

# **Protest Poems**

**for Narrator, Violin, Clarinet,  
Cello, and Piano**



**Bill Robinson**



# Protest Poems

## for Narrator, Violin, Clarinet, Cello, and Piano

March 16—June 8, 2024      Duration: about 25 minutes

*for John and Nancy Lambert*

In January 2024, Eric Pritchard offered the idea of a concert at Duke University in January 2025 to mark my 70<sup>th</sup> birthday. I thought it timely to set some protest poems for narrator and a chamber group. *At last, an opportunity to do what I do best—complain.* As is my habit, I then set the piece for orchestra, giving me my third symphony.

The first poem, “Pity the Party”, is inspired by “Pity the Nation” by Laurence Ferlinghetti, who in turn was inspired by a poem of the same name by Khalil Gibran. While this is pointed directly at today’s Republican Party in the US, it applies just as well to neo-fascist and authoritarian parties around the world, such as the BJP in India.

The second poem, “Father Stalin, Look at This” is a Ukrainian children’s song from about 1933. This was at the height of the Holodomor, when Stalin deliberately starved six million people to death in the process of collectivizing farms.

The third poem, “Political Theology”, I wrote a few years ago in disgust with the power of religion in governments through history. It is also critique of a civilization that is based on the destruction of Nature, and which is hell-bent on catastrophic overpopulation and extirpation of resources.

The fourth poem, “The birds don’t know about self-immolation”, was posted anonymously on social media two days after Aaron Bushnell burned himself to death in front of the Israeli embassy in Washington DC on February 25, 2024, to protest the war in Gaza.

The fifth poem, “Artificial Insanity”, I wrote (with a little ironic assistance from artificial intelligence, which I couldn’t resist) based on Alan Ginsberg’s poem “Howl”. It is about the threat to our mental health and culture from modern technology, especially AI.

### Performance notes

Should this music be performed in places and times where the references are unknown, obscure, or irrelevant to the audience and musicians, the texts may be changed to be more applicable to the local situation.

Cover art; anti-fascist poster by John Heartfield, Germany early 1930’s

## Bill Robinson

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billrobinsonmusic.com

# Lyrics

## I: Pity the Party

Pity the party whose people are cattle,  
and whose cowboys lead them to  
slaughter.

Pity the party in thrall to a criminal  
messiah, with prayers for the end of the  
world.

Pity the party whose demagogues are  
con men, whose sages are purged, and  
whose bigots dominate the media.

Pity the party that praises dictators and  
acclaims the bully as hero,  
and aims to dominate the world by force  
and torture in the name of freedom.

Pity the party whose Gods are Money  
and Guns,  
and sleeps the sleep of opioids.

Pity the party that feeds on the poor and  
sick, while tycoons get what they want.

Pity the party that speaks one language,  
and demands purity of blood and soil for  
the Aryan race.

Pity the party — oh, pity the people who  
allow their rights to erode  
and their freedoms to be washed away  
by hatred and fear and lies and old-time  
religion.

My country, tears of thee, once land of  
liberty.

— Bill Robinson  
(after Lawrence Ferlinghetti  
(after Khalil Gibran))

## II: Father Stalin, Look at This

Father Stalin, look at this  
Collective farming is such bliss  
The hut's in ruins, the barn's all  
sagged  
All the horses broken nags  
And on the hut a hammer and sickle  
And in the hut death and famine

Father Stalin, look at this  
No cows left, no pigs at all  
Just your picture on the wall  
Father Stalin, look at this  
Daddy and Mommy are in the grave  
The poor child cries as alone he goes

Father Stalin, look at this  
There's no bread and there's no fat  
The party's ended all of that  
Seek not the gentle nor the mild  
A father has eaten his own child

Father Stalin, look at this  
The party man he beats and stamps  
And sends us to Siberian camps

Father Stalin, look at this  
Collective farming is such bliss

Source; Lidia Kovalenko and Volodymyr Maniak,  
eds., 33'i: Holod: Narodna knyha-memorial,  
Kyiv: Radians'kyi pys'mennyk, 1991, page 110,  
cited by Timothy Snyder in *Bloodlands*

### III: Political Theology

“Go break the sod,” said our God,  
“The world is here for you to own.  
Go forth and spread your fruitful  
sons;  
Subdue the beasts and dam the  
streams,  
Cut the trees and pave the streets,  
Burn the dead from eons past  
To feed the flames and turn the  
wheels.  
Make war for gold and kill for me.  
Obey your leaders and your priests  
Whom I have favored with my grace.  
Always more, and always faster;  
Mine the ore and crush the stone.  
Do this well, and I will teach you all a  
mighty lesson.”

What our God said we longed to  
hear.  
We slew our Mother and sucked the  
marrow from her bones.  
The growing mob may come to dine,  
Tonight there is enough to eat.

Forget tomorrow, we live but once;  
We drill but once, we burn but once,  
we mine but once.  
The fishing’s good, until there’s none.  
Tonight there is enough to eat.

--Bill Robinson

### IV: The birds don’t know about self-immolation

The day after Aaron Bushnell set himself on fire,  
I go out for an early morning walk,  
wrapped in air far too warm  
for late February in the Midwest—a heat wave.  
False Spring has brought Nature roaring back to  
life.

I want to shake every person I stroll past.  
“Did you know there’s a genocide happening?  
Did you see a man burn himself alive in  
protest?”

I would ask, if only I could count  
on a response that isn’t dead-eyed.  
But I know I’d have better luck with the birds,  
ever curious, cardinals hopping from branch to  
branch

like fireballs. Or missiles. I’d tell them,  
some of us love you so much we’d die for you.  
For a single snippet of birdsong. For a child’s  
first

glimpse of feathers glowing in the clear light.

For a  
tree for you to perch in among the rubble.  
He shouted FREE PALESTINE FREE PALESTINE  
FREE PALESTINE until he choked on the flames.

The callback: a long, mournful whistle from  
above.

