am Doug Brown and this has been University Concert.




9
tpt.
t.sx.
tbn.
Bbm7
GbM7
Ebm7
C7b5
C7b5/Bb
pno.
mf
Bb m7
Gb M7
Eb m7
C7b5
C7b5/Bb
cbs.
mf
(stix) Time
perc.
mf
F7/A
F7
Bb7
Ebm7b5
F7
F7/A
F7
Bb7
Ebm7b5
F7

17

m f

m f

m f

m f

m p

m p

Ens.

m f

f

f

f

ff

ff

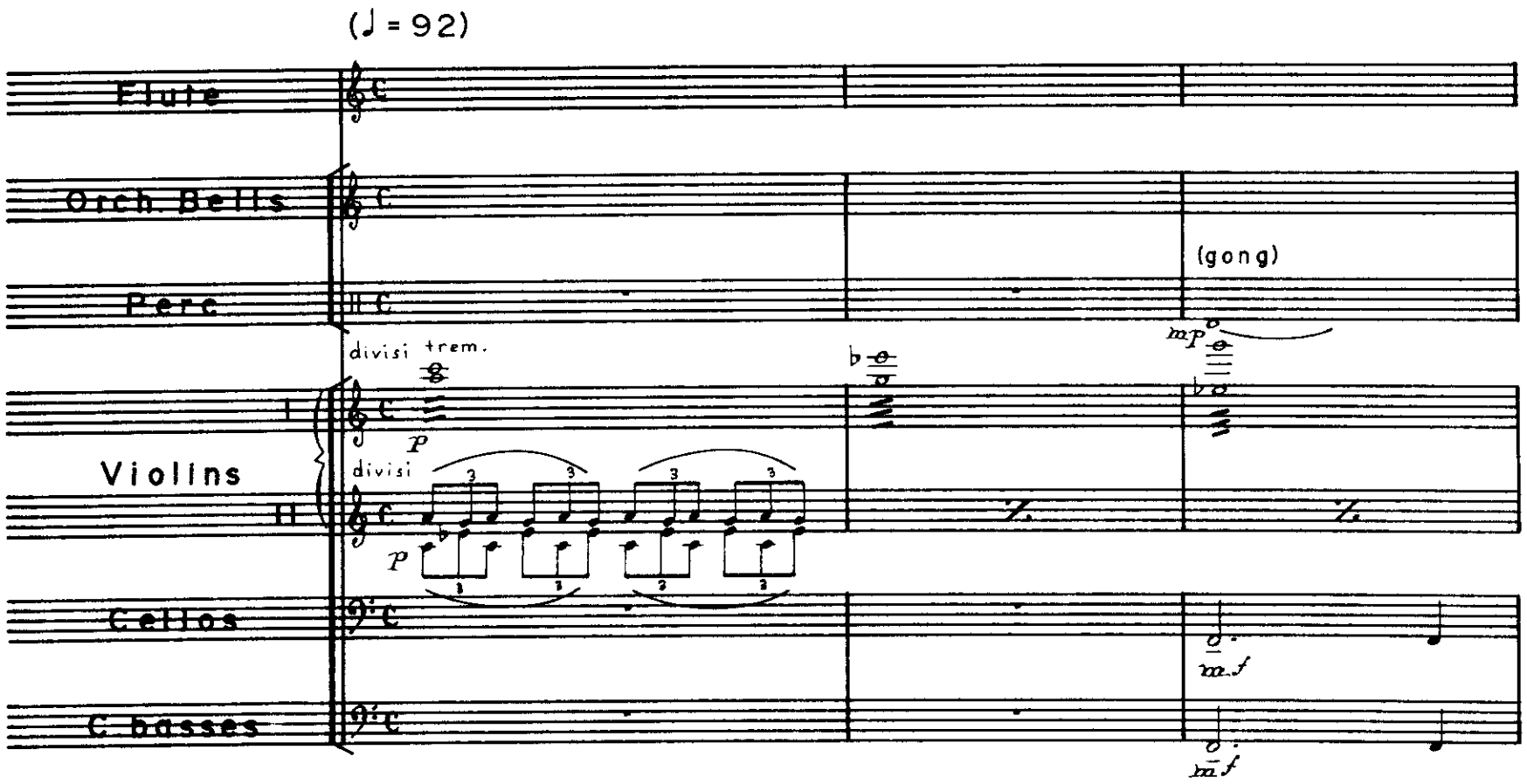
ff

f

f

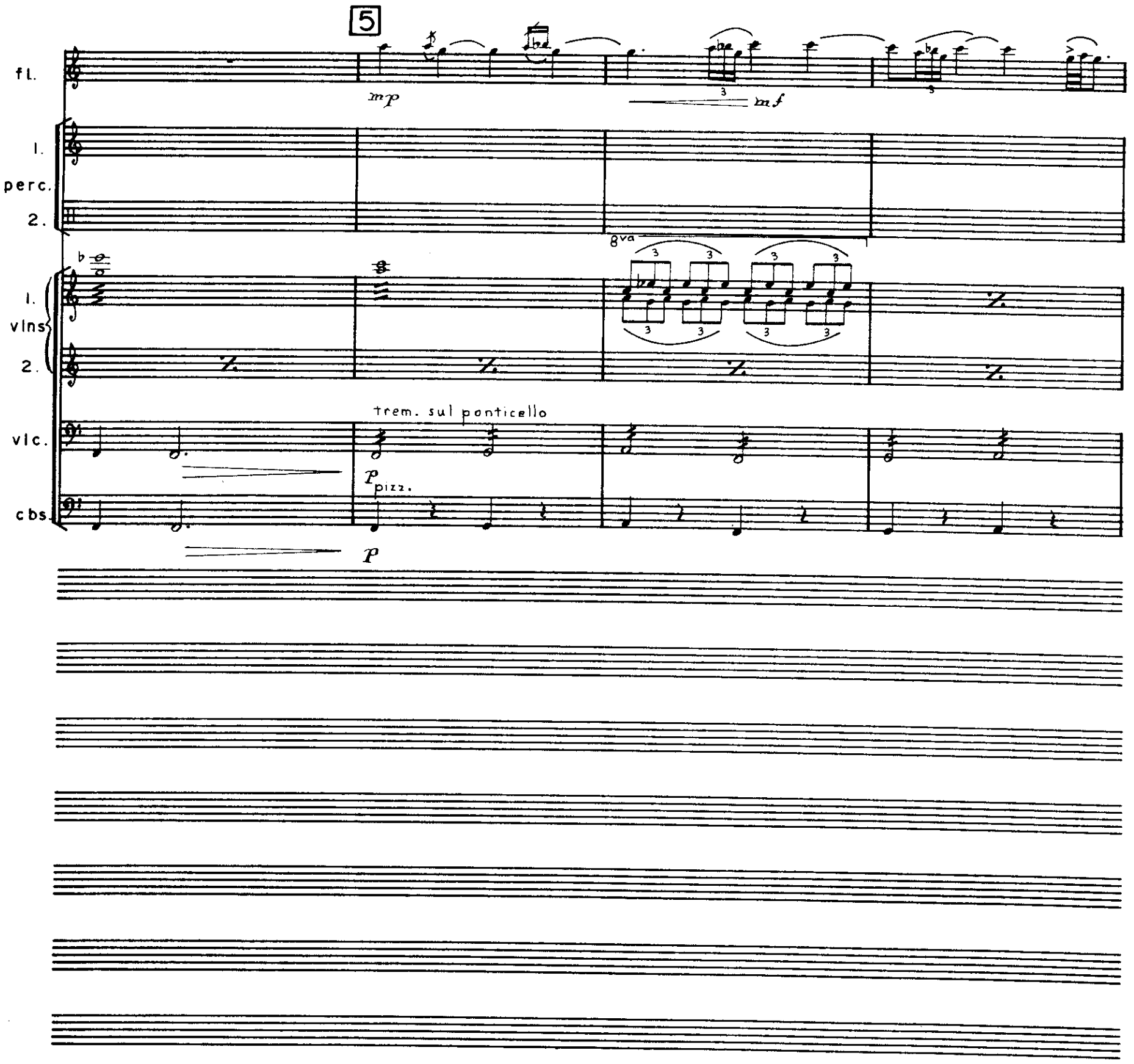
(Cue:) **Narrator:** In this newly discovered environment, scientists found extraordinary new life-forms never before imagined, existing without light and under the extreme pressure of the deepest sea.

Narrator: Tonight, we will focus our attention on one of these new life forms, the pogonophore, as we

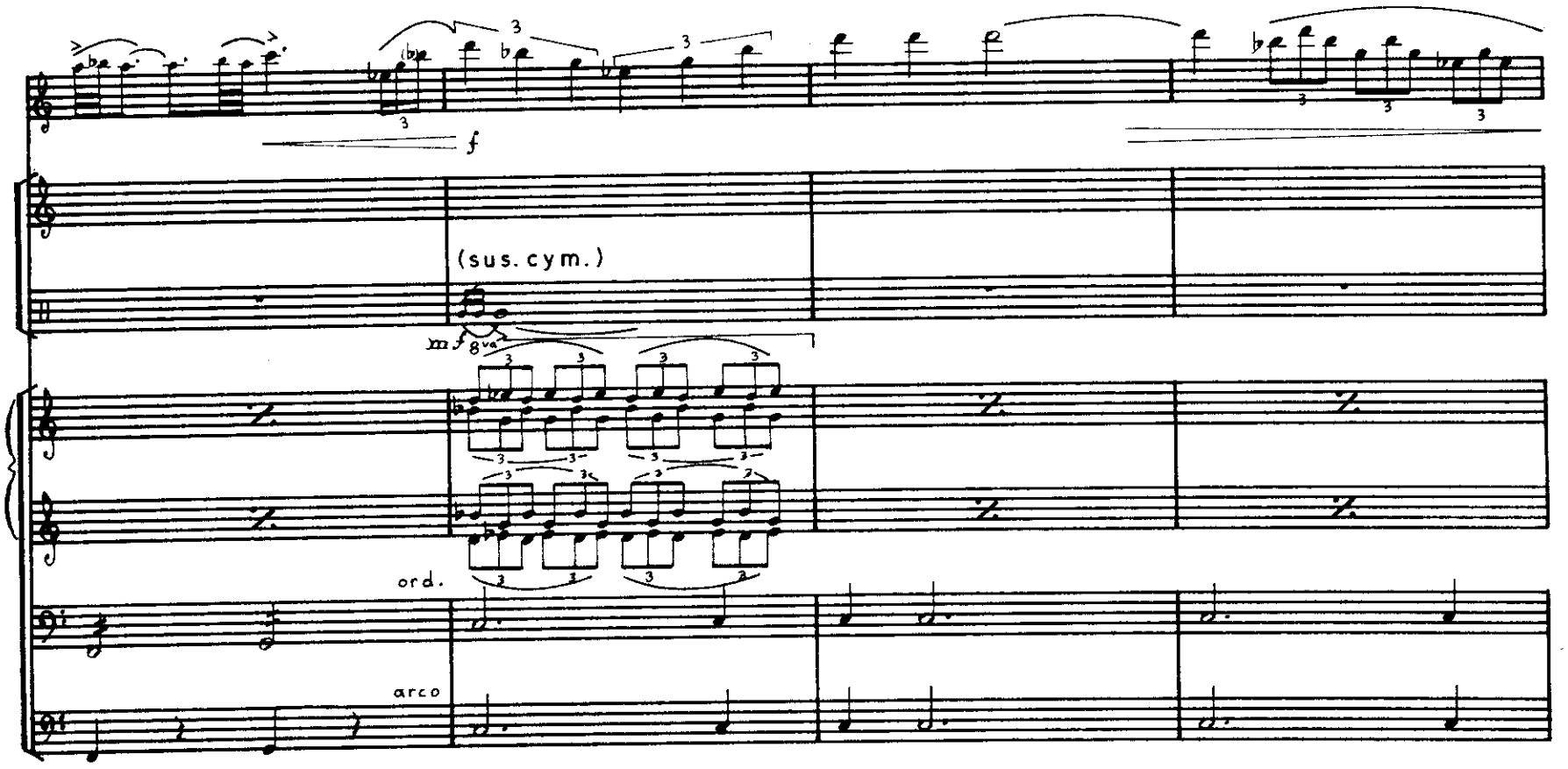


nar. "Journey to the

Edge of Creation."

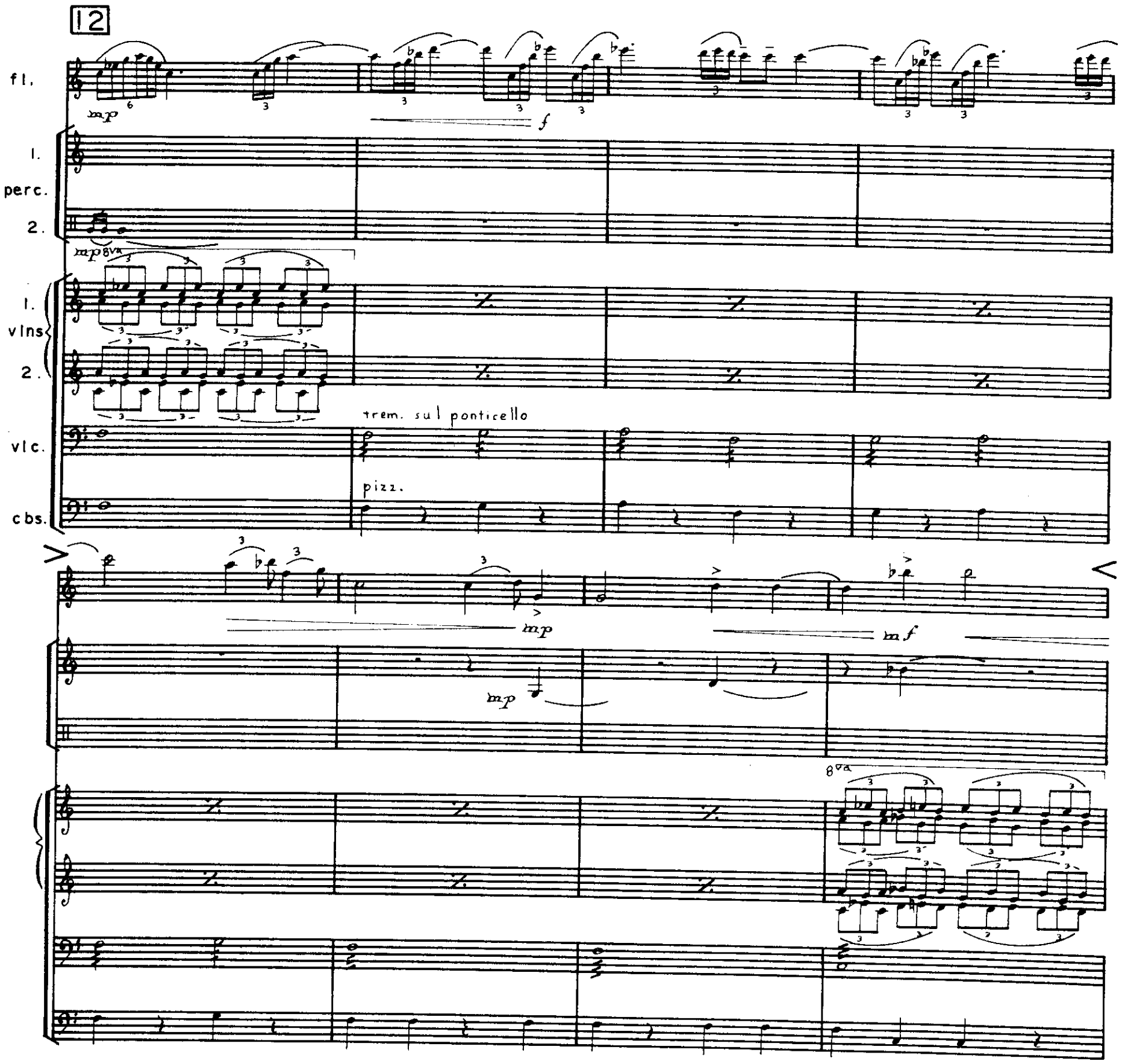


Tonight's segment of "Science Alive" has been produced by the National Geographic Society,



nar. National Public Radio, and

WQED in Pittsburgh.



21

f

dim.

mf

8va

f

Trem.

ord.

arco

n

(gong)

pp

mp

dim.

n

dim.

n

dim.

n

dim.

n

prf. My God! What a great pet! It's ideal, no feeding, no paper training, no litter box.

Funding for the following program has been provided in part by grants from . . . . . .

The National Endowment

for the Humanities,

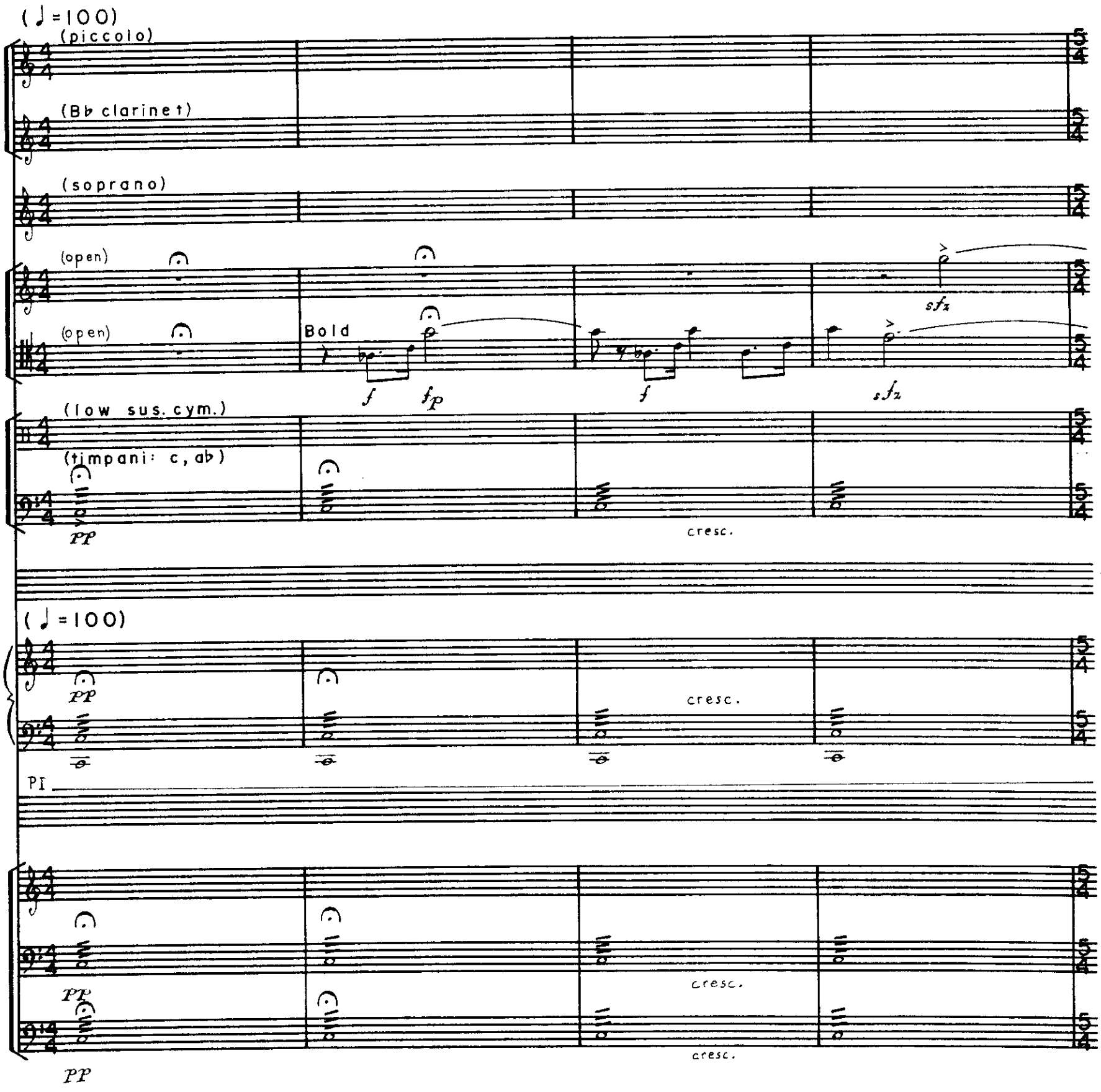
Continental Financial

Services, and Fin and

Feather Pet Center.

STRIVING: The Memoirs of

a Pogonophore.



prf.

(Insert present month and year) seemed like the right time to buy a pet. One of my friends had recently acquired a pair of tarsiers, another, a boa constrictor. My nocturnal roommate kept an owl caged above his desk. A family of pogs was certainly

(♩ = 66)

cl.

tpt.

tbn.

To st. mute

l.

perc.

2.

(♩ = 66)

pno.

8va

8ba

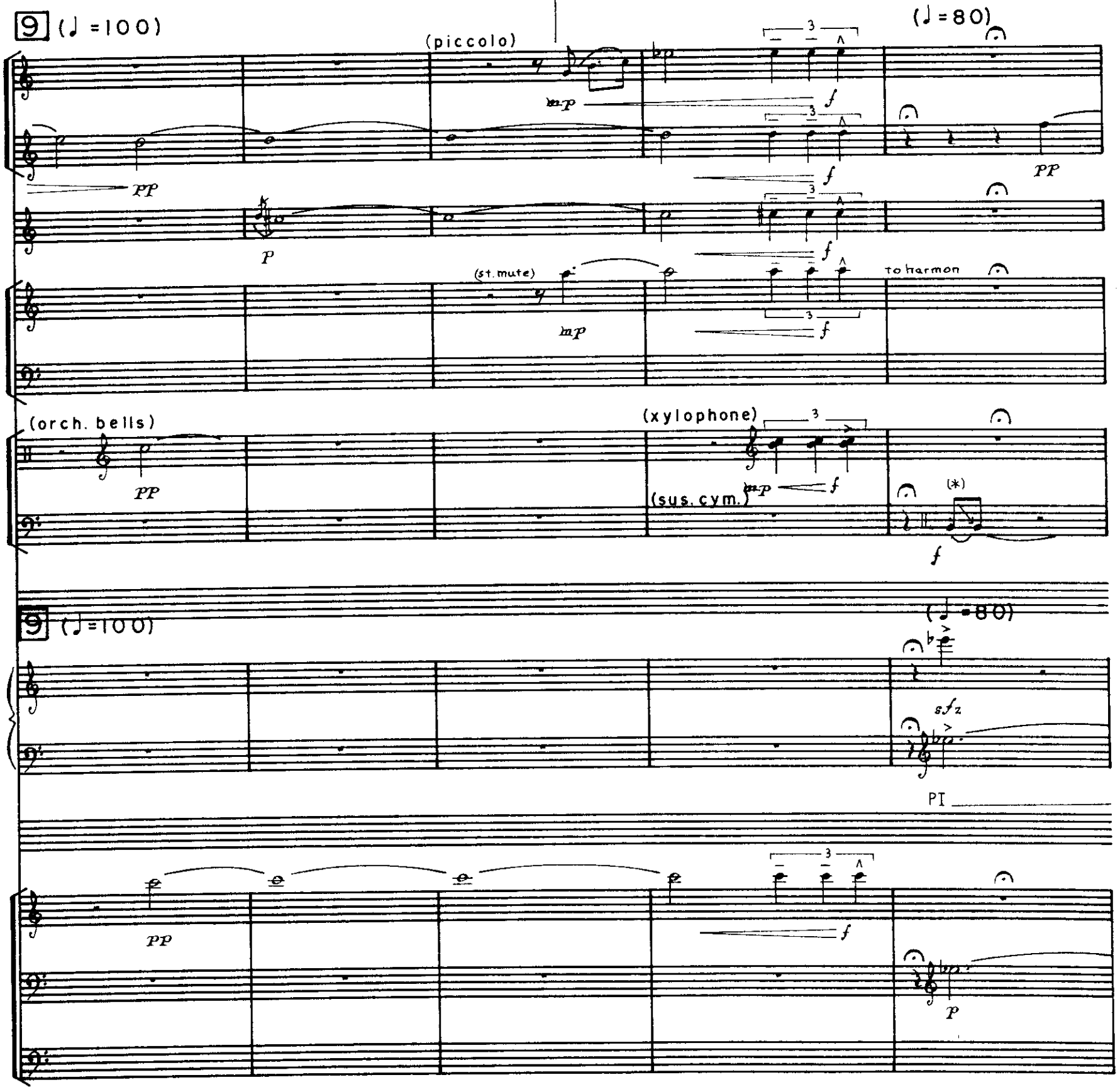
PI

vln.

vlc.

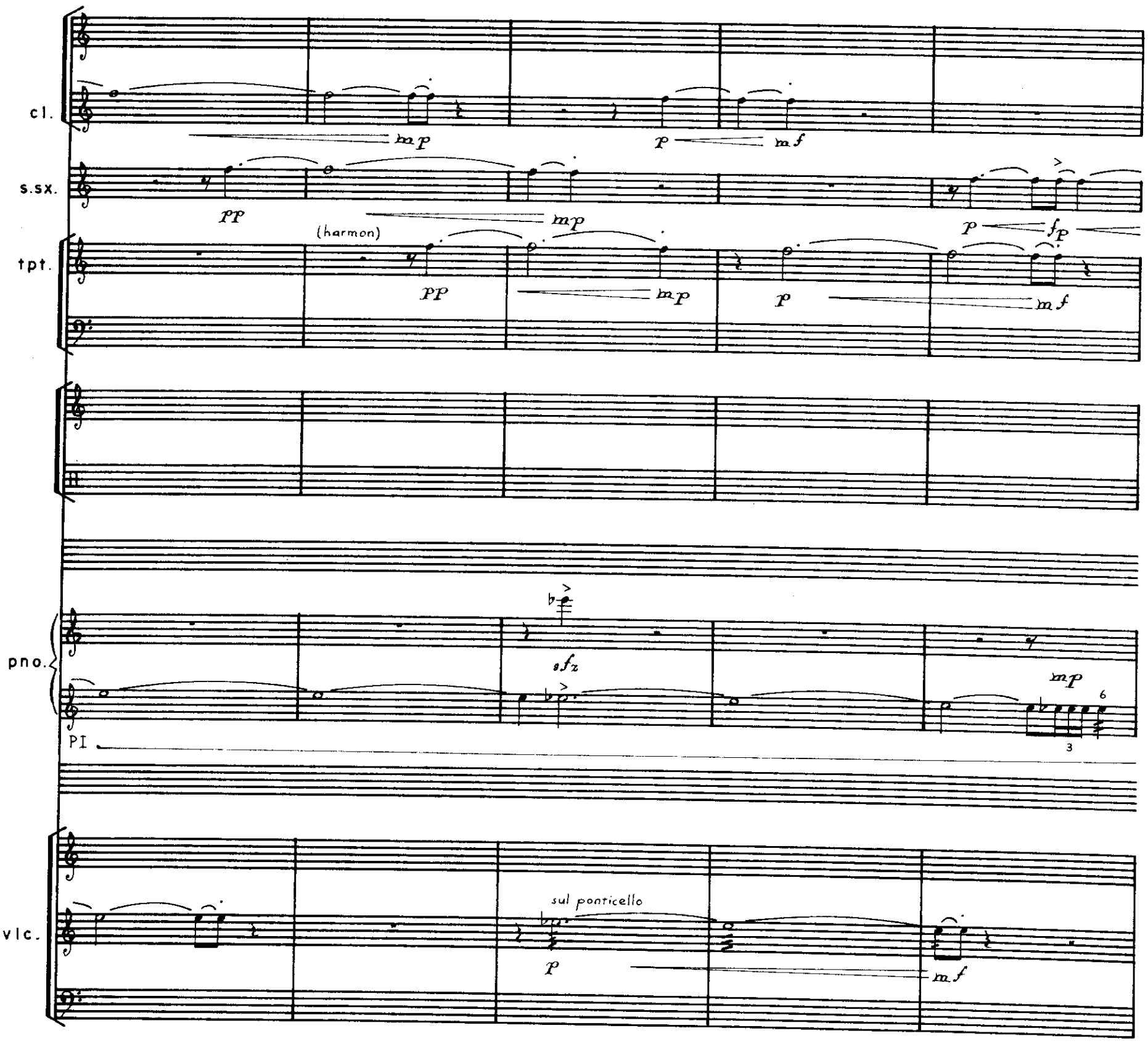
cbs.

one up on their eccentricities. And, since pogonophores do not eat, sleep, excrete, or make noise, they seemed ideal! . . . . . | In (Insert a coming month) I had three dozen shipped to me from Japan. I spared no expense. . . . . Critique time: sound credible



(*) with coin, crown to edge

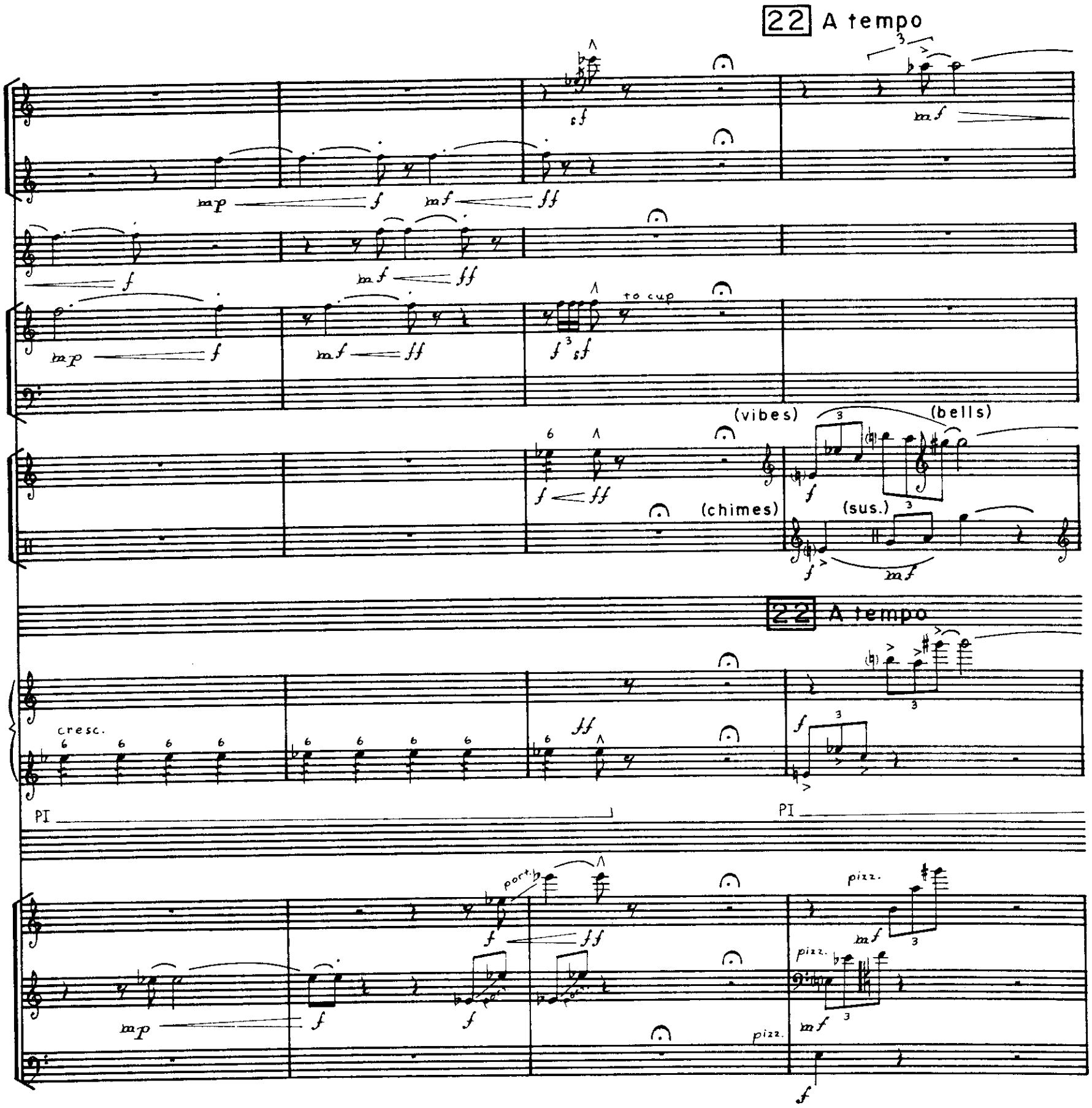
prf. so far? Does it have the texture of reality? By mentioning those other pets at the beginning of the story,



