

Yale University
School of Music
presents

STUDENT COMPOSERS' CONCERT

Sprague Memorial Hall
April 24, 1978
8:30 p.m.

SALIMBAYAN (1977)

FRANCISCO FELICIANO

QUINTESSENCE:

Karen Yonovitz, flute Bernard Yannotta, clarinet
John Snow, oboe Eileen Murphy, horn
Susan Bell-Smith, bassoon

THREE GREAT LIES (1978)

ANTHONY COLEMAN

Barbara Eddy, flute
David Krakauer, clarinet
Anthony Coleman, piano
Allen Evans, man in chair
Amy Coleman, Nathaniel Coleman, Ray Jacobowitz

INTERMISSION

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA IN RED (1978)

ANTHONY COLEMAN

members of the Yale Jazz Ensemble:
Jeff Miller, Lee Toft - trumpets; Norm Stumpf,
Benjie Wall - trombones; Brad Dechter, Paul
Lieberman, Joe Mennonna, Dan Plonsey, saxo-
phones; Kent McLagen, - bass; Anthony Coleman -
piano; Kevin Willmering, Frank Bennett - perc.
David Mott, conductor

STREICHQUARTETT (1977)

FRANCISCO FELICIANO

THE RYMOUR QUARTET:

Don Zimmer, violin Jeff Showell, viola
Jeff Cox, violin Fernita Glass, cello

POOR MR. CABBAGE! A Vegetable Requiem
for Two Tubas and Percussion (1977)

DAVID SNOW

Frank Heuser, tuba
John Wood, tuba
Warren Stein, percussion

PROGRAM NOTES

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA IN RED and THREE GREAT LIES by Anthony Coleman

Two aphoristic responses to the year of our lord, 1978. One, trying to utilize heterophony and timbral variants generically, that is to say, with cognizance of how they have operated in the history of Jazz, though with a certain irony and with polyphonic points which, for better or for worse, originate elsewhere.

The other, a statement on the safety of the small aesthetic response to the world which encloses it. A fantasy on evenings spent listening to quiet music in Sprague Hall, which is in such close proximity to various sources of ambient noise.

POOR MR. CABBAGE! by David Snow

THE COMPOSER SPEAKS . . .

A Word About the Music:

". . . intellectuals always have a hair across their fanny. You can talk all you want, but that don't mean I got to listen, not with all this truck going on anyways. . . "

Vegetable Friends:

"What about vegetables? They're better than people. People suck. . . "

Cabbage: Natural Wonder or Natural Blunder?

". . . it's all the same to me. You get the idea. So what's this business about vegetables?"

The Element of Ritual:

"Buried deep within the Jungian psyche is a wealth of patterns and obstacles common to all humanity manifesting ceaselessly in the plane of image-making vehicles of dream, myth, and art that embody within them all unconscious aspects of spiritual awareness in which the brotherhood of mankind (which people have so much a vital and necessary part of, in) share the universal longing for primal Unity of Being towards which all creation strives in quest of, for . . . next question.

Art which partakes of archetypal images such as these, or "archetypes" as they are called, and in so doing sparks the identification of the individual with that of the collective collection of unconscious consciousness of which we are all collectively unaware of, called the "collective unconscious" by some, the "unconscious collective" by others, thereby fuses the singularly particular unconscious consciousness of the particularly singular individual with that of the collectively conscious Unconscious of nobody, thereby creating great confusion and awareness. . . "

What's It To You?

". . . some of my best friends are leeks. . . "

5/18/78

FROM: Winton Flash
TO: Yale Students and Faculty

There will be a mandatory concert in Sprague Hall on Monday, April 24, at 8:30 PM. All students desirous of eventually receiving their degrees and all faculty members interested in retaining their positions are strongly urged to attend (hint, hint). A special contingent of Governor Grasso's Public Security Agents will be on hand to take attendance and maintain order, wink wink. Featured on the program will be the first performance of Winton Flash's Poor Mr. Cabbage! (see attached page), after which there will be lengthy applause. Individual dissent will be ruthlessly suppressed, honk honk. Do not attempt to circumvent this obligation by "greasing a few palms", as the saying goes. You will be carted off to Bridgeport and made into glue in a Jai-Alai fronton, ding-dong. No questions asked. Remember, Monday, April 24, 8:30 PM in Sprague Hall. BYOB.

WF:ds

Advance comment on POOR MR. CABBAGE:

"I hated it" - Harold Schoenberg

"...better than gas..." -Bess Myerson

"Is that a negetive question?" -

"I liked the part with the ah, whatchamacallit, ah..."-
Howard K. Smith

"...snork...whazat?...geez."- (unidentified)

"...I've always felt music and theater were the basic substance of life, you know, it's like we're all engaged in some great cosmic dance...it's not really that difficult to become aware of what you're experiencing, we've just grown complacent...would you please repeat your question?"
-Tim Leary

"...you can only go so far before this sort of stuff gets obnoxious, It's so condescending to an audience to pull the same tired shit over and over again. What are you supposed to do, laugh?" -Steve Reich

"I can't figure it, but I liked it." -Pam

"Who needs drugs?"-Jerry Rubin

"...probably the best and most original work I've seen at Yale..." -Hanna Gray

"The worst, definitely."-Buster Powell

"...I'm glad it didn't cost anything." -Phoebe Snow

"We would have come earlier, but we got lost. This place is so weird." -group of Hamden high-school girls

"...I got the idea one very humid August afternoon in 1976. I ran out of money to buy food, and about all I had left for supper was a head of cabbage. So I boiled it. That's when it hit me." -David Snow

"..he's an alright guy, but sometimes..." -friend of above who wishes to remain anonymous

"Art is bullshit, anyway." -Joel Snow