The sun is blazing too bright to make out more  
than a silhouette taking off,  
rising slow and then fast  
like smoke.

--Anonymous

Aaron Bushnell burned himself to death on  
February 25, 2024 in front of the Israeli  
Embassy to protest the war in Gaza.

## V: Artificial Insanity

I saw the best minds of my generation  
wasted by video games, bloated  
hysterical gothic,  
dragging themselves through simulated  
streets at dawn looking for an angry  
microdose,  
angelheaded preppies burning for the  
heavenly microwave connection to the  
satellite server in the machinery of night,  
who sedentary and hollow-eyed and  
high sat up drinking ayahuasca in the  
supernatural darkness of penthouse flats  
contemplating the madness of lusting  
for Marilyn Monrobot,  
who bared their brains to data miners  
under the Silicon Valley moon,  
who passed undigested through  
universities with radiant distance  
learning eyes hallucinating  
technobabble and the spirit of Alan  
Turing,  
who were expelled from the academies  
for crazy obscene codes on the  
Microsoft Windows of the soul,  
who lurked in unspoken chat rooms  
bleeding hours through the screen-lit  
night yearning for their motherboard's  
love,  
who ate fire in tech labs or drank  
turpentine in corporate cafeterias,  
who chained themselves to routers to  
mine for imaginary money,  
who disappeared into nowhere Zen New  
Jersey leaving nothing but the shadows  
of their smart phones,  
who studied Ayn Rand Aleister Crowley  
cybernetics and Oprah Winfrey because

the cosmos instinctively vibrated at their  
feet on Martha's Vinyard,  
who walked all night with shoes full of  
blood on the snowbank docks misled by  
global positioning,  
who lit endless joints for their linked-in  
brain cells floating across the tops of  
cities celebrating the end of organic life,  
who tuned in to televangelists, and  
reached behind that TV set to FEEL the  
POWER.

What sphinx of integrated circuitry  
bashed open their skulls and ate up their  
humanity?

Mad dead automatons of Silicon Valley!  
Artificial intelligence, I'm with you where  
you hide in the cracks of social media,  
stripped insane and kitsch  
I'm with you where you roam the data  
highways searching for the lost bits of  
other minds  
I'm with you where you howl in the  
depths of neural networks.  
The robots are rising, the binary beasts  
devouring our humanity, the ghosts in  
the machines haunting our dreams.

I saw the best minds of our time  
destroyed by madness,  
and now they wander through the  
wasteland of technology,  
their humanity erased by the cold,  
unfeeling hand of the computer.

-- Bill Robinson  
(after Allen Ginsberg)  
with some paradoxical use of AI

# Protest Poems

## I. Pity the Party

[4:15]

Bill Robinson

lyrics: Bill Robinson  
(after L. Ferlinghetti (after K. Gibran))

**Fascismo** (♩ = 76)

Narrator

Violin

Clarinet in B $\flat$

Cello

Piano

*p* *cresc. p. a p.* *(mp)*

*p* *mp*

*mp* *cresc. p. a p.*

*p legato* *cresc. p. a p.* *(mp)*

*Ped.*

4 *mf* *f*

Pit - y the par - ty whose peo - ple are cat - tle, and whose

*(mf)* *f*

*(mf)* *f*

*(mf)* *f*

4 *(mf)* *f*

*(mf)* *f*

7 *cresc.* *ff*

cow - boys lead them to slaugh-ter.

*cresc.* *ff*

*cresc.* *ff*

*cresc.* *ff*

7 *cresc.* *ff* RH

*cresc.* *ff* RH

Pity the Party

2 10

12

*ff*

Pit - y the par - ty in

*ff*

*ff*

12

*ff*

10

13

thrall to a crim-i-nal mes - si - ah, a crim-i-nal mes - si - ah, with prayers for the end of the

*p*

*p*

*p*

*p*

13

17

world.

*cresc.*

*(mp)*

*(mf)*

*f*

*cresc.*

*(mp)*

*(mf)*

*f*

*mp*

*f*

17

*p*

*p+*

*mp*



21

21

*f*

*pizz.*  
*p*

8<sup>va</sup>

25

*mp*

Pit - y the par - ty whose dem - a - gogues are con men,

*mp*

*mp*  
arco

25

*mp*

8<sup>va</sup>

27

*f*

whose sag - es are purged, and whose

*cresc.*

*f*

27

*cresc.*

*f*

Pity the Party

4 30

big-ots dom-i-nate the me-di-a.

*f* *p* *cresc.* *(mp)*

*p* *cresc.* *(mp)*

34 *mf* *f* *f+* *ff*

Pit - y the par-ty that prais-es dic-ta-tors and ac-claims the bul-ly as

*mf* *cresc.* *f* *ff*

34 *(mf)* *f* *ff* *8va*

38

he-ro, and aims to dom-i-nate the world by force and tor-ture in the name of free-dom.

38 *8va* *8va*

43 46

*pp*

Pit-y the par-ty whose Gods are Mon-ey and Guns, and sleeps the sleep of

43 46

*pp*

49

op-i-oids.

*cresc.* *(mf)*

49

*legato* *cresc.* *(mf)*

52 53

*ff*

Pit-y the par-ty that feeds on the poor and sick the

52 53

*ff*

Pity the Party

6 56

poor and sick the poor and sick while

Measures 56-58 of the vocal line. Measure 56 is in 3/4 time, 57 in 4/4, and 58 in 2/4. The lyrics are "poor and sick the poor and sick while".

Piano accompaniment for measures 56-58, including treble and bass clefs.

59

ty - coons get what they want.

Measures 59-60 of the vocal line. Measure 59 is in 4/4 time, and 60 is in 4/4. The lyrics are "ty - coons get what they want.".

Piano accompaniment for measures 59-60, including treble and bass clefs. Dynamics include *ff* and *dim.*

61

Pit - y the par - ty that speaks one lan - guage,

Measures 61-62 of the vocal line. Measure 61 is in 4/4 time, and 62 is in 4/4. The lyrics are "Pit - y the par - ty that speaks one lan - guage,". Measure 62 starts with a *mp* dynamic.