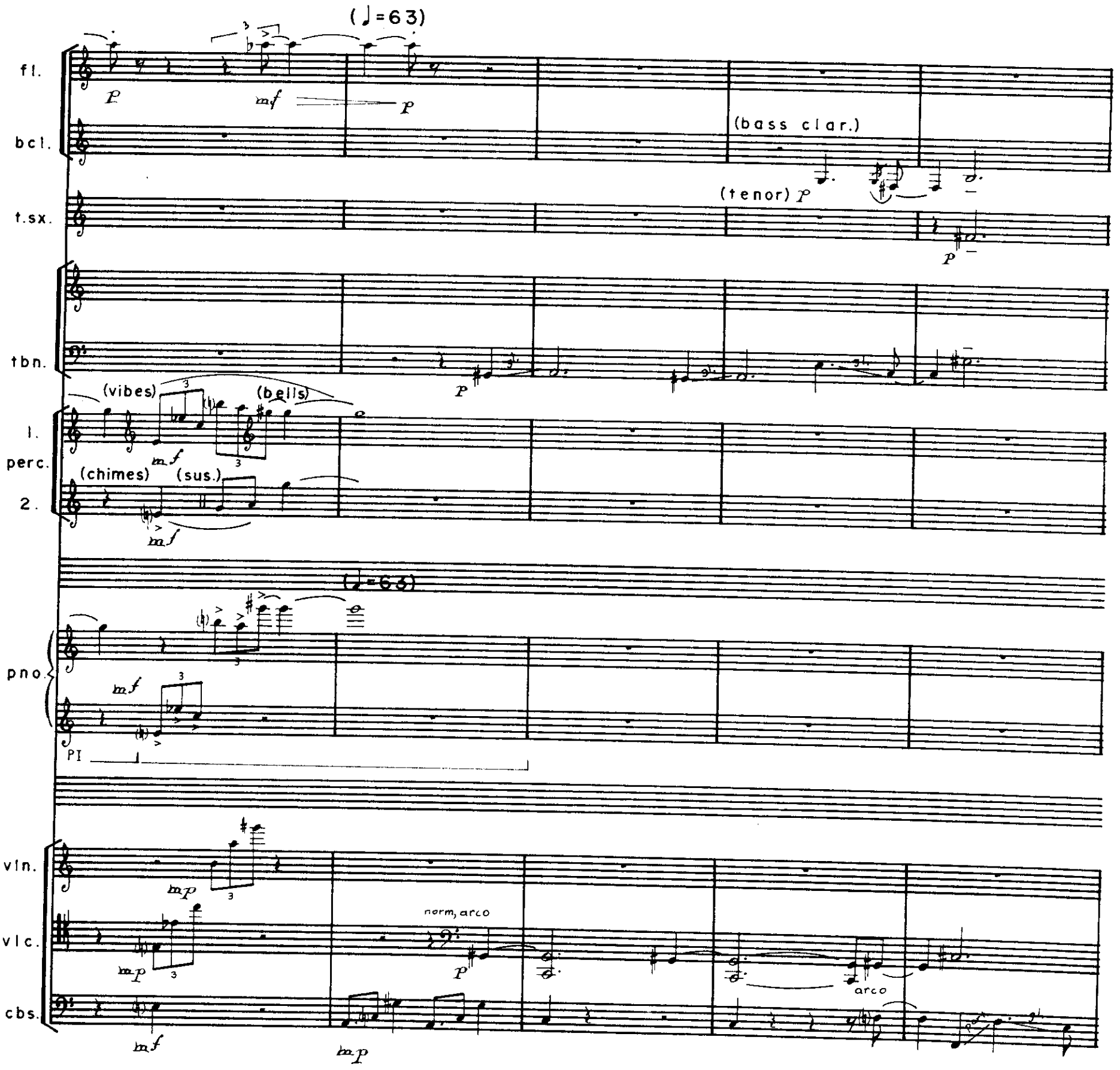
I tried to clothe my invention in greater

verisimilitude. Were you taken in? . . . . . However, I did not

consider the water-pressure problem until it

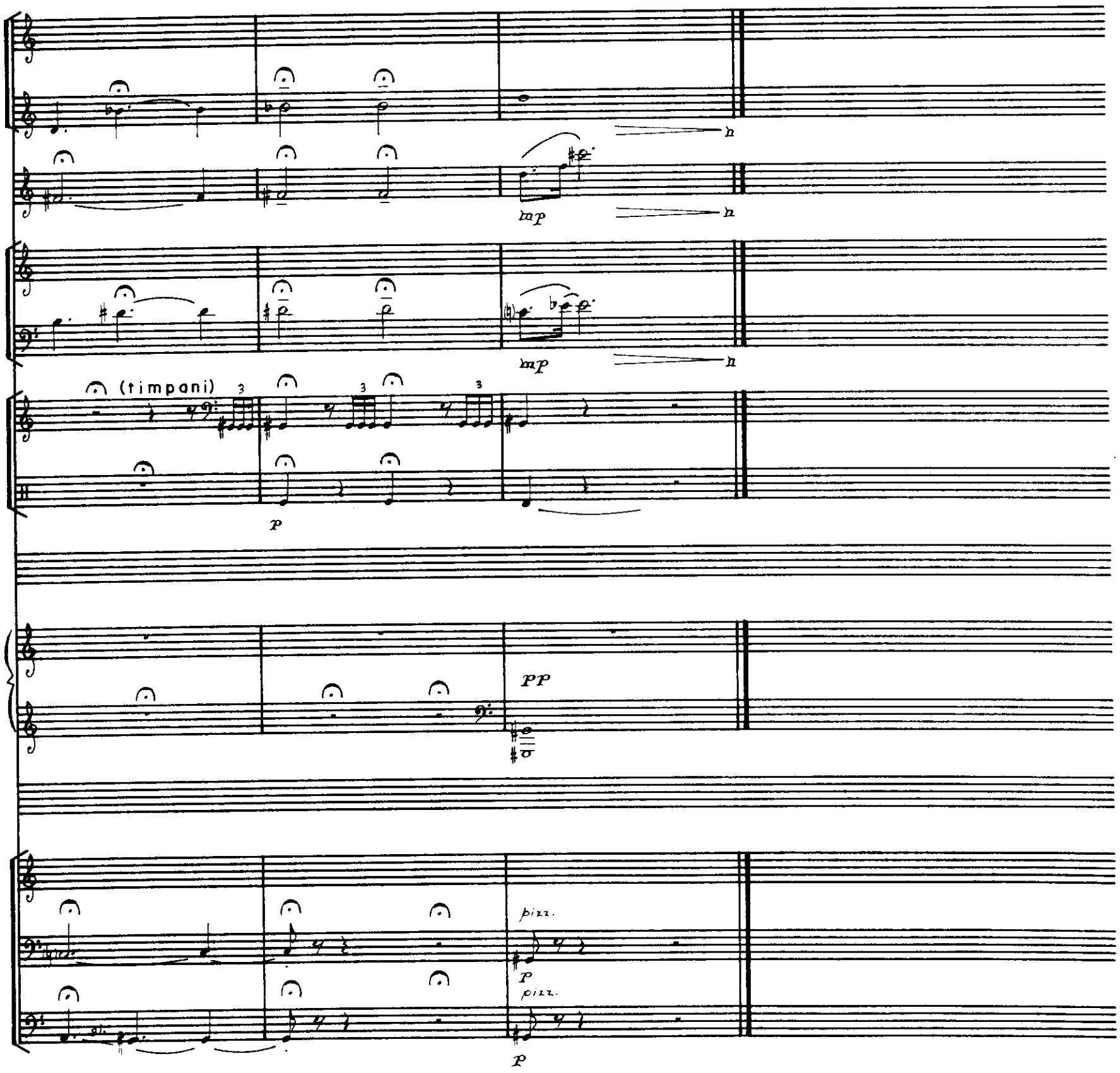


prf. was too late. Pogonophores need the weight of an entire ocean to hold them together. For a few exciting days I watched the pogs rise and descend in their translucent shells,



but one . . . . by one . . . they

died.

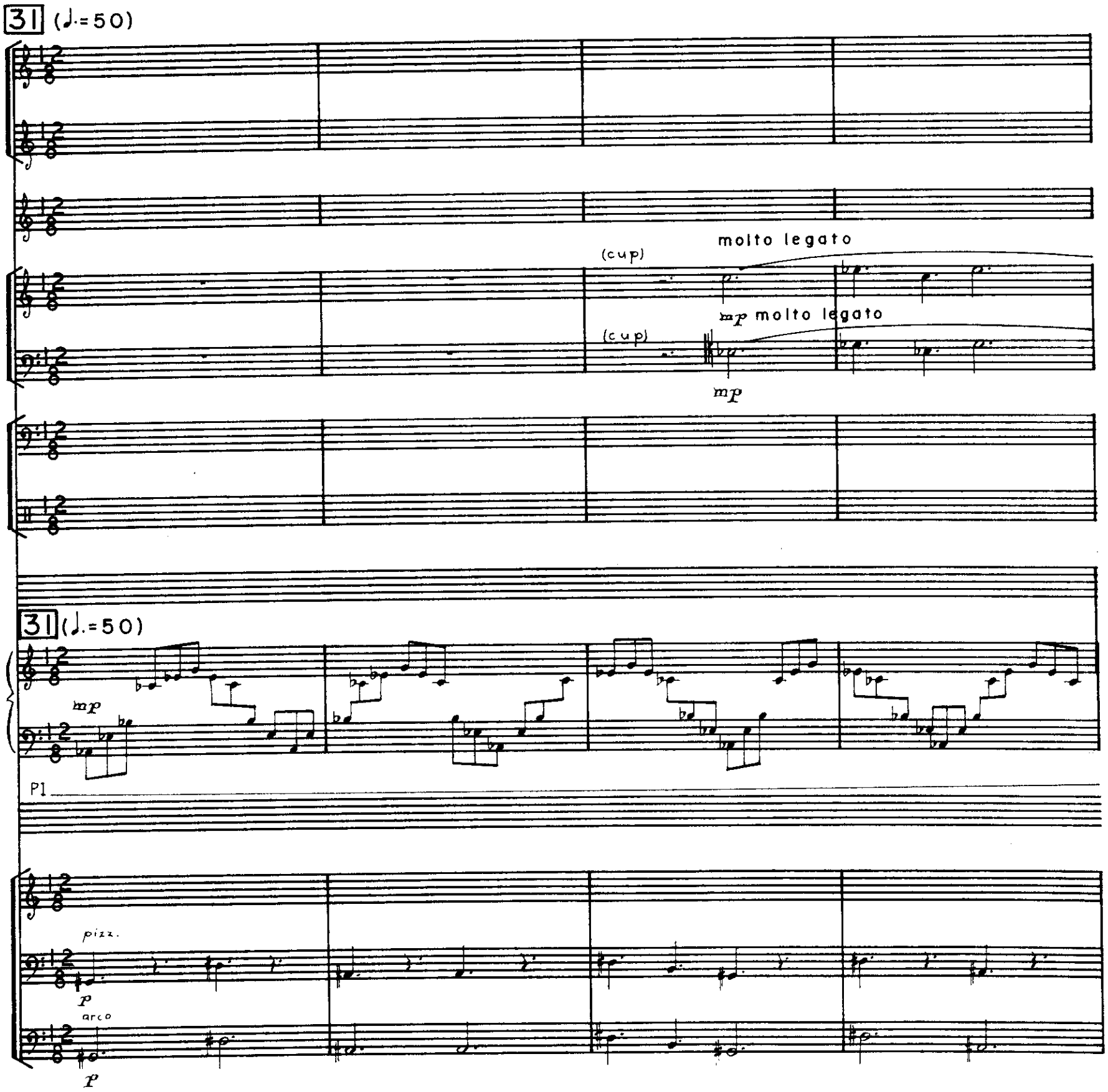


(Cue;) He climbs to the top

of the inside passage of his shell, and when he gets there, retraces his steps to the bottom.

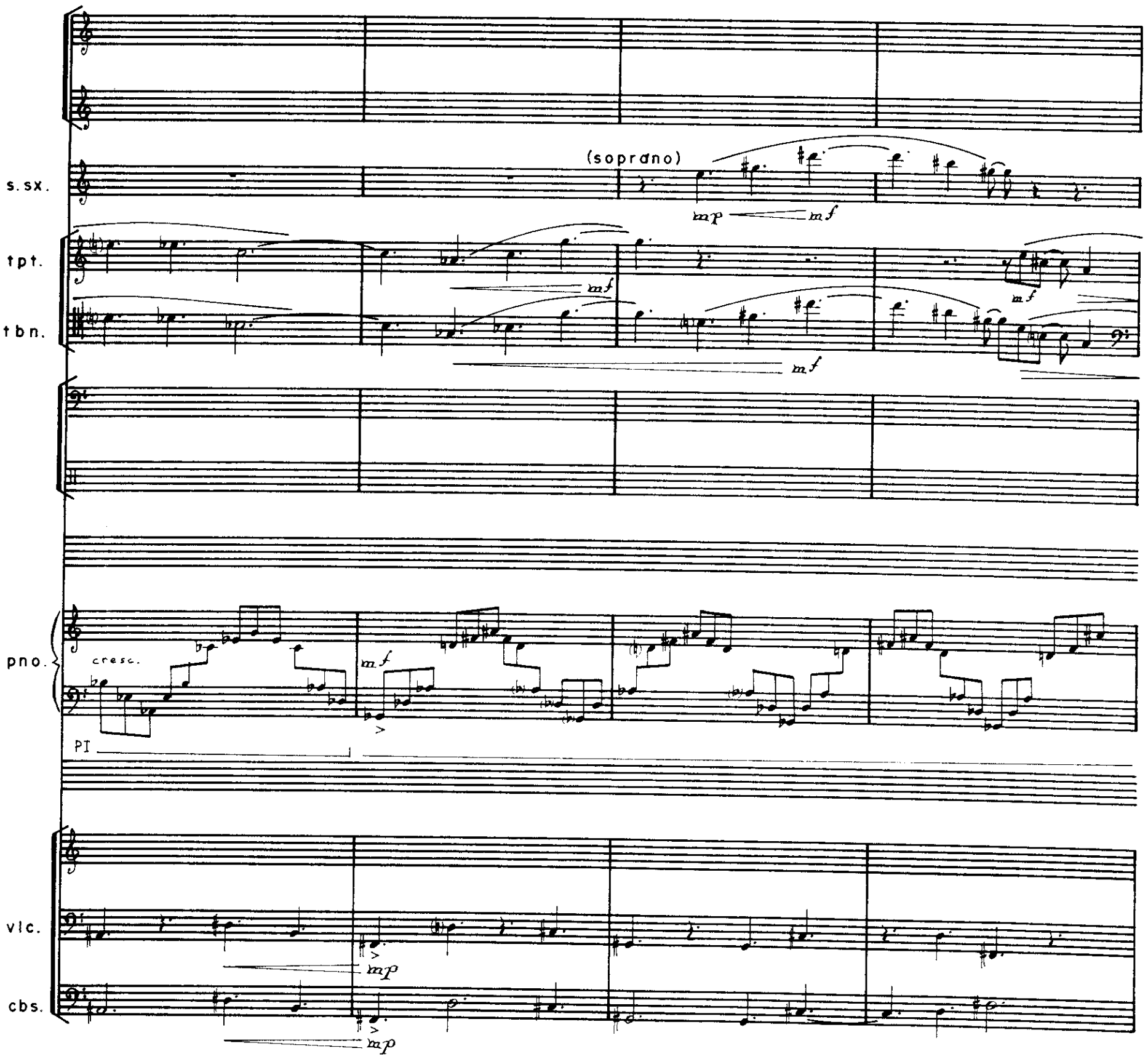
He never tires of this self-imposed regimen, but performs his duty scrupulously, with honest joy.

No fatalist, he!

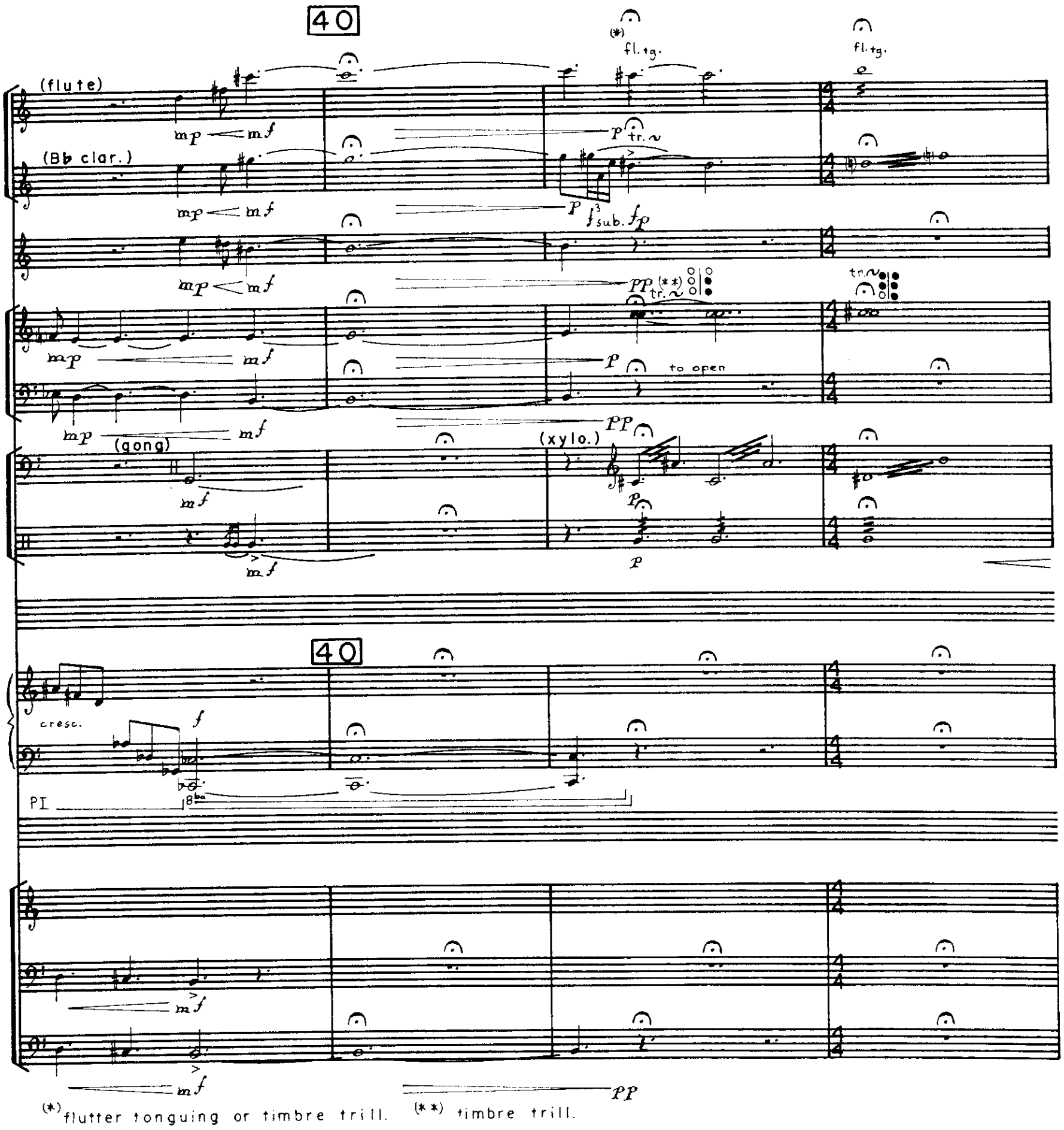


prf.

These memoirs are not allegory or "interpretation" of the pog's inner thoughts. We don't need them. The pogonophore himself "writes" the most eloquent spiritual diary on the core of that very shell in which he spends his life. Fanatics through the ages have sought to crack the "codes," the markings on shells and even the calligraphic tracks of snails, to no avail.



I do not claim that other shell-codes can be
translated, but those of the pogonophore can,
and have been; by me! . . . . . Using a U. S. Army
cryptography manual, jeez, how do I think
up these things?



I have learned the

grammar and syntax

of the pog's secret

language.

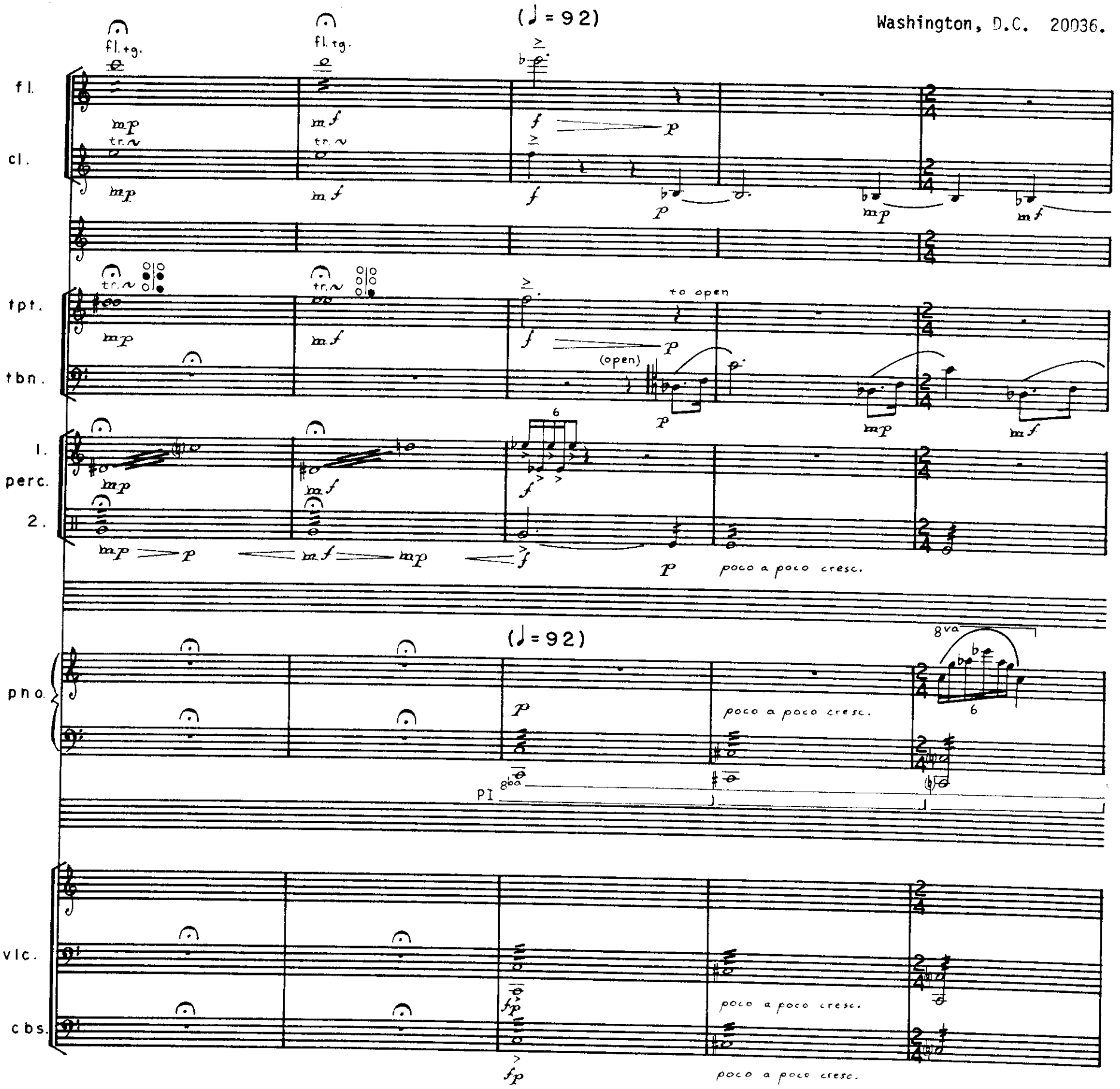
prf.

Zoologists seeking to

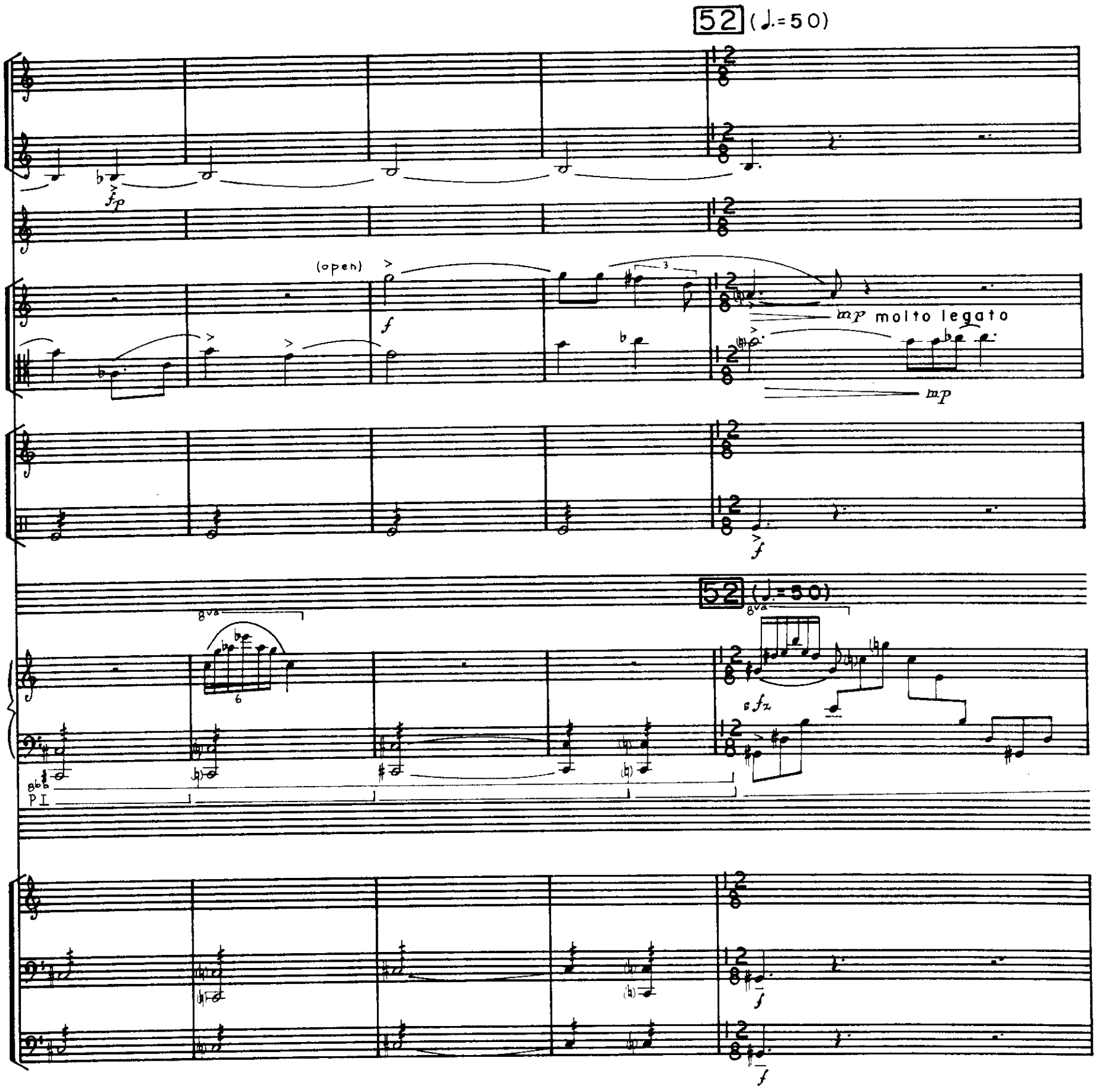
verify my solution may

write me: (Insert performer's name) in care of National Public Radio,

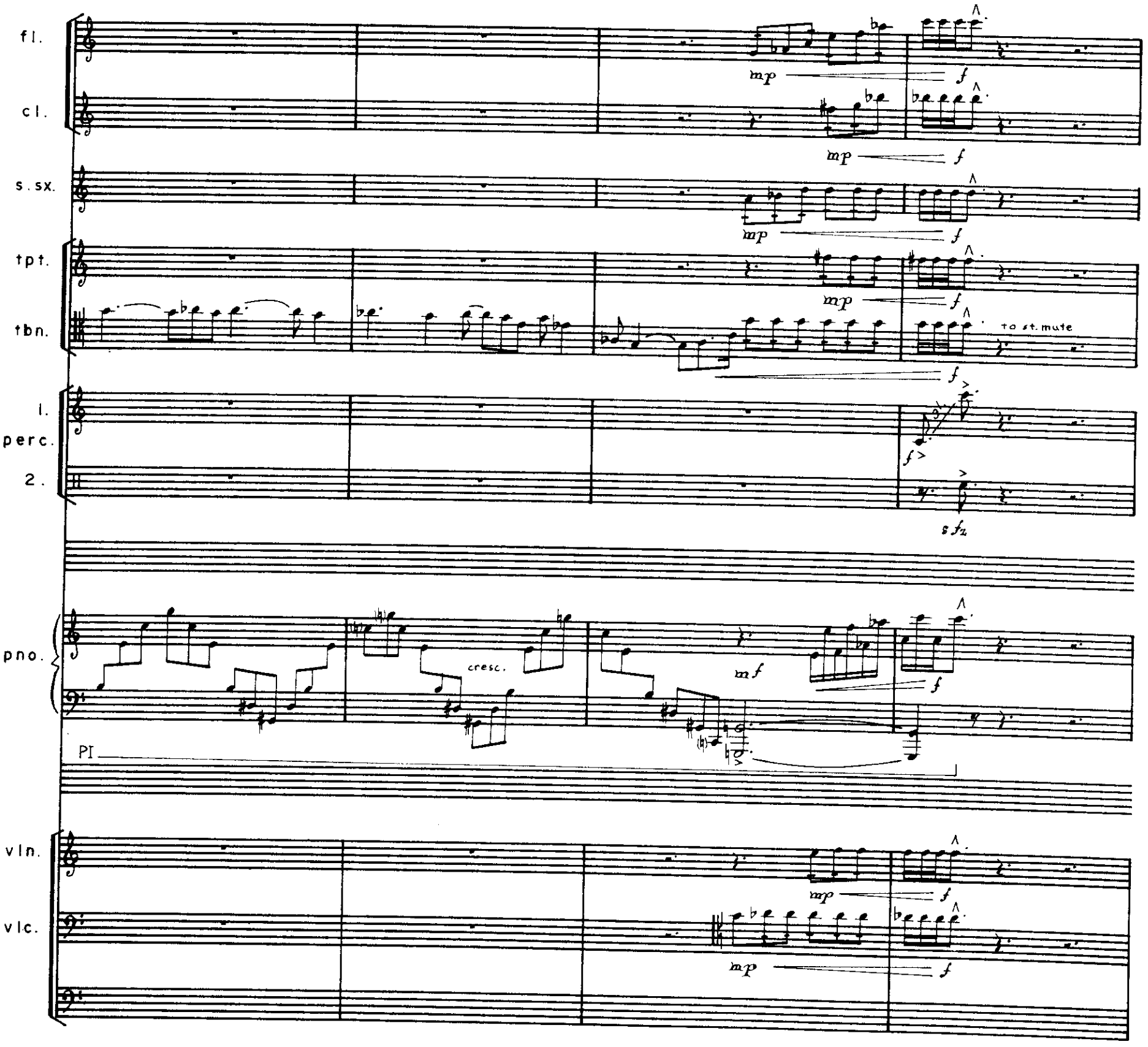
Washington, D.C. 20036.



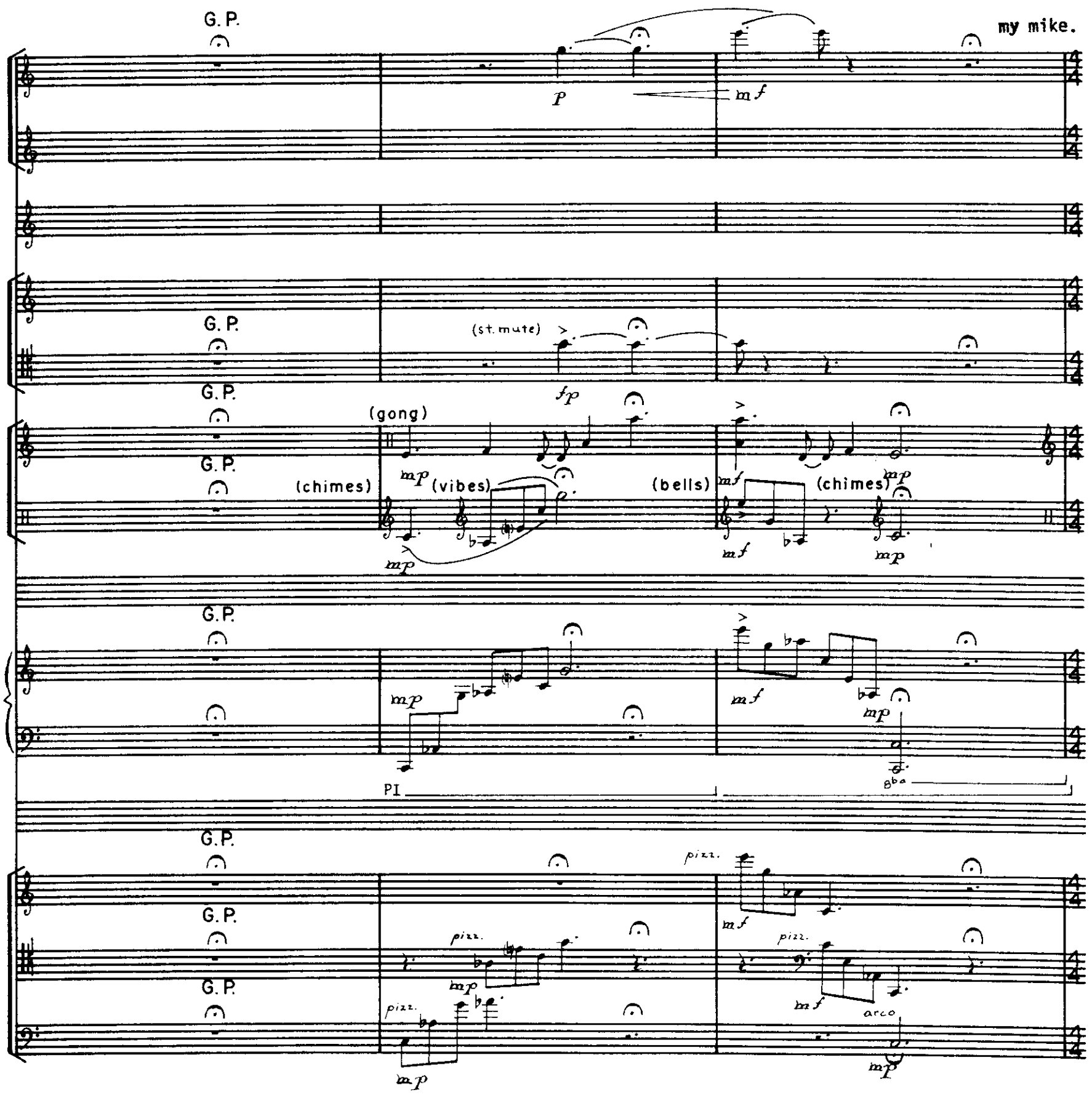
In all of the thirty-six cases that I've examined, the traceries on the insides of these shells have been the same! My theory is that the sole function



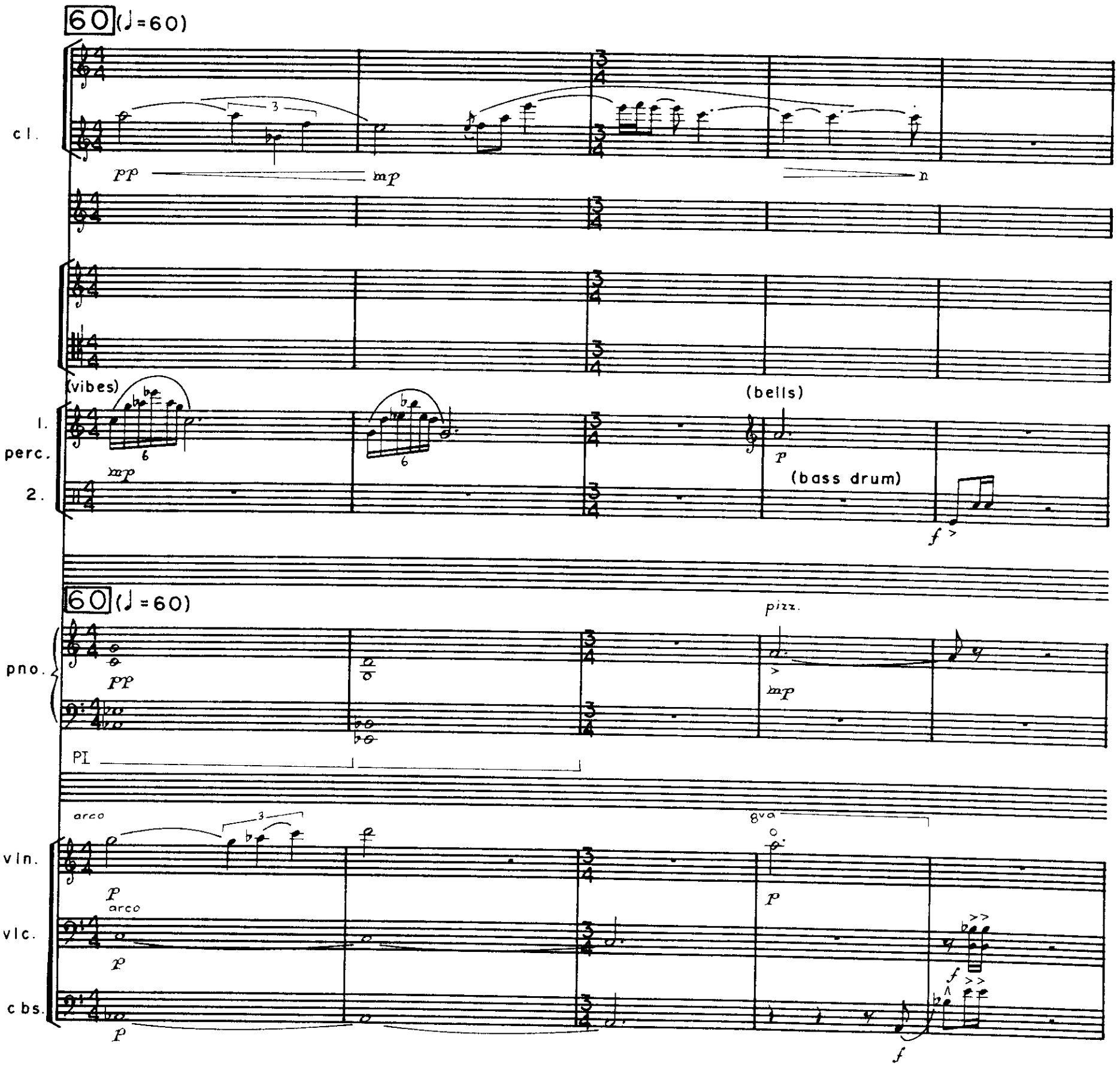
prf. of the pogonophore-tentacles is to trace this message up and down his shell,
and thus, to think, as it were, an externalized stream-of-consciousness.