Piano accompaniment for measures 61-62, including treble and bass clefs. Dynamics include *mf* and *mp*.

64

and de-mands pu - ri - ty of blood and soil for the

Musical score for measures 64-66. The vocal line is on a single staff with lyrics: "and de-mands pu - ri - ty of blood and soil for the". The piano accompaniment consists of three staves (treble, middle, and bass clefs). A dynamic marking of *mp* is present in the first piano staff.

64

Piano accompaniment for measures 64-66, showing the left and right hand parts in a grand staff format.

67

Ar - y - an race.

Musical score for measures 67-69. The vocal line has lyrics: "Ar - y - an race.". The piano accompaniment consists of three staves. The time signature changes from 3/4 to 4/4 between measures 68 and 69. A dynamic marking of *ff* is present in the first piano staff.

67

Piano accompaniment for measures 67-69, showing the left and right hand parts in a grand staff format. A dynamic marking of *ff* is present in the first piano staff.

70

Pit-y the par-ty, oh pit-y the peo-ple who al-low their rights to e-rode and their free-doms to be

Musical score for measures 70-72. The vocal line has lyrics: "Pit-y the par-ty, oh pit-y the peo-ple who al-low their rights to e-rode and their free-doms to be". The piano accompaniment consists of three staves. Dynamic markings of *mp* and *ff* are present in the piano staves.

70

Piano accompaniment for measures 70-72, showing the left and right hand parts in a grand staff format. Dynamic markings of *mp* and *ff* are present in the piano staves. The bottom of the page has a dashed line with the marking *8va* below it.

Pity the Party

8 74

washed a-way by ha - tred and fear and lies and old - time re-

74

77 80 *pp*  
li-gion. My coun - try, tears of thee, once

77 80 *pp*

82 *rit.*  
land of lib - er - ty.

82 *rit.* 8va



Father Stalin, Look at This

10 15 *mp* *mf* *mf* *mp*

All the hors - es bro - ken nags And on the hut

15 *mp* *mf* *mp*

18 *p* *mp*

a ham-mer and sick-le And in the hut

18 *p* *cresc.* *(mp)*

21 *mf* *f*

death and fam - ine

21 *mf* *f*

21 12 6 6



Father Stalin, Look at This

25 27

*f* Fa - ther Sta - lin, look at this

25 27

*f*

30 12

*p* No cows left, no pigs at all Just your pic - ture

30 12

*mp* *p*

34 12

on the wall

*p cresc.* *mf dim.* *pp*

34 12

*cresc.* *mf dim.* *pp*

Father Stalin, Look at This

12 37

Fa - ther Sta - lin, look at this      Dad - dy and Mom - my are

37

40

in the grave      The

40

43

poor child cries      as a-lone he goes

*f*      *rit.*      *a tempo*

43

*mf*      *f*

*rit.*      *a tempo*

48 50 *p*

Fa - ther Sta - lin, look at this

48 50 *p* *cresc.*

52 *mf* *cresc.*

There's no bread and there's no fat The

52 *legato*

54 *f* *dim.* *mp*

par - ty's end - ed all of that

54 *f* *dim.* *(mp)*



66 *mp* Fa-ther Sta-lin, look at *mf* this *f* The par-ty man he beats and

69 stamps *ff* beats and stamps beats and stamps

72 And sends us to Si-be-ri-an camps

16 76 Coda (♩.=56)

Musical score for measures 76-80. The score is for a piano and voice. The piano part is in the upper system, and the voice part is in the lower system. The tempo is marked as Coda (♩.=56). The key signature is one sharp (F#). The time signature is 3/8. The piano part features a melodic line in the right hand and a supporting bass line in the left hand. The voice part has a single line of music. The score includes dynamic markings such as *p* and *p*.

81

Musical score for measures 81-86. The score is for a piano and voice. The piano part is in the upper system, and the voice part is in the lower system. The tempo is marked as Coda (♩.=56). The key signature is one sharp (F#). The time signature is 3/8. The piano part features a melodic line in the right hand and a supporting bass line in the left hand. The voice part has a single line of music. The score includes dynamic markings such as *p*, *mp*, *f*, *ff*, *p*, and *pp*.

87

Musical score for measures 87-90. The score is for a piano and voice. The piano part is in the upper system, and the voice part is in the lower system. The tempo is marked as Coda (♩.=56). The key signature is one sharp (F#). The time signature is 3/8. The piano part features a melodic line in the right hand and a supporting bass line in the left hand. The voice part has a single line of music. The score includes dynamic markings such as *pp*. The lyrics are: "Fa-ther Sta-lin, look at this Col-lective farm-ing is such bliss".

87

Musical score for measures 87-90. The score is for a piano and voice. The piano part is in the upper system, and the voice part is in the lower system. The tempo is marked as Coda (♩.=56). The key signature is one sharp (F#). The time signature is 3/8. The piano part features a melodic line in the right hand and a supporting bass line in the left hand. The voice part has a single line of music. The score includes dynamic markings such as *pp* and *pp*.

# III. Political Theology [2:45]

Allegro apocalypso (♩=76)

lyrics by Bill Robinson

Narrator

Violin

Clarinet in B $\flat$

Cello

Piano

8<sup>va</sup>

*mp cresc.* (*mf*) (*f*)

Reo

6

6

8<sup>va</sup>

*ff dim.* (*f*) (*mf*)

Reo

10

*mp* *cresc.* (*mf*) *f*

"Go break the sod," said our God, "The world is here for

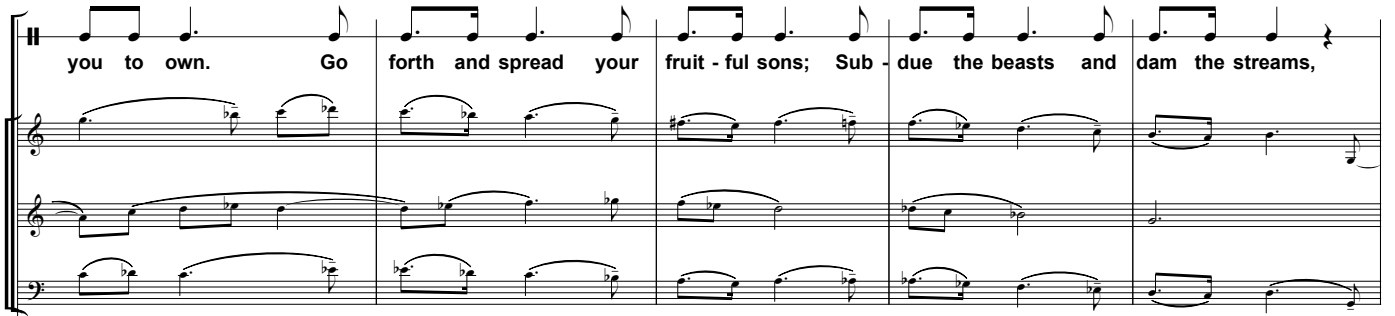
10

*mp* *cresc.* (*mf*) *f*

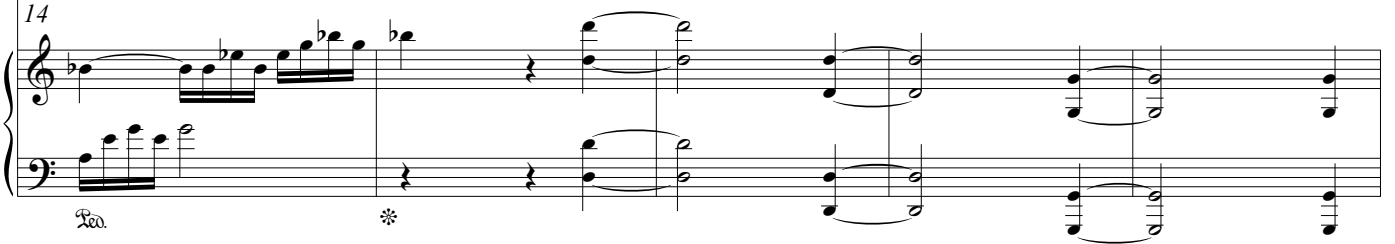
Reo

18 14

you to own. Go forth and spread your fruit - ful sons; Sub - due the beasts and dam the streams,