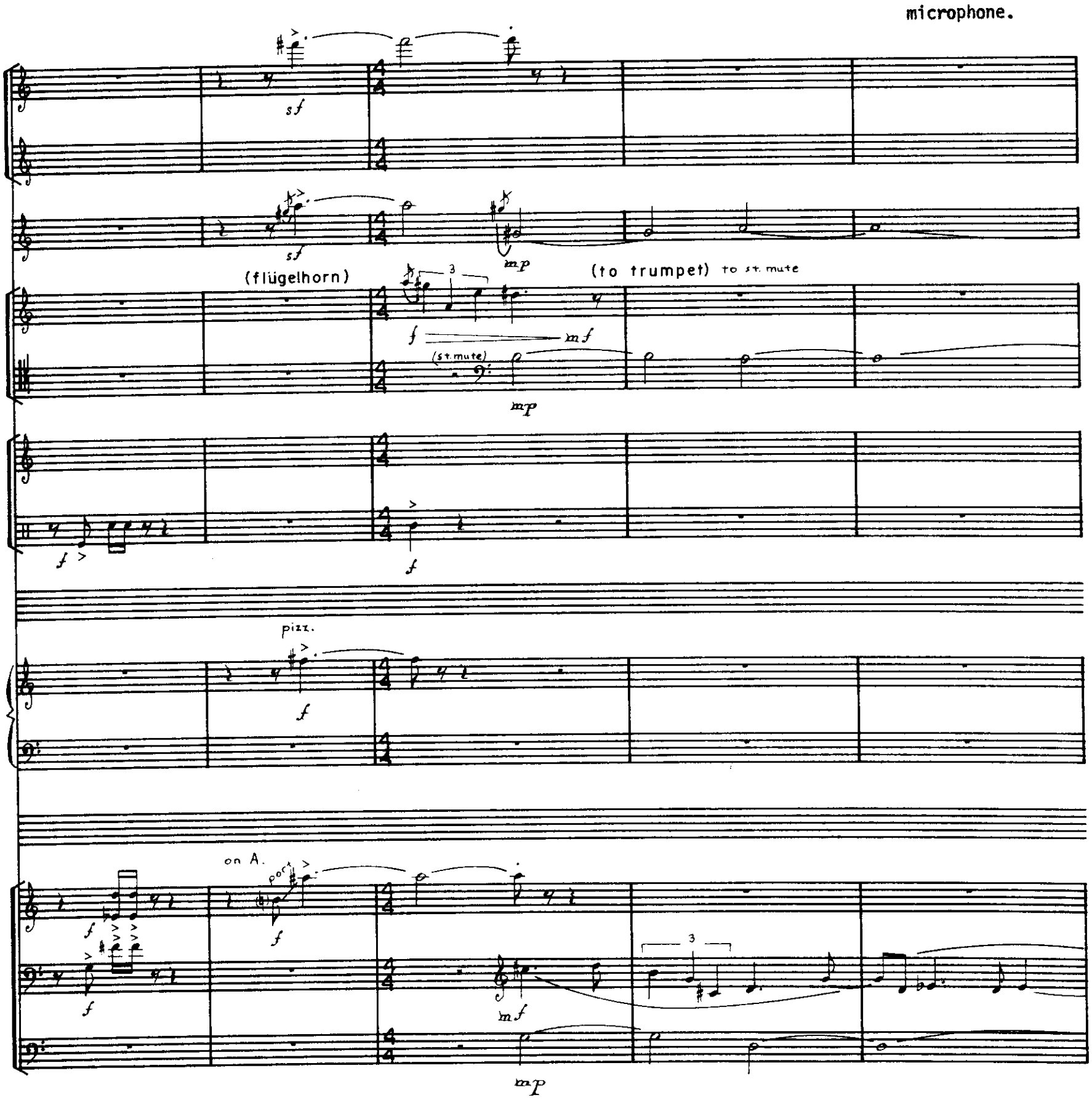
(Cue:) But, before I begin my commentary, let us examine the text. The Text: I. Up. Uppity, up, up, . . The Top. II. Down. Downdity, down, down, down, Thump, ... The Bottom. III. A description of my mike.



prf. It's a heavy-duty brushed-aluminum omni-directional mike, made to take abuse. It has 220 tiny perforations in the cover over the diaphragm, there may not be anything inside.



I can't get it open. The stand moves up and down and must be hollow inside to hold the wires, unless there aren't any. There's an unmarked switch which I assume is on-and-off, but it seems unpredictable. Maybe the whole apparatus does something else entirely, and only looks like a microphone.



prf. But sometimes there's

feedback, **sometimes the speaker(s) feed(s) back without my saying anything,** or even

when I'm sure the thing's turned off.

71

(♩= 100)

pic. (piccolo)

cl.

s.sx.

tbn. >smear to open

l. perc. (sus. cym.) ^choke

2.

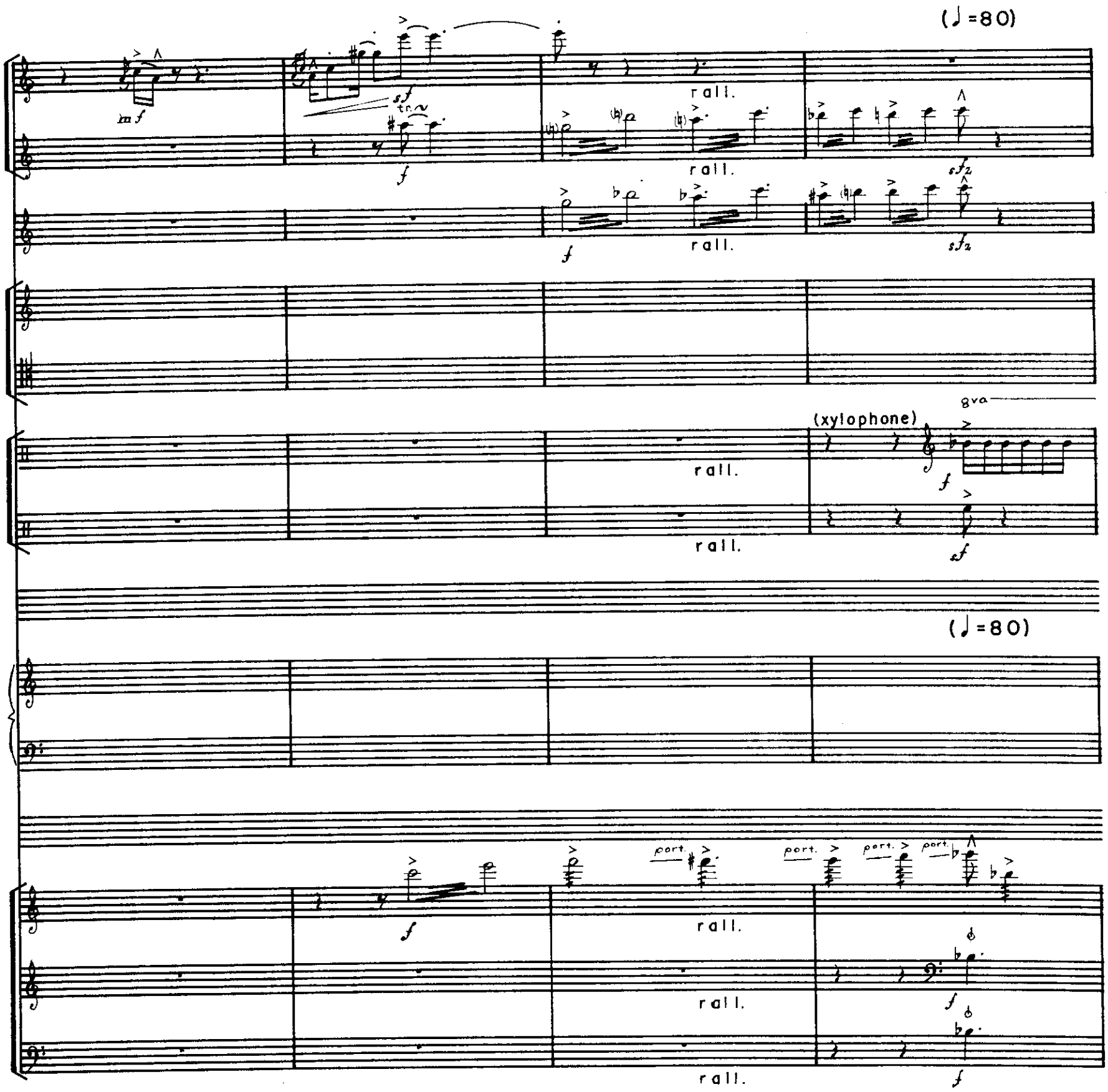
71

(♩= 100)

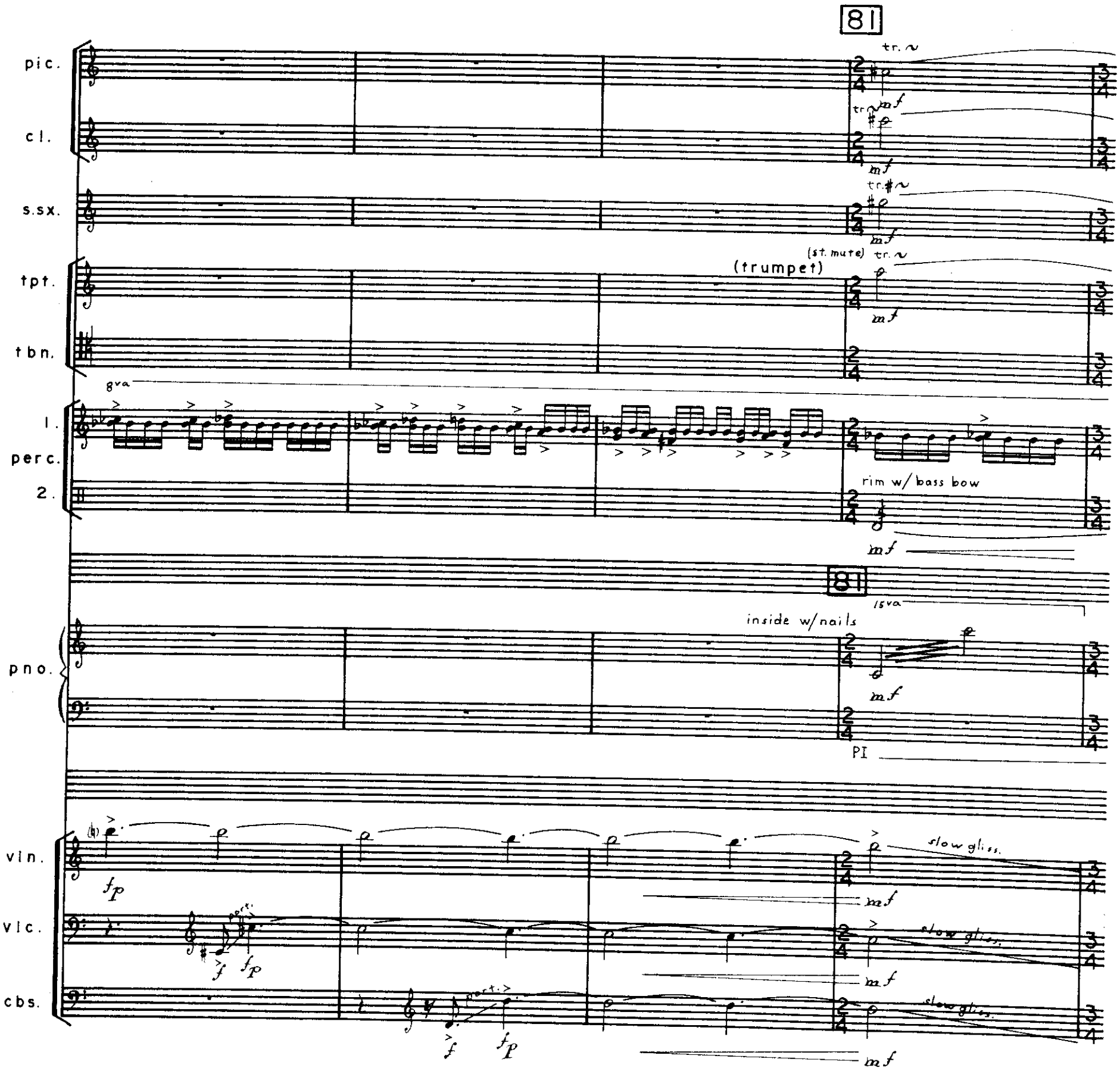
vlc.

cbs.

Maybe it's not really feedback, it could be a code, but the sound is so painful! Oh, I would never be able to decipher it even if I tried.



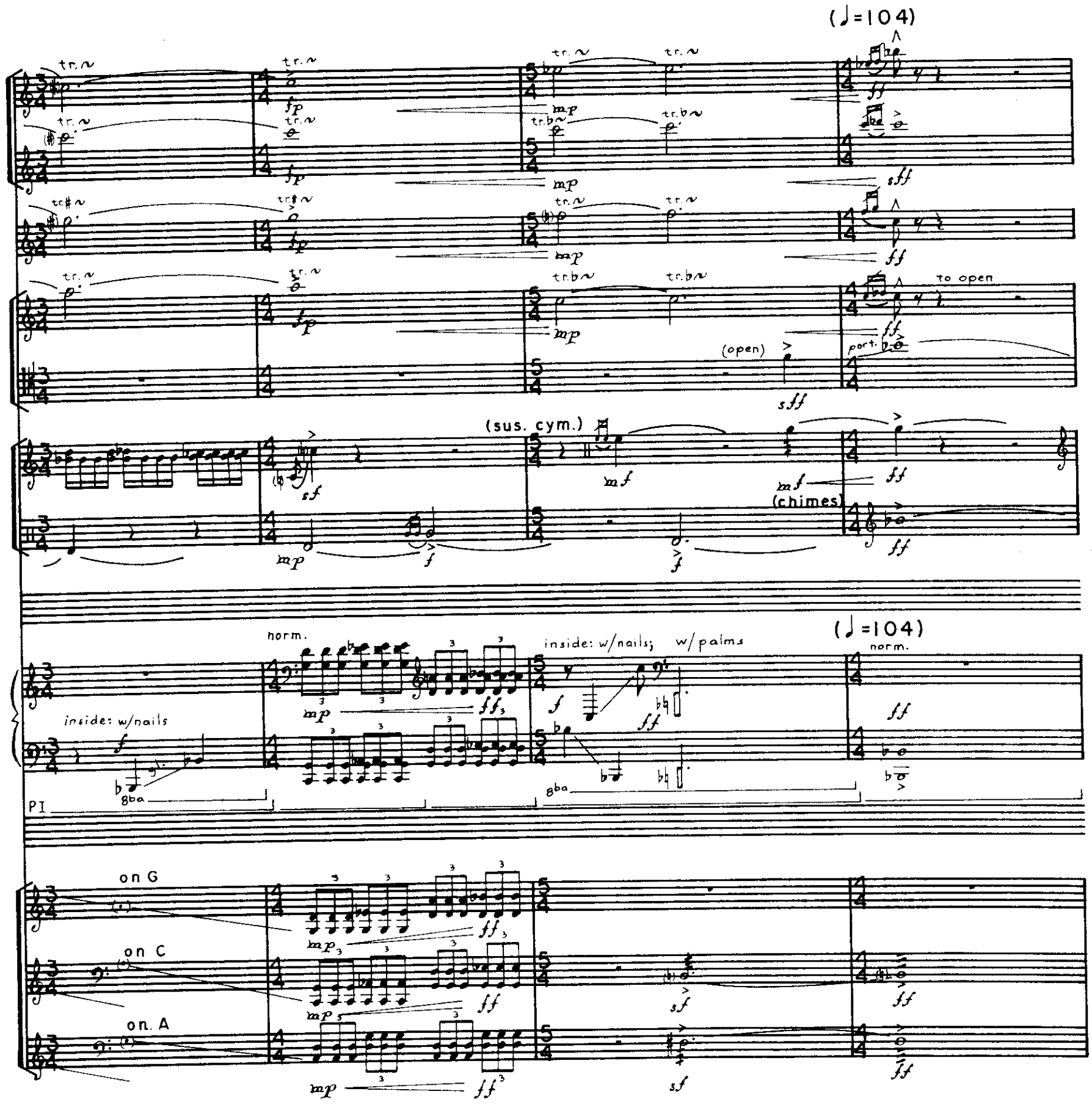
prf. It never lasts long enough, anyway, and for that I'm grateful! I mean to tell ya', the noise is horrible.



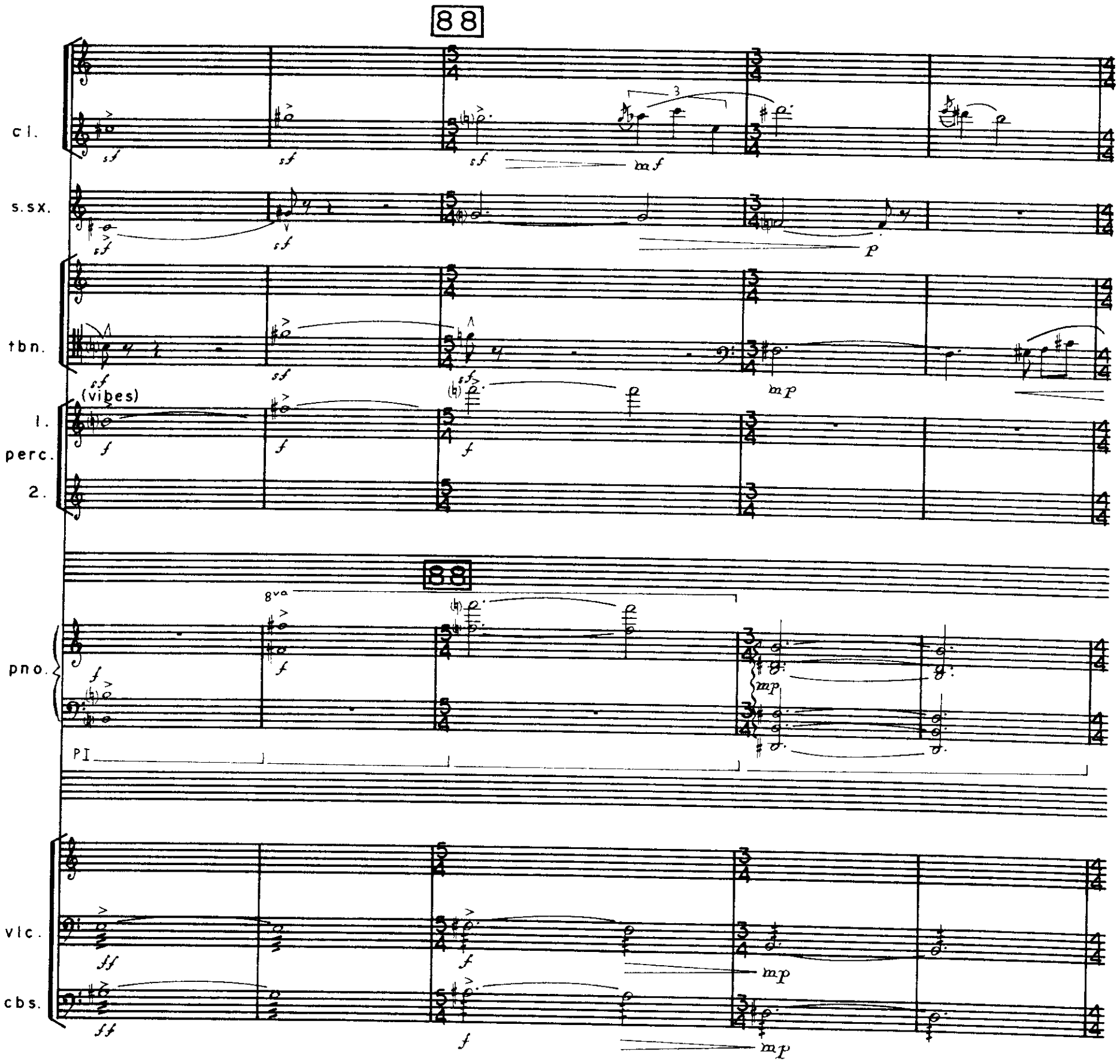
Perhaps I'm

broadcasting

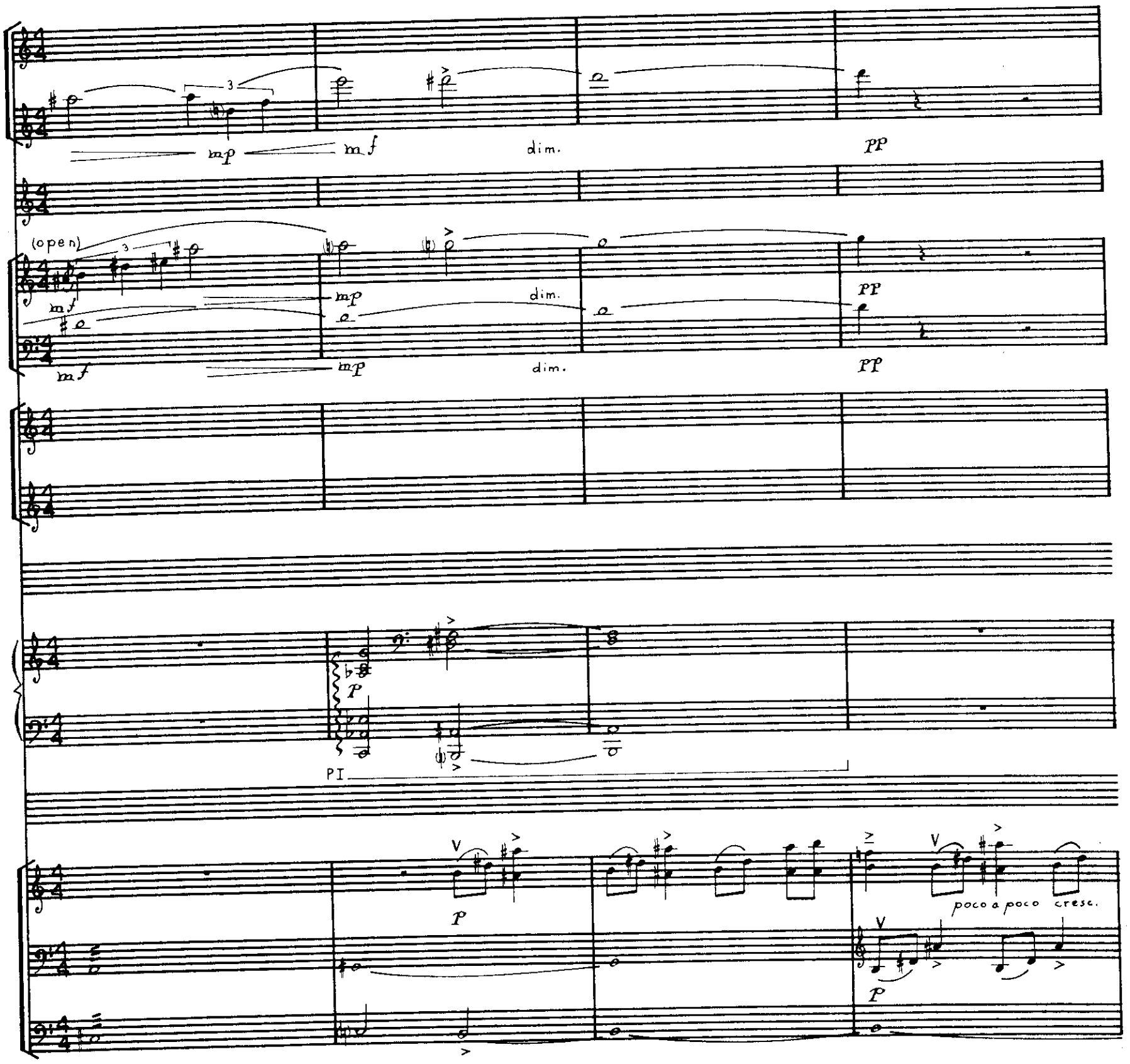
live. Wouldn't that



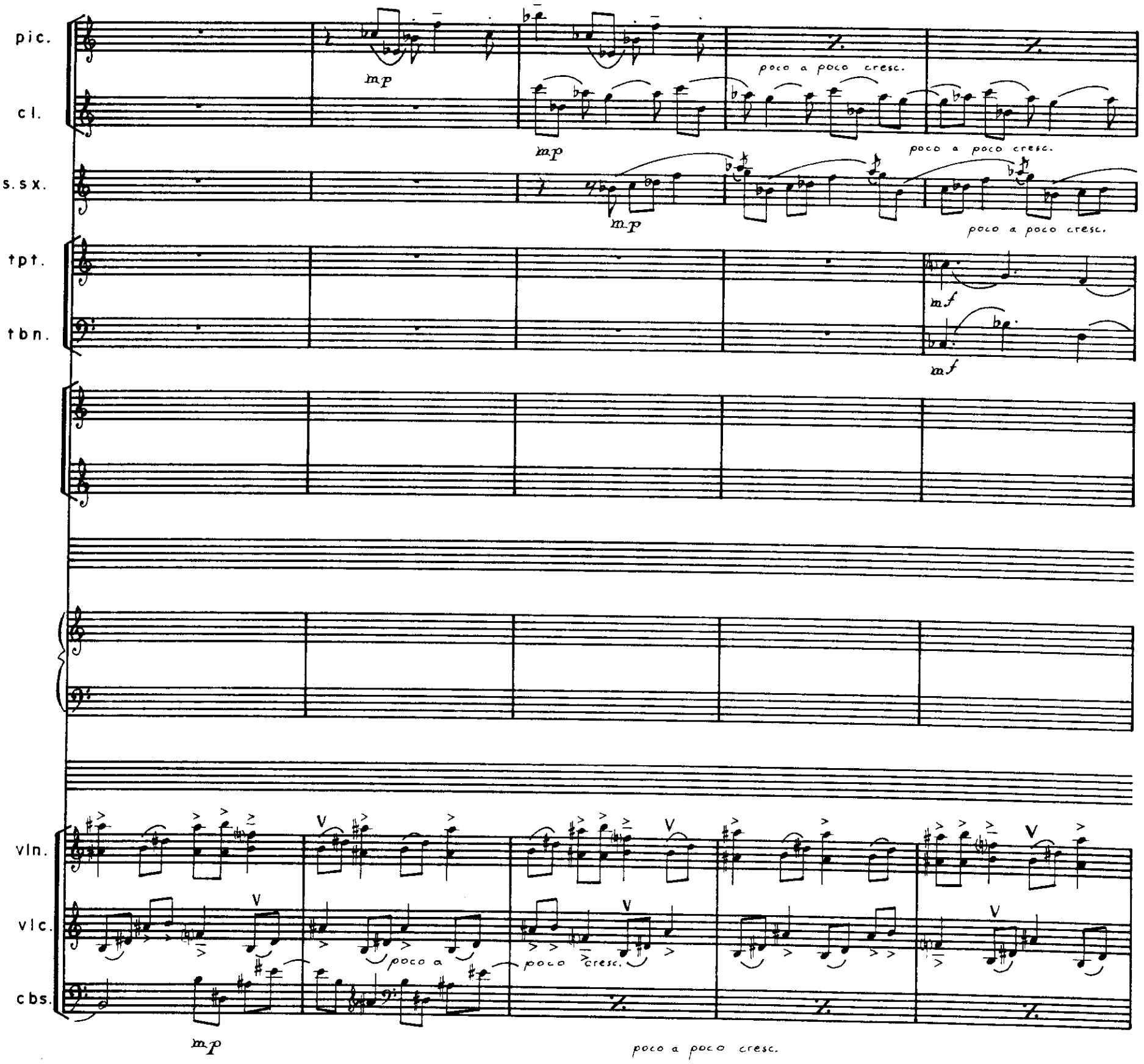
prf. be nice? Or perhaps my words go on to some endless tape-loop, echoing ad infinitum.



Or perhaps this mike is a dummy and leaves no record at all! Some thoughts on the subject of futility:

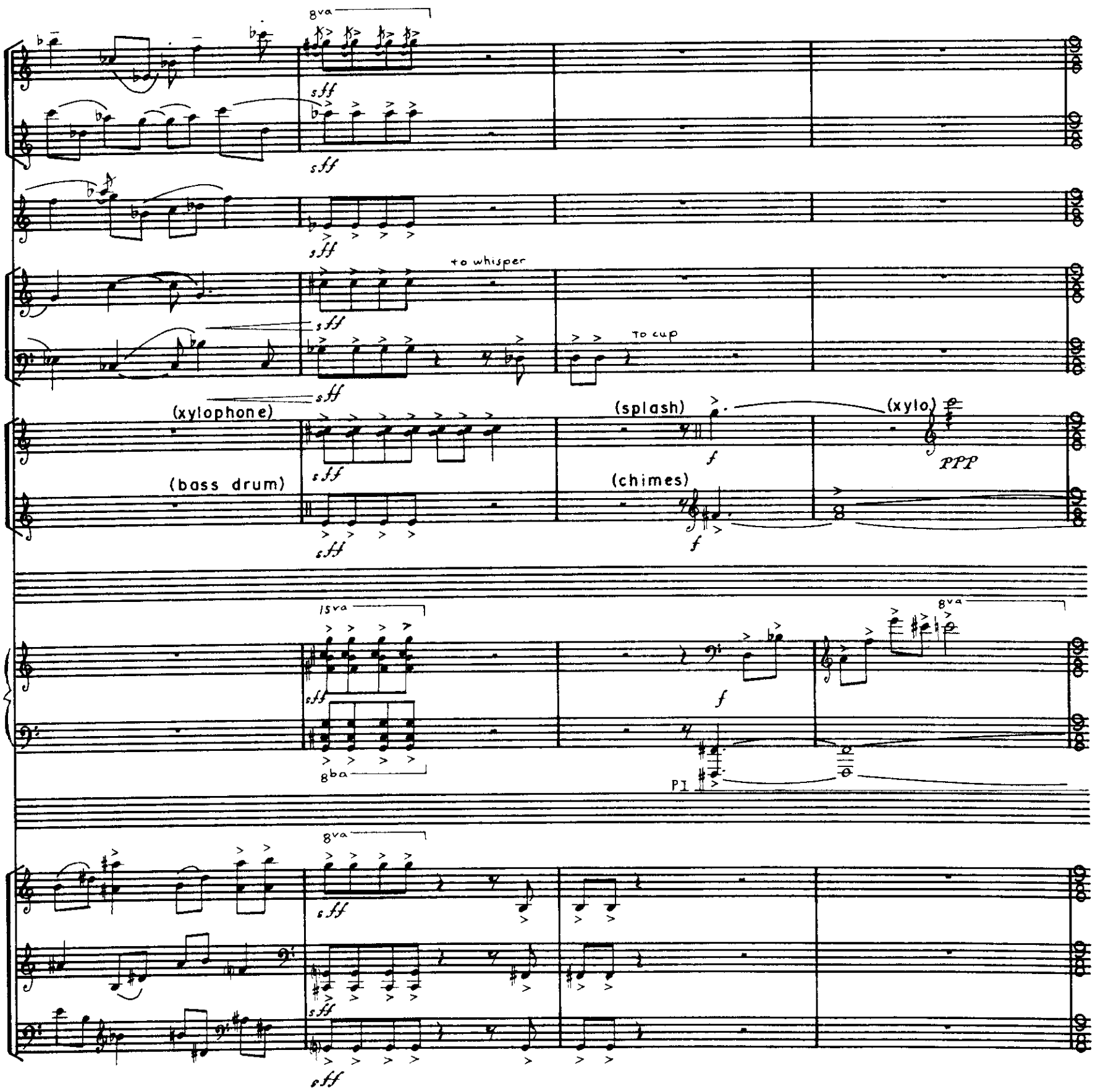


prf. I might just as well lift weights as yak into this thing, or roll stones up a hill only to watch them roll back down. Yes, and I might as well tell lies as the truth. Who cares?!? That is what is so



terrifying.

Is "terrffying" the right word?



prf. **What do they want of me here? If only I could be sure I was serving some good purpose.**
I can't help worrying about such things. Time is running out. I'm hungry again.

104 (♩.= 44)

fl. (flute) PP

cl. PP

tbn. (cup) PP

perc. 1. (temple bells) P

perc. 2. (vibes) PPP P tr. PP F

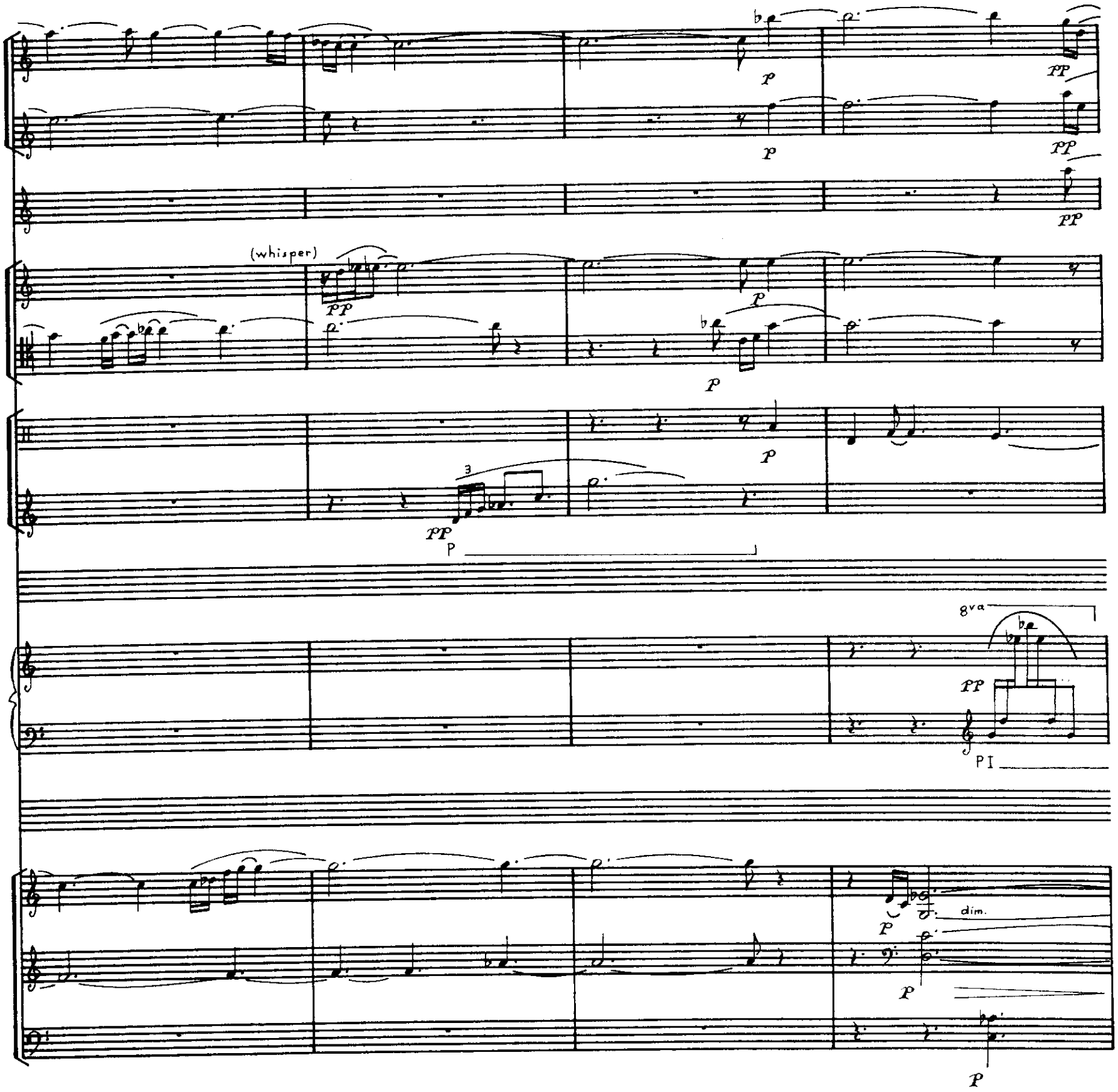
104 (♩.=44)

vln. pizz. P mute arco PP

vlc. mute P PP

(FEEDBACK) I would suspect that I am going crazy.

(FEEDBACK) That is the end of my story about **pogonophores.**



prf.

113

fl.

cl.

pp

3

s.sx.

tpt.

pp

tbn.

pp

to open

l.

perc.

pp

113

8va

pno.

p

PI

PI

vln.

pp

vlc.

gl.

pp

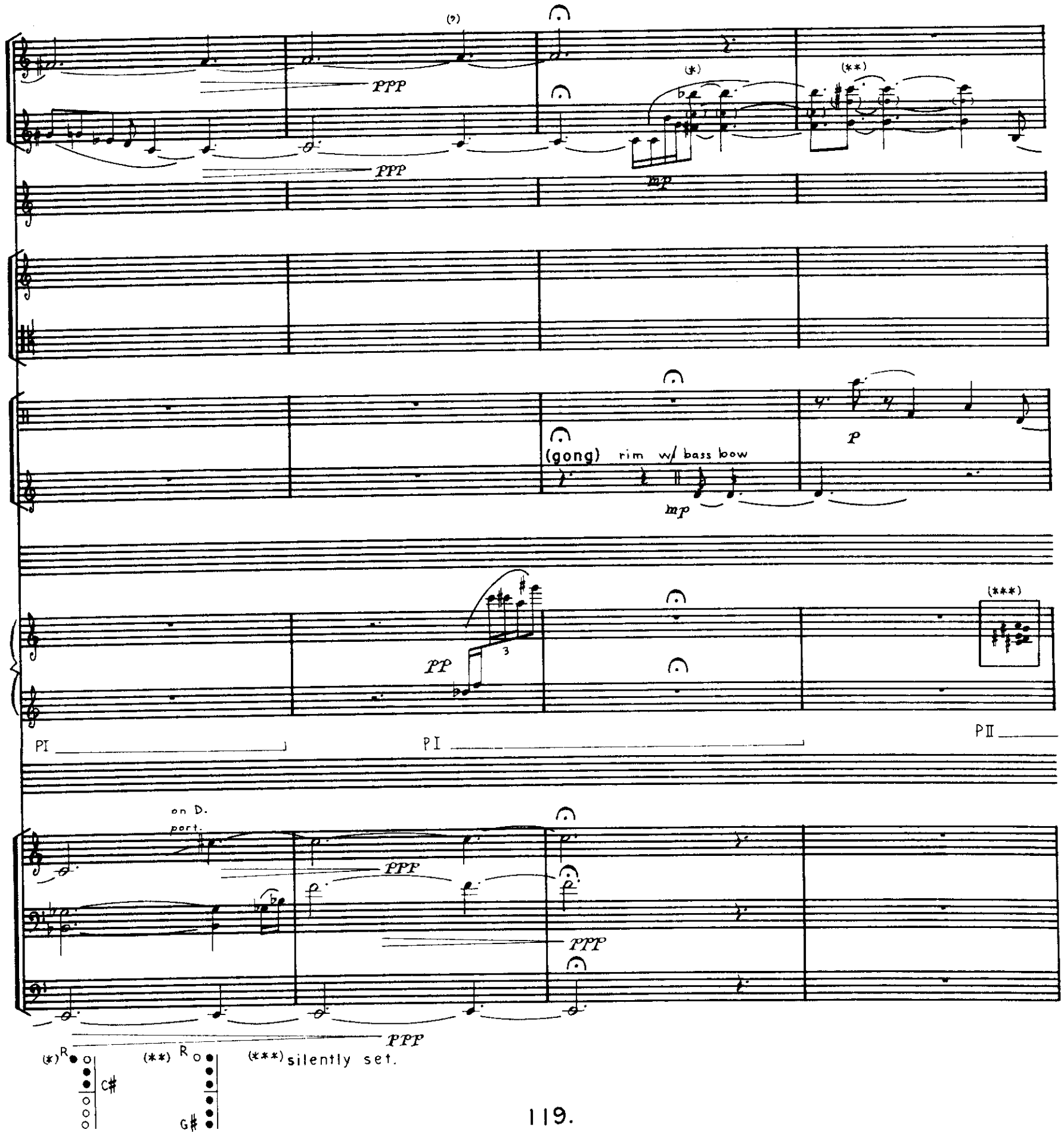
cbs.

p

Don't you
worry that
I'm going
crazy? What
if I became
catatonic?
Then you'd
get no
feedback.

Ha-ha. Unless they gave you my

mike, serve you right.



prf. Yes -- You: the mirror denied me, the shadow I do not cast, my faithful observer, who catches the flow of my streaming consciousness; Listener. You: Horror show monster, Bug-Eyes, Mad Scientist, Army Major, who prepares the wedding bed of my death and tempts me to it. You: Other! Speak to me!

cl. (*) pp

tbn. (open) p

l. perc. 2. rim w/ bass bow mp pp (**) ppp pp

pno. inside (***) p poco a poco decresc. ppp

vln. gl. pp poco a poco decresc.

vlc. gl. pp poco a poco decresc.

cbs. pp

(*) R F

(**) w/coin from crown to edge. (***) strum with large eraser on pencil.

(♩= 72)

(gong) poco a poco accel.

Percussion

pp

poco a poco cresc.

(bass drum)

3

pp

poco a poco accel.

Piano

pp

poco a poco cresc.

8ba

PI

Violin

Cello

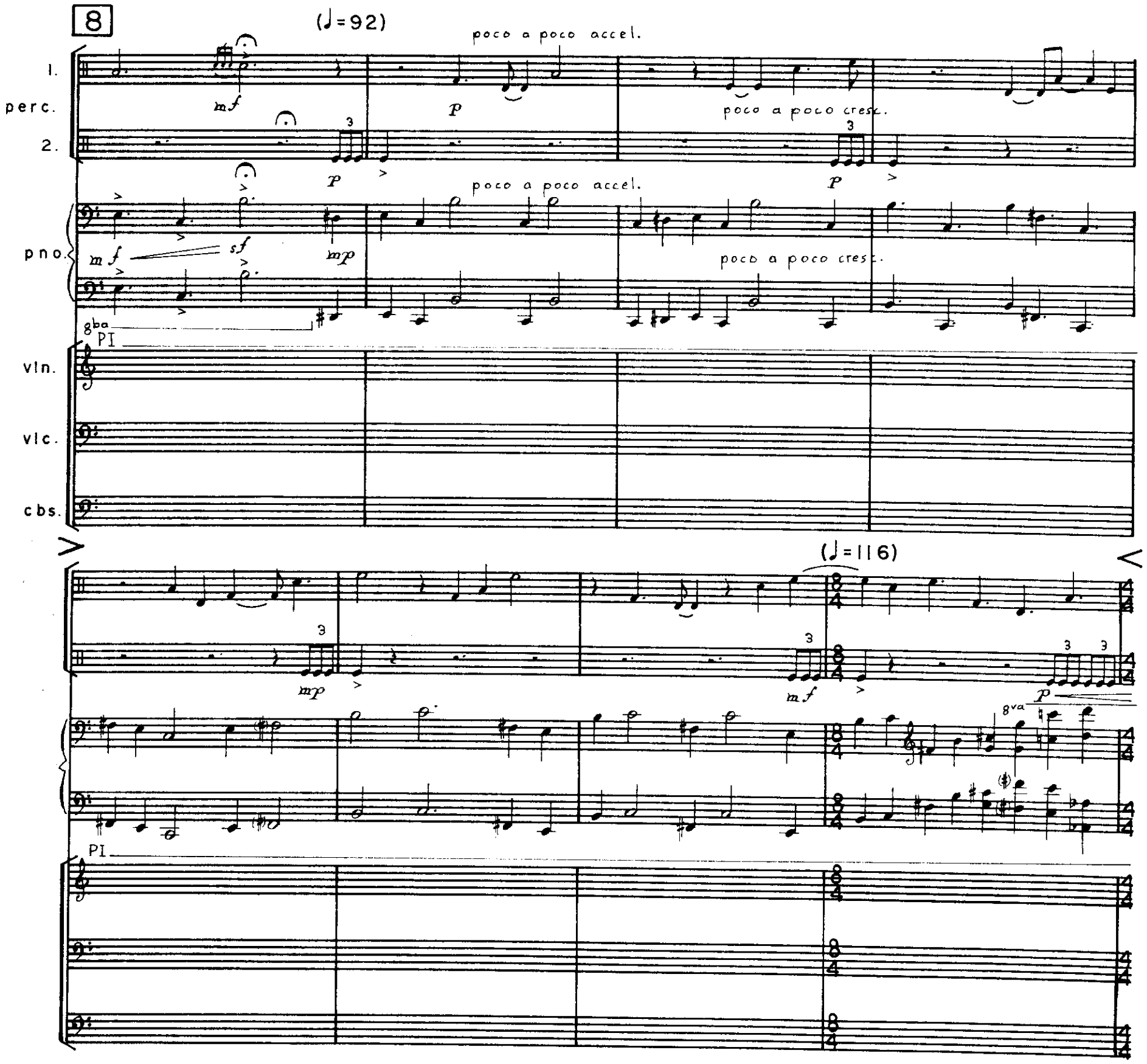
Contrabass

p

mp

8ba

PI


8
(♩=92)
poco a poco accel.
poco a poco cresc.
1.
perc.
2.
pno.
vln.
vlc.
cbs.
gba
PI
(♩=116)
8va

16

Vamp

8va

(let ring)

Vamp

(first time only)

Vamp

PI

V cantabile

poco a poco cresc.

PI

28

1.
perc.
2.
pno.
vln.
vlc.
cbs.

PI
sul > ponticello
sf sf sf sf

33

PI
norm.
mf f ff mf

sfff
(let ring)

(♩=76)

3

(♪=♪)

(♩=132)(Jazz ♪'s)

ten.

sul ponticello

sfz sfz sfz sfz

48

(♩= 76)(Straight ♪'s)

1.
perc.
2.

pno.

vln.

vlc.

cbs.

p *mf*

(♩= 116)

f *ff* accel. pizz. *f* dim. *mp*

rit.

p

rit.

p

8ba

PI

mp

arco

rit.

pizz.

mp

rit.

p

rit.

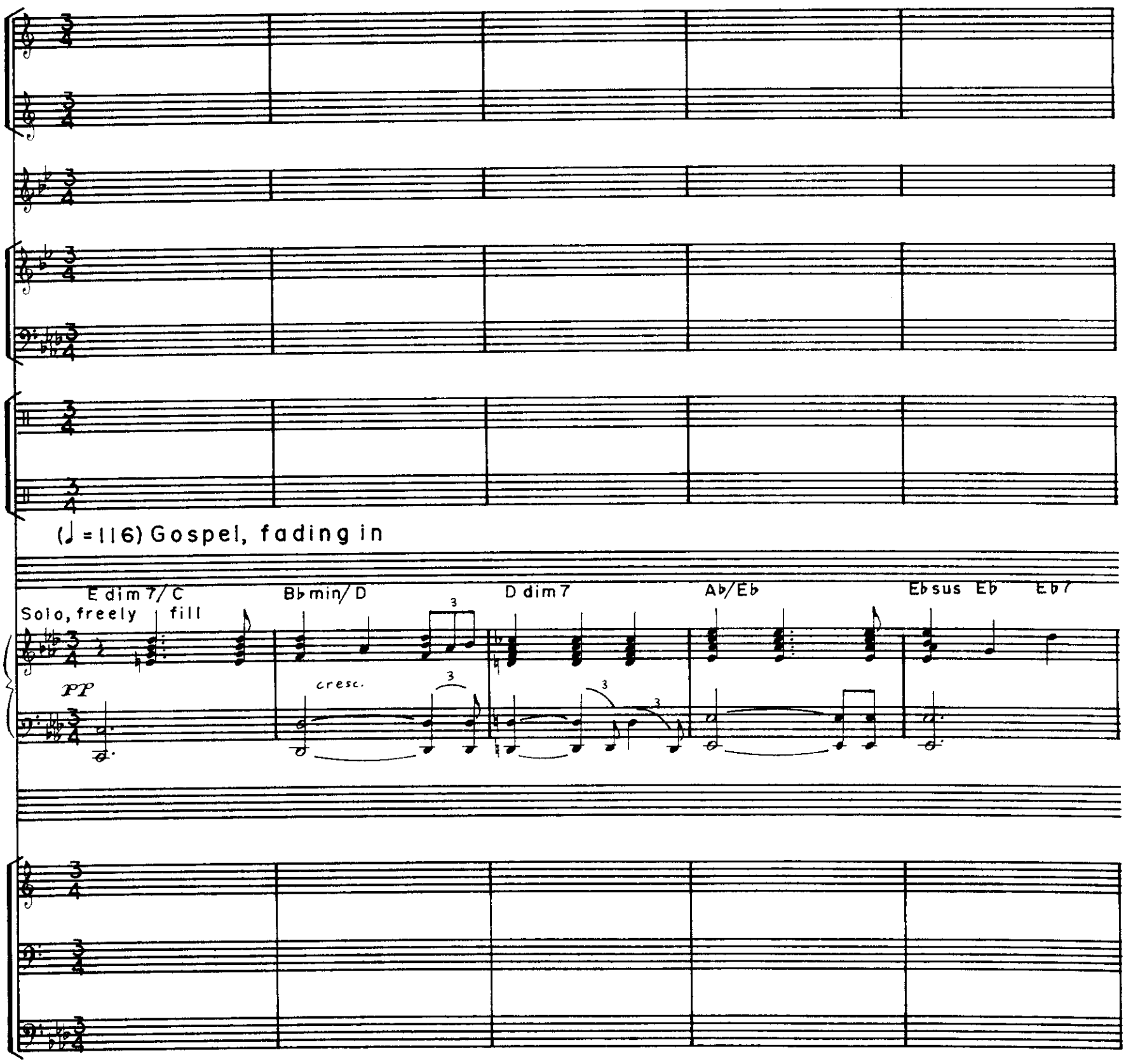
mp

p

(Cue:) I'm going to escape from this damned prison, by God, and you're going to help me. Twenty people may be tuned in right now,

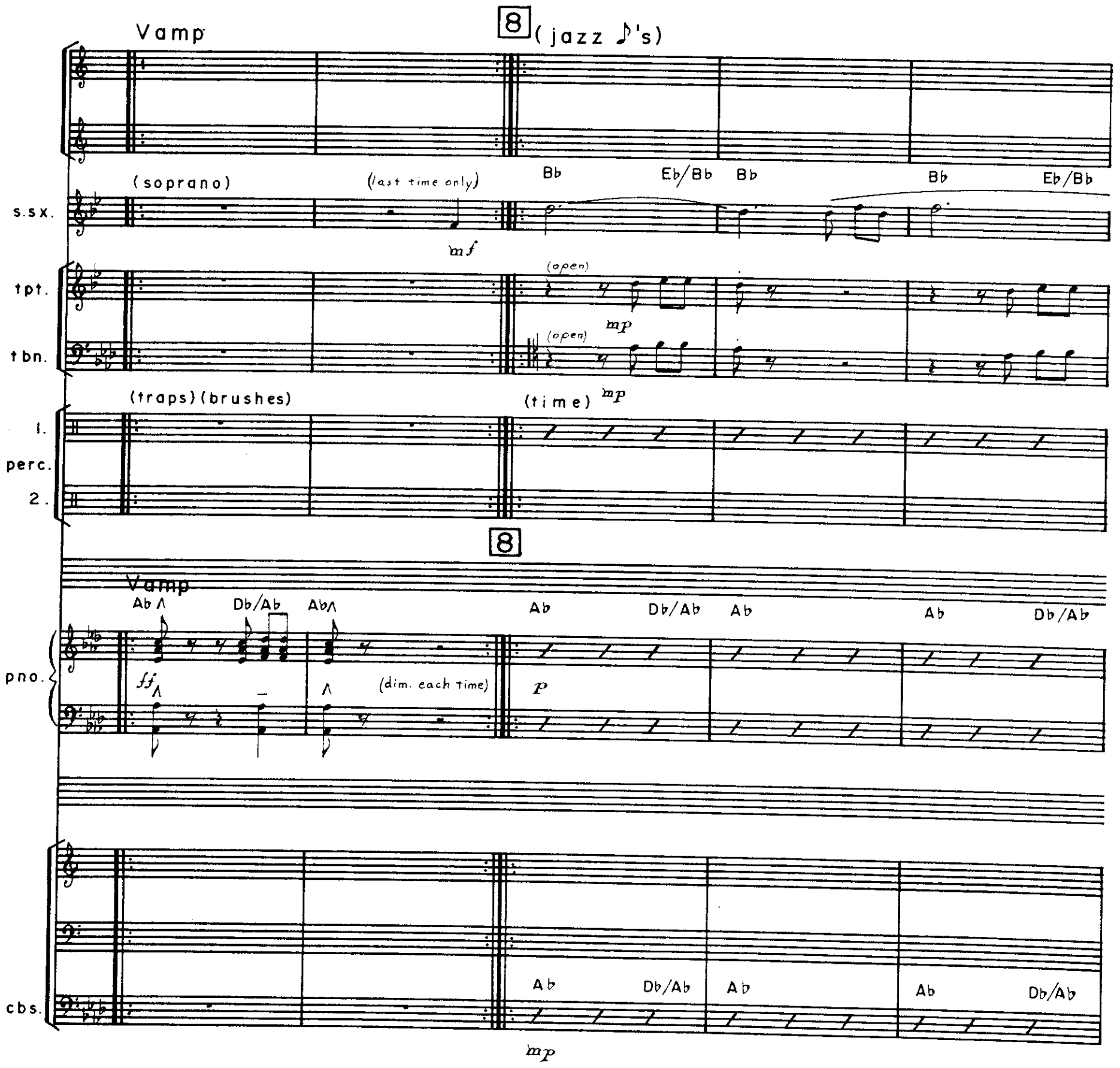
prf. and of those twenty, nineteen could see me rot here forever without batting an eyelash. But not number twenty, oh no! He's -- you've still got a conscience.

(♩ = 116) Gospel, fading in

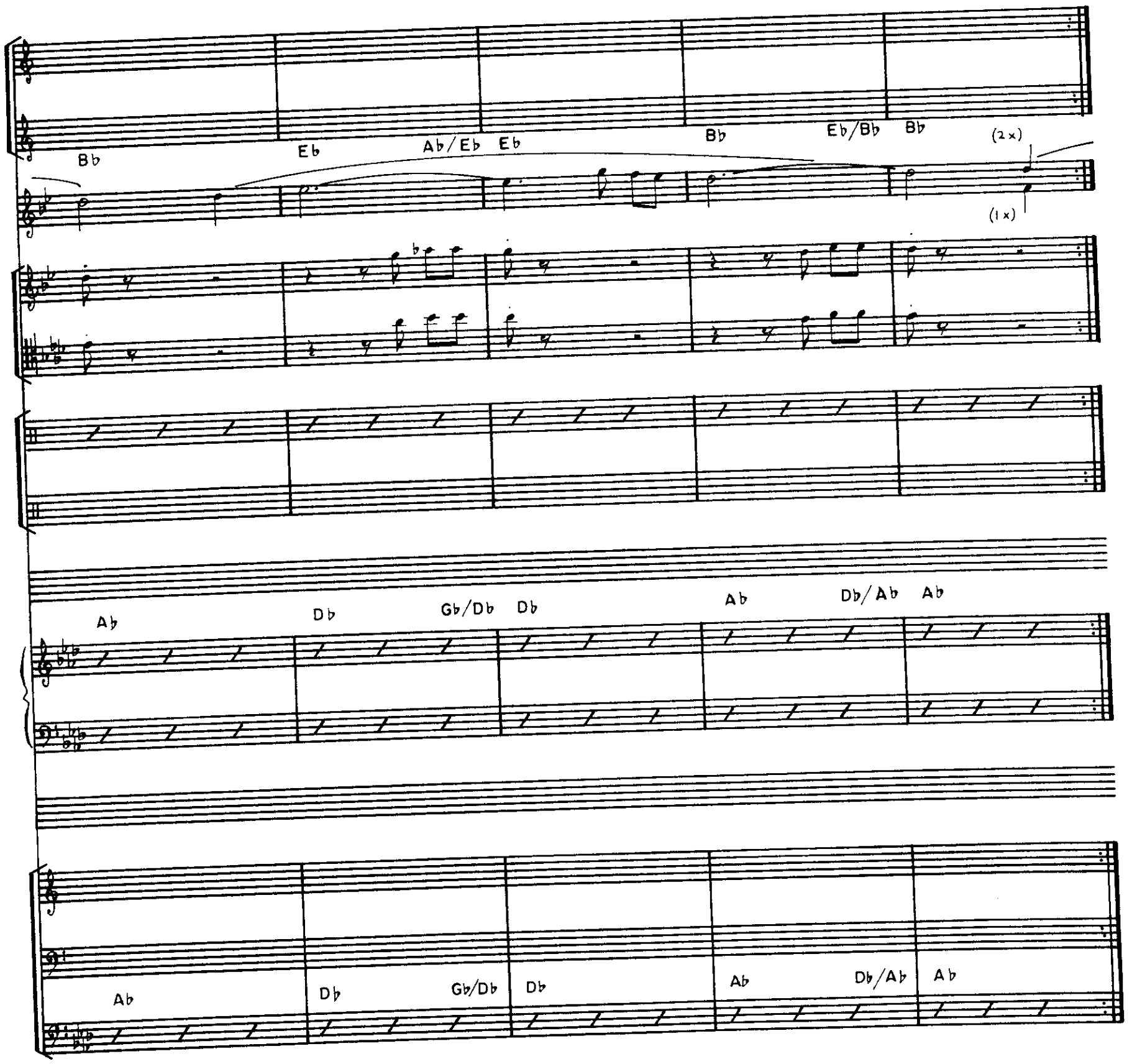


Send me a sign!!! And when I've seen
the sign, I'll know that someone out
prf. there is trying to help.

Oh, I won't expect miracles overnight. It may take months,
years even, to work out a fool-proof escape,



but just the knowledge that there is someone out there trying to help will give me the strength to go on from one newsbreak to the next.



16

Bb | F# dim7/D | C min/Eb | E dim7 | Bb/F

s.sx.

3

tpt.

tbn.

l.

perc.

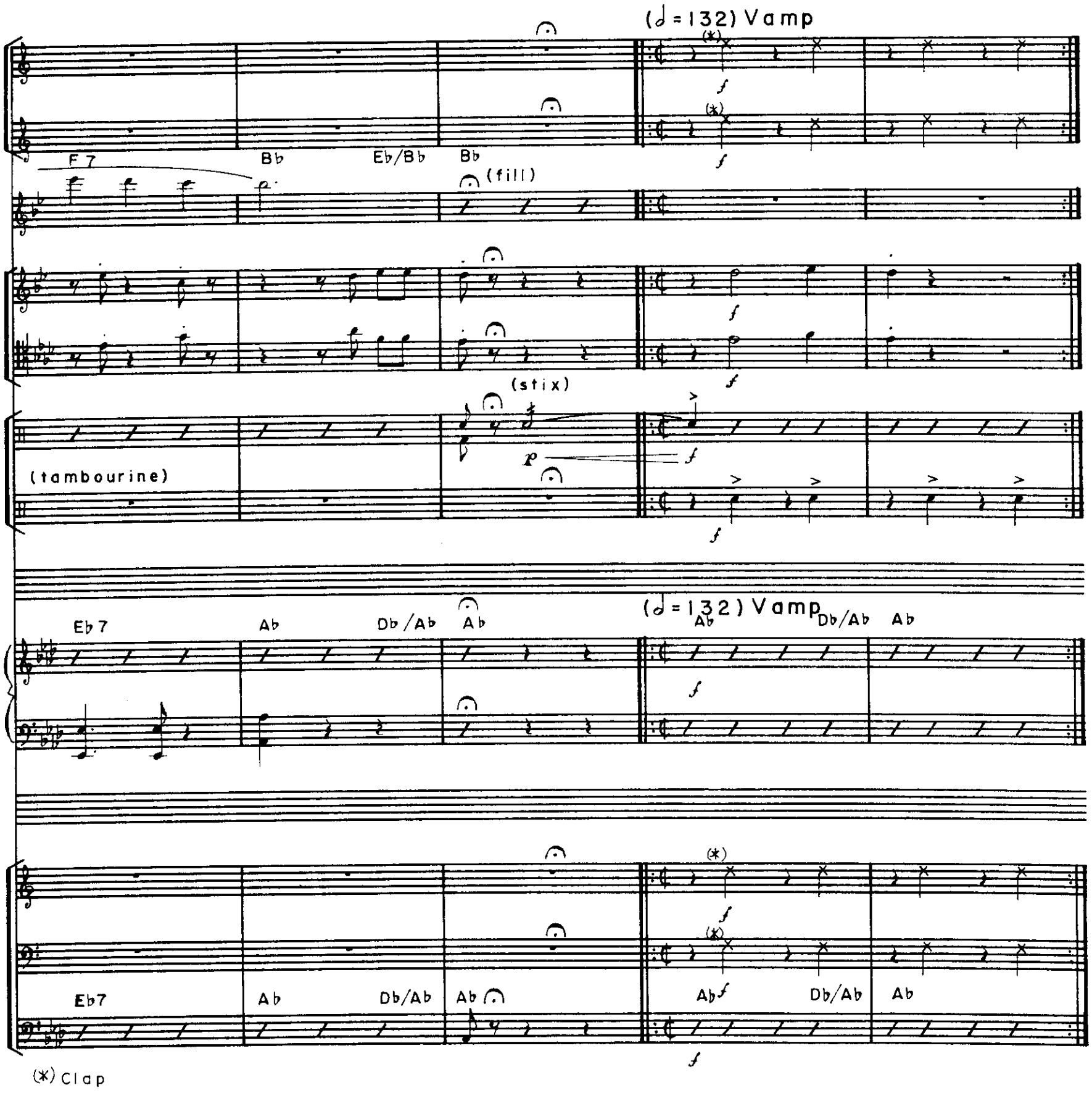
16

Ab | E dim 7/C | Bb min/D | D dim 7 | Ab/Eb

pno.

Ab | E dim 7/C | Bb min/D | D dim 7 | Ab/Eb

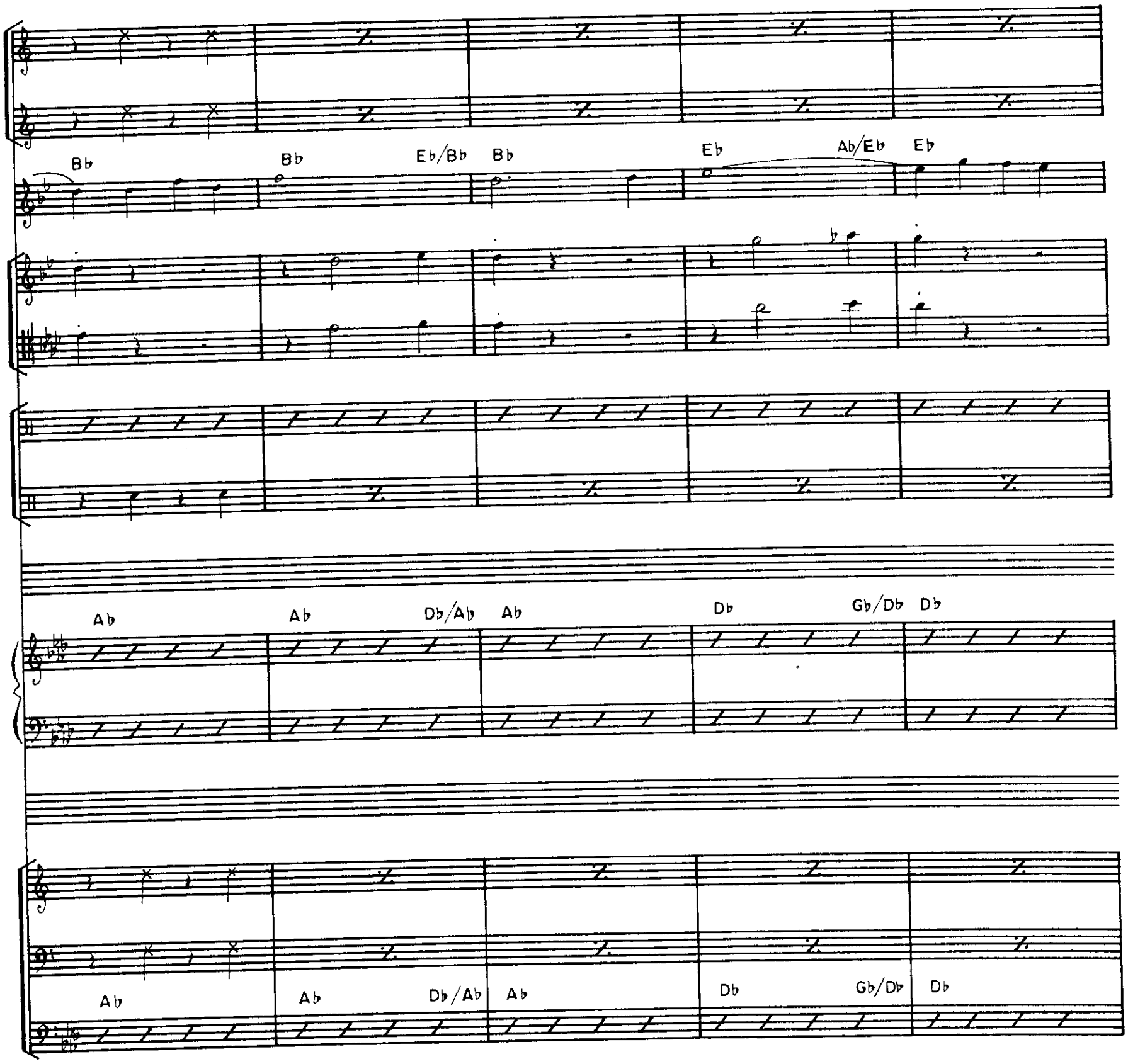
cbs.