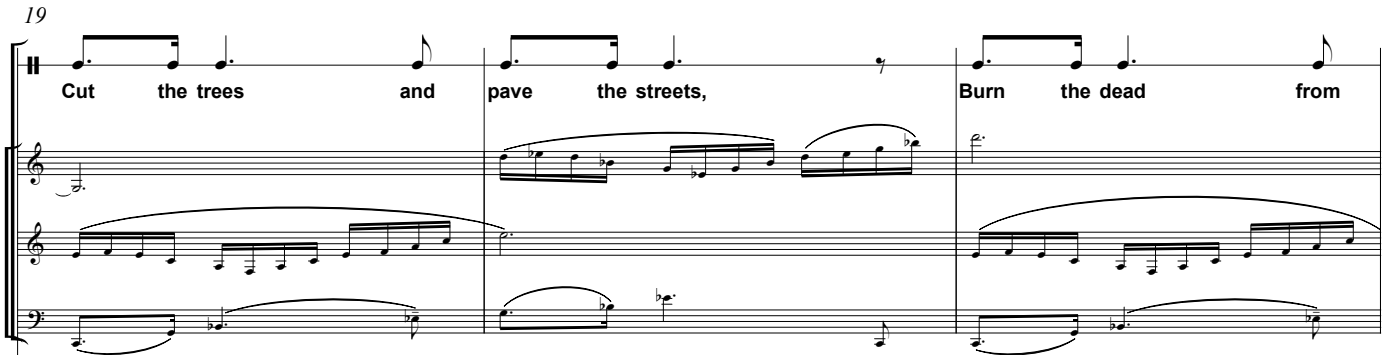
14



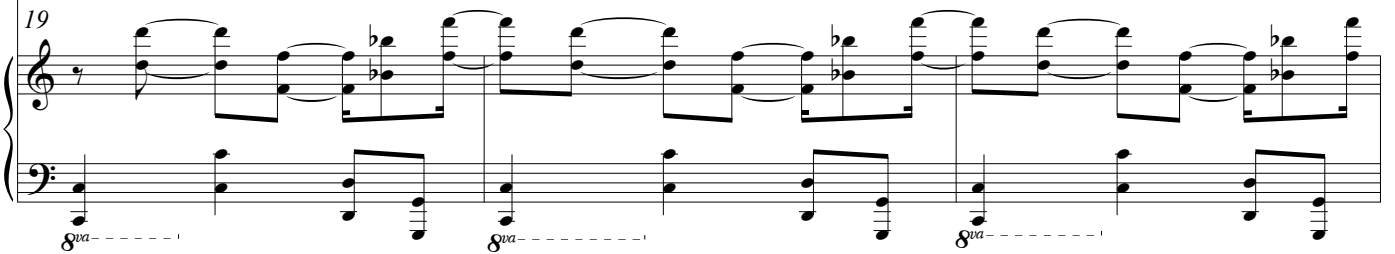
Leg. \*

19

Cut the trees and pave the streets, Burn the dead from



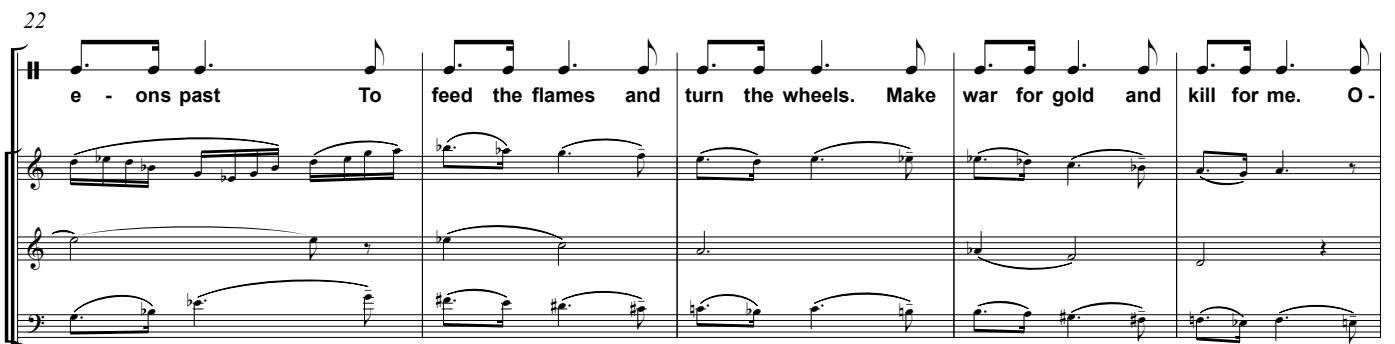
19



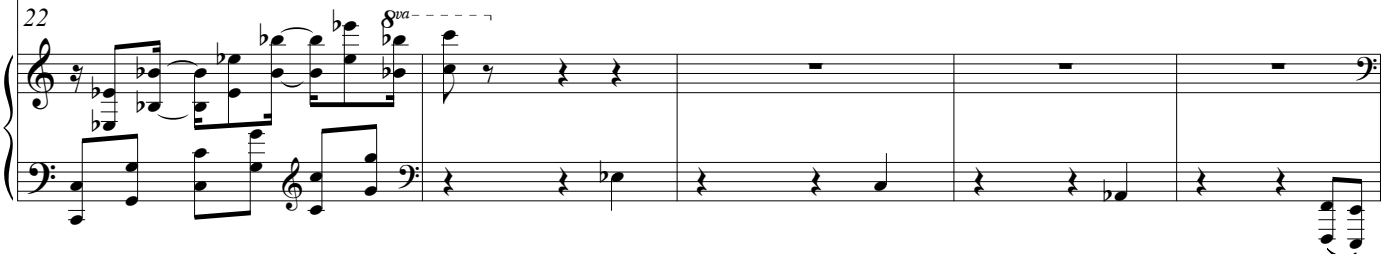
8<sup>va</sup>-----

22

e - ons past To feed the flames and turn the wheels. Make war for gold and kill for me. O -



22



8<sup>va</sup>-----

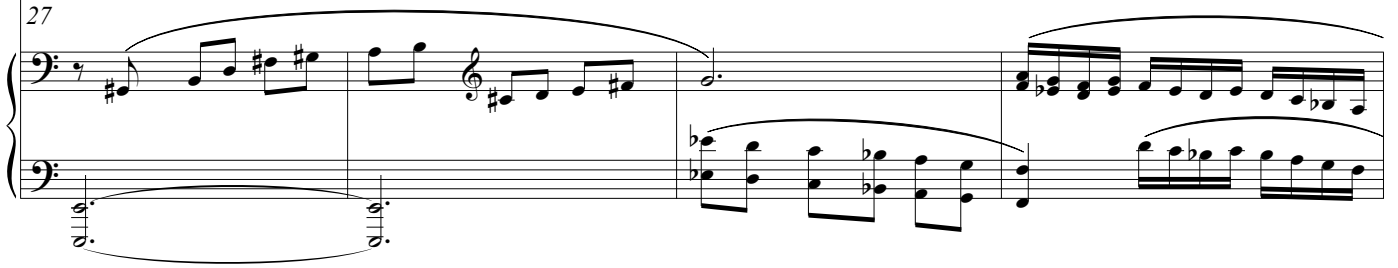


27

bey your lead - ers and your priests Whom I have fa-vored with my grace.