(♩ = 132) Vamp
F 7
B♭
E♭/B♭
B♭
(fill)
(stix)
(tambourine)
E♭7
A♭
D♭/A♭
A♭
(♩ = 132) Vamp
A♭
D♭/A♭
A♭
E♭7
A♭
D♭/A♭
A♭
A♭
D♭/A♭
A♭
(*) Clap

30

fl.
cl.
s.sx.
tpt.
tbn.
t.
perc.
2.
pno.
vln.
vlc.
cbs.

Bb Eb/Bb
(choke)
Ab/Eb Edim7 Fmin Eb7/G Ab Db/Ab Ab Ab Db/Ab
Ab/Eb Edim7 Fmin7 Eb7/G Ab Db/Ab Ab Ab Db/Ab


B♭
B♭
E♭/B♭
B♭
E♭
A♭/E♭
E♭
A♭
A♭
D♭/A♭
A♭
D♭
G♭/D♭
D♭
A♭
A♭
D♭/A♭
A♭
D♭
G♭/D♭
D♭

38

fl.

cl.

Bb Eb/Bb Bb Bb F#dim7/D Cmin/Eb

s.sx.

(2 x) (1 x)

tpt.

tbn.

perc. 1. 2.

38

pno.

Ab Db/Ab Ab Ab Edim7/C Bbmin/Db

vln.

vlc.

cbs.

Ab Db/Ab Ab Ab E dim7/C Bb min/Db

Edim7 Bb/F F7 Bb Eb/Bb Bb

(2x)

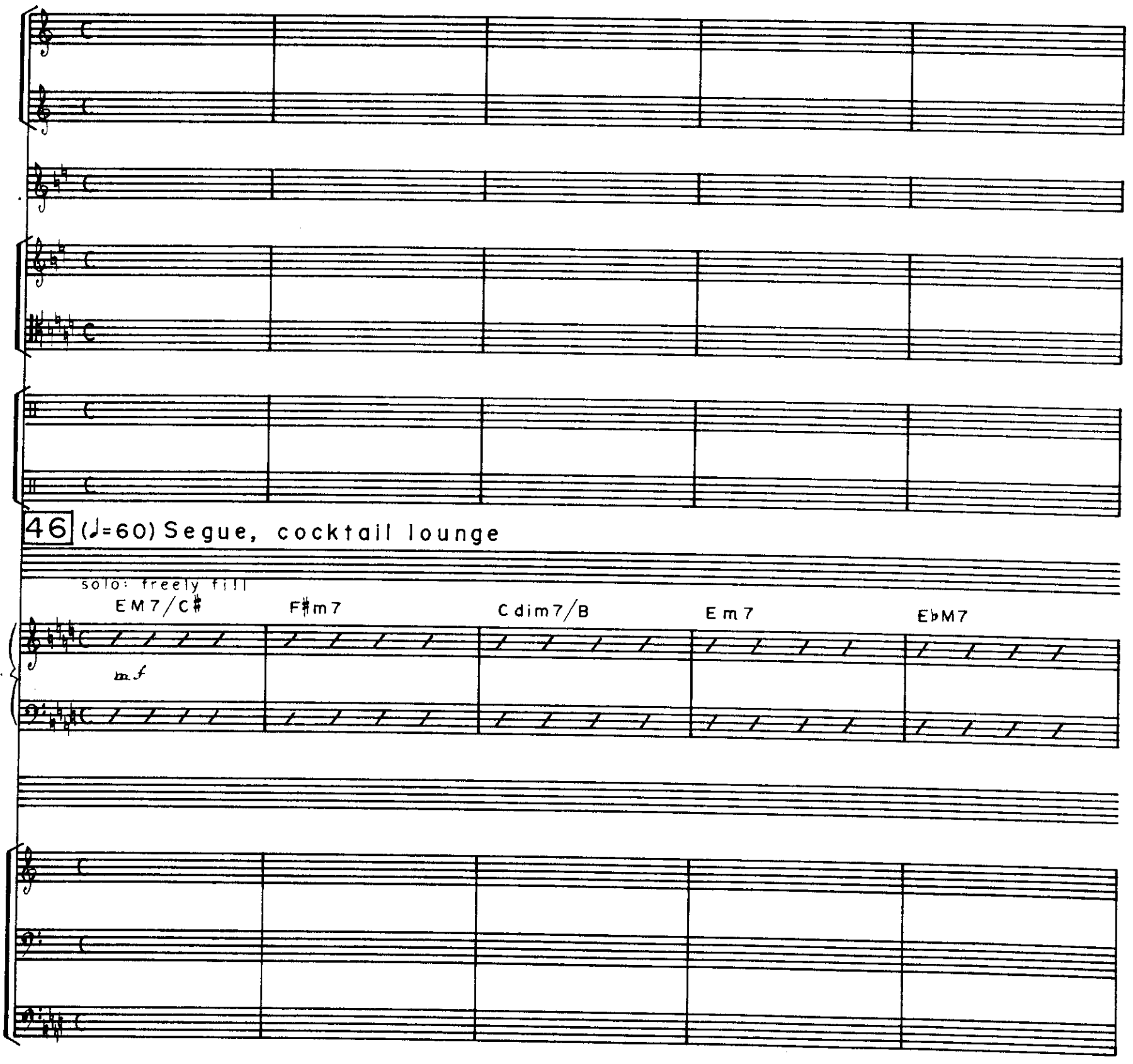
(1x)

Ddim7 Ab/Eb Eb7 Ab Db/Ab Ab

Ddim7 Ab/Eb Eb7 Ab Db/Ab Ab

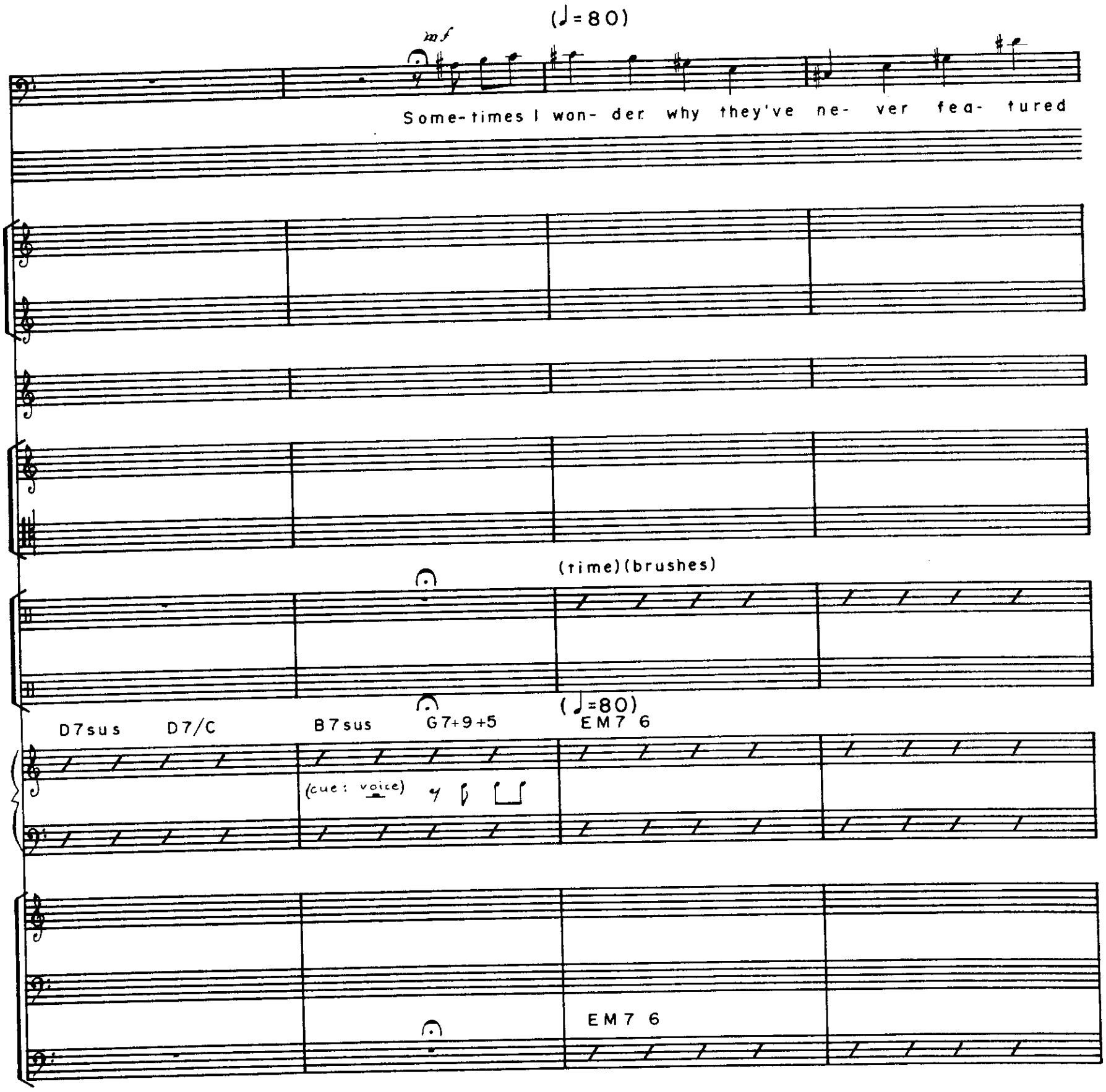
D.S.

46 (♩=60) Segue, cocktail lounge



46 (♩=60) Segue, cocktail lounge

You know what I sometimes wonder?



me, on the ra-di-o. What would they do? Just an in-ter-view

(fill)

s.sx. B7♯11 F♯M7 A♯7

l. perc.

pno. A7♯11 A♯dim B EM7 D♯m7 G♯7

cbs. A7♯11 A♯dim B EM7 D♯m7 G♯7

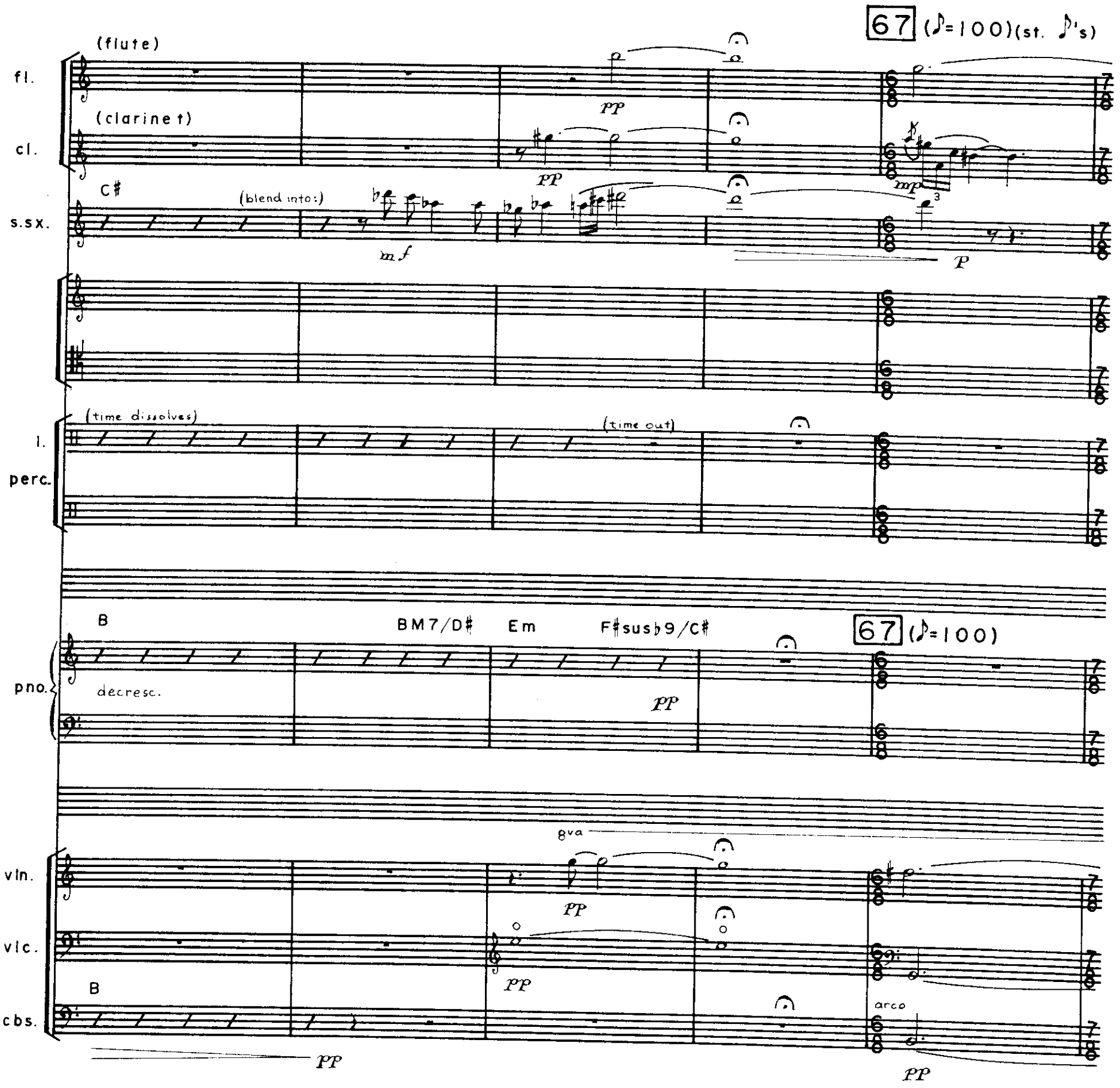
and I could state my case to you, if you on- ly knew...

D♯m7 A+ (lead) G♯7sus Fm7 G♯+

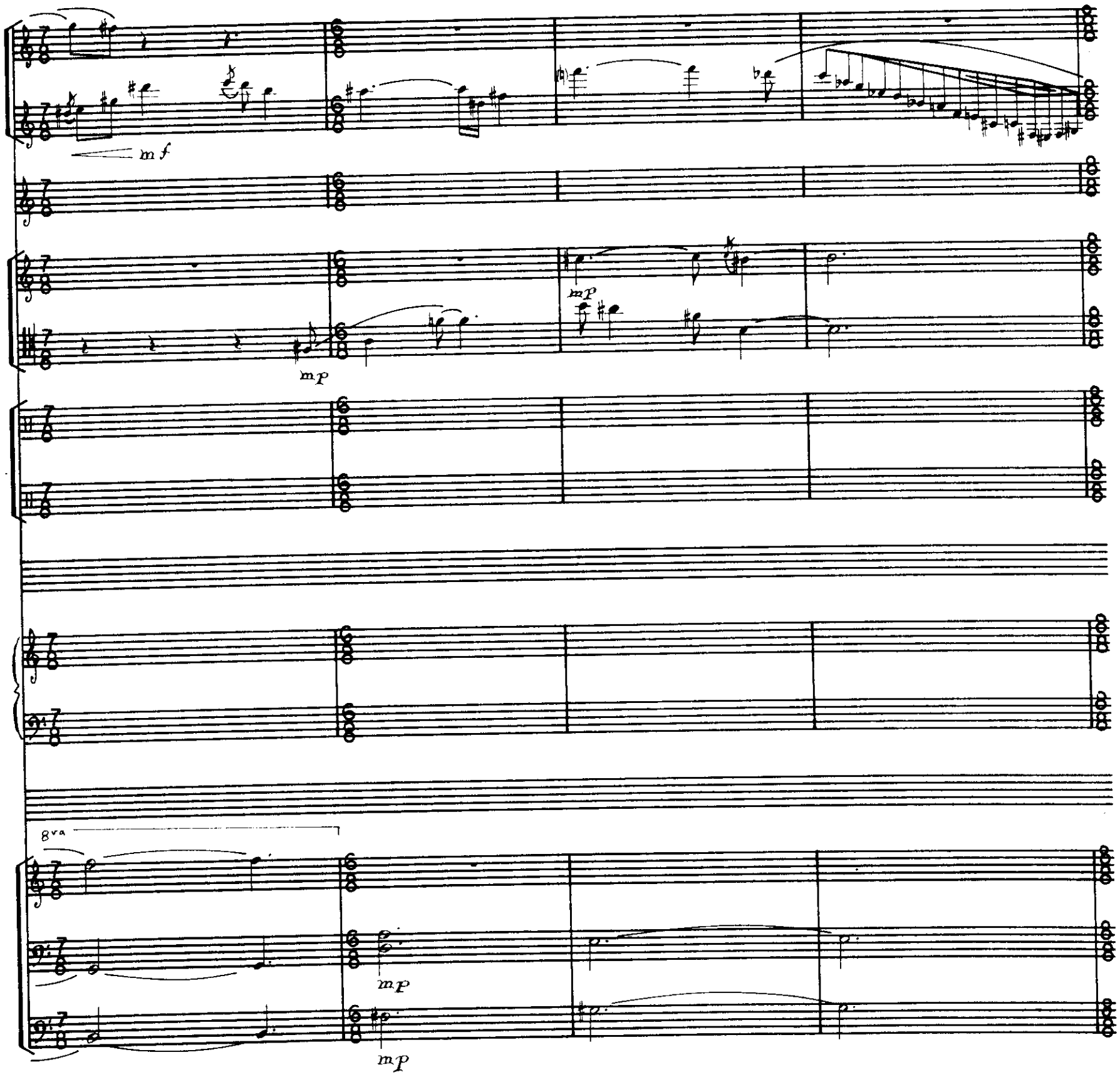
C♯m7 G+ F♯7sus D♯m7 F♯+

C♯m7 G+ F♯7sus D♯m7 F♯+

prf. on everything else; (Insert several current headlines). What about me!!? I mean, isn't it an

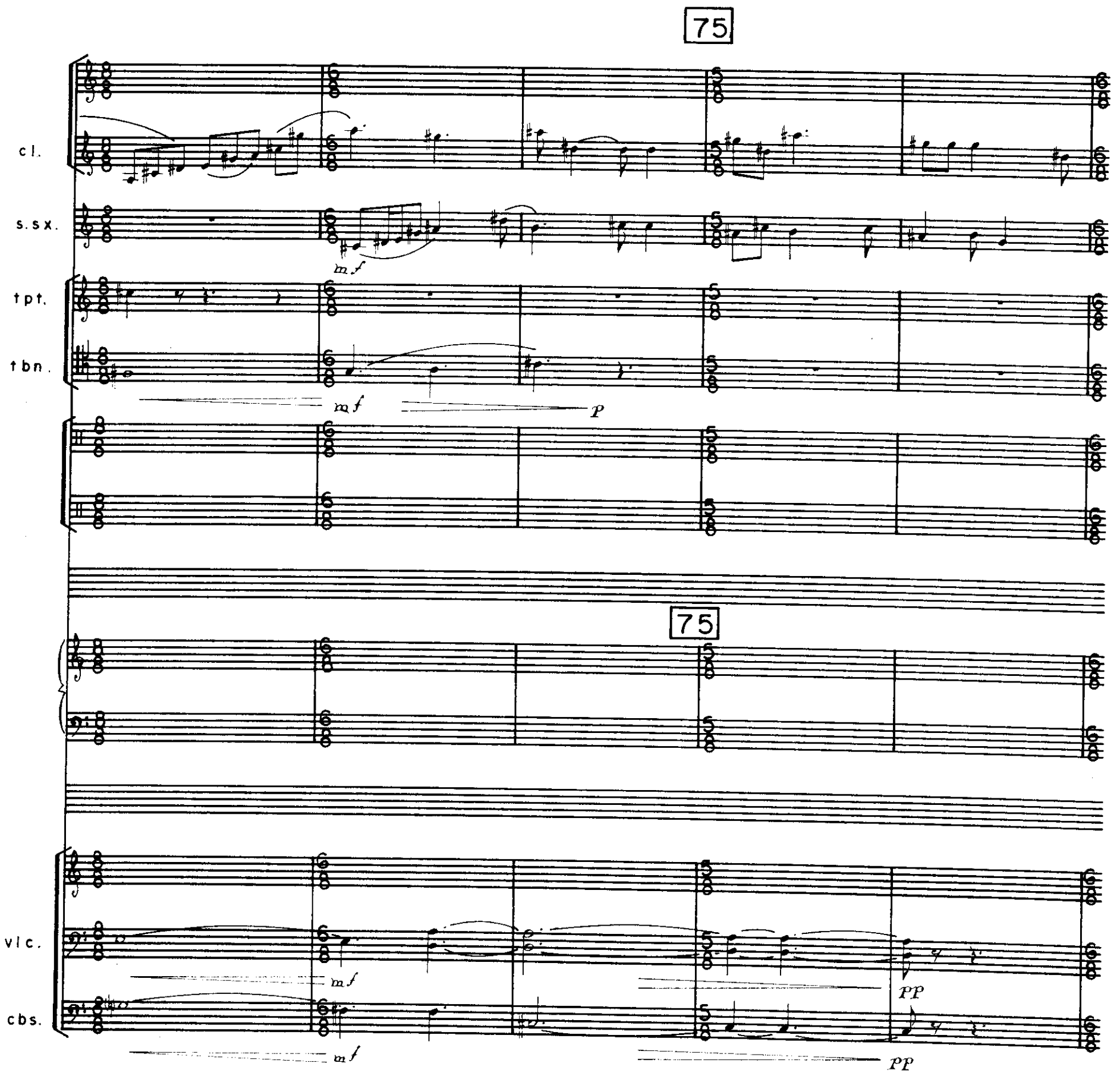


injustice the way I'm being treated? Doesn't anybody care? And if not, why not? Don't tell me they don't know I'm here. I've been frothing at the mouth here for years!! Surely someone has some idea, Someone!!!

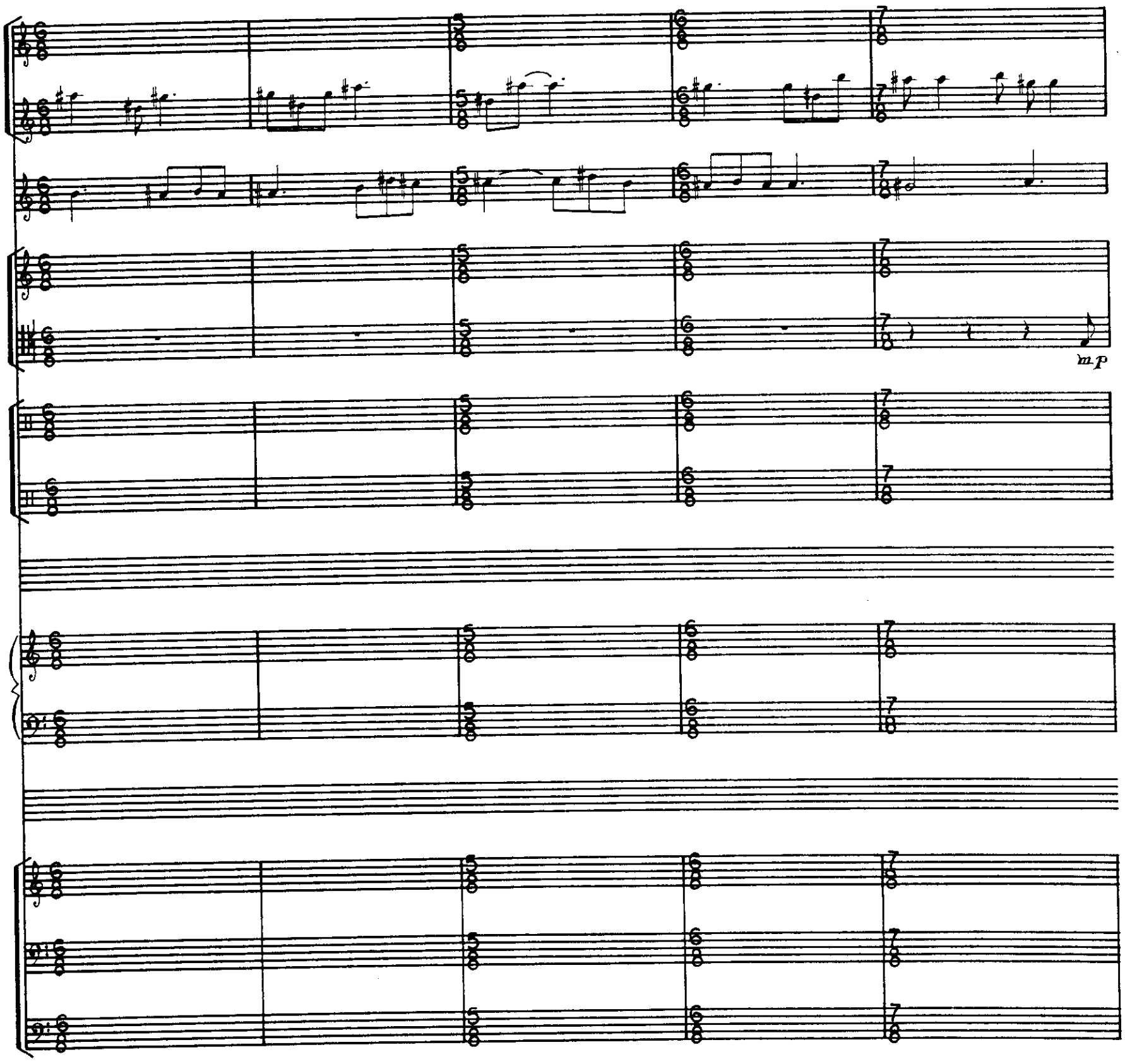


Yes, these are serious questions. They demand serious appraisal. We must insist that they be answered.

prf. Well, I don't really expect an answer, you know. I have no false hopes left, none, I know that I'll never see a Sign, that even if one does come, ...



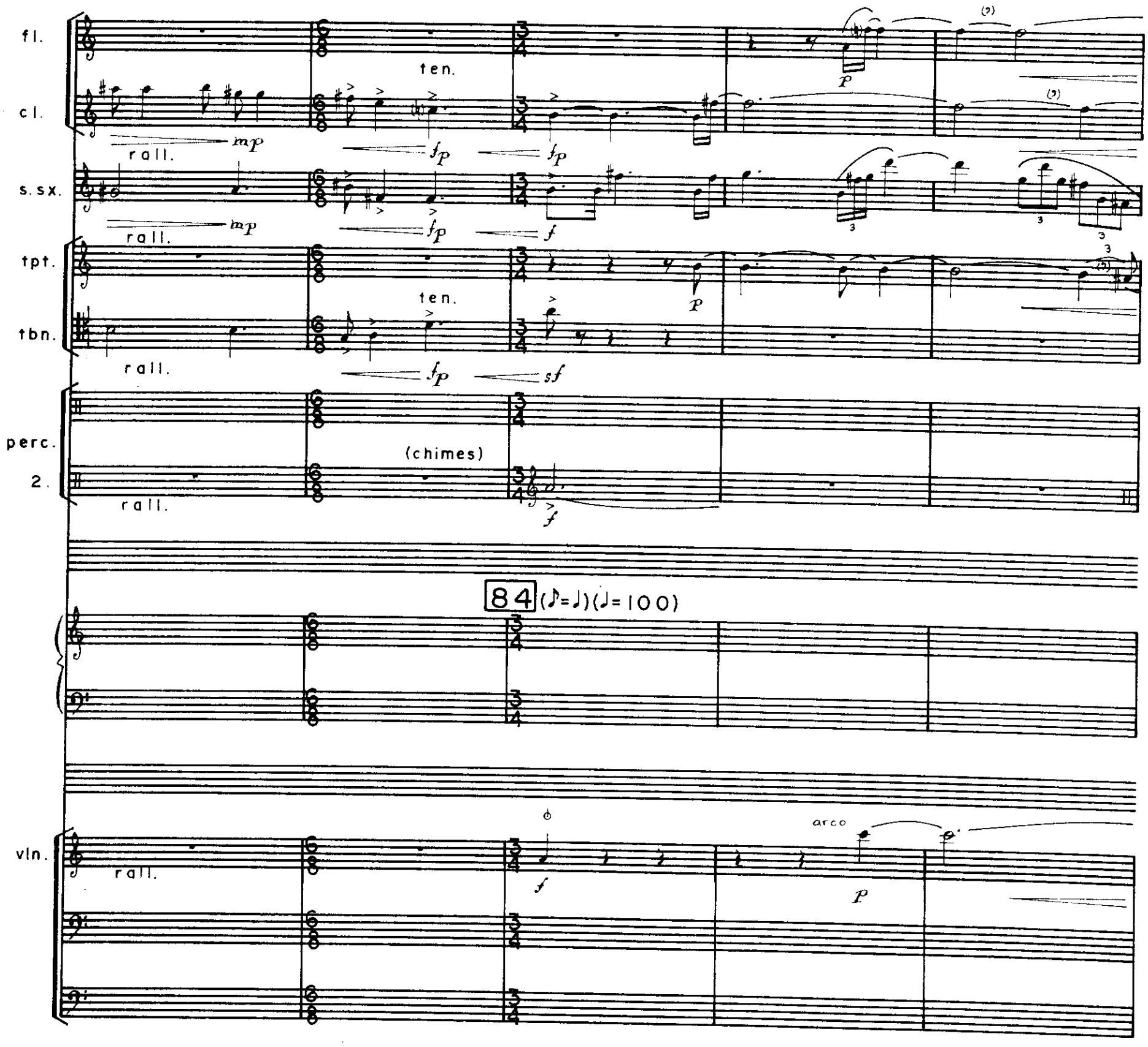
it'll be a lie, a lure to keep me hoping. I know that I am alone in my fight against injustice. I know all that -- and I don't care! My will is still unbroken, and my spirit is free. From my isolation, out of the stillness, ...



from the depths of this white, white

prf. light, I say this to you --

I DEFY YOU!! Do you hear that? I said: I Defy **You**!!



Whew!

(♩ = 54)

(vibes)

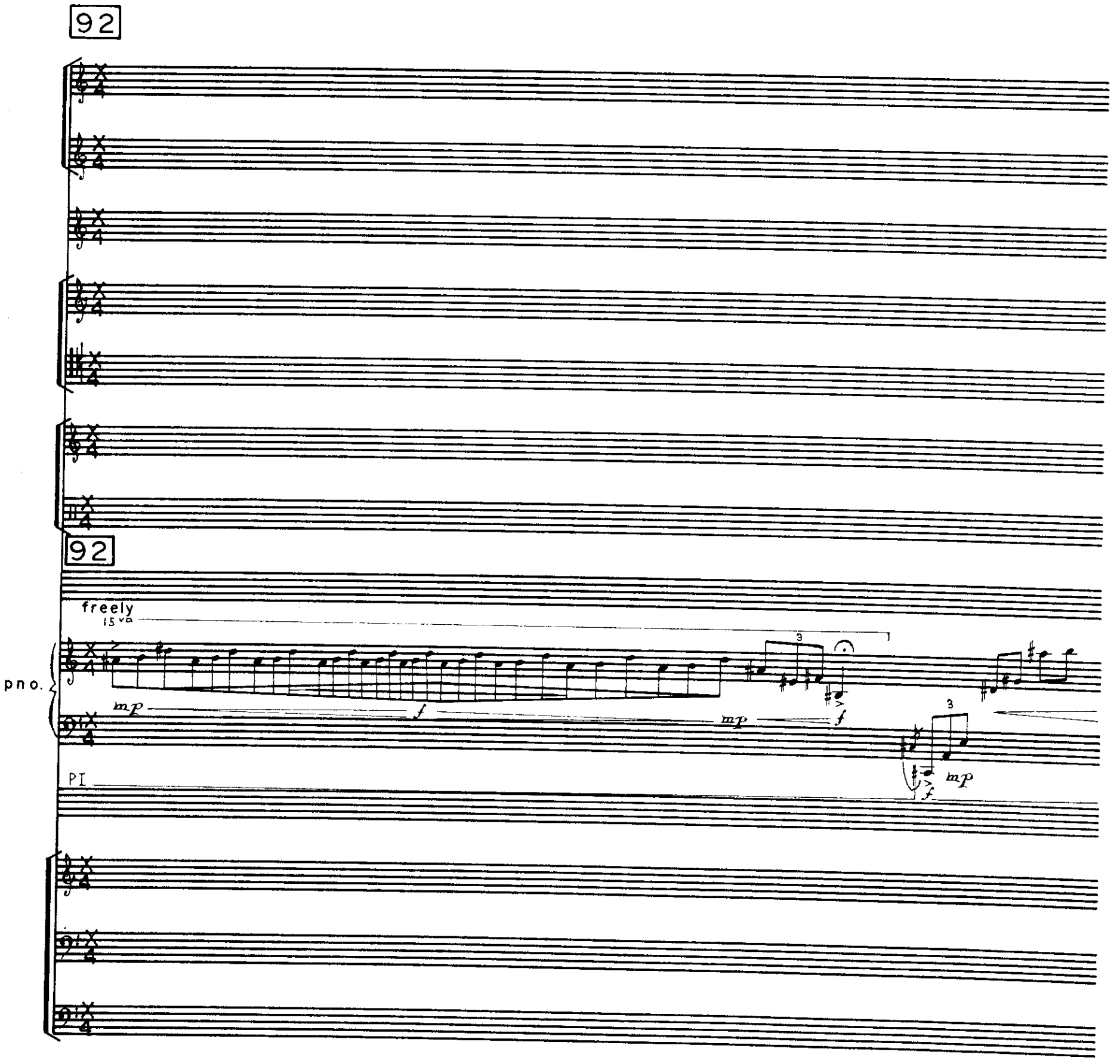
(sus. cym.)