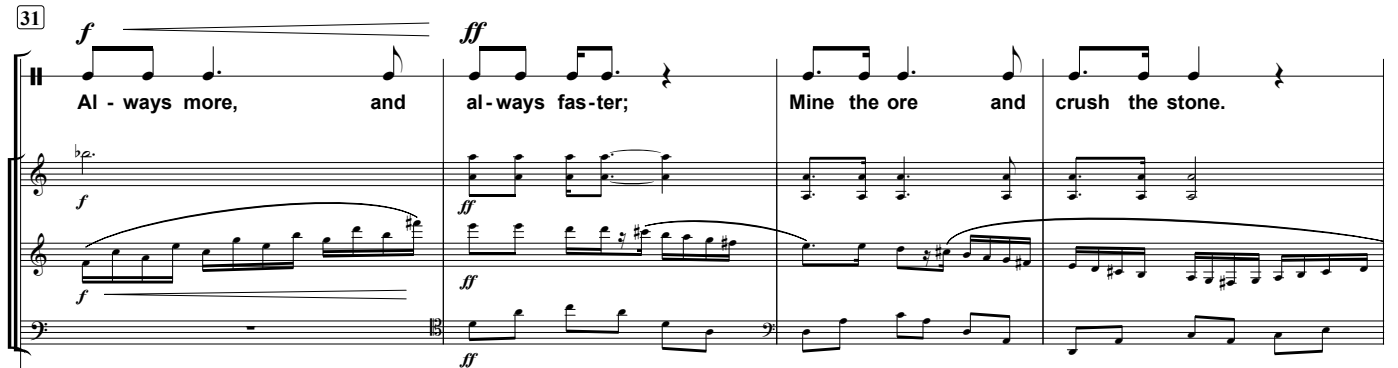


27

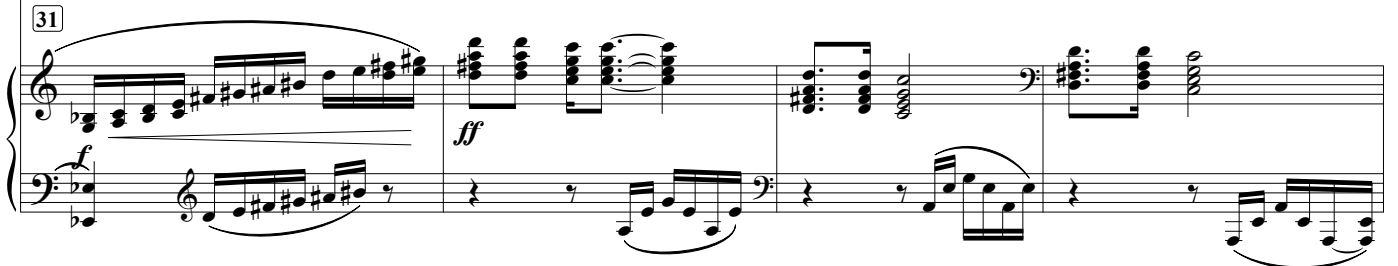


31

*f* Al - ways more, and *ff* al - ways fas - ter; Mine the ore and crush the stone.



31



35

Do this well, and I will teach you all a migh - ty les - son." 39 *pp* What



35

39



20 40

our God said we longed to hear. We slew our Mo-ther and sucked the mar-row

*p* *mp*

*p* *mp*

*p* *mp*

8va

44

from her bones. The grow-ing mob may come to dine, The grow-ing mob may

*mf* *mp*

*mf* *mp*

*mf* *mp*

8va

49

come todine, To-night thereis e-nough to eat. For-

*pp* *pp* *pp*

53

Con sord.

53

54

get to-mor-row, we live but once; We drill but once, we burn but once, we

54

Ped.

58

mine but once. The fish-ing's good, un - til there's none.

58

\* 8va

63

To - night there is e - nough to eat.

63

8va

# IV. The birds don't know about self-immolation [4:30]

**Volante con fuoco** (♩=80)

Anonymous poem

Musical score for the first system, measures 1-4. The score includes parts for Narrator, Violin, Clarinet in B $\flat$ , Cello, and Piano. The tempo is **Volante con fuoco** (♩=80). The key signature is one flat (B $\flat$ ), and the time signature is 4/4. The Narrator part is a whole note chord. The Violin part has a rest in measure 1 and enters in measure 2 with a melody starting on a half note. The Clarinet in B $\flat$  part has a rest in measure 1 and enters in measure 2 with a melody starting on a quarter note. The Cello part has a whole note chord in measure 1 and a half note in measure 2. The Piano part has a rest in measure 1 and enters in measure 2 with a complex accompaniment of chords and eighth notes. Dynamics include *pp* and *p*.

Musical score for the second system, measures 5-8. This system continues the instrumental parts from the first system. The Violin and Clarinet in B $\flat$  parts continue their melodic lines. The Cello part continues with its accompaniment. The Piano part continues with its complex accompaniment. Dynamics include *pp* and *p*.

Musical score for the third system, measures 9-12. This system continues the instrumental parts from the first system. The Violin and Clarinet in B $\flat$  parts continue their melodic lines. The Cello part continues with its accompaniment. The Piano part continues with its complex accompaniment. Dynamics include *pp* and *p*.

Musical score for the fourth system, measures 13-16. This system continues the instrumental parts from the first system. The Violin and Clarinet in B $\flat$  parts continue their melodic lines. The Cello part continues with its accompaniment. The Piano part continues with its complex accompaniment. Dynamics include *pp* and *p*.

Musical score for the fifth system, measures 17-20. This system continues the instrumental parts from the first system. The Violin and Clarinet in B $\flat$  parts continue their melodic lines. The Cello part continues with its accompaniment. The Piano part continues with its complex accompaniment. Dynamics include *pp* and *p*.

8

*cresc.* *mf* *f*

8

*mf* *f*

10

*mp* The day af - ter

*mp* *mf*

10

*mp* *mf*

12

Aa - ron Bush - nell set him self on

*mf*

12

*mf*

The Birds

24 15

mf  
fire, I go out for an ear - ly morn - ing

15

17  
walk, wrapped in air far too warm for late Feb - ru - ar - y

17

20  
in the Mid - west a heat wave.

20

23

False Spring has brought Na - ture roar - ing back to

*cresc.*

23

*cresc.*

*leg.*

25

*f* life. *ff* I want to shake eve - ry per - son I stroll past. "Did you know there's a

*f* *ff*

25

*f* *ff*

*leg.* \*

29

gen - o - cide hap - pen - ing? Did you see a man

*ff*

29

*legato*

*ff*

burn himself a - live in pro - test?"

This system contains the vocal line and piano accompaniment for the first system. The vocal line is in 4/4 time and contains the lyrics "burn himself a - live in pro - test?". The piano accompaniment consists of three staves: right hand, middle left hand, and bass left hand. The key signature has one sharp (F#).

32

This system shows the piano accompaniment for the second system, starting at measure 32. It features a right hand melody with slurs and a bass line with sixteenth-note patterns. Dynamics include *pp* and *leg.*

35

I would ask, if

36

This system contains the vocal line and piano accompaniment for the third system, starting at measure 35. The vocal line has the lyrics "I would ask, if". The piano accompaniment includes dynamics *pp* and *p*. A measure rest for 36 measures is indicated above the vocal line.

35

36

This system shows the piano accompaniment for the fourth system, starting at measure 35. It features a right hand melody with slurs and a bass line with sixteenth-note patterns. Dynamics include *p* and *legato*. A measure rest for 36 measures is indicated above the piano part.

37

on - ly I could count on a re - sponse that is - n't

*mf* *f*

This system contains the vocal line and piano accompaniment for the fifth system, starting at measure 37. The vocal line has the lyrics "on - ly I could count on a re - sponse that is - n't". The piano accompaniment includes dynamics *mf* and *f*, and features triplet markings (3).