(♩=54) quasi cadenza

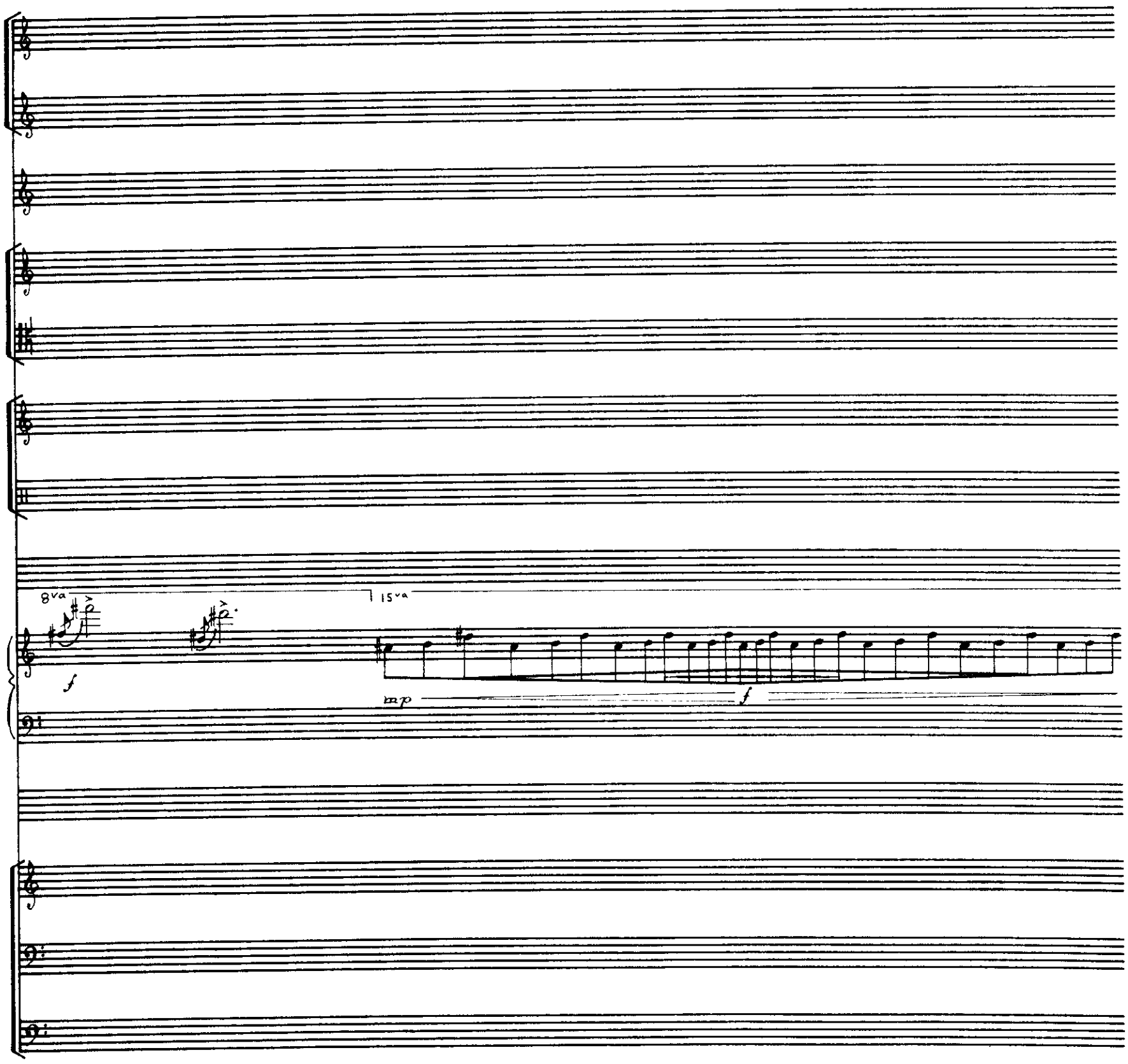
rall.

8va

tape Mmmm . . . Yuuummy! Wish this nozzle was softer, more . . . ummm . . . realistic . . . I wonder if they can read minds?

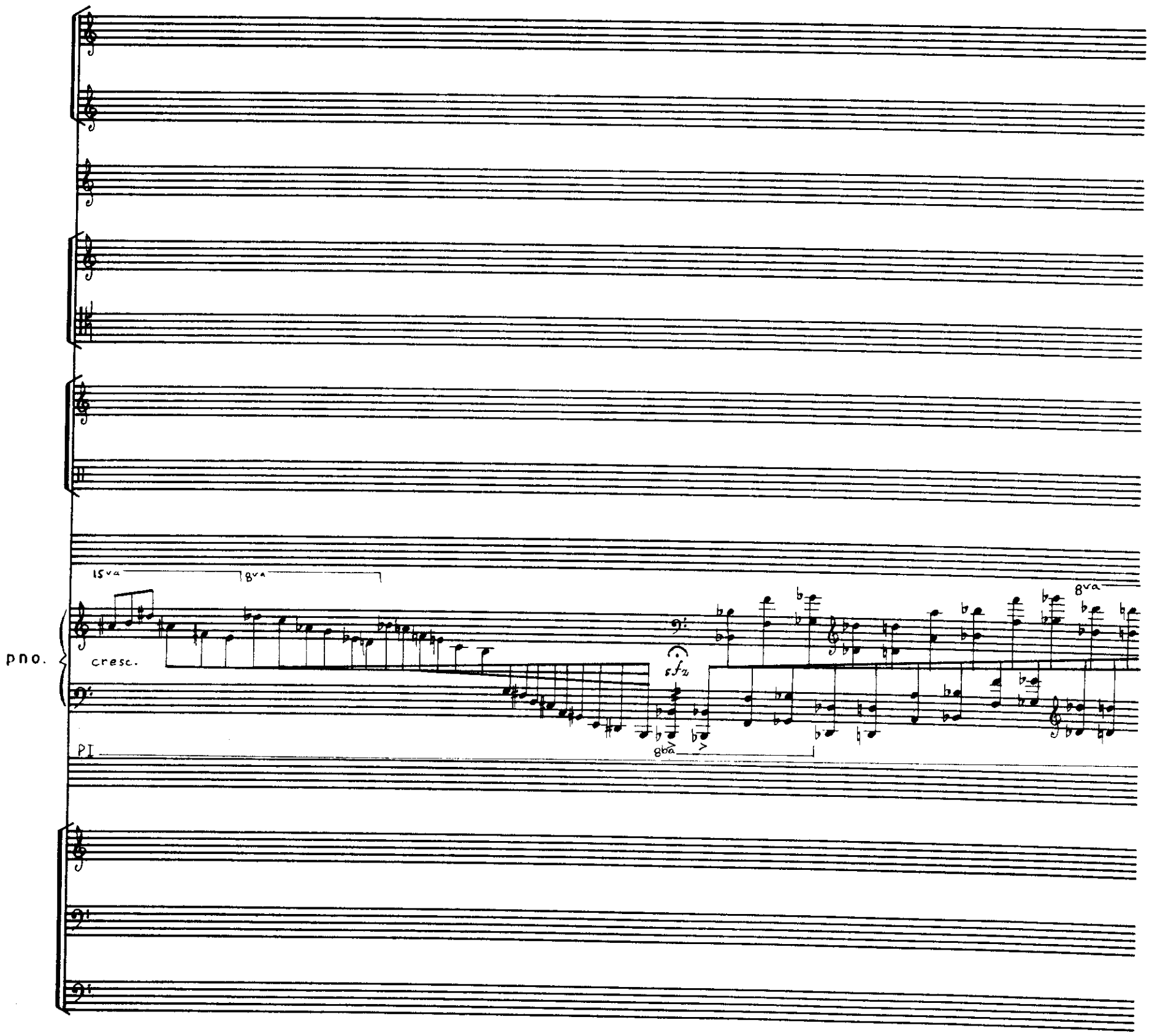


Nahh! Well, if they can, they can stuff it! I just won't think!



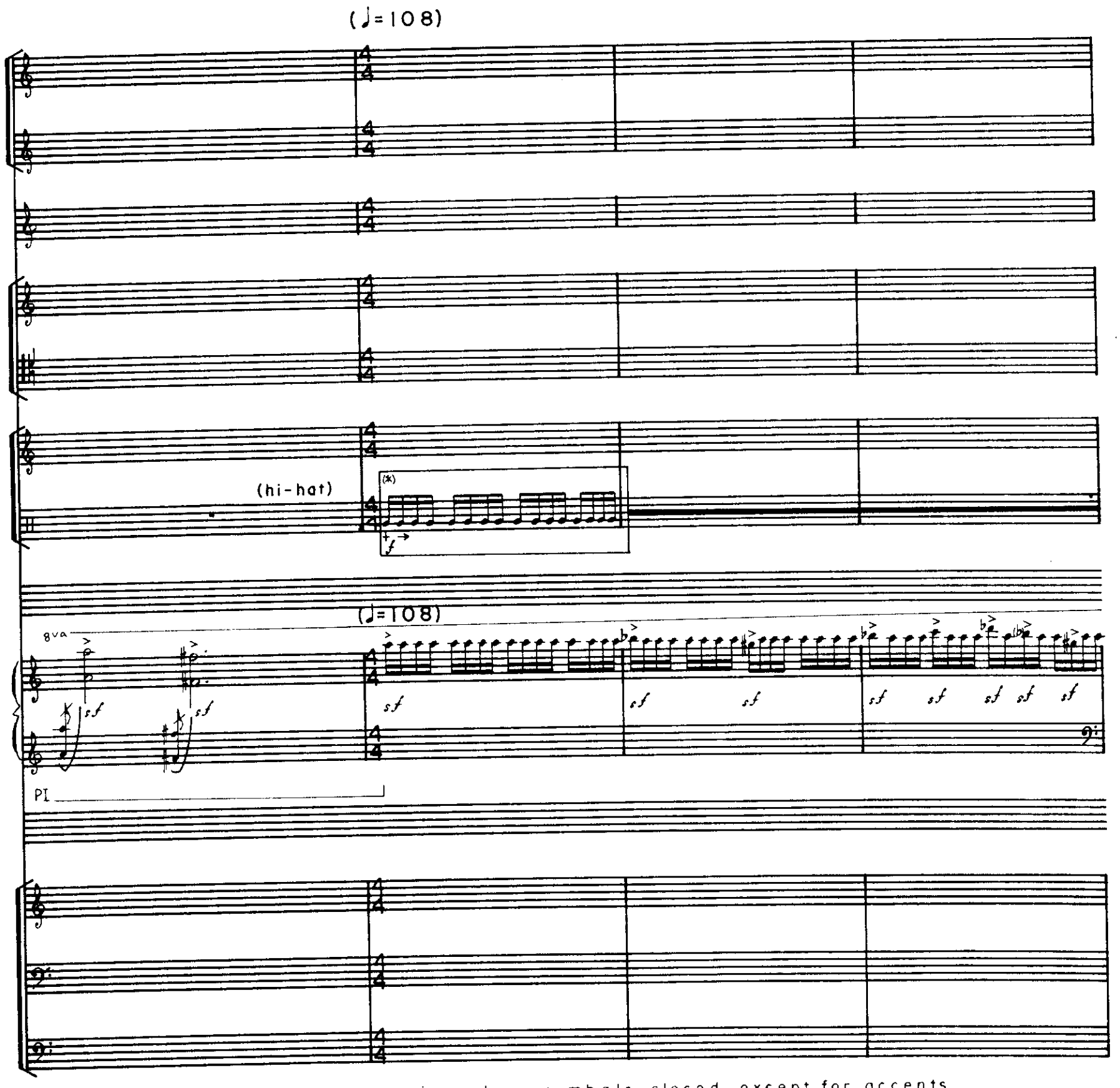
prf.

What the . . . ?



tape

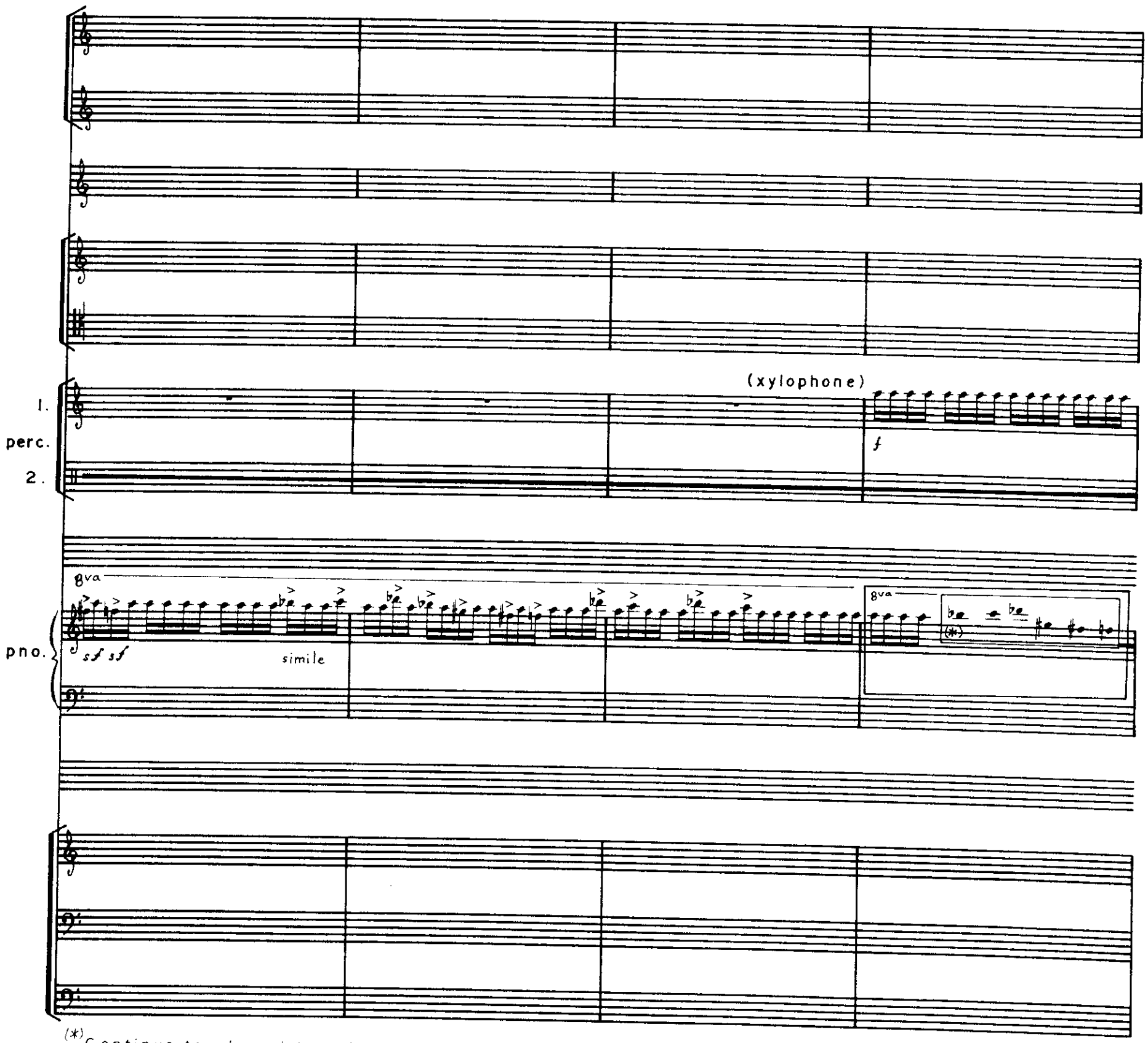
Nahh . . . Nothing . . .



(*)Improvise accents in response to piano, keep cymbals closed except for accents.

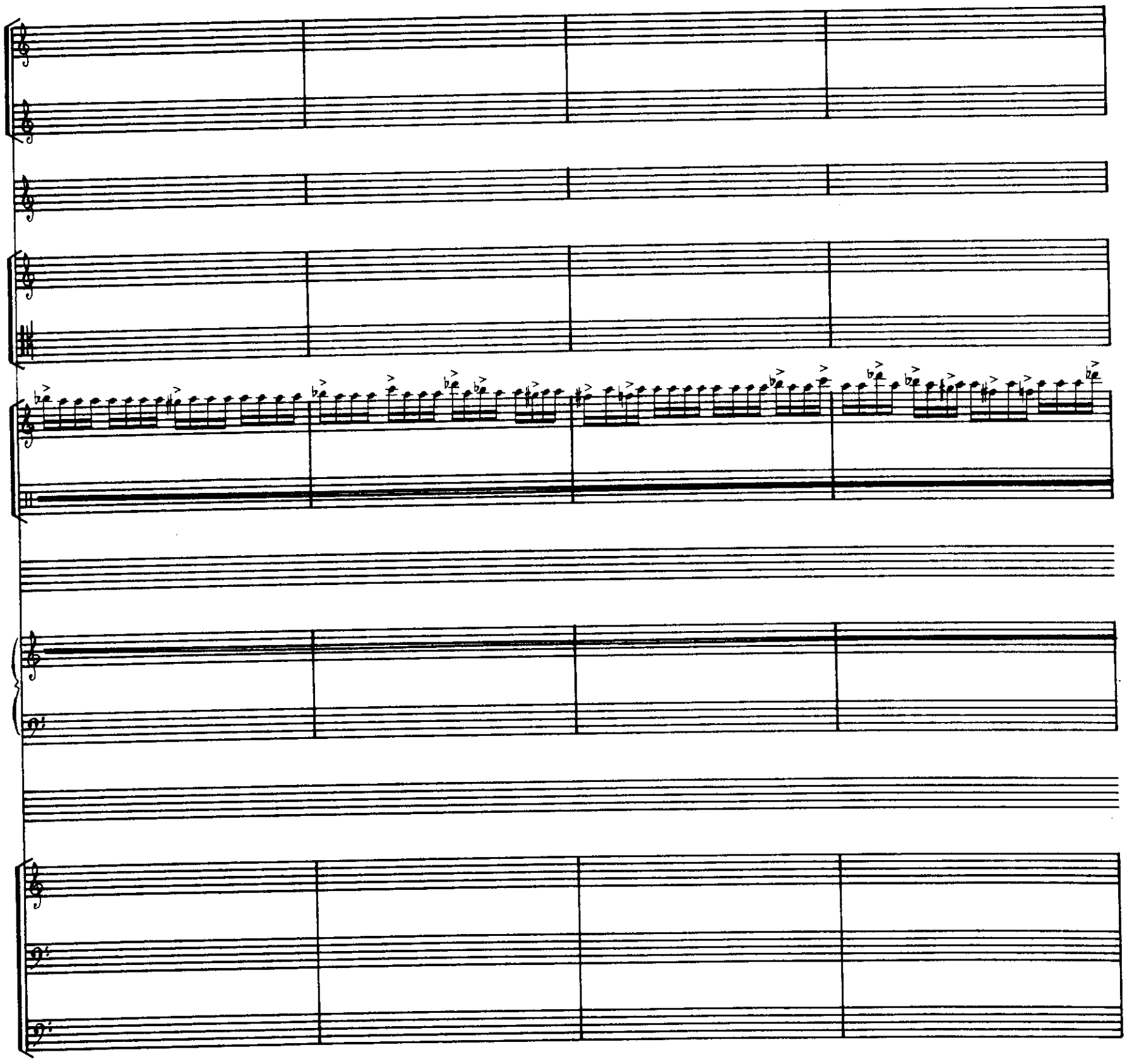
tape

Not here . . . Shit!



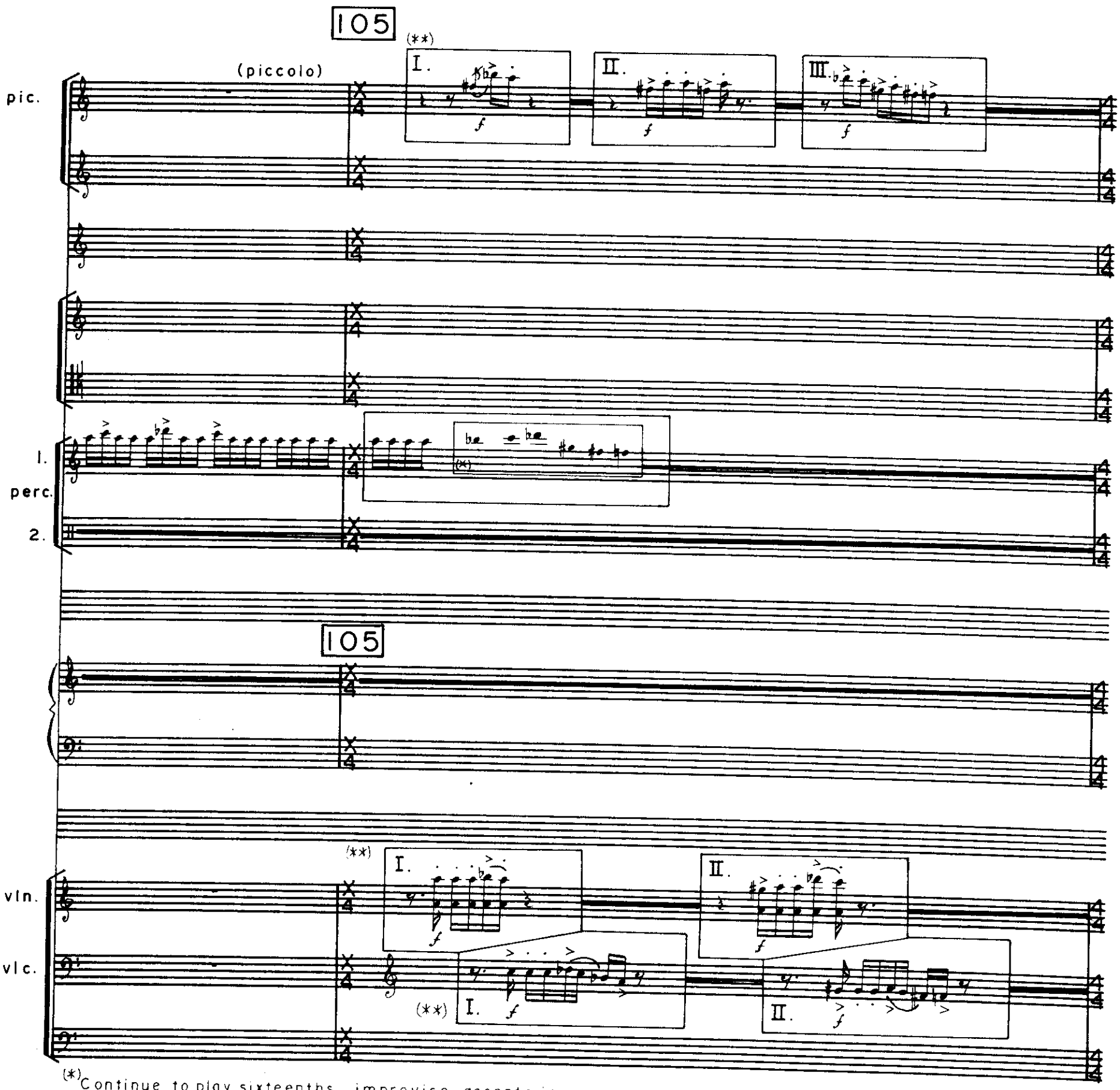
(*) Continue to play sixteenths, improvise accents in response to xylophone.

Wish this thing clicked . . .



tape

Gotcha!! . . .



(*) Continue to play sixteenths, improvise accents in response to piano.

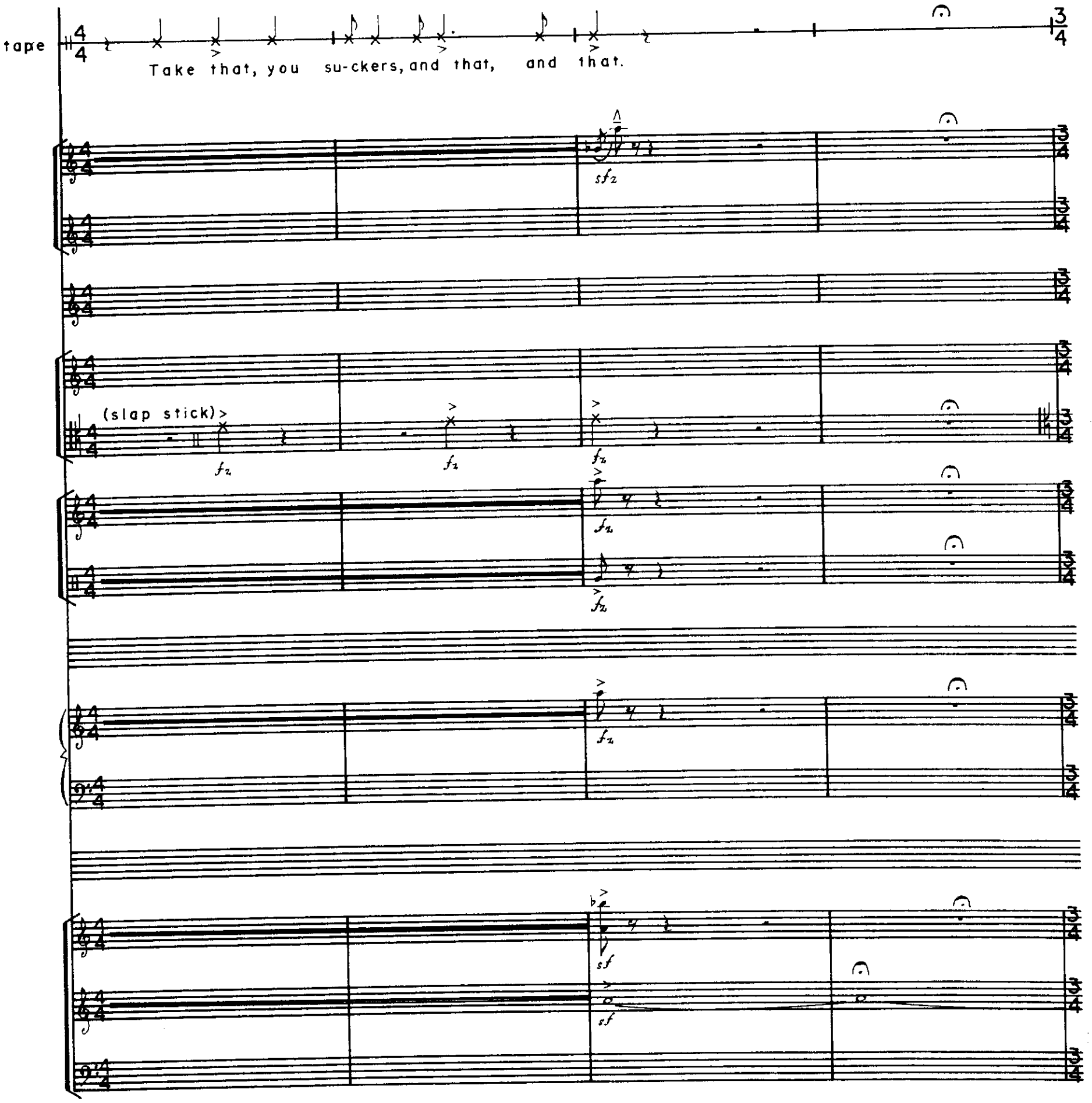
(**) Play on conductor's cue.

Ho-hum . . . just minding my own business . .

. now, act natural . . . say something . .

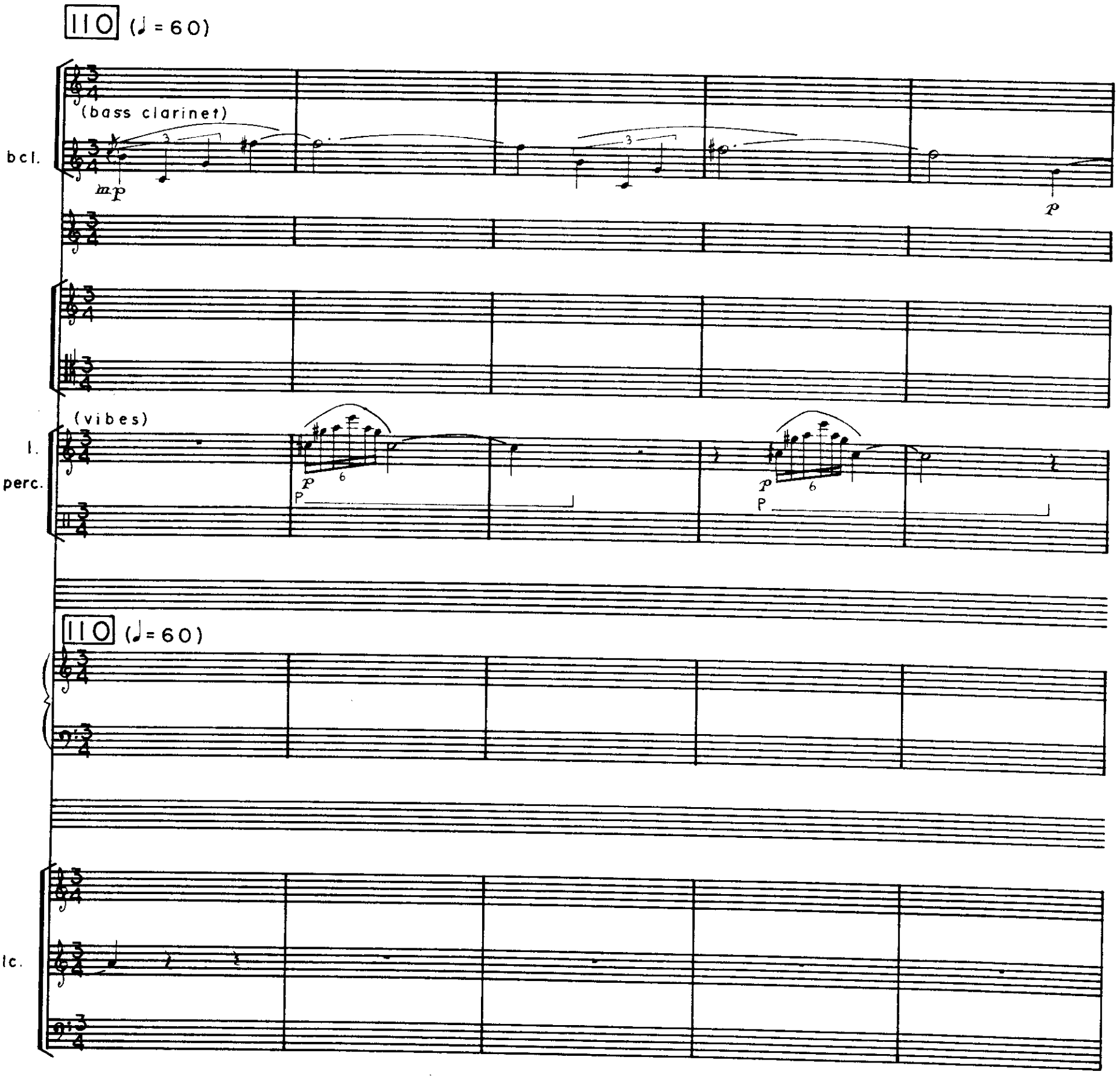
how about . . . let's see . . . yea, say:

Aahh!!

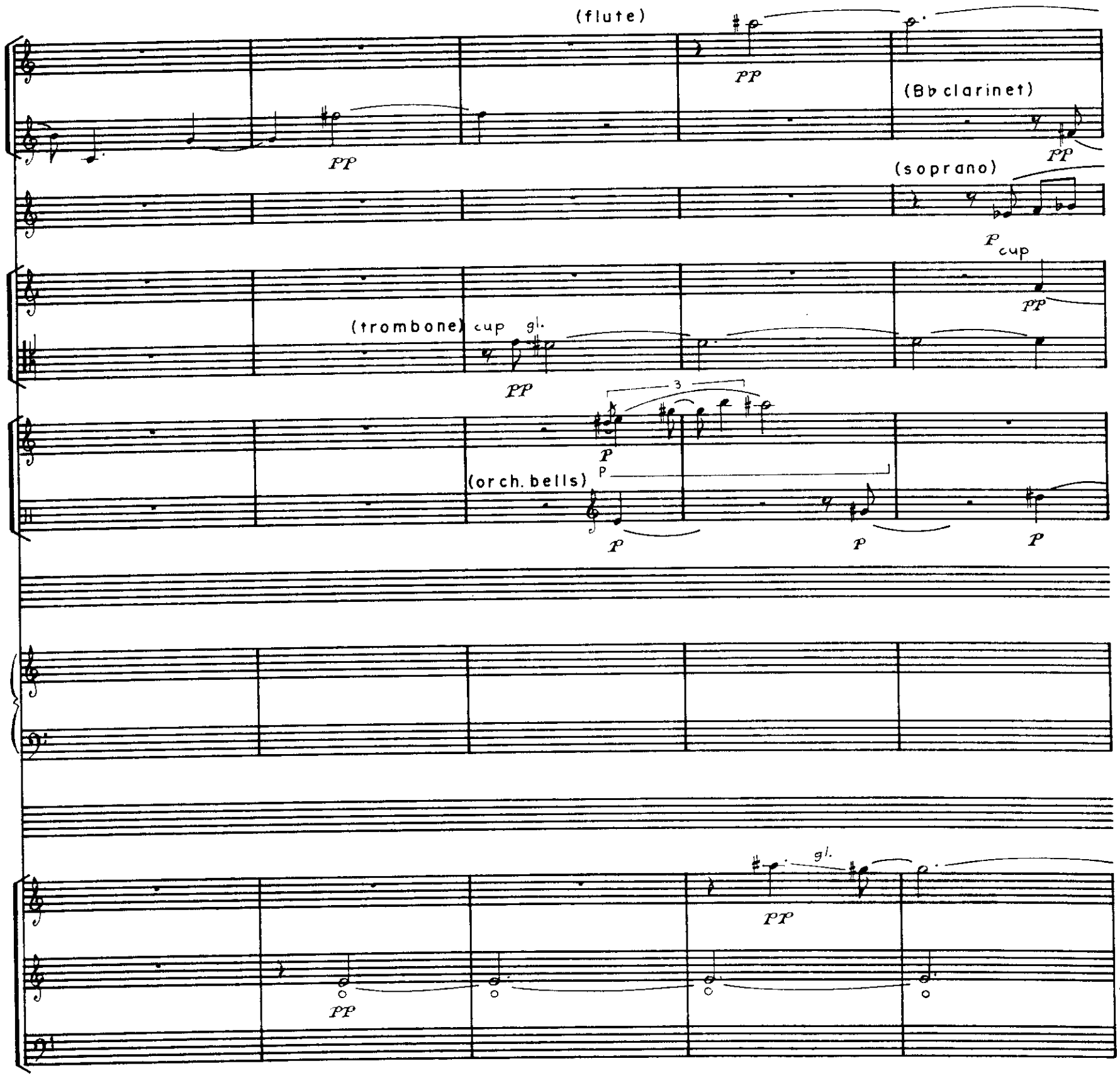


(Cue:) Oh, well . . . I guess I'll tell you about my other theory then.

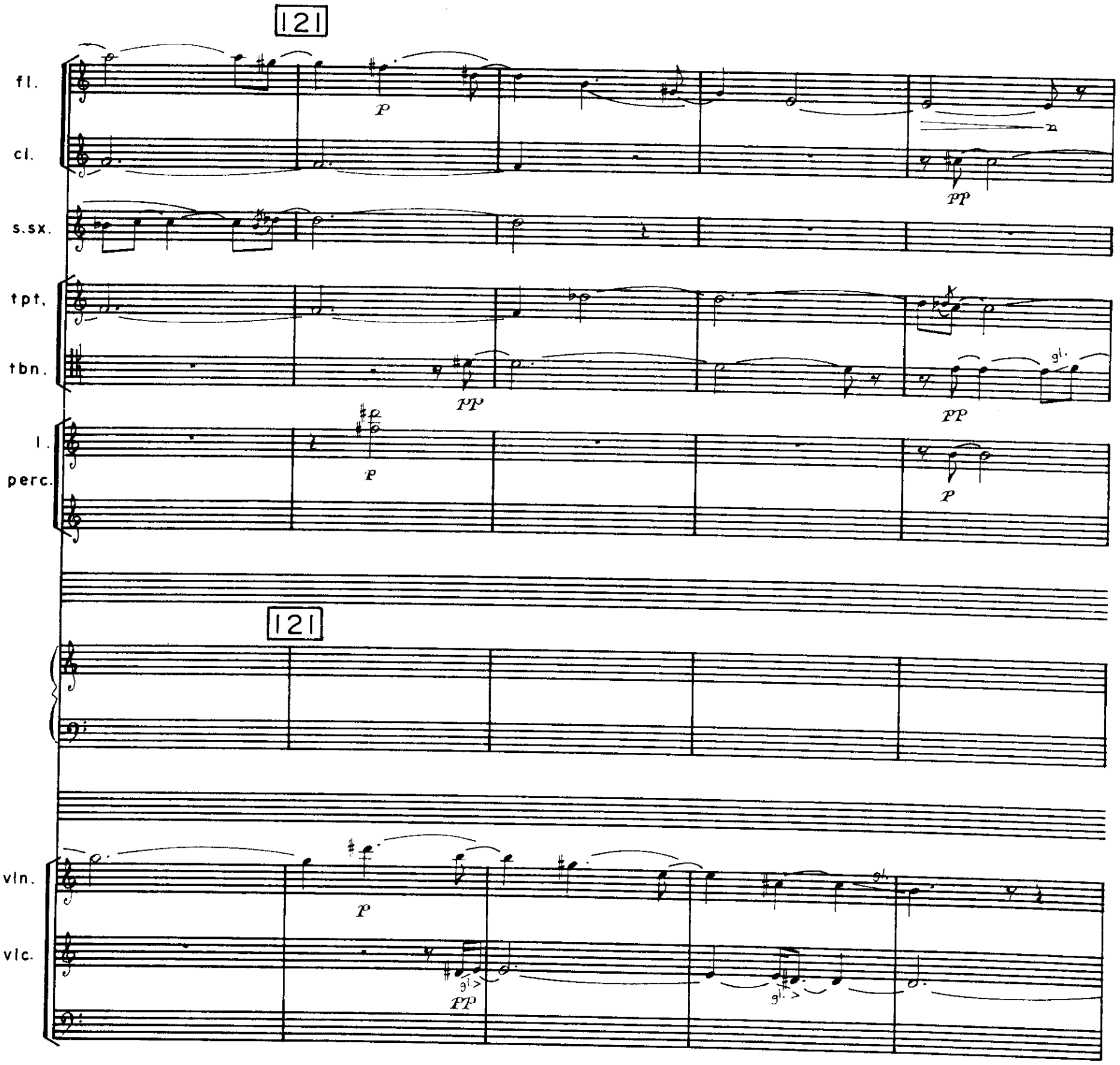
prf. My other theory is that this is a squirrel cage. You know? Like you'd find in a small town park.



You might even have one at home; they don't have to be big. A squirrel cage is just like any other cage, except it has an exercise wheel. The squirrel gets into the wheel and starts running . . .

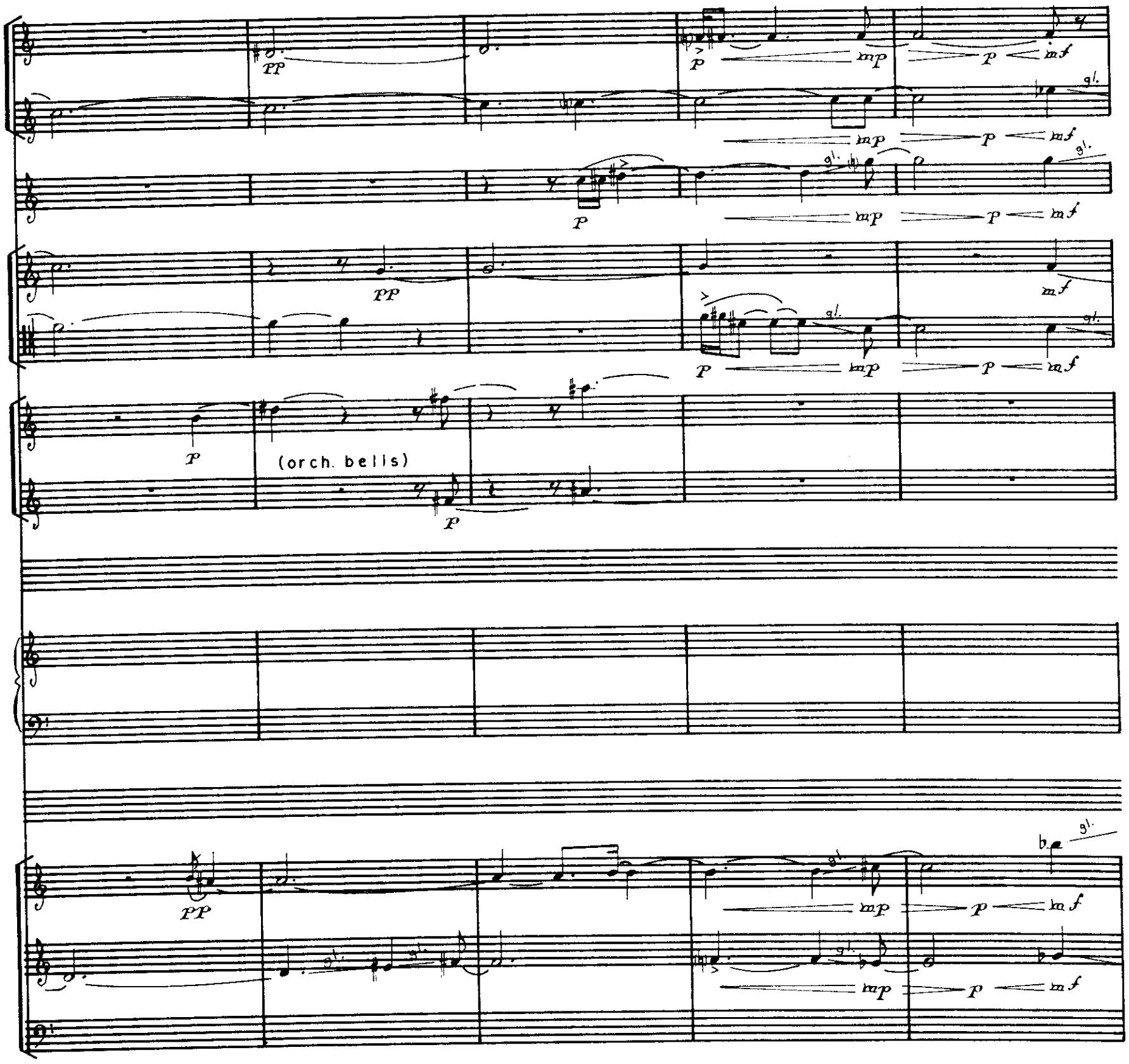


prf. Naturally this makes the wheel turn, and the wheel's momentum forces the squirrel to keep running inside it. The exercise is supposed to keep him healthy. What I don't understand is why they put the squirrel in the cage in the first place. . . . . .



Don't they know what it's going to be like for the poor little squirrel? Or don't they care?

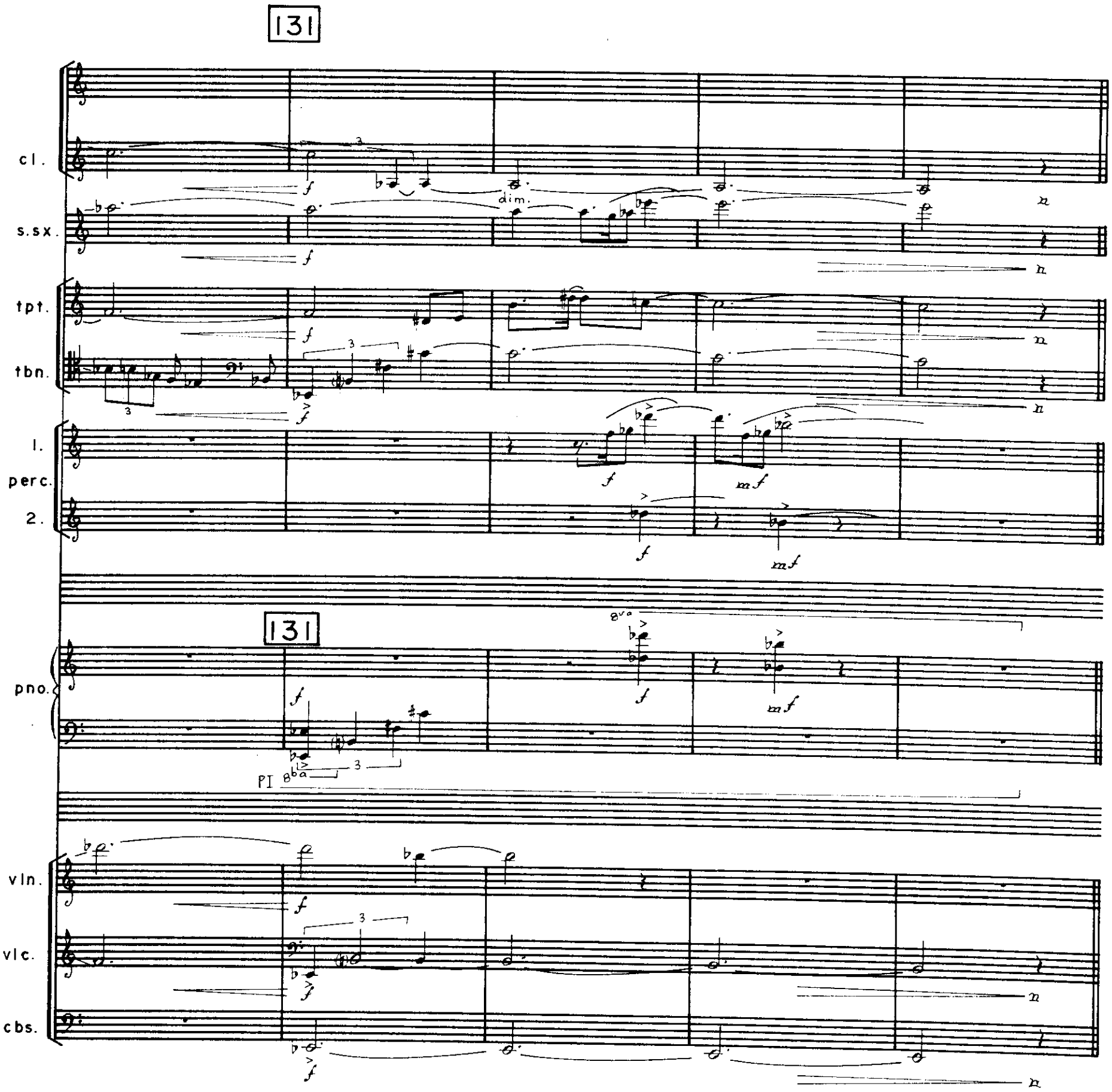
Ah, they don't care.



prf.

Oh, I just now remembered what it was I'd forgotten.

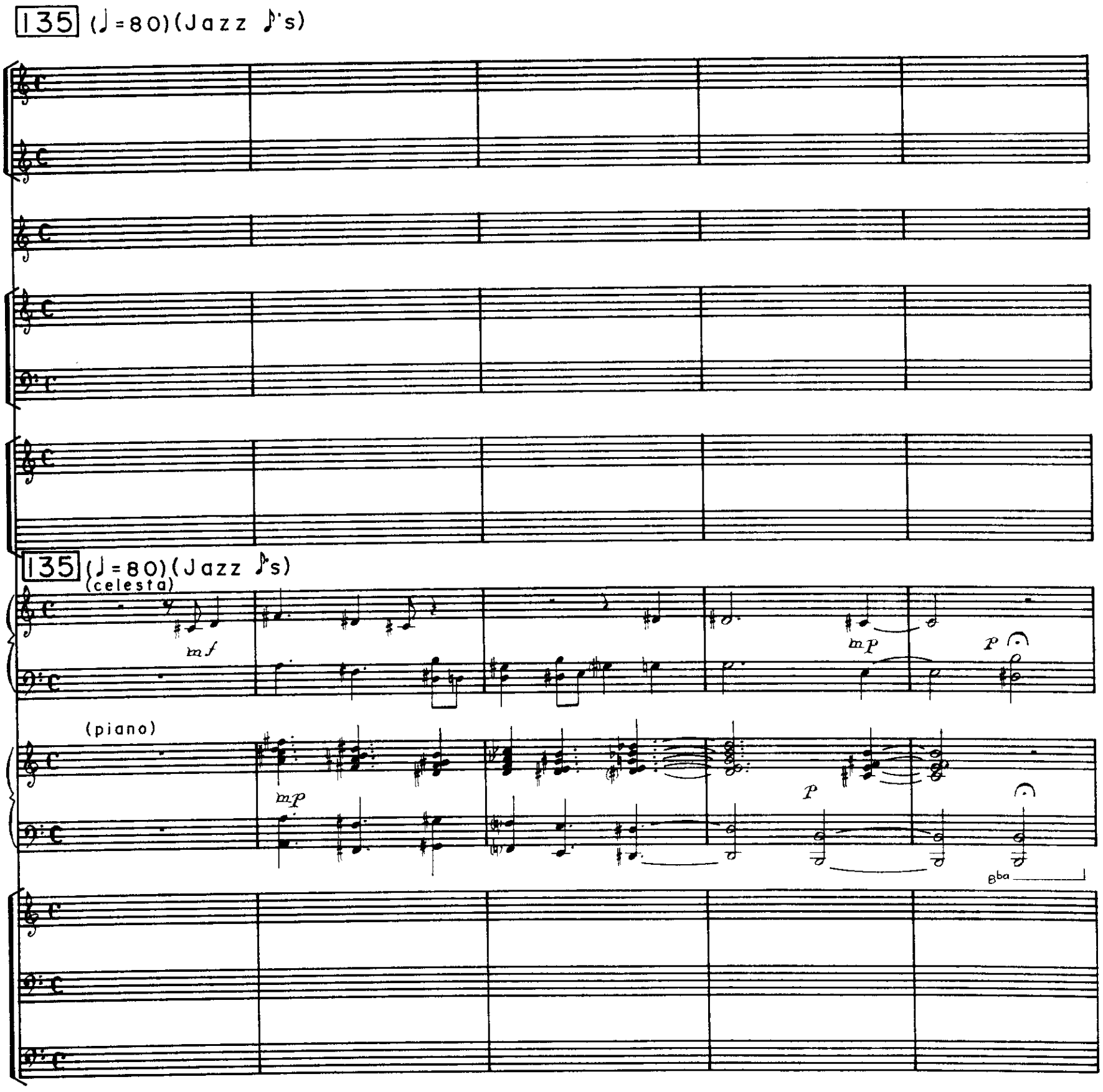
My friends, I've got a story for you today.



(Cue:) I made it up myself. See if you can discover the moral of this story.

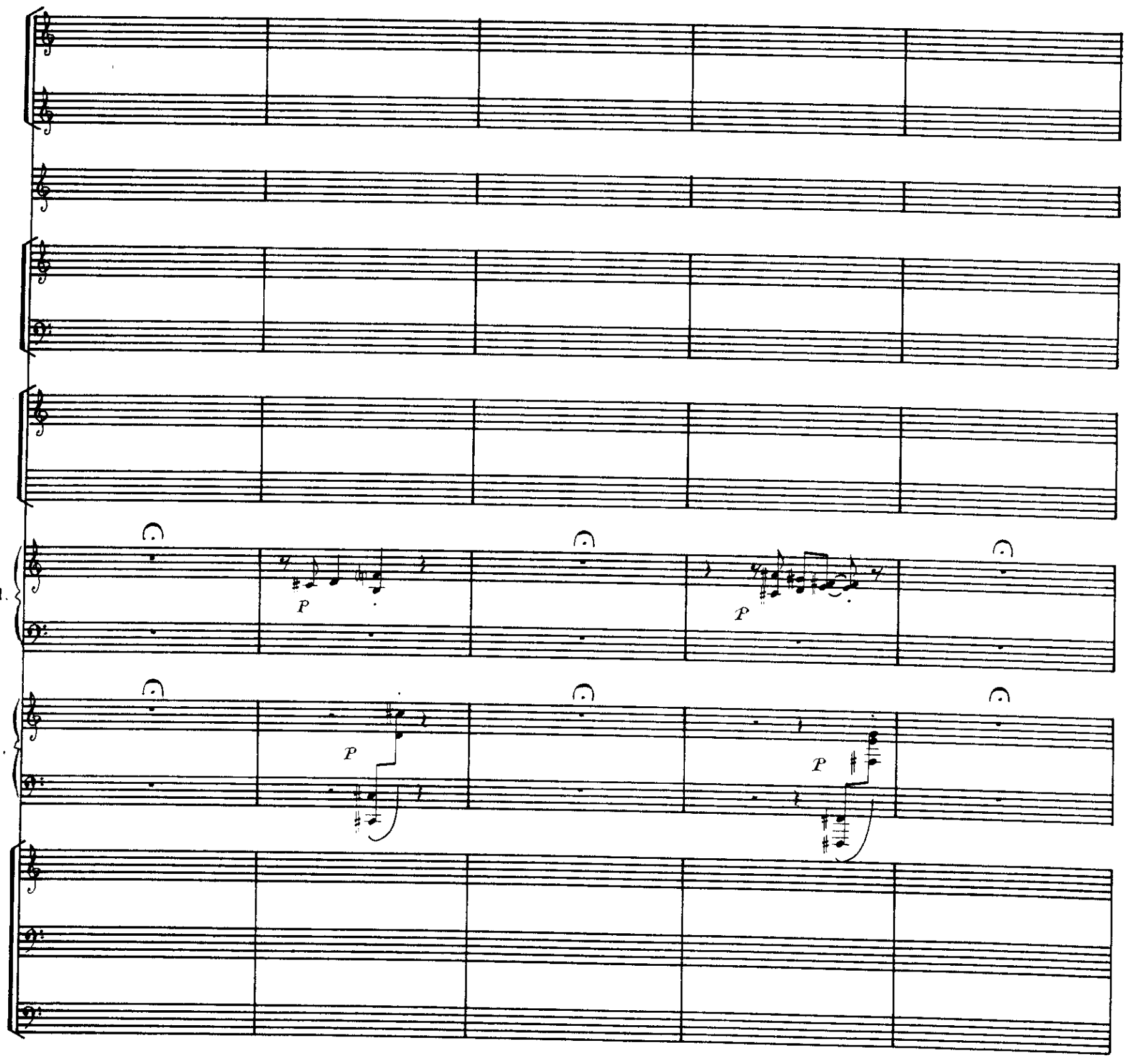
"An Afternoon at the Zoo"

This is the story of Alexandra,



prf.

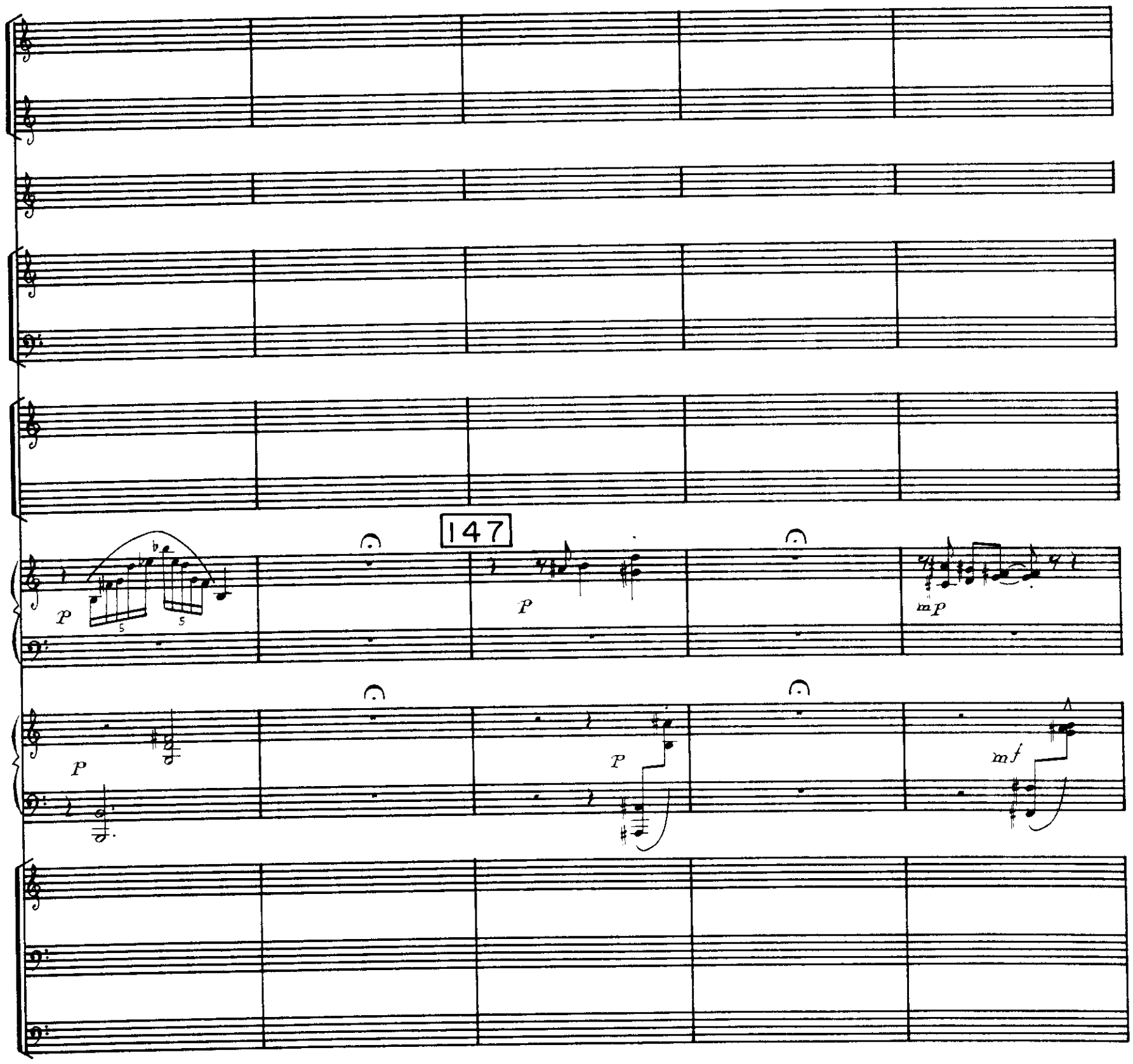
(Cue:) One day she went to a zoo. . . . Tasteful, but not spectacular. . . . glided beneath the weeping willows



(Cue:) . . . Then she went to the Monkey House,

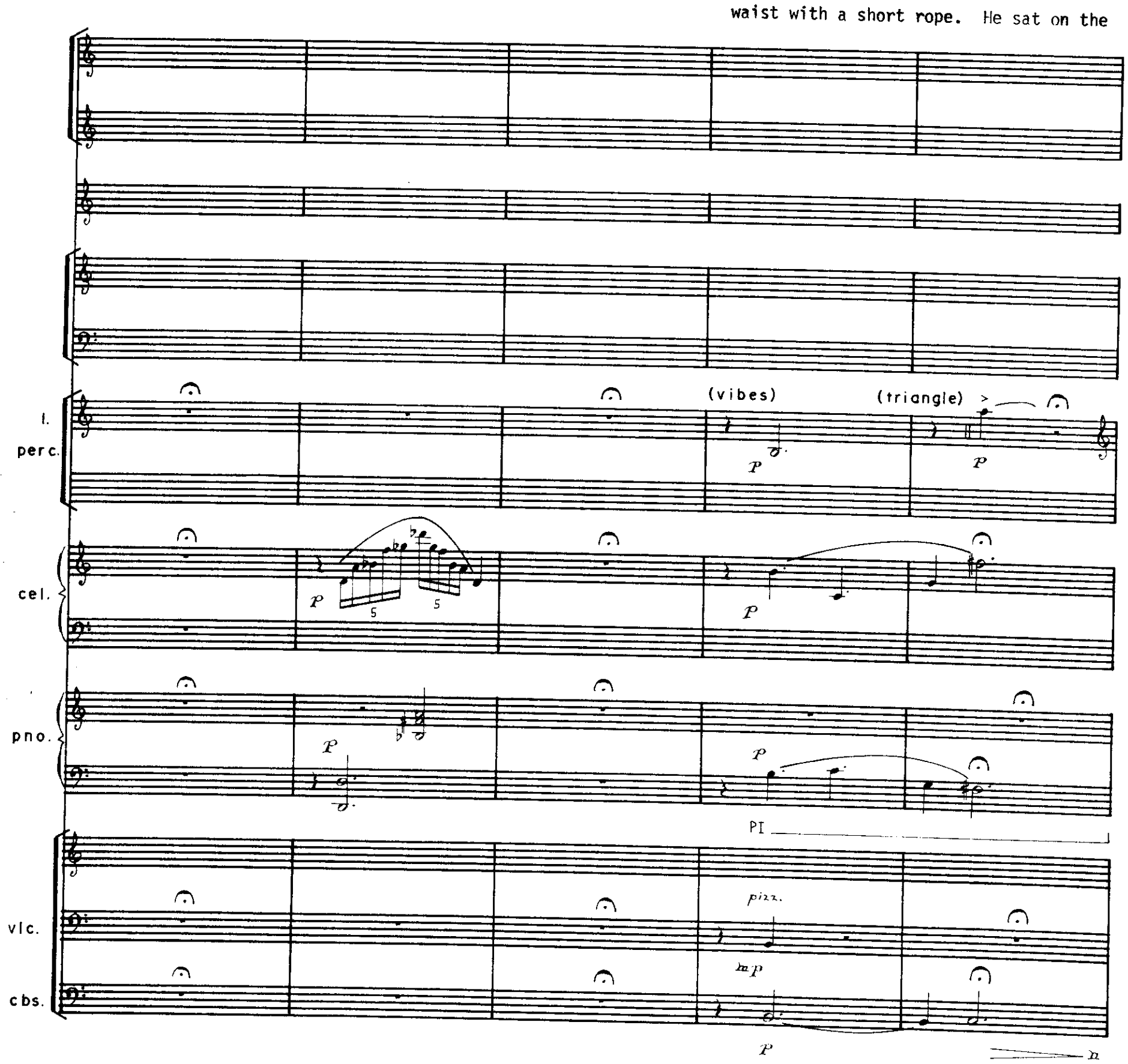
. . . Alexandra wrinkled her nose.

147



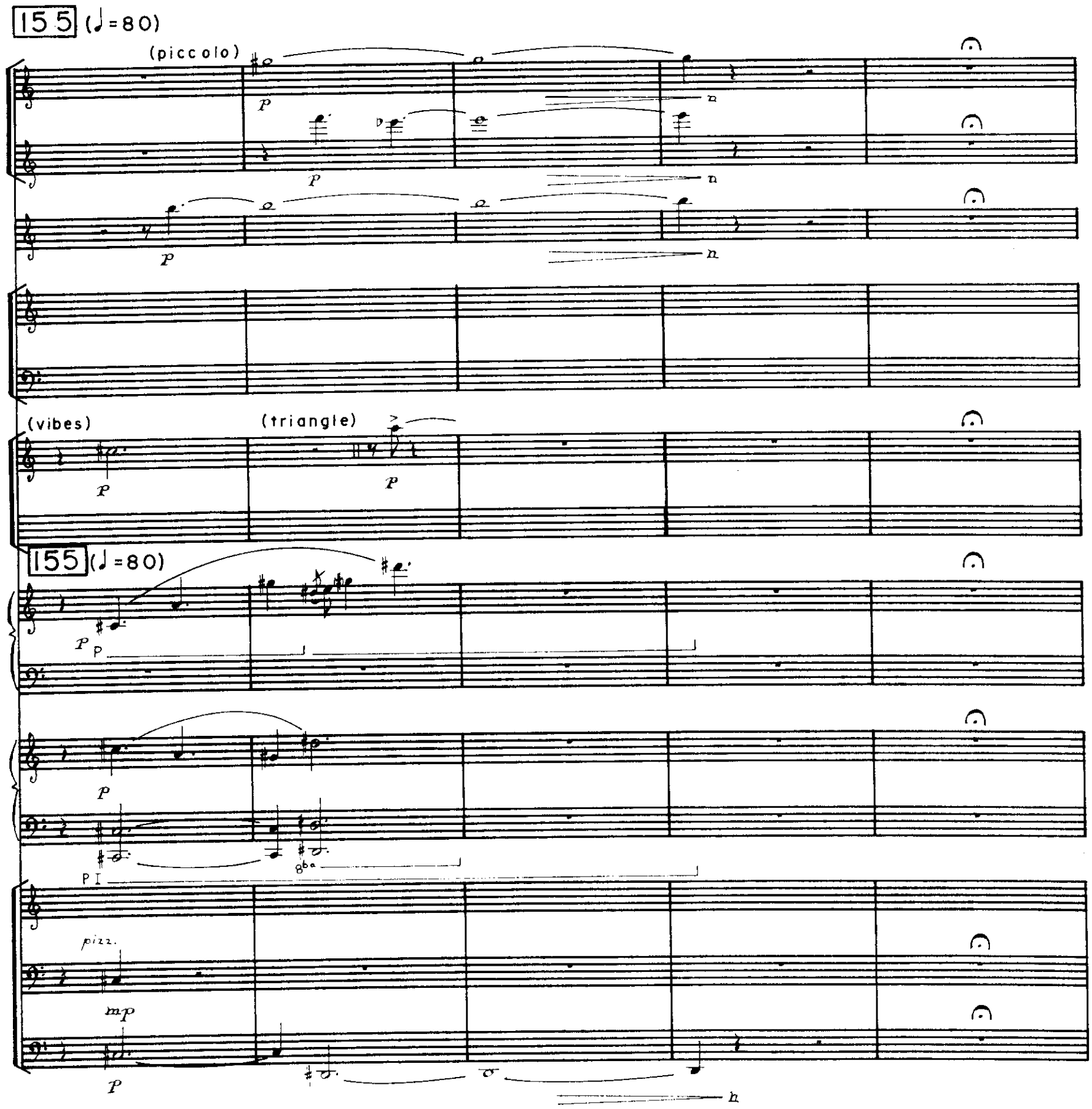
prf.

(Cue:) into a glade of poplar trees, . . . dressed in a loose-fitting cotton suit, pyjamas, most likely, held up at the waist with a short rope. He sat on the



(Cue:) floor of his cage. . . .

. . . if I were free of my
own cage, it wouldn't
be a problem.



One part of the story doesn't

prf. make much sense. Who would

put a person in a zoo? Me, for instance. Who would do such a thing? Aliens? Are we back to

aliens again? Who can say about aliens? I mean, I don't know anything

fl.

cl.

tbn. open

(temple bells)

t. perc.

cel.

pno.

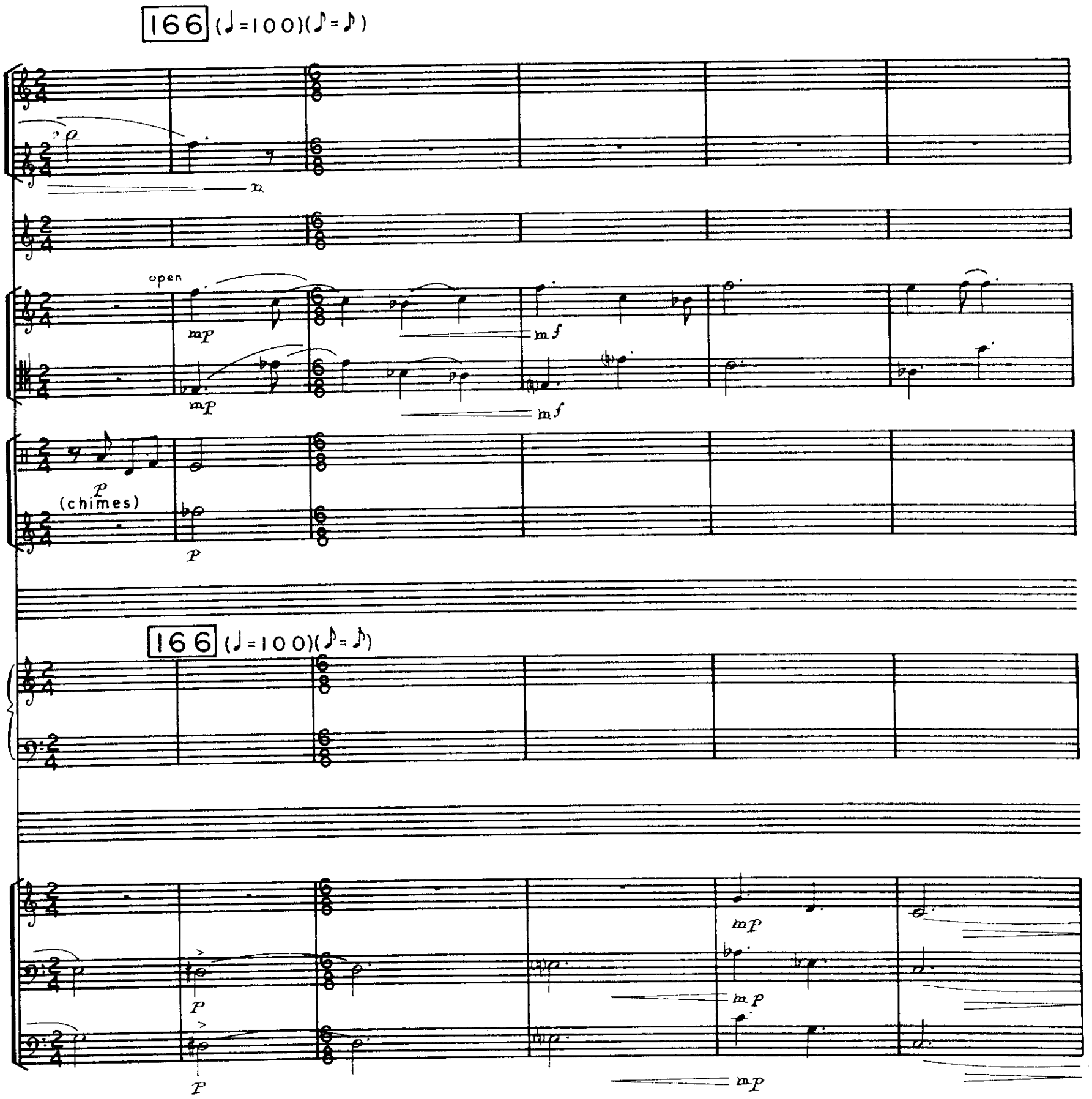
PI

vln. pizz.