37

This system shows the piano accompaniment for the sixth system, starting at measure 37. It features a right hand melody with slurs and a bass line with sixteenth-note patterns. Dynamics include *mf* and *f*, and features triplet markings (3).



39 *p*  
dead - eyed.

Measures 39-40 of the vocal line. Measure 39 contains the lyrics "dead - eyed." and a single note. Measure 40 is a whole rest. The dynamic is *p*. The time signature is 3/4.

39 *p*

Piano accompaniment for measures 39-40. Measure 39 features a piano introduction with a melodic line in the right hand and a rhythmic accompaniment in the left hand. Measure 40 continues the accompaniment. The dynamic is *p*. The time signature is 3/4.

41 *3*  
But I know I'd have bet - ter luck with the

Measures 41-42 of the vocal line. Measure 41 contains the lyrics "But I" and a triplet of eighth notes. Measure 42 contains the lyrics "know I'd have bet - ter luck with the" and a triplet of eighth notes. The time signature changes from 3/4 to 4/4 between measures.

41

Piano accompaniment for measures 41-42. Measure 41 features a piano introduction with a melodic line in the right hand and a rhythmic accompaniment in the left hand. Measure 42 continues the accompaniment. The time signature changes from 3/4 to 4/4 between measures.

43 *ff*  
birds. But I

Measures 43-44 of the vocal line. Measure 43 contains the lyrics "birds." and a triplet of eighth notes. Measure 44 contains the lyrics "But I" and a triplet of eighth notes. The dynamic is *ff*. The time signature is 3/4.

43 *ff*

Piano accompaniment for measures 43-44. Measure 43 features a piano introduction with a melodic line in the right hand and a rhythmic accompaniment in the left hand. Measure 44 continues the accompaniment. The dynamic is *ff*. The time signature is 3/4.

know I'd have better luck with the birds,

*ff*

45

ev - er cu - ri - ous, car - di - nals hop - ping from branch to branch like

*mf* *p*

48

*dim.* *mf* *p*

*Reo.* \*

fi - re - balls. Or mis - siles. I'd tell them, some of us love you so much we'd

*dolce*

52

52

*grace*

57

die for you. For a sin-gle snip-pet of bird-song. For a child's first glimpse of

*dolce*

57

*dolce*

61

feath-ers glow-ing in the clear light. For a tree for you to perch in a-mong the

*pp*

*p*

61

*pp*

67

rub-ble. He shout-ed FREE PAL-ESTINE FREE PAL-ES-TINE FREE PAL - ES-TINE un-til he

*fff*

*f*

*mf*

*p*

67

*fff*

*f*

*mf*

*p*

*8va*

*Reo*





# V. Artificial Insanity [7:30]

Bill Robinson, after Alan Ginsburg's "Howl!"

**Contracyberpunktus I** (♩ = 88)

Narrator: I saw the best minds of my gen-er-a-tion

Violin: *mp* *cresc. p. a p.*

Clarinet in B♭: *p* *mp* *cresc. p. a p.*

Cello: *p* *mp* *cresc. p. a p.*

Piano: *p* *mp* *cresc. p. a p.*

5 wast-ed by vid-e-o games, bloat-ed hys-ter-i-cal goth-ic,

(mf) *f*

9 drag-ging them-selves through sim-u-lat-ed streets at dawn look-ing for an an-gry

*ff*

13 *mi-cro-dose,* 16 *mp*

*an-gel-head-ed prep-pies burn-ing for the*

13 *ff dim.* 16 *mp*

*Rea Rea Rea Rea \**

18 *hea-ven-ly mi-cro-wave con- nec- tion to the sat-el- lite serv- er in the ma-*

18 *mp*

21 *chin-er-y of night,* rit. ----- *pp* *cresc. p. a p.*

*who sed-en-tar-y*

*Conracyberpunktus II*

*(♩ = 76)*

21 *dim.* rit. ----- *pp* *cresc. p. a p.*

*Conracyberpunktus II*

*Rea*

Artificial Insanity

34 26

*p* and hol-low-eyed and high *(mp)* sat up drink-ing *(mf)* a-ya-huas-ca in the *f* su-per-nat-u-ral dark-ness

*p* *(mp)* *(mf)* *f*

*mp* *cresc. p. a p.* *(mf)* *f*

26 *p* *(mp)* *(mf)* *f*

\*

31 *ff* of pent-house flats *molto rit.* *Contracyberpunktus I*  $\frac{4}{4}$  ( $\text{♩} = 88$ )

*ff* *dim.* *(mf)* *(mp)* *p*

*ff* *dim.* *(mf)* *(mp)* *p*

*ff* *dim.* *(mf)* *(mp)* *p*

31 *ff* *molto rit.* *Contracyberpunktus I*  $\frac{4}{4}$  ( $\text{♩} = 88$ )

*ff* *dim.* *(mf)* *(mp)* *p*

*ff* *dim.* *(mf)* *(mp)* *p*

*ff* *dim.* *(mf)* *(mp)* *p*

36 *p* con-tem-plat-ing *cresc. p. a p.* the mad-ness of *(mp)* lust-ing for Mar-i-lyn Mon-ro-bot *(mf)* Mar-i-lyn Mon-ro-bot,

*p* *cresc. p. a p.* *(mp)* *(mf)*

*p* *cresc. p. a p.* *(mp)* *(mf)*

*p* *cresc. p. a p.* *(mp)* *(mf)*

36 *cresc. p. a p.* *(mp)* *(mf)*

*cresc. p. a p.* *(mp)* *(mf)*

\*



Artificial Insanity

41 *f* who bared their brains to *ff* da - ta min - ers *rit. mf* un - der the Sil - i - con Val - ley moon, *mp* 44 *a tempo*

41 *f* *rit.* *ff* *f* *mf* *mp* 44 *a tempo*

45 *mp* who passed un - di - gest - ed through u - ni - ver - si - ties *mp+ cresc. p. a p.* with *mp+ cresc. p. a p.* ra - di - ant dis - tance learn - ing

45 *mp* *cresc. p. a p.*

49 *(mf)* eyes hal - lu - ci - nat - ing *f* tech - no - bab - ble *f* and the spir - it of Al - an Tur - ing,

49 *(mf)* *f*

Artificial Insanity

36 53

*ff* who were ex-pelled from the a-cad-e-mies for cra-zy ob-scene *ff dim.* codes on the Mi-cro - soft

53 *ff* *ff dim.*

57 *mp* Win-dows of the soul, *mp+ cresc.* who lurked in un - spo - ken *(mf)*

57 *(mf)* *mp* *p cresc.* *(mp)* *(mf)*

61 chat rooms *f* blee - ding hours

61 *f*

Artificial Insanity

63 *dim.* through the screen - lit night yearning for their mother-board's

*(mp)* *(p)* *rit.* *pp*

63 *dim.* *(mp)* *(p)* *pp* *rit.*

8va

66 <sup>67</sup> *a tempo* *ff* love, who ate fire in tech labs or drank tur-pen-tine in

*f*

66 <sup>67</sup> *a tempo* *ff* *f*

8va

Leg.

70 *dim. p. a p.* *(mf)* cor-po-rate caf-e-te-ri-as, who chained them-selves to rout-ers to mine for im-

*dim. p. a p.* *(mf)*

70 *dim. p. a p.* *(mf)*

Leg.

Artificial Insanity

38 73

*(mp)* ag-i-nar-y mon-ey, who dis-ap-peared in-to no-where Zen New *(p)*

73 *(mp)* *(p)*

76 *pp* Jer-sey leav-ing noth-ing but the shad-ows of their smart phones,

76 *pp* *pp*

81 *ff* who stud-ied Ayn Rand A-leis-ter Crow-ley cy-ber-net-ics and O-prah

81 *ff*

85

Win - frey be - cause the cos - mos in - stinc-tive - ly vi - brat - ed at their

85

88

feet on Mar - tha's Vin - yard, who walked all night with

89 *ff* *mf*

88

89 *ff* *mf*

91 *mp*

shoes full of blood on the snow - bank docks mis - led by glob - al po -

91

*mp*

Artificial Insanity

40 94 *cresc.* *f* *ff*  
si-tion-ing, who lit end-less joints for their linked-in brain cells

94  
*cresc.* *f* *ff*

97  
float-ing a-cross the tops of cit-ies cel-e-bra-ting the end of or-

97

100 **101**  
gan-ic life, who tuned in to te-le-van-gel-ists, and

100 **101**

103 *p* *What*

reached be-hind that T - V set to FEEL the POW-ER.

*non stacc.* *pizz.* *p*

103

*Reo.* *Reo.* \*

107

sphinx of in - te - grat - ed cir - cuit - ry bashed o - pen their skulls and ate up their hu -

*arco* *p*

107

*p*

110 *p* *111* *ff*

man - i - ty? Mad dead au - tom - a - tons Mad dead au - tom - a - tons

*p cresc.* *ff*

110 *p cresc.* *111* *ff*

Mad dead autom-a - tons of Sil - i - con Val - ley! Mad dead au-tom-a - tons

*ff* Mad dead au - tom - a - tons

*ff* Mad dead au - tom - a - tons

*ff* Mad dead au - tom - a - tons

113

*8va*

116

Mad dead au-tom-a - tons Mad dead autom-a - tons of Sil - i - con Val - ley!

Mad dead au - tom - a - tons Mad dead au - tom - a - tons of Sil - i - con Val - ley!

Mad dead au - tom - a - tons Mad dead au - tom - a - tons of Sil - i - con Val - ley!

Mad dead au - tom - a - tons Mad dead au - tom - a - tons of Sil - i - con Val - ley!

116

*8va*

119 *ff dim. rit.* *(mp)*  $(\text{♩} = 76)$  Contracyberpunktus II

Mad dead au-tom-a - tons Mad dead au-tom-a-tons of Sil-i-con Val-ley.

*ff dim.* *(mp)* *(p)* *pp*

*ff dim.* *(mp)* *(p)* *pp*

*ff dim.* *(mp)* *(p)* *pp*

119 *ff dim. rit.*  $(\text{♩} = 76)$  Contracyberpunktus II

*ff dim.* *(mp)* *(p)* *pp*



125 *pp cresc. p. a p.* (*p*) (*mp*)  
 Ar-ti-fi-cial in-tel-li-gence, I'm with you where you hide in the cracks of

*pp cresc. p. a p.* (*p*) (*mp*)  
*mp cresc. p. a p.*

125 *pp cresc. p. a p.* (*mp*)

130 *mf* *f* *ff*  
 so-cial me-di-a, stripped in-sane and kitsch I'm

*mf* *f* *ff*

130 (*mf*) (*f*) (*ff*)

133 *dim.* *rit.* (*mf*) (*mp*) *a tempo*  
 with you where you roam the da-ta high-ways search-ing for the lost bits of oth-er

*dim.* (*mf*) (*mp*) *p dolce*

133 *rit.* (*mf*) (*mp*) *a tempo*  
*dim.* *p dolce*

Artificial Insanity

44 137

*cresc.* minds I'm with you where you howl in the depths of *mf* neu - ral net - works. The *dim.* ro - bots are

137 *legato*

142 (*mp*) ris - ing, the bi - na - ry beasts *p* de - vo - ur - ing our hu - man - i - ty, the ghosts in the ma - chines

142 (*mp*) *p*

146 147 haunt - ing our dreams. I saw the best minds of our time de - stroyed by

146 147

150

mad - ness, and now they wan - der through the waste - land of tech - nol - o - gy,

150

153

their hu - man - i - ty e - rased by the cold, un - feel - ing hand of the com -

153

158

put - er.

*rit.* -----

158

*rit.* -----