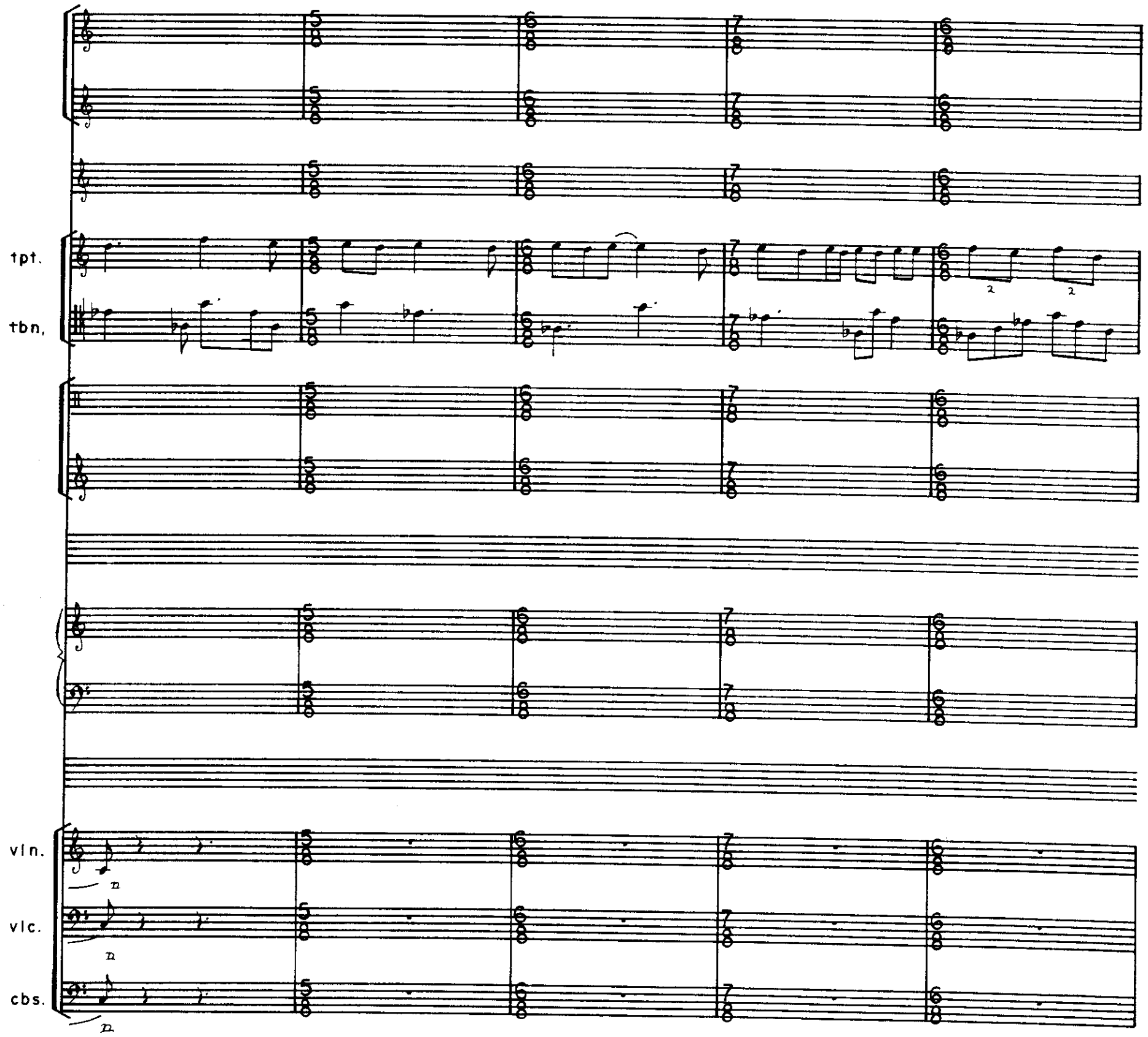
vlc. pizz. arco

cbs. pizz. arco

about 'em. My theory, my best theory, is that I'm being kept here by people. Plain, ordinary people. It's an ordinary zoo, and ordinary people come by to look at me through the walls.



prf. They hear the things I say coming from giant speakers just like the ones outside of record stores and discount hi-fi shops, or like a carnival barker. When I say something funny, or sing, they may laugh, or tap their feet, and when I get serious, or appeal for help, ...



they probably get

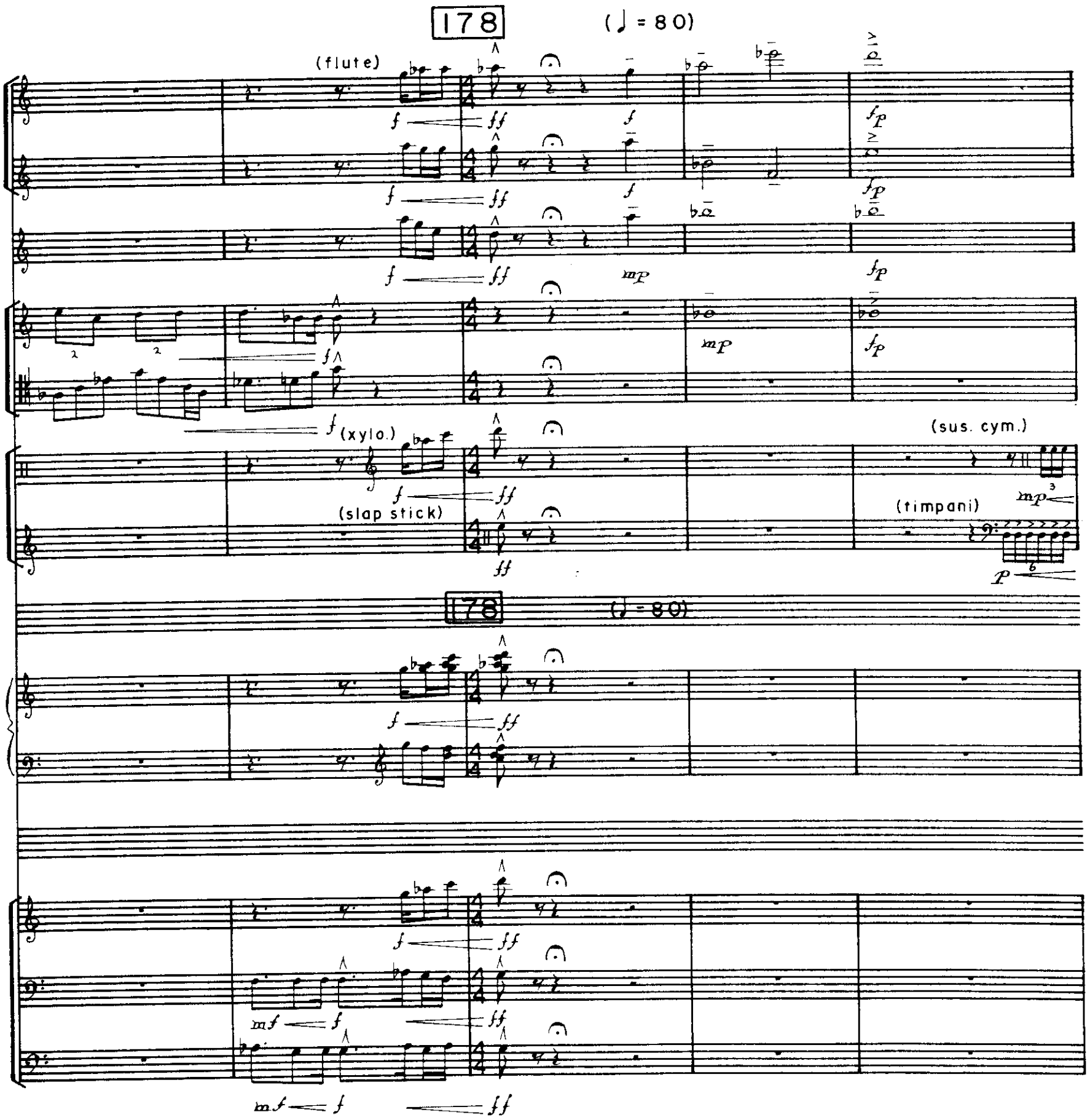
bored and walk

away. Or vice versa, perhaps. In any case,

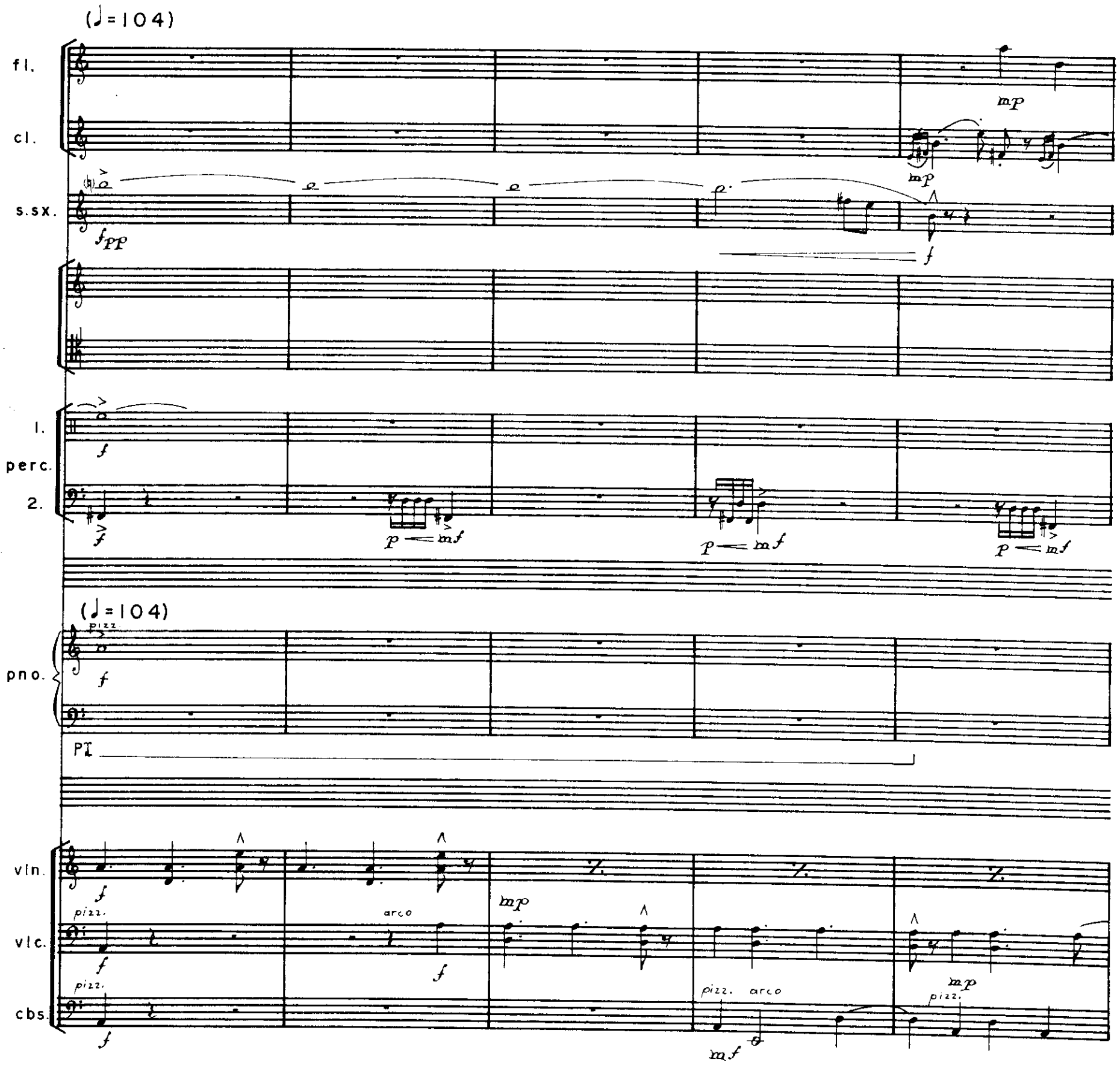
they don't take what I have to say

very seriously. None of them care

that I'm inside here. To them I'm just another animal in a cage.



prf. You might object that a human being is not the same as an animal, but isn't he, after all? They, the spectators, seem to think so. In any case, none of them is going to help me get out.



None of them thinks it's at all strange or unusual

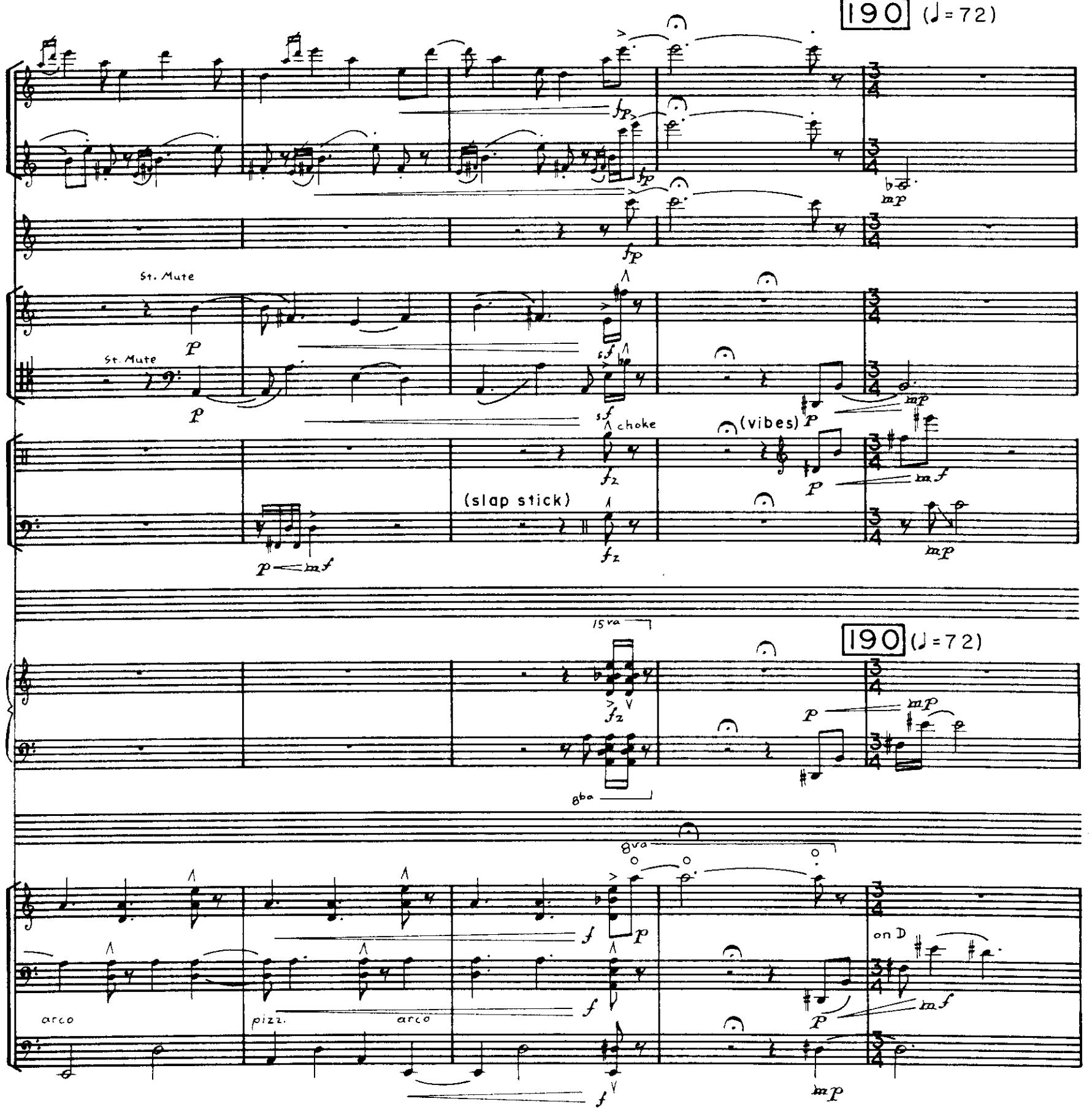
that I'm in here. None of them thinks it's wrong.

That's the terrifying thing.

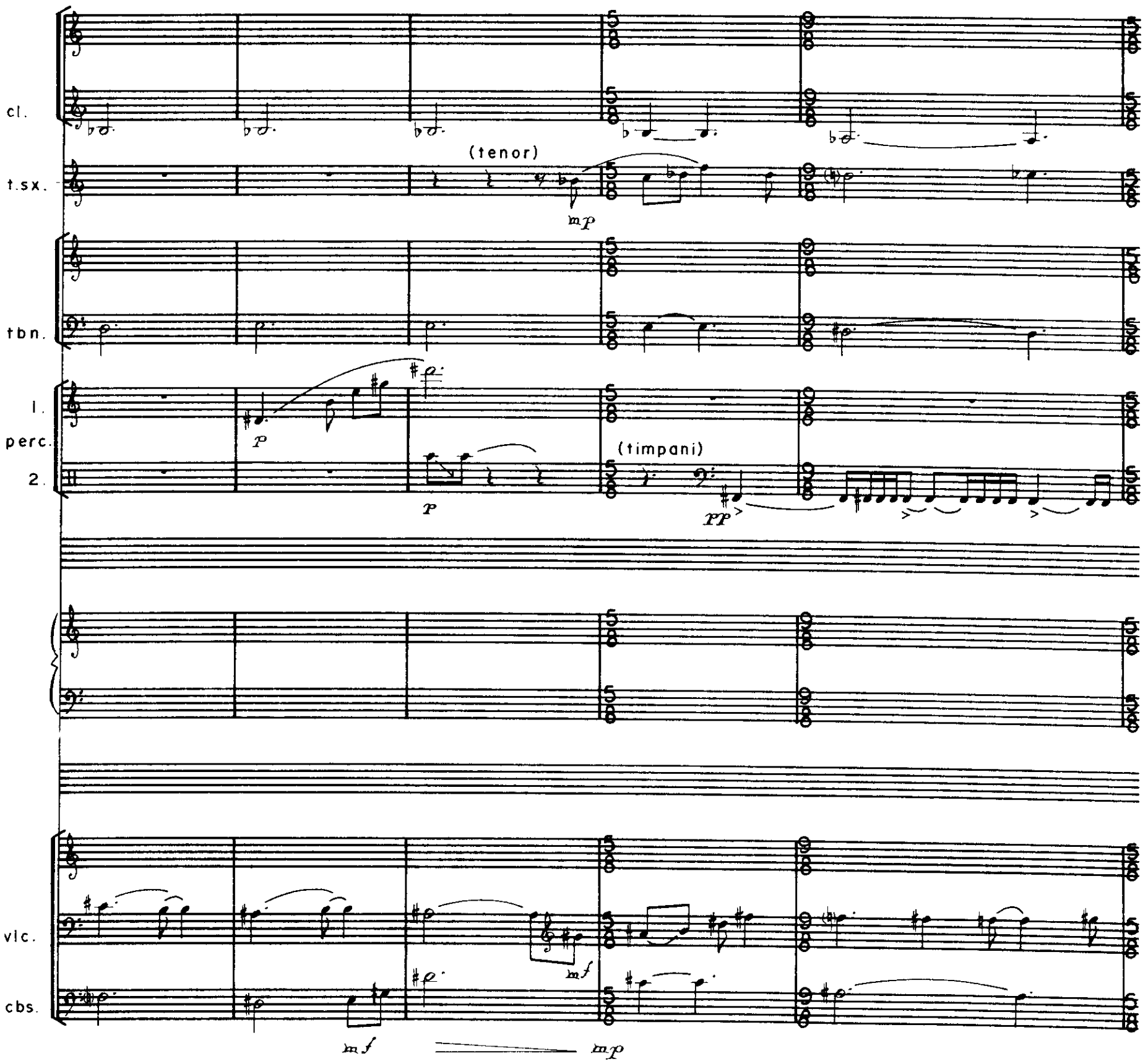
"Terrifying"?

It's not

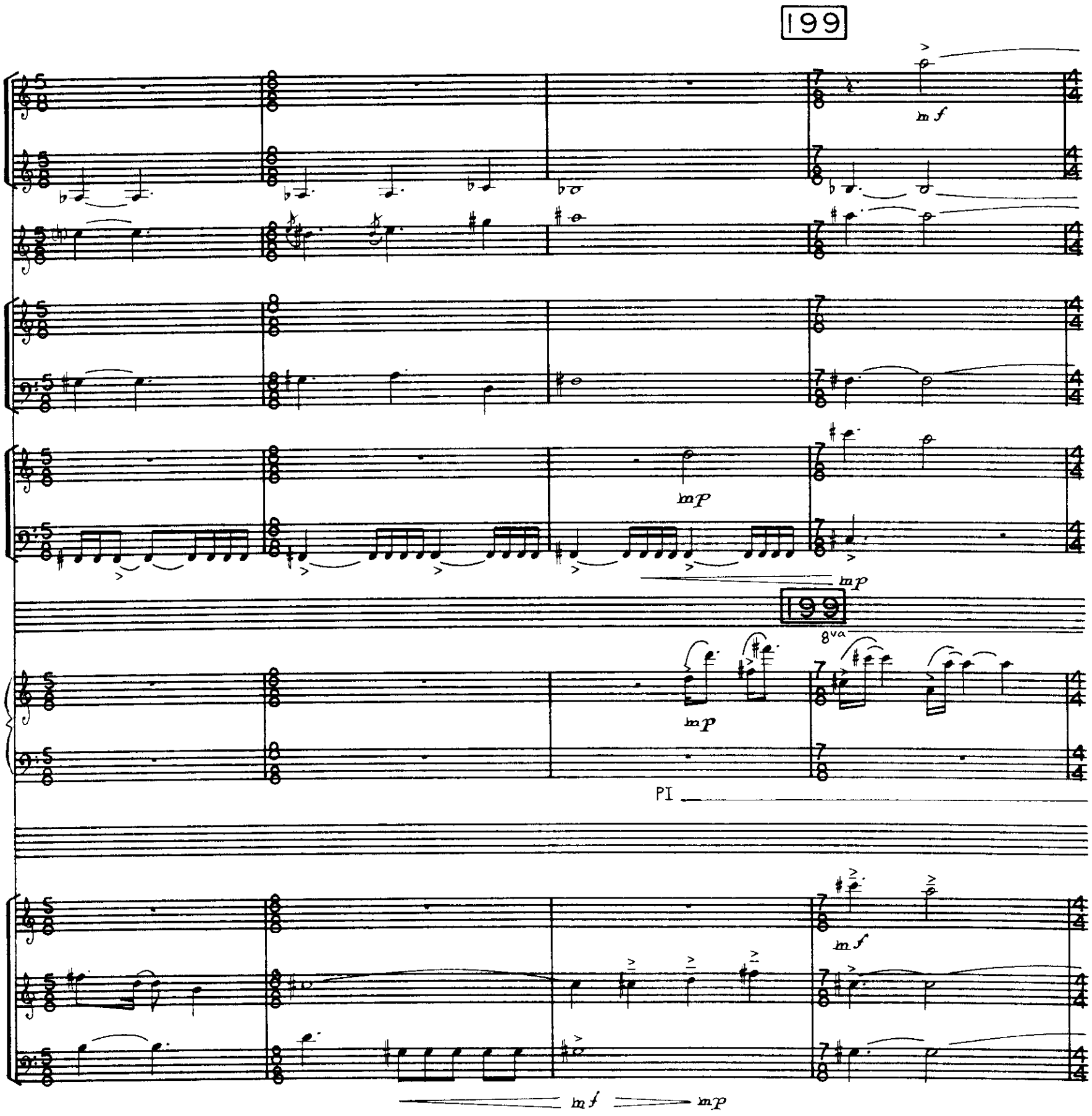
terrifying. How can it be? It's only a



show, after all. Maybe you don't think it's a
show, because you're out there, hearing it live
and in stereo, but I know it's a show because
prf. I'm the one who puts it on; I sit here on this stool making it up. Oh, it might
have been terrifying once-upon-a-time, when I first
got the idea, but I've been here for years now.



Years! The show has gone on far too long. Nothing can be terrifying for years on end. I only say it's terrifying because, you know, I have to say something, something or other.



prf.

The only thing that

could terrify me now is

fl.

cl.

t.sx.

tpt.

tbn.

l. perc 2.

pno.

vln.

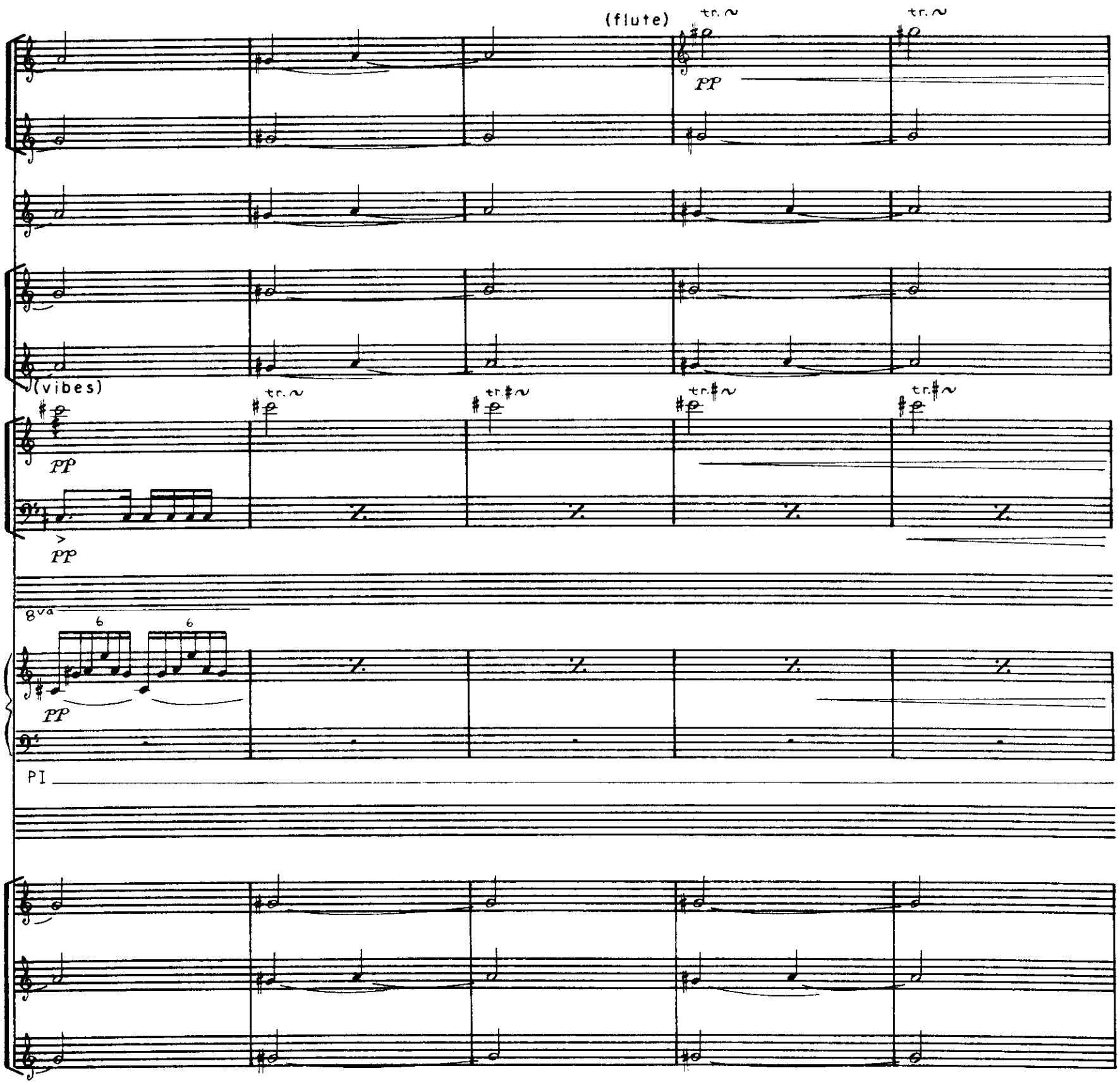
vlc.

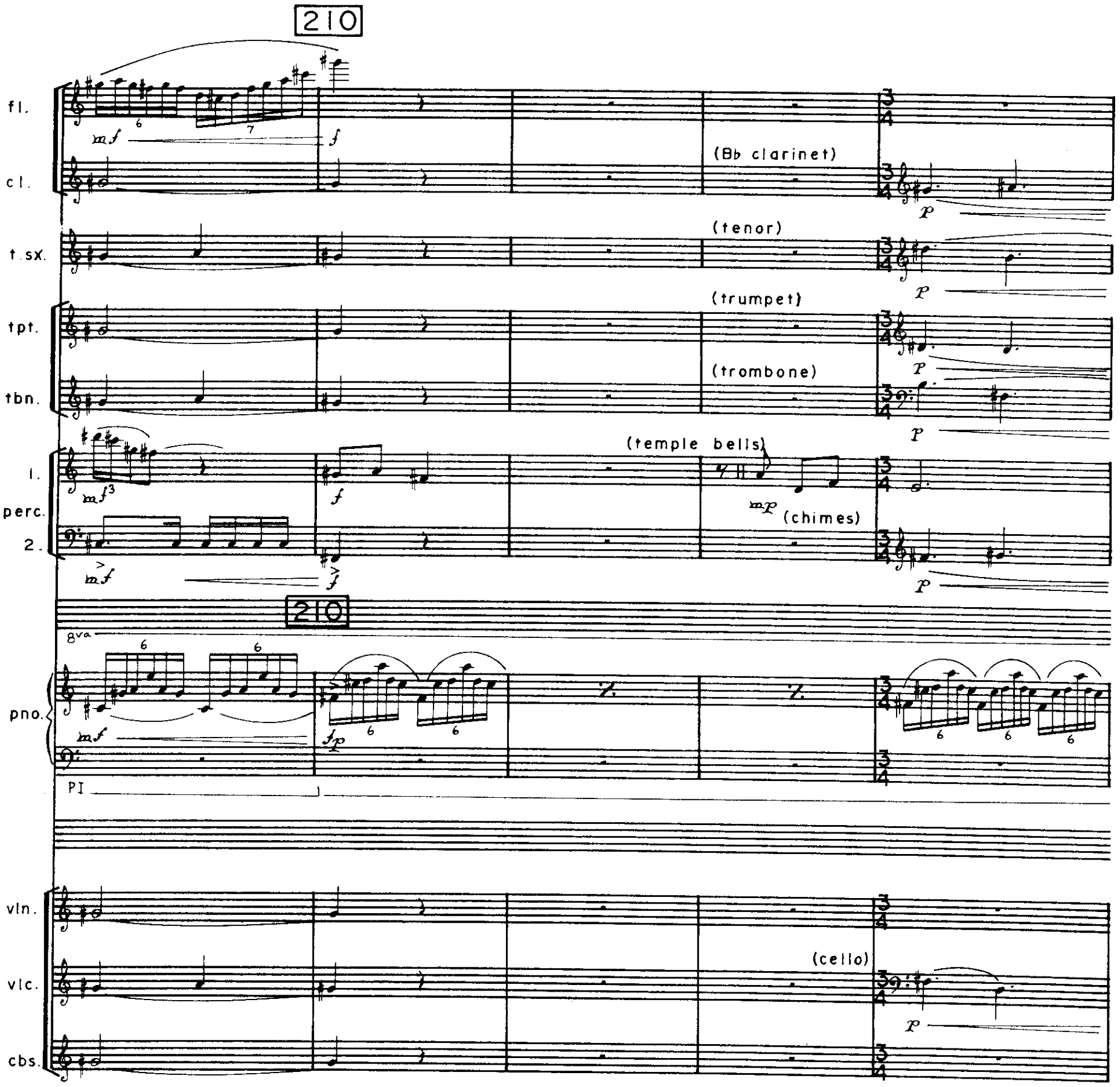
cbs.

(gong)

(*) Sing where written, men sing falsetto if possible.

if someone were to actually come in. If they came in right now and said: "All right, (Insert performer's last name), you can go now." That, truly, would be terrifying.




210
fl.
cl.
(Bb clarinet)
t.sx.
(tenor)
tpt.
(trumpet)
tbn.
(trombone)
perc. 1.
2.
(temple bells)
(chimes)
210
8va
pno.
PI
vln.
vlc.
(cello)
cbs.

(piccolo)

(*)

mp

ff

PP

mf

(bell tree)

(chimes)

(wind chimes)

(orch. bells)

cresc.

8va

PT

on A.

on D.

(cbs.)

pizz.

(*) Sing as before.

220

fl. ah - oo - ah - (**) oo - ah -

cl. oo - oo -

t.sx. ah - oo - ah - oo - ah -

tpt. oo - oo -

tbn. ah - oo - ah - (***) oo - ah -

l. perc. 2. (temple bells) p (chimes) p pp pp

220

pno. 8va 6 (***) 8va pp

PI

vln. (*) pp oo - ah - (**) oo - ah -

vlc. pp oo - oo -

cbs. pp oo - ah - (***) oo - ah -

(*) Sing as before. (**) Vocalists stay in tempo. (***) Instruments gradually slow down.

(♩=50)

(picc.)

pp

mp

p

(Bb clar.)

(soprano)

sfp

(coin)

f

(triangle)

mf

(♩=50)

8va (*)

(cello)

pizz.

(cbs.)

(*) At